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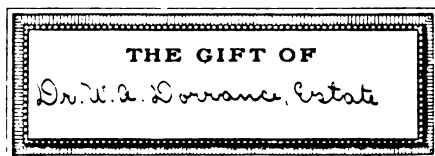
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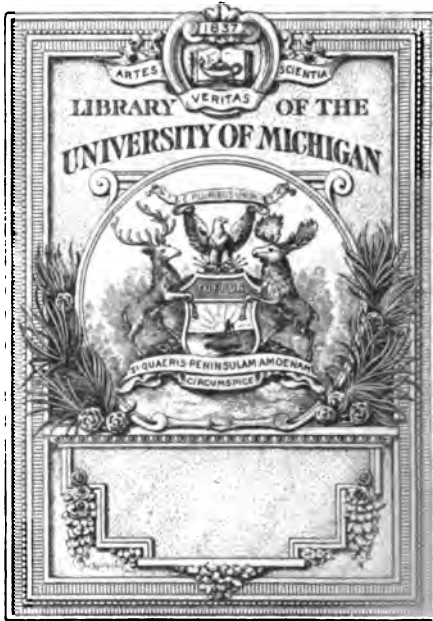
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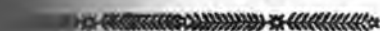
THE GIFT OF  
*Dr. W. A. Dorrance, et al.*

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# MAGAZINE

MONTHLY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



IV

JULY - DECEMBER



HARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK.  
• F. WARNE & CO. LONDON •



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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VOLUME IV JULY - DECEMBER



•CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK•  
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BELOW THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

From a painting by J. H. Twachtman, engraved by J. Clement.

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1888.

No. 1.

## FEATS OF RAILWAY ENGINEERING.

*By John Bogart.*



**T**HERE are one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railway in the United States: three hundred thousand miles of rails—in length enough to make twelve steel girdles for the earth's circumference. This enormous length of rail is wonderful—we do not really grasp its significance. But the rail itself, the little section of steel, is an engineering feat. The change of its form from the curious and clumsy iron pear-head of thirty years ago to the present refined section of steel is a scientific development. It is now a beam whose every dimension and curve and angle are exactly suited to the tremendous work it has to do. The loads it carries are enormous, the blows it receives are heavy and constant, but it carries the loads and bears the blows and does its duty. The locomotive and the modern passenger and freight cars are great achievements; and so is the little rail which carries them all.

The railway to-day is one of the matter-of-fact associations of our active life. We use it so constantly that it requires some little effort to think of it as a wonderful thing; a creation of man's ingenuity, which did not exist when our grandfathers were young. Its long bridges, high viaducts, dark tunnels may be remarked and remembered by the traveller, but the narrow way of steel, the road itself, seems but a simple work. And yet the problem of location, the determination, foot by foot and mile by mile, of where the line must go, calls in its successful solution for the highest skill of the engineer, whose profession before the railway was created hardly existed at all. Locomotives now climb heights which a few years ago no vehicle on wheels could ascend. The writer, with some engineer friends, was in the mountains of Colorado last year, and saw a train of very intelligent donkeys loaded with ore from the mines, to which no access could be had but by those sure-footed beasts. And since then one of that party of engineers has located and is building a railway to those very mines. No heights seem too great to-day, no valleys too deep, no cañons too forbidding, no streams too wide. If commerce demands, the engineer will respond and the railway will be built.

The location of the line of a railway through difficult country requires the trained judgment of an engineer of special experience, and the most difficult country is not by any means that which might at first be supposed. A line through a narrow pass almost locates itself. But the approach to a summit



through rolling country is often a serious problem. The rate of grade must be kept as light as possible and must never exceed the prescribed maximum. The cuttings and the embankments must be as shallow as they can be made—the quantities of material taken from the excavations should be just about enough to make adjacent embankments. The curves must be few and of light radius—never exceeding an arranged limit. The line must always be kept as direct as these considerations will allow—so that the final location will give the shortest practicable, economical distance from point to point. Many a mile of railway over which we travel now at the highest speed, has been a weary problem to the engineer of location, and he has often accomplished a really greater success by securing a line which seems to closely fit the country over which it runs without marking itself sharply upon nature's moulding,

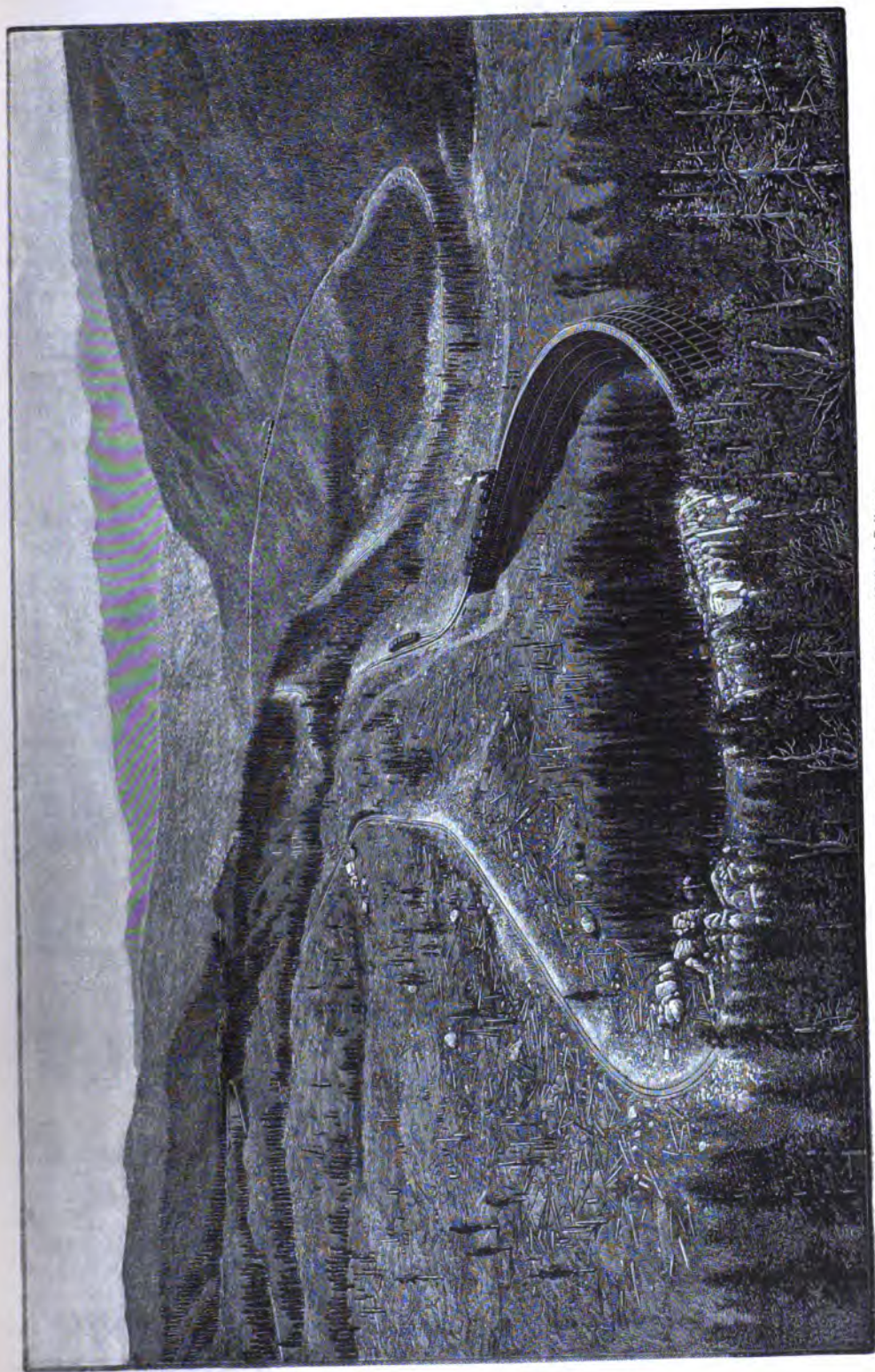


View Down the Blue from Rocky Point; Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad; showing successive tiers of railway.

than if he had with apparent boldness cut deep into the hills and raised embankments and viaducts high over lowlands and valleys.

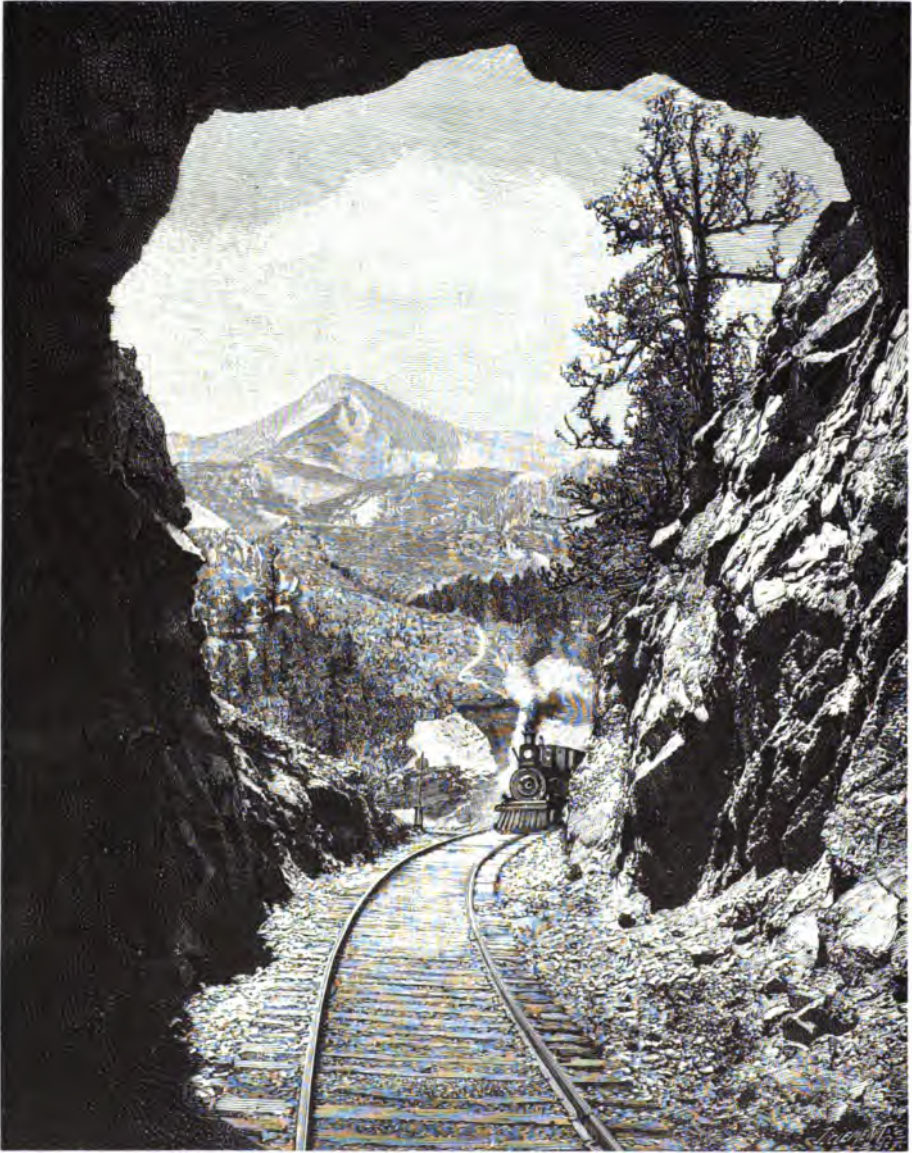
But roads must run through many





Loop near Hagerman's, on the Colorado Midland Railway.





Portal of a Finished Tunnel; showing Cameron's Cone, Colorado.

regions where very different measures must be taken to secure a location practicable for traffic. For instance, a line at a high elevation approaches a wide valley which it must cross. The rate of descent is fixed by the established maximum grade and the sides of the valley are much steeper than that rate. Then the engineer must gain distance—that is to say, he must make the line long

enough to overcome the vertical height. This can often be accomplished by carrying it up the valley on one side and down on the other. Tributary valleys can be made use of if necessary, and the desired crossing thus accomplished. But at times even these expedients will not suffice. Then the line is made to bend upon itself and wind down the hillside upon benches cut into the earth, or

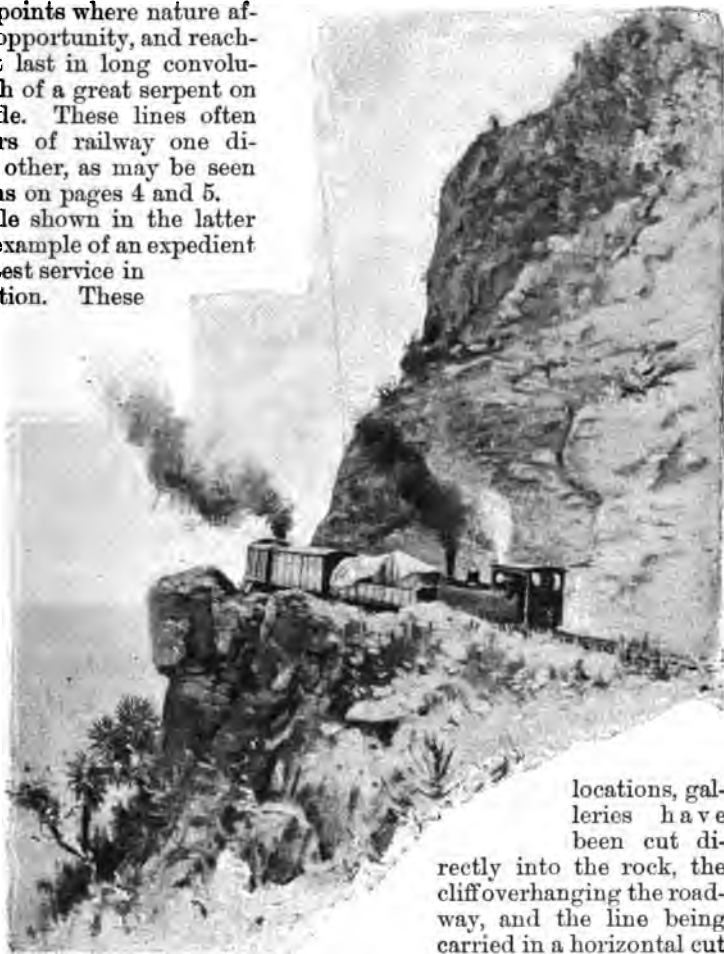
rock, curving at points where nature affords any sort of opportunity, and reaching the valley at last in long convolutions like the path of a great serpent on the mountain side. These lines often show several tiers of railway one directly above the other, as may be seen in the illustrations on pages 4 and 5.

The long trestle shown in the latter illustration is an example of an expedient often of the greatest service in railway construction. These

trestles are built of wood, simply but strongly framed together, and are entirely effective for the transport of traffic for a number of years. Then they must be renewed, or, what is better, be replaced by embankment, which can be gradually made by depositing the material from cars on the trestle itself. The trestle illustrated is interesting as conforming to the curve of the line, which in

that country, the mountains of Colorado, was probably a necessity of location.

Where the direct turning of a line upon itself may not be necessary, there may and often must be bold work done in the construction of the road upon a mountain side. It must be supported where necessary by walls built up from suitable foundations, often only secured at a great depth below the grade of the road. Projecting points of rock must be cut through, and any practicable natural shelf or favorable formation must be made use of, as in the picture above. In some of the mountain



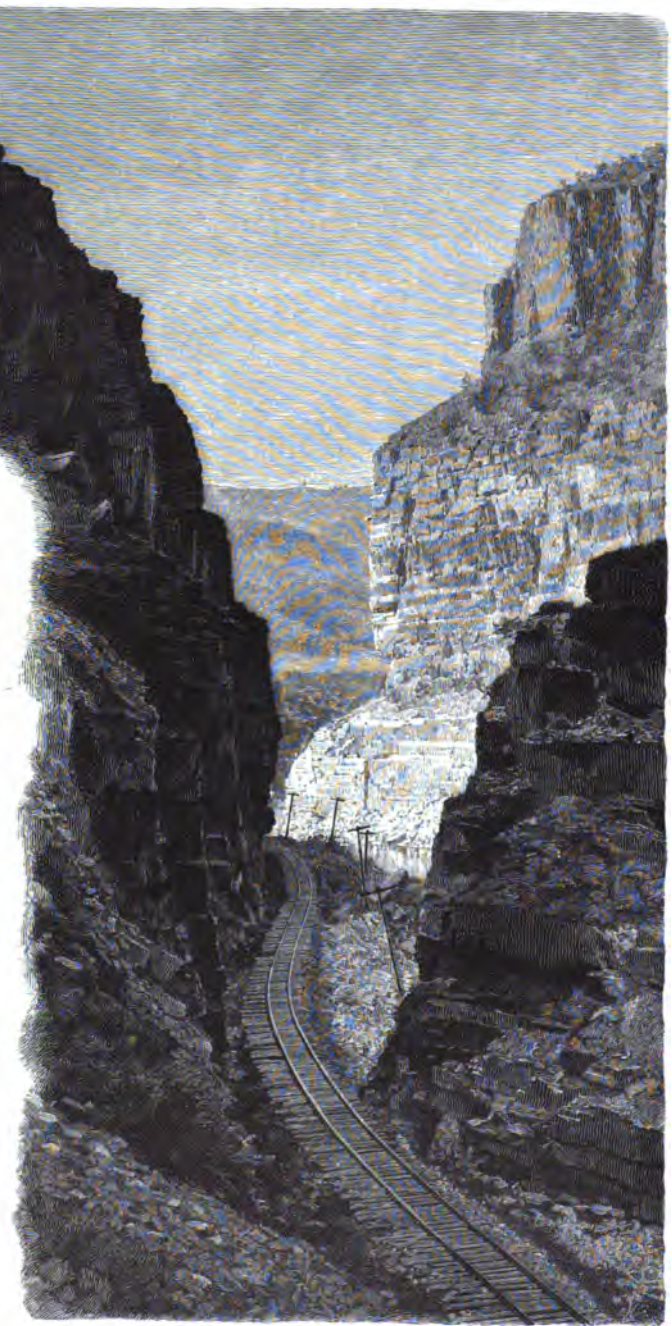
Peña de Mora on the La Guayra and Caracas Railway, Venezuela.

locations, galleries have been cut directly into the rock, the cliff overhanging the roadway, and the line being carried in a horizontal cut or niche in the solid wall. The Oroya and the Chimbote railways in South

America demanded constant locations of this character. At many points it was necessary to suspend the persons making the preliminary measurements, from the cliff above. The engineer who made these locations tells the writer that on the Oroya line the galleries were often from 100 to 400 feet above the base of the cliff and were reached generally from above. Rope ladders were used to great advantage. One 64 feet long and one 106 feet long covered the usual practice, and were sometimes spliced together. The side ropes were  $\frac{3}{4}$  and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter, and the rounds of wood  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter, and 16 inches and 24 inches long. These were



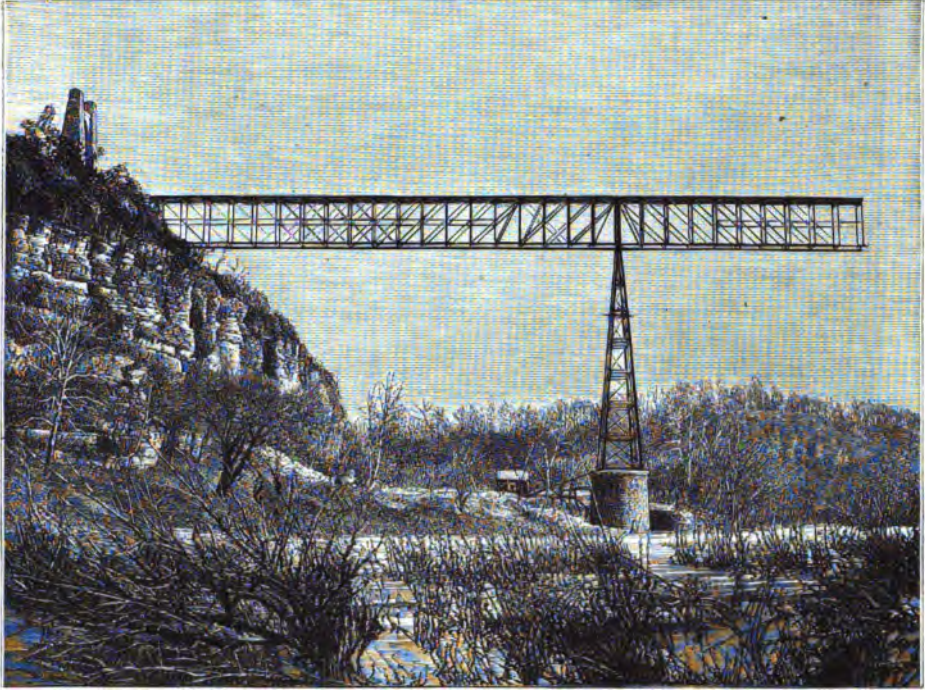
notched at the ends and passed through the ropes, to which they were afterward lashed. These ladders could be rolled up and carried about on donkeys or mules. When swung over the side of a cliff and secured at the top, and when practicable at the bottom, they formed a very useful instrument in location and construction. For simple examination of the cliff, and for rough or broken slopes not exceeding 70 to 80 degrees, an active fellow will, after some experience, walk up and down such a slope simply grasping the rope in his hands. If required to do any work he will secure the rope about his body or wind it around his arm, leaving his hands comparatively free for light work.



Denver and Rio Grande Railway Entering the Portals of the Grand River Cañon, Colorado.

The boatswain's chair, consisting of a wooden seat 6 inches wide and two feet long through the ends of which pass the side ropes, looped at the top, and having

their ends knotted, is a particularly convenient seat to use where cliffs overhang to a slight degree. The riggers were generally Portuguese sailors, who



The Kentucky River Cantilever, on the Cincinnati Southern Railway.

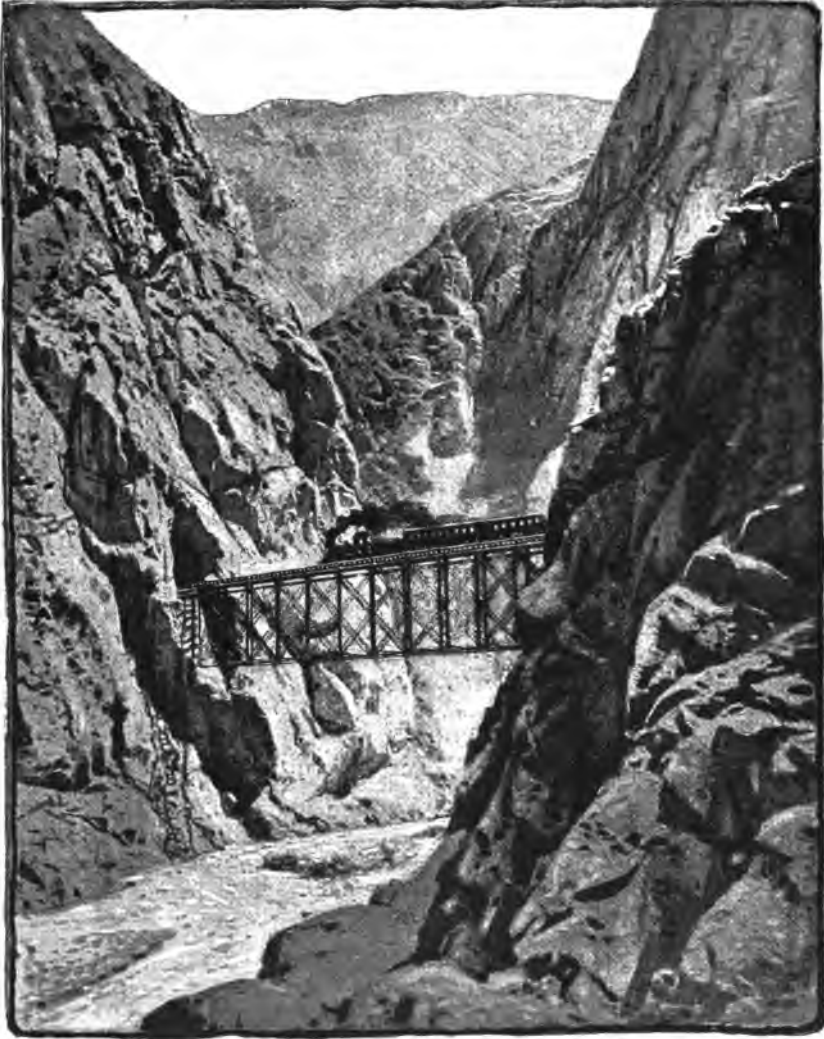
seemed to have more agility and less fear than any other men to be found. At *Cuesta Blanca*, on the Oroya, a prominent discoloration on the cliff served as a triangulation point for locating the chief gallery. Men were swung over the side of the cliff in a cage about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet by 6 feet, open at the top and on the side next the rock. This was a peculiar cliff about 1,000 feet high, rising from the river at a general slope of about 70 degrees. The grade line of the road was 420 feet above the river. The Chileno miners climbed up a rope ladder to a large seam near grade where they lived; provisions, water, etc., being hoisted up to them. The first men sent over the cliff to begin the preliminary work were lowered in a cage and took their dinners with them, for fear they would not return to the work, and that unless a genuine start was made others could not be induced to take their places. It is safe to say that 80 per cent of the sixty odd tunnels on the Oroya and the seven tunnels on the Chimbote lines were located and constructed on lines determined by tri-

angulation, and the results were so satisfactory that the method may be depended upon as the best system for determining topographical data or for locating and constructing the lines in any similar locality.

Where the rocks close in together, as in some of the cañons of our Southwest, the railway curves about them and finds its way often where one would hardly suppose a decent wagon road could be built. The portals of the Grand River Cañon, as seen on the opposite page, show such a line, passing through narrow gateways of rock rising precipitously on either side to enormous heights.

When such a cañon or a narrow valley directly crosses the line of the road, it must be spanned by a bridge or viaduct. The Kentucky River Bridge, shown above, is an instance. The Verrugas Bridge on the Lima and Oroya Railroad in Peru is another. This bridge is at an elevation of 5,836 feet above sea-level. It crosses a ravine at the bottom of which is a small stream. The bridge is 575 feet long, in four spans, and is supported by iron towers, the central





Truss over Ravine, and Tunnel, Oroya Railroad, Peru.

one of which is 252 feet in height. The construction was accomplished entirely from above, the material all having been delivered at the top of the ravine, and the erection was made by lowering each piece to its position. This was done by the use of two wire-rope cables, suspended across the ravine from temporary towers at each end of the bridge.

On the line of the same Oroya Railroad is a striking example of the difficulties encountered in such mountain country and of the method by which they have been overcome. A tunnel

reaches a narrow gorge, a truss is thrown across—and the tunnel continued.

Nature's wildest scenery, the deep ravine, the mountain cliffs, and the graceful truss carrying the locomotive and train safely over what would seem an impossible pass, here combine to give a vivid illustration of an engineering feat.

The location of a part of the Mexican Central Railway through the cut of Nochistongo is peculiarly interesting. Far underneath the level of this line of railway there was skilfully constructed, in

1608, a tunnel which at that period was a very bold piece of engineering. It was designed to drain the Valley of Mexico, which has no natural outlet. This tunnel was more than six miles long and ten feet wide. It was driven through the formation called *tepetate*, a peculiar earth with strata of sand and marl. It was finished in eleven months. At first excavated without a lining, it was afterward faced with masonry. It was not entirely protected when a great flood came, the dikes above gave way, and the tunnel became obstructed. The

City of Mexico was flooded, and it was decided that, instead of repairing the tunnel an open cut should be made. The engineer who had constructed the tunnel, Enrico Martinez, was put in charge of this enormous undertaking, and others took his place after his death. The cut is believed to be the largest ever made in the world. For more than a century the work was continued. Its greatest depth is now 200 feet. It was cut deeper, but has partially filled with the washings from the slopes. The cost was enormous, more than 6,000,000 dollars in silver having been actually disbursed! Wages for workmen were then from 9 to 12 cents a day. All convicts sentenced to hard labor were put at work in the great cut. The loss of life was very great. Writers of the time state that more than 100,000 Indians perished while engaged in the work.

When a line of railway encountered a grade too steep for ascent by the traction of the locomotive, the earlier engineers adopted the inclined plane. Such planes were in use at important

points during many years. Notable instances were those by which traffic was carried across the Alleghany Mountains, connecting on each side with the Pennsylvania railway lines. These old planes



The Nochistongo Cut, Mexican Central Railway.

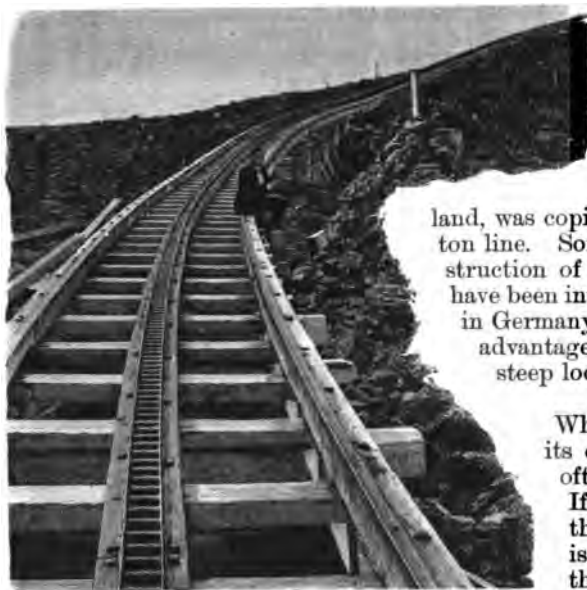
are still visible from the present Pennsylvania Railroad where it crosses the summit west of Altoona. The planes were operated by stationary engines acting upon cables attached to the cars. These cables passed around drums at the head of the planes, the weight of the cars on one track partially balancing those on the other. Similar planes were in use also at Albany, Schenectady, and other places.

Another effective expedient is the central rack rail. No better or more successful example of this method of construction can be given than the Mount Washington Railway [illustrated p. 12]. The road was completed in 1869. Its length is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles and its total rise 3,625 feet. Its steepest grade is about 1 foot rise in every 3 feet in length; the average grade is 1 in 4. It is built of heavy timber, well bolted to the rock. Low places are spanned by substantial trestle work. The gauge of the road is 4 feet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and it is provided with the two ordinary rails and also the central rack rail, which is really like an iron ladder, the sides being of angle iron and the cross-pieces of round iron

1½ inch in diameter and 4 inches apart. Into these plays the central cog-wheel on the locomotive, which thus climbs this iron ladder with entire safety. Very complete arrangements are made to prevent the descent of the train in case of

accident to the machinery. The locomotive is always below the train, and pushes it up the mountain. Many thousands of passengers have been transported every year without accident.

The rack railroad ascending the Righi, in Switzerland, was copied after the Mount Washington line. Some improvements in the construction of the rack rail and attachments have been introduced upon mountain roads in Germany, and this system seems very advantageous for use in exceptionally steep locations.



The Mount Washington Rack Railroad.

When a line of railway meets in its course a barrier of rock, it is often best to cut directly through. If the grade is not too far below the surface of the rock, the cut is made like a great trench with the sides as steep as the nature of the material will allow. Very deep cuts are, however, not de-

sirable. The rains bring down upon their slopes the softer material from above, and the frost detaches pieces of rock which, falling, may result in serious accidents to trains. Snow lodges in these deep cuts, at times entirely stopping traffic, as in the recent experience near New York.

A tunnel, therefore, while perhaps greater in first cost than a moderately deep cut, is really often the more economical expedient.

And here is as good a place, perhaps, as any other in this article, to say that true engineering is the economical adaptation of the means and opportunities existing, to the end desired. Civil engineering was defined, by one of the greatest of England's engineers, as "the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man," and that definition was adopted as a fundamental idea in the charter of the English Institution of Civil Engineers. But the development of engineering works in America has been



Trestle on Portland and Ogdensburg Railway, Crawford Notch, White Mountains.

effected successfully by American engineers only because they have appreciated another side of the problem presented to them. A past president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, a man of rare judgment and remarkable execu-

object of our profession is to consider and determine the most economic use of time, power, and matter."

That true economy, which finally secures in a completed work the best results from the investment of capital, in



Perspective View of St. Gothard Spiral Tunnels, in the Alps.

tive ability, the late Ashbel Welch, said, in discussing a great undertaking proposed by an eminent Frenchman: "That is the best engineering, not which makes the most splendid, or even the most perfect, work, but that which makes a work that answers the purpose well, at the least cost." And it may be remarked, as to the project which he was then discussing, that after a very large expenditure and an experience of eight years since that discussion, the plans of the work have been modified and the identical suggestions made by Mr. Welch of a radical economical change have been this year adopted.\* Another eminent American engineer, whose practical experience has been gained in the construction and engineering supervision of more than five thousand miles of railway, said, in his address as President of the American Society of Civil Engineers: "The high

first cost and continued maintenance, is an essential element in the consideration of any really great engineering feat.

The difficulties involved in the construction of a tunnel, after the line and dimensions have been determined, depend generally upon the nature of the material found as the work advances. Solid rock presents really the fewest difficulties, but it is seldom that tunnels of considerable length occur without meeting material which requires special provision for successful treatment. In some cases great portions of the rock, where the roof of the tunnel is to be, press downward with enormous weight, being detached from the adjacent mass by the occurrence of natural seams. This was the case at the tunnel excavated for the West Shore Railroad near the bank of the Hudson River under the Military Reservation of West Point. The time occupied and the cost of building this tunnel were greatly increased by this unexpected obstacle.

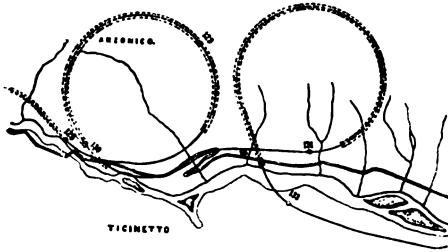
At other places soft material may be encountered, and the passage then is attended with great difficulty. Temporary supports, generally of timber, and of

\* Reference is made to the substitution of locks in the Panama Canal for the original project of a canal at the sea-level.



great strength, have often to be used at every foot of progress to prevent the material from forcing its way into the excavation already made.

In long tunnels the ventilation is a difficult problem, although the use of compressed air drills has aided greatly in its solution.



Plan of St. Gothard Spiral Tunnels.

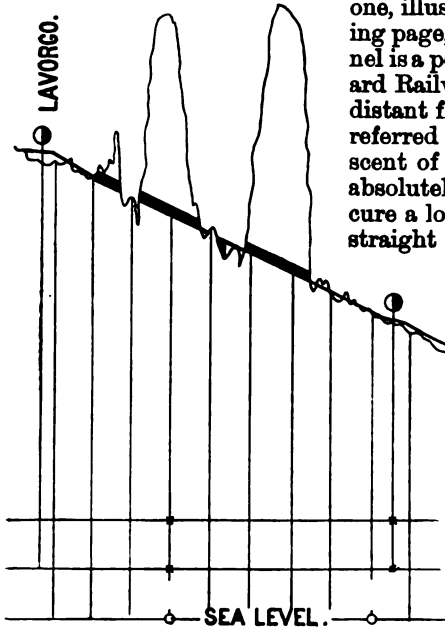
Among the great tunnels which have been excavated the St. Gothard is the most remarkable. It is  $9\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, with a section  $26\frac{1}{4}$  feet wide by  $19\frac{3}{4}$  feet high. The work on this tunnel was continuous, and it required  $9\frac{1}{4}$  years for its completion.

The Mont Cenis tunnel,  $8\frac{1}{4}$  miles in length, was completed in 12 years.

The Hoosac Tunnel,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, 26 feet wide and  $21\frac{1}{4}$  feet high, was

not prosecuted continuously; it was completed in 1876.

These tunnels are notable chiefly on account of their great length; there are others of more moderate extent

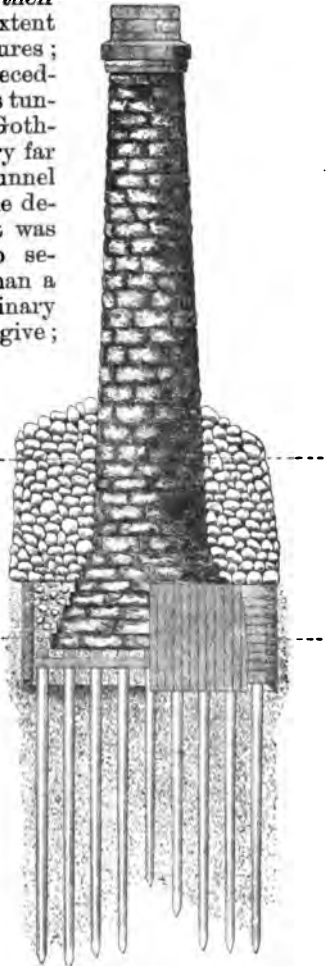


Profile of the Same.

which have peculiar features; one, illustrated on the preceding page, is unique. This tunnel is a portion of the St. Gothard Railway, and not very far distant from the great tunnel referred to above. In the descent of the mountain it was absolutely necessary to secure a longer distance than a straight line or an ordinary

curve would give; the line was therefore doubly curved upon itself. It enters the mountain at a high elevation, describes a circle through the rock and, constantly descending, reappears under itself at the side;

still descending, it enters the mountain at another point and continues in another circular tunnel until it finally emerges again, under itself, but at a comparatively short horizontal distance from its first entry, having gained the required descent by a continued grade through the tunnels. The profile above shows the descent, upon a greatly reduced scale, the heavy lines marking where the line is in the tunnel.

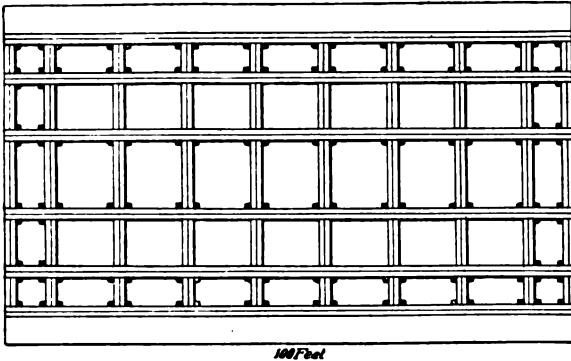


Bridge Pier Founded on Piles.

The remarkable success achieved by engineers in

securing suitable foundations at great depths is, of course, hardly known to the thousands who constantly see the

expedient is the use of piles, which are driven into the ground, often to a very considerable depth, and sustain the load placed upon them by the friction upon the sides of the piles of the material in which they are driven. It is seldom that dependence is placed upon the load being transferred from the top to the point of the pile, even though the point may have penetrated to a comparatively solid material. Wood is generally used for piles, and where the ground is permanently saturated there seems to be hardly any known limit to their durability. The substructure of foundations generally, where

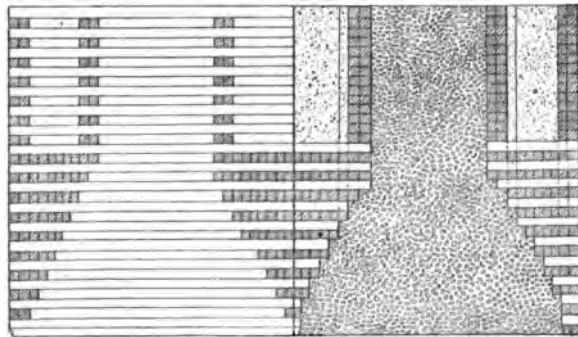


Foundation Crib of the Poughkeepsie Bridge.

structures supported on those foundations, but in any fair consideration of such engineering achievements this must not be omitted. The beautiful bridge built by Captain Eads over the Mississippi River at St. Louis, bold in its design and excellent in its execution, is an object of admiration to all who visit it, but the impression of its importance would be greatly magnified if the part below the surface of the water, which bears the massive towers, and which extends to a depth twice as great as the height of the pier above the water, could be visible.

The simplest and most effective foundation is, of course, on solid rock. In many localities reliable foundations are built upon earth, when it exists at a suitable depth and of such a character as properly to sustain the weight. Foundations under water, when rock or good material occurs at moderate depth, are constructed frequently by means of the coffer-dam, which is simply an enclosure made water-tight and properly connected with the bottom of the stream. The water is then pumped out and the foundation and masonry built within this temporary dam. When the material is not of a character to sustain the weight, the next

it is certain that they will always be in contact with water, can be, and generally is, of wood, and the permanency of such foundations is well established. An exception to this, however, occurs in salt-water, particularly in warmer countries, where the ravages of the minute *Teredo Navalis* and of the still more minute *Limnoria Terebrans* destroy the wood in a very short period of time. These insects, however, do not work below the ground-line or bed of the



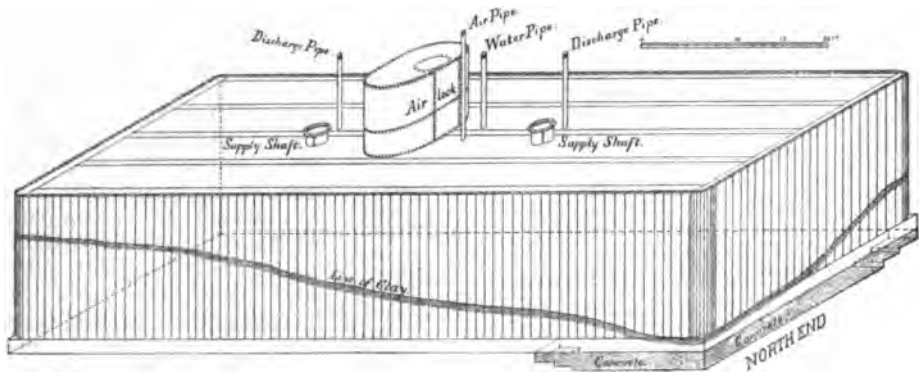
60 Feet.  
Transverse Section of the Same.

water. In many special cases hollow iron piles are used successfully.

The ordinary method of forcing a pile into the ground is by repeated blows of a hammer of moderate weight; better success being obtained by frequent blows of the hammer, lifted to a slight

elevation, than results from a greater fall, there being danger also in the latter case of injuring the material of the pile.

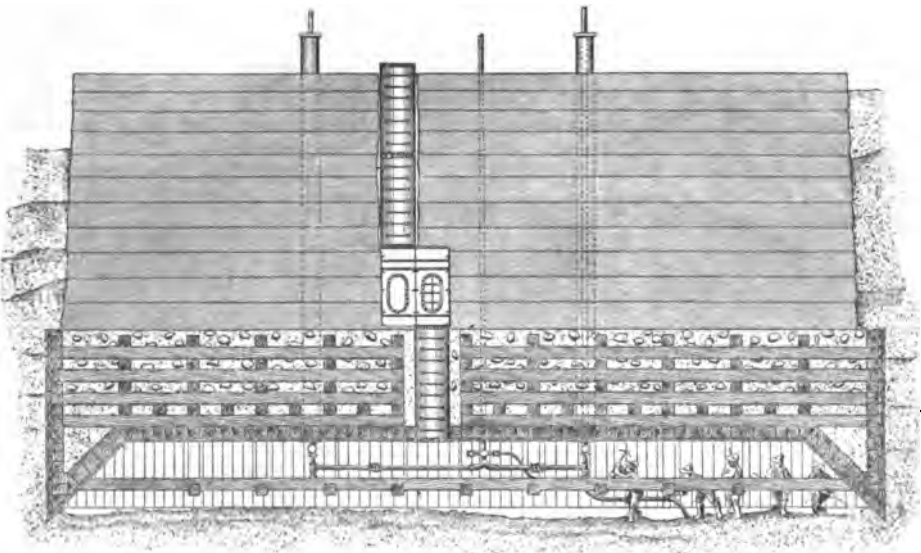
desired depth. The stream of water must be continuous, as it rises along the side of the pile and keeps the sand in a



Pneumatic Caisson.

The use of the water jet for sinking piles, particularly in sand, is interesting. A tube, generally of ordinary gas-pipe, open at the lower end, is fastened to the pile; the upper end is connected by a hose to a powerful pump and, the pile

mobile state. Immediately upon the cessation of pumping, the sand settles about the pile, and it is sometimes quite impossible to afterward move it. The water jet is used in sinking iron piles by conducting the water through the



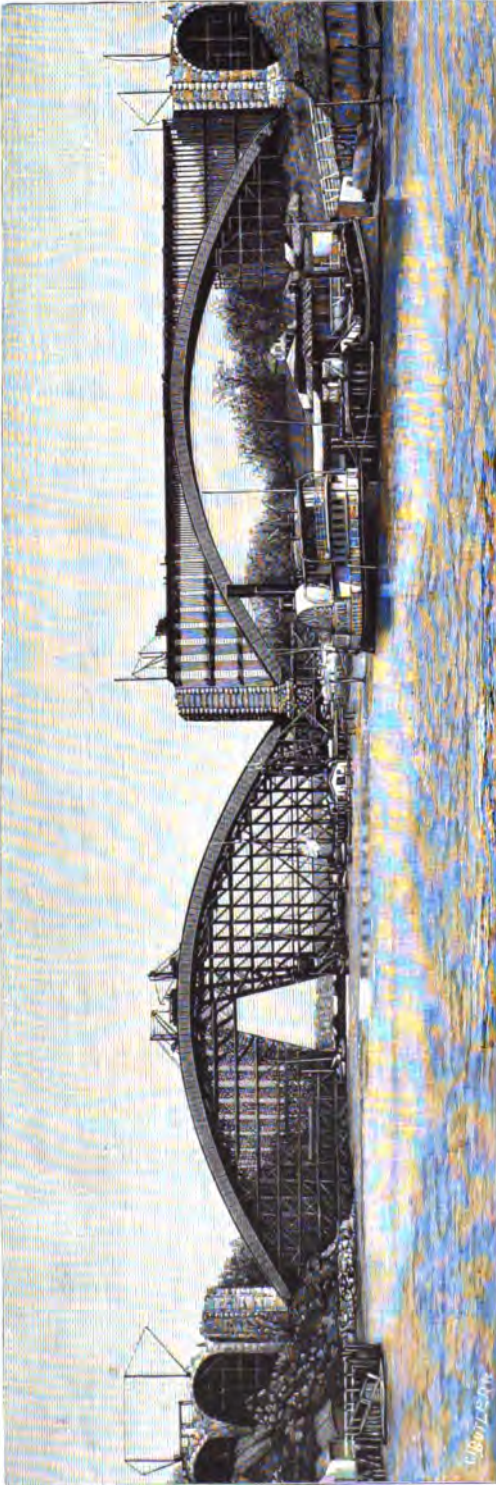
Transverse Section of Pneumatic Caisson.

being placed in position on the surface of the sand, water is forced through the tube and excavates a passage for the pile, which, by the application of very light pressure, descends rapidly to the

interior of the hollow pile and out of a hole at its point. The piles of the great iron pier at Coney Island were sunk with great celerity in this way. The illustration on page 14 shows one of



At Work in a Pneumatic Caisson—Fifty feet below the Surface of the Water.



The 510-foot Span Steel Arches of the New Harlem River Bridge, New York.

the piers of a bridge founded upon wooden piling.

In many cases it would be impossible to drive piling in such a way as to insure the durability of the structure above it. This is particularly true of the foundations of structures crossing many of our rivers, where the bottom is of material which, in time of flood, sometimes scours to very remarkable depths; the material often being replaced when the flood has subsided. The expedient adopted is the pneumatic tube, or the caisson. Both are merely applications of the well-known principle of the diving-bell. In the former case hollow iron tubes, open at the bottom, are sunk to considerable depths, the water being expelled by air pumped into the tubes at a pressure sufficient to resist the weight of the water. Entrance to the tubes is obtained by an air-lock at the top, and the material is excavated from the inside, and sufficient weight placed upon the tube to force it gradually to the desired depth. When that depth is attained, the tubes are filled with concrete, and thus solid pillars of hydraulic concrete, surrounded by cast-iron tubing, are obtained. •

The pneumatic caisson is an enlargement of this idea of the diving-bell. The caisson is simply a great chamber or box, open at the bottom; the outside bottom edges are shod and cased with iron so as to give a cutting surface; the roof and sides are made of timber, thoroughly bolted together, and of such strength as to resist the pressure of the structure to be finally founded upon it. The chamber in the open bottom is of sufficient height to enable the laborers to work comfortably in it. This caisson is generally constructed upon the shore in the vicinity of the structure and towed to the point where the foundation is to be sunk. Air is supplied by power-



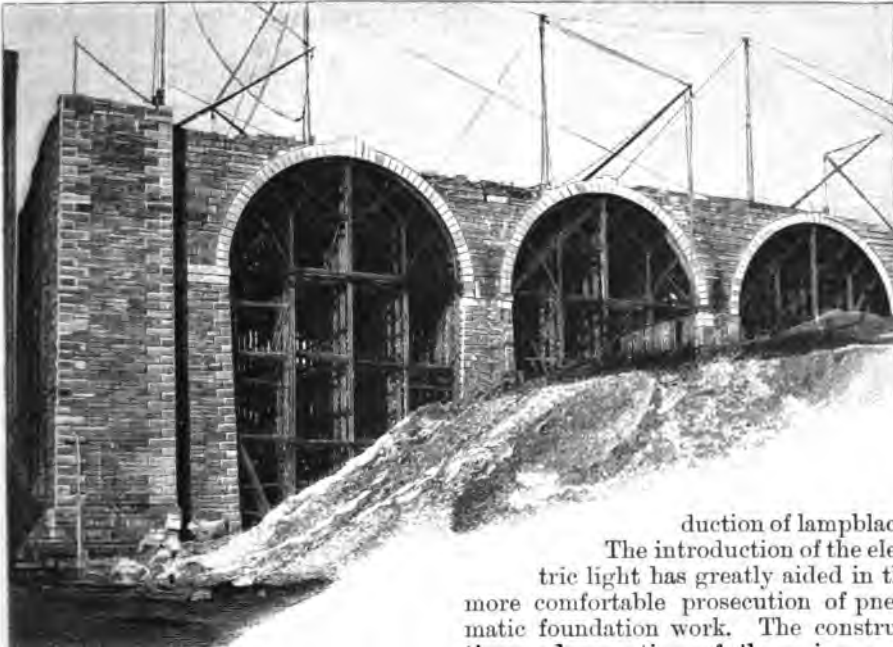
ful pumps and is forced into the working chamber. The pressure of the air of course increases constantly as the caisson descends; it must always be sufficient to overbalance the weight of the water and thus prevent the water from entering the chamber.

Descent to the caisson is made through a tube, generally of wrought iron, and having, at a suitable point, an air-lock, which is substantially an enlargement of the tube, forming a chamber, and of sufficient size to accommodate a number of men. This air-lock is provided with doors or valves at the top and at the bottom, both opening downward, and also with small tubes connecting the air-lock with the chamber below and with the external air above. Entrance to the caisson is effected through this air-lock. The lower door, or valve, being at the bottom, closes and is kept closed by the pressure of the air in the caisson below. After the air-lock is entered the upper door or

then opened gradually and the pressure in the air-lock becomes the same as that in the chamber below; as soon as this is effected the valve, or door, at the bottom of the air-lock falls open and the air-lock becomes really a part of the caisson.

A sufficient force of men is employed in the chamber to gradually excavate the material from its whole surface and from under the cutting edge, and the masonry structure is founded upon the top of the caisson and built gradually, so as to give constantly a sufficient weight to carry the whole construction down to its final location upon the stable foundation, which may be the bed rock or may be some strata of permanent character.

The problem of lighting the chamber was until recently of considerable difficulty. The rapid combustion under great pressure made the use of lamps and candles very troublesome, particularly on account of the dense smoke and large pro-

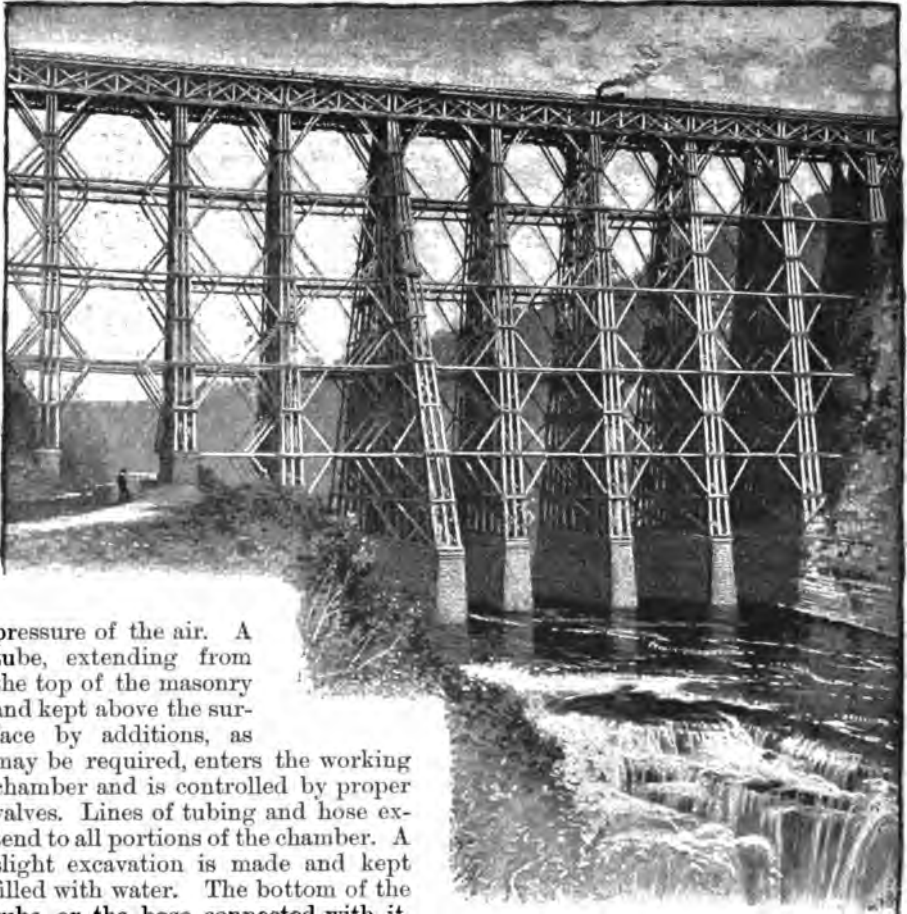


Granite Arched Approach to Harlem River Bridge.

duction of lampblack. valve is shut, and held shut a few moments, and the tube connecting with the outer air is closed; the small valve in the tube connecting with the caisson is

duction of lampblack. The introduction of the electric light has greatly aided in the more comfortable prosecution of pneumatic foundation work. The construction and operation of the caisson are illustrated on pages 16 and 17.

The removal of rock, or any large mass, from the caisson is effected through the air-chamber; but the removal of finer material, as sand or earth, is accomplished by the sand pump or by the



The Old Portage Viaduct, Erie Railway, N. Y.

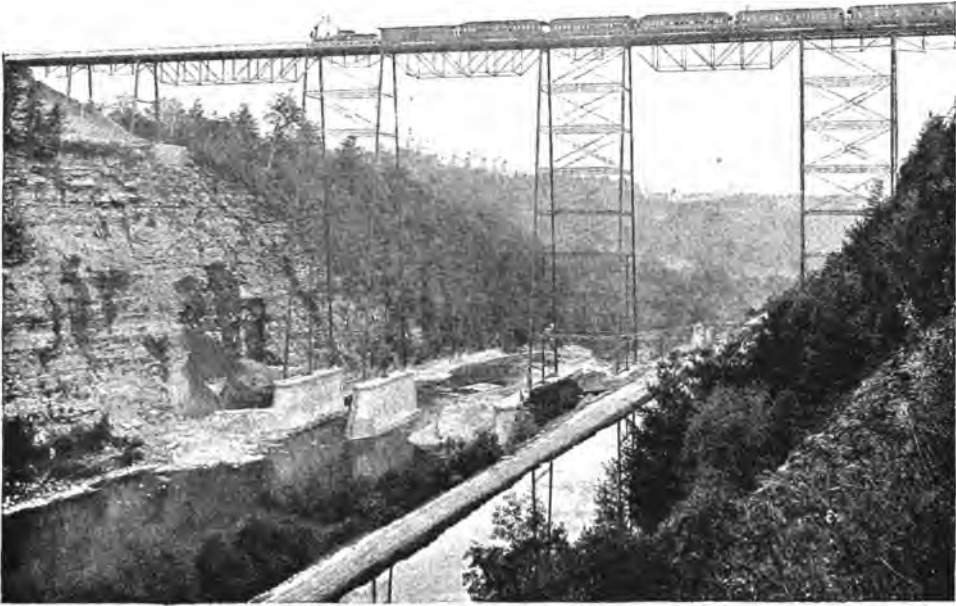
pressure of the air. A tube, extending from the top of the masonry and kept above the surface by additions, as may be required, enters the working chamber and is controlled by proper valves. Lines of tubing and hose extend to all portions of the chamber. A slight excavation is made and kept filled with water. The bottom of the tube, or the hose connected with it, is placed in this excavation, and, the material being agitated so as to be in suspension in the water, the valve is opened, and the pressure of the air throws the water and the material held in suspension to the surface, through the tube, from the end of which it is projected with great velocity and may be deposited at any desired adjacent point. This method, however, exhausts the air from the caisson too rapidly for continuous service. The Eads sand-pump is therefore generally used. This is an ingenious apparatus, somewhat the same in principle as the injector which forces water into steam-boilers. A stream of water is thrown by a powerful pump through a tube which, at a point near the inlet for the excavated material, is enlarged so as to surround another tube. The water is forced upward with great velocity into

the second tube, through a conical annular opening, and, expelling the atmosphere, carries with it to the surface a continuous stream of sand and water from the bottom of the excavation.

This system has been used successfully in the foundations of piers and abutments of bridges in all parts of the world. The rapidity of the descent of the caisson varies with the material through which it has to pass. The speed with which such foundations are executed is remarkable, when one remembers with what delicacy and intelligent supervision they have to be balanced and controlled. In some instances it has been necessary to carry them to great depths, one at St. Louis being 107 feet below ordinary water level in the river.

The pressure of air in caissons at these depths is very great ; at 110 feet below the surface of the water it would be 50 pounds to the square inch. Its effect upon the men entering and working in the caisson has been carefully noted in various works, and these effects are sometimes very serious ; the frequency of respiration is increased, the action of the

below. Occasionally a stream of sand and water issues with such velocity from the discharge pipe that, in the night, the friction of the particles causes it to look like a stream of living fire. Far below is another busy force. Under the great pressure and abnormal supply of oxygen they work with an energy which makes it impossible to remain there



The New Portage Viaduct.

heart becomes excited, and many persons become affected by what is known as the "caisson disease," which is accompanied by extreme pain and in many cases results in more or less complete paralysis. The careful observations of eminent physicians who have given this disease special attention have resulted in the formulation of rules which have reduced the danger to a minimum.

The execution of work within a deep pneumatic caisson is worth a moment's consideration. Just above the surface of the water is a busy force engaged in laying the solid blocks of masonry which are to support the structure. Great derricks lift the stones and lay them in their proper position. Powerful pumps are forcing air, regularly and at uniform pressure, through tubes to the chamber

more than a few hours. The water from without is only kept from entering by the steady action of the pumps far above and beyond their control. An irregular settlement might overturn the structure. Should the descent of the caisson be arrested by any solid under its edge, immediate and judicious action must be taken. If the obstruction be a log, it must be cut off outside the edge and pulled into the chamber. Boulders must be undermined and often must be broken up by blasting. The excavation must be systematic and regular. A constant danger menaces the lives of these workers, and the wonderful success with which they have accomplished what they have undertaken is entitled to notice and admiration.

Another process, which has succeed-



ed in carrying a foundation to greater depths than is possible with compressed air, is by building a crib or caisson, with chambers entirely open at the top, but having the alternate ones closed at the bottom and furnished with cut-

shall descend evenly and always maintain its upright position. The dredge is handled and operated entirely from the surface. The very idea is startling, of managing an excavation more than a hundred feet below the operator, en-



The Britannia Tubular Bridge over the Menai Straits, Wales.

ting edges. These closed chambers are weighted with stone or gravel until the structure rests upon the bottom of the river; the material is then excavated from the bottom through the open chambers, by means of dredges, thus permitting the structure to sink by its weight to the desired depth. When that depth is reached, the chambers which have been used for dredging are filled with concrete, and the masonry is constructed upon the top of this structure. The use of this system has enabled the engineer to place foundations deeper than has been accomplished by any other device, one recently built in Australia being 175 feet below the surface of the water. Illustrations on page 15 show this method of construction.

Even more remarkable than the pneumatic caisson is this method of sinking these great foundations. The removal of material must be made with such systematic regularity that the structure

tirely by means of the ropes which connect with the dredge, and doing it with such delicacy that the movement of an enormous structure, weighing many tons, is absolutely controlled. This is one of the latest and most interesting advances of engineering skill.

While it is true that the avoidance of large expenditure, when possible, is a mark of the best engineering, yet great structures often become absolutely necessary in the development of railway communication. Wide rivers must be crossed, deep valleys must be spanned, and much study has been given to the best methods of accomplishing these results. In the early history of railways in Europe substantial viaducts of brick and stone masonry were generally built; and in this country there are notable instances of such constructions. The approach to the depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in the city of Philadelphia,



Truss Bridge of the Northern Pacific Railway over the Missouri River at Bismarck, Dakota.—Testing the central span.

is an excellent example. Each street crossed by the viaduct is spanned by a bold arch of brick. Upon a number of our railways there are heavy masonry arches and culverts, and at some places these are of a very interesting character. The arches in the approach to the bridge over the Harlem Valley, now in construction, are shown on page 19. These are arches of granite, of a span of 60 feet. The illustration shows also the method of supporting the stone work of such arches during construction. Braced timbers form what is called the centre, and support the curved frame of plank upon which the masonry is built, which, of course, cannot be self-supporting until the keystone is in place; then the centre is lowered by a loosening of the wedges which support it, and the stone work of the arch is permitted to assume its final bearing. It is generally considered that where it is practicable to construct masonry arches under railways there is a fair assurance of their permanency, but some engineers of great experience in railway construction advance the theory that the constant jar and tremor produced by passing railway trains is really more destructive to masonry work than has been supposed, and that it may be true that the elements of the best economy will be found in metal structures rather than in masonry. It is true that repairs and renewals of metal bridges are much more easily accomplished than of masonry constructions.

In this country the wooden bridge has been an important, in fact an essential element in the successful building of our railways. At this moment the length of wooden bridges on the railway lines is very much greater than of metal. There have been a number of forms of wooden structure, but the Howe truss is, in many respects, the most per-





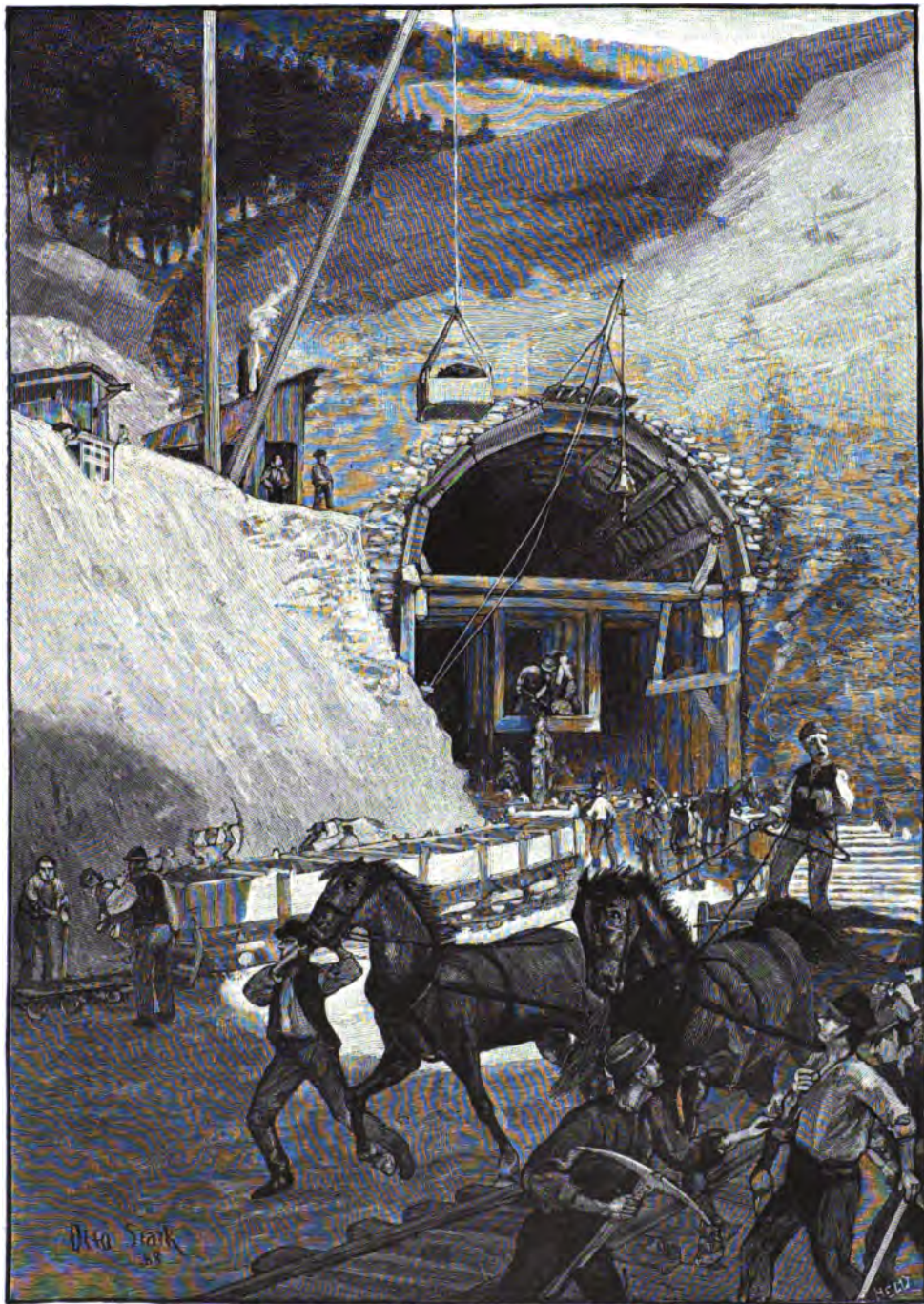
Curved Viaduct, Georgetown, Colorado ; the Union Pacific crossing its own line.

feet ; its construction is simple, it has the minimum amount of metal, the vertical rods being of iron, the rest of the structure, with the exception of some of the angle blocks, bolts, nuts, etc., being entirely of wood. A bridge built by Mr. Howe in 1840, across the Connecticut River at Springfield, with seven spans of 180 feet each, was one of his first works. It lasted until 1853, when it was replaced by a Howe truss of more modern design, which was in good condition when, in 1874, it was replaced by a double-track iron bridge. This improved form of truss has held its place in public favor, and, where timber is convenient, is an economical bridge.

Timber is also used extensively in railroad construction in the form of trestles ; one example of which has been alluded to on page 7. There were also constructed, years ago, some very bold viaducts in wood. One of the most interesting is shown on page 20, being the viaduct at Portage, N. Y. This construction was over 800 feet long, and 234 feet high from the bed of the river to the rail. The masonry foundations were 30 feet high, the trestles 190 feet, and the truss 14 feet ; it contained more than a

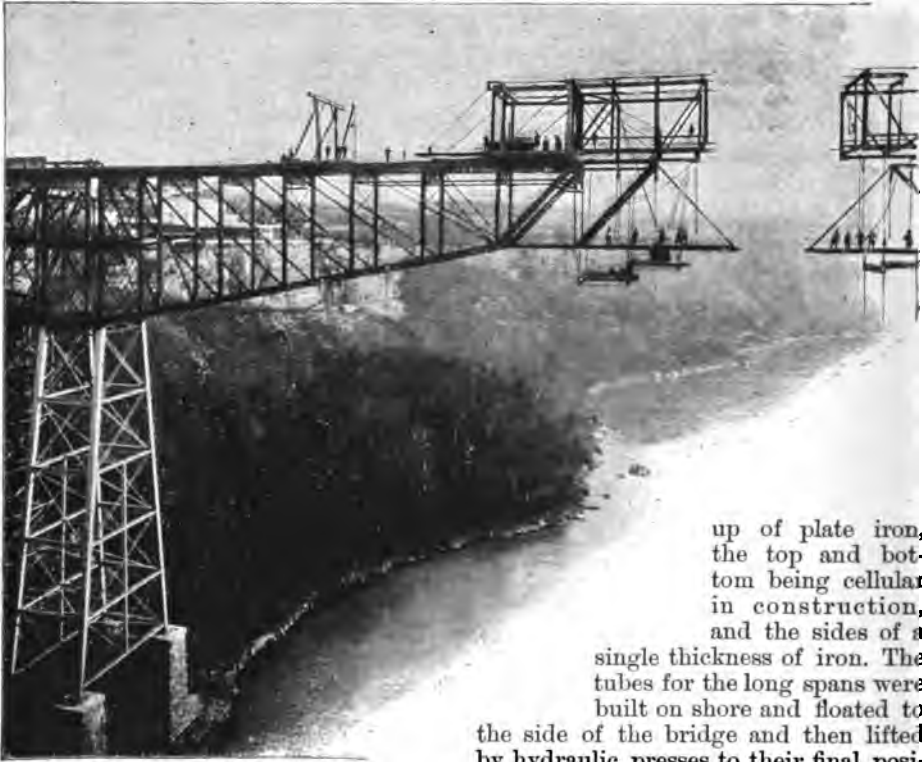
million and a half feet, board measure, of timber. The timber piers, which were 50 feet apart, are formed by three trestles, grouped together. It was framed so that defective pieces could be taken out and replaced at any time. This bridge was finished in 1852 and was completely destroyed by fire in 1875. The new metal structure which took its place is shown on page 21, and is an interesting example of the American method of metal viaduct construction, an essential feature of that construction being the concentration of the material into the least possible number of parts. This bridge has ten spans of 50 feet, two of 100 feet, and one of 118 feet. The trusses are of what is called the Pratt pattern, and are supported by wrought-iron columns, two pairs of columns forming a skeleton tower 20 feet wide and 50 feet long on the top. There are six of these towers, one of which has a total height from the masonry to the rail of 203 feet 8 inches. There are over 1,300,000 pounds of iron in this structure.

The fundamental idea of a bridge is a simple beam of wood. If metal is substituted it is still a beam with all superfluous parts cut away. This re-



Portal of a Tunnel in Process of Construction.





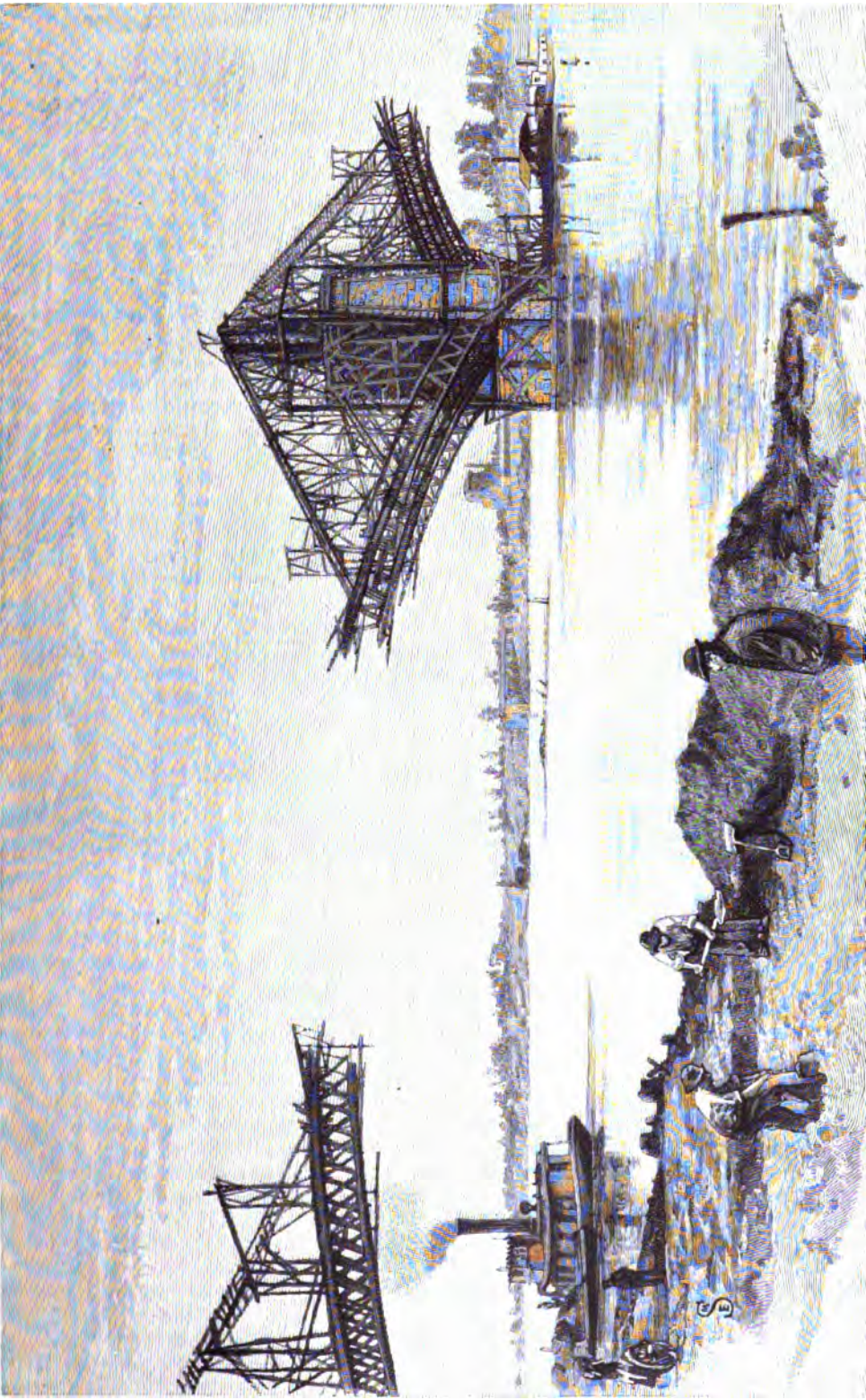
The Niagara Cantilever Bridge in Progress.

sults in what is called an I beam. When greater loads have to be carried, the I beam is enlarged and built up of metal plates rivetted together and thus becomes a plate girder. These are used for all short railway spans. For greater spans the truss must be employed.

Before referring, however, to examples of truss bridges, a description should be given of the Britannia Bridge, built by Robert Stephenson in 1850, over the Menai Straits. This construction carries two lines of rails and is built of two square tubes, side by side, each being continuous, 1,511 feet long, supported at each extremity and at three intermediate points, and having two spans of 460 feet each and two spans of 230 feet each. [P. 22.] The towers which support this structure are of very massive masonry, and rise considerably above the top of the tubes. These tubes are each 27 feet high and 14 feet 8 inches wide; they are built

up of plate iron, the top and bottom being cellular in construction, and the sides of a single thickness of iron. The tubes for the long spans were built on shore and floated to the side of the bridge and then lifted by hydraulic presses to their final position. The rapid current, and other considerations, made the erection of false works for these spans impracticable. The beautiful suspension bridge, built by Telford in 1820, over the Menai Straits, is only a mile away from this Britannia Bridge, but, at the time of the construction of the latter, it was not deemed possible by English engineers to erect a suspension bridge of sufficient strength and stability to accommodate railway traffic.

The Victoria Bridge at Montreal is of the same general character of construction as the Britannia Bridge, but is built only for a single line of rails; this bridge also was built by Mr. Stephenson, in 1859. These two structures were enormous works; their strength is undoubted, but they lacked that element of permanent economy which has been spoken of in this article; their cost was very great and the expense of maintenance is also very great. A very large amount of rust is taken from these tubes every year; they require very frequent painting, and there



The St. Louis Bridge during Construction.

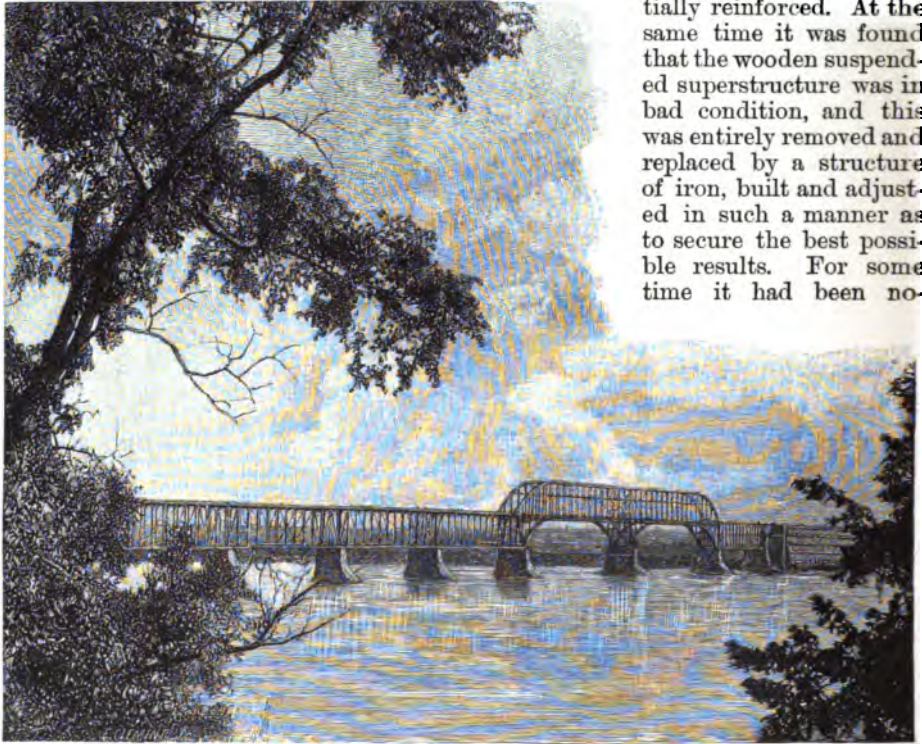


are on the Victoria Bridge 30 acres of iron surface to be painted.

A remarkable and interesting contrast to these heavy tubes of iron is the Niagara Falls railway suspension bridge,

years; it was then found that some repairs to the cable were required at the anchorage, the portions of the cables exposed to the air being in excellent condition. These repairs were made, and the

anchorage was substantially reinforced. At the same time it was found that the wooden suspended superstructure was in bad condition, and this was entirely removed and replaced by a structure of iron, built and adjusted in such a manner as to secure the best possible results. For some time it had been no-



The Lachine Bridge, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, near Montreal, Canada.

completed in March, 1855. The span of this bridge is 821 feet, and the track is 245 feet above the water surface. It is supported by 4 cables which rested on the tops of two masonry towers at each end of the central span, the ends of the cables being carried to and anchored in the solid rock. The suspended superstructure has two floors, one above the other, connected together at each side by posts and truss rods, inclined in such a manner as to form an open trussed tube, not intended to support the load, but to prevent excessive undulations. The floors are suspended from the cables by wire ropes, the upper floor carrying the railroad track, and the lower forming a foot and carriage way. Each cable has 3,640 iron wires. This bridge carried successfully a heavy traffic for 26

ticed that the stone towers which supported the great cables of the bridge showed evidences of disintegration at the surface, and a careful engineering examination in 1885 showed that these towers were in a really dangerous condition. The reason for this was that the saddles over which the cables pass on the top of the towers had not the freedom of motion which was required for the action of the cables, caused by differences of temperature and by passing loads. These saddles had been placed upon rollers but, at some period, cement had been allowed to be put between these rollers, thus preventing their free motion. The result was a bending strain upon the towers which was too great for the strength and cohesion of the stone. A most interesting

and successful feat was accomplished in the substitution of iron towers for these stone towers, without interrupting the traffic across the bridge. This has been accomplished very recently by building a skeleton iron tower outside of the stone tower, and transferring the cables from the stone to the iron tower by a most ingenious arrangement of hydraulic jacks. The stone towers were then removed. Thus, by the renewal of its suspended structure and the replacing of its towers, the bridge has been given a new lease of life and is in excellent condition to-day. [P. 33.]

This Niagara railway suspension bridge has been so long in successful operation that it is difficult now to appreciate the general disbelief in the possibility of its success as a railway bridge, when it was undertaken. It was projected and executed by the late John A. Roebling. Before it was finished, Robert Stephenson said to him, "If your bridge succeeds, mine is a magnificent blunder." The Niagara bridge did succeed.

We are so familiar with the great suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn [frontispiece], that only a simple statement of some of its characteristic features will be given. Its clear span is 1,595½ feet. With its approaches its length is 3,455 feet. The clear waterway is 135 feet high. The towers rise 272 feet above high water and extend on the New York side down to rock 78 feet below. The four suspension cables are of steel wire and support six parallel steel trusses, thus providing two carriage ways, two lines of railway, and one elevated footway. The cables are carried to bearing anchorages in New York and in Brooklyn. The cars on the bridge are propelled by cables, and the amount of travel is now so great as to demand some radical changes in the methods for its accommodation, which a few years ago were supposed to be ample.

Except under special circumstances of location or length of span, the truss bridge is a more economical and suitable structure for railway traffic than a suspension bridge. Reference has been made to the excellent wooden trusses which have for so many years done good service in every part of the country. The material of course is perishable, al-

though the life of some of these well-built wooden trusses is wonderfully long. The great danger is from fire—and as the traffic on a road increases that danger becomes greater.

The advance from the wood truss to the modern steel structure has been through a number of stages. Excellent bridges were built in combinations of wood and iron, and are still advocated where wood is inexpensive. Then came the use of cast iron for those portions of the truss subject only to compressive strains, wrought iron being used for all members liable to tension. Many bridges of notable spans were built in this way and are still in use. The form of this combination truss varied with the designs of different engineers, and the spans extended to over three hundred feet. The forms bore the names of the designers, and the Fink, the Bollman, the Pratt, the Whipple, the Post, the Warren, and others had each their advocates. The substitution of wrought for cast iron followed, and until quite recently trusses built entirely of wrought iron have been used for all structures of great span. The latest step has been made in the use of steel, at first for special members of a truss and latterly for the whole structure. The art of railway bridge building has thus, in a comparatively few years, passed through its age of wood, and then of iron, and now rests in the application of steel in all its parts.

Two distinct ways of connecting the different parts of a structure are in common use, riveting and pin connections.

In riveted connections the various parts of the bridge are fastened at all junctions by overlapping the plates of iron or steel and inserting rivets into holes punched through all the plates to be connected. The rivets are so spaced as to insure the best result as to strength. The pieces of metal are brought together, either in the shop or at the structure during erection, and the rivets, which are round pieces of metal with a head formed on one end, are heated and inserted from one side, being made long enough to project sufficiently to give the proper amount of metal for forming the other head. This is done while the rivet is still hot, either by hammering or by the application of a



riveting machine, operated by steam or hydraulic pressure. Ingenious portable machines are now manufactured which are hung from the structure during erection and connected by flexible hose with the steam power, by the use of which the rivet heads can be formed in place with great celerity. The connections of plates by rivets of proper dimensions and properly spaced give great strength and stiffness to such joints.

In pin connections the members of a structure are assembled at points of junction and a large iron or steel pin inserted in a pin-hole running through all the members. This pin is made of such diameter as to withstand and properly transmit all the strains brought upon it. Joints made with such pin connections have flexibility, and the strains and stresses can be calculated with great precision. Eye-bars are forged pieces of iron or steel, generally flat, and enlarged at the ends so as to give a proper amount of metal around the pin-hole or eye, formed in those ends.

Structures connected by pins at their principal junctions have, of course, many parts in which riveting must be used.

The elements which are distinctively American in our railway bridges are the concentration of material in few members and the use of eye-bars and pin connections in place of riveted connections. The riveted methods are, however, largely used in connection with the American forms of truss construction.

An excellent example of an American railway truss bridge is shown on page 23. This structure spans the Missouri River at its crossing by the Northern Pacific Railroad. It has three through spans of 400 feet each and two deck spans of 113 feet each. The bottom chords of the long spans are 50 feet above high water, which at this place is 1,636 feet above the level of the sea. The foundations of the masonry piers were pneumatic caissons. The trusses of the through spans, 400 feet long, are 50 feet deep and 22 feet between centres. They are divided into 16 panels of 25 feet each. The truss is of the double system Whipple type with inclined end posts. The bridge is proportioned to carry a train weighing 2,000 pounds per

lineal foot, preceded by two locomotives weighing 150,000 pounds in a length of 50 feet. The pins connecting the members of the main truss are 5 inches in diameter.

This bridge is a characteristic illustration of the latest type of American methods. The extreme simplicity of its lines of construction, the direct transfer of the strains arising from loads, through the members, to and from the points where those strains are concentrated in the pin connections at the ends of each member, are apparent even to the untechnical eye. The apparent lightness of construction arising from the concentration of the material in so small a number of members, and the necessarily great height of the truss, give a grace and elegance to the structure and suggest bold and fine development of the theories of mechanics.

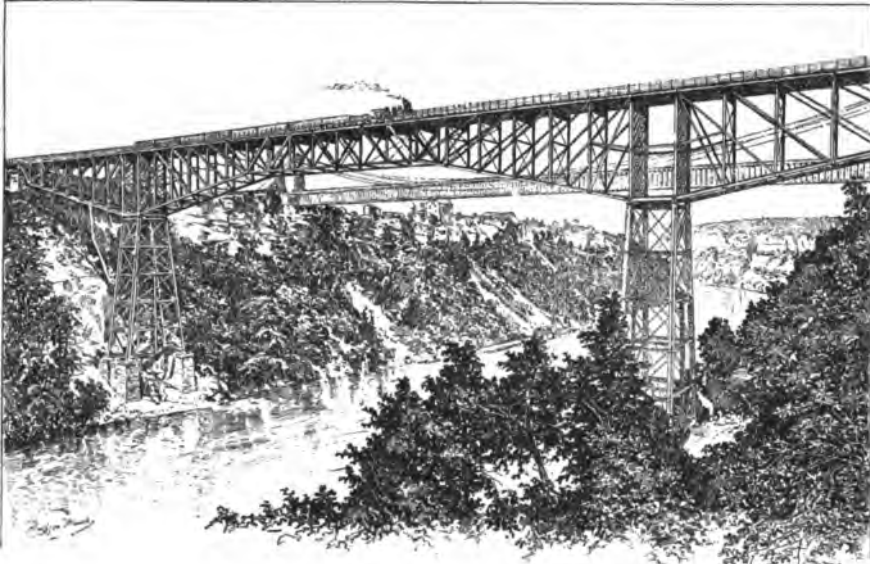
An interesting structure is that shown on page 24, where the railway crosses its own line on a curved truss.

The truss bridges which have been mentioned as types of the modern railway bridge are erected by the use of false works of timber, placed generally upon piling or other suitable foundation, between the piers or abutments, and made of sufficient strength to carry each span of the permanent structure until it is completed and all its parts connected, or, as is technically said, until the span is swung. Then the false works are removed and the span is left without intermediate support. But there are places where it would be impossible or exceedingly expensive to erect any false works. A structure over a valley of great depth, or over a river with very rapid current, are instances of such a situation.

A suspension bridge would solve the problem, but in many cases not satisfactorily. The method adopted by Colonel C. Shaler Smith at the Kentucky River Bridge [p. 9] shows ingenuity and boldness worthy of special remark. The Cincinnati Southern Railroad was here to cross a cañon 1,200 feet wide and 275 feet deep. The river is subject to freshets every two months, with a range of 55 feet and a known rise of 40 feet in a single night. Twenty years before, the towers for a sus-

pension bridge had been erected at this point. The design adopted for the railroad bridge was based upon the cantilever principle. The structure has three spans of 375 feet each, carrying a railway track at a height of 276 feet above the bed of the river. At the time of its construction this was the highest railway bridge in the world, and it is

half the length of the side spans, and at this point rested upon temporary wooden supports. From thence they were again extended as cantilevers until the side spans were completed and rested upon the iron piers. This cantilever principle is simply the balancing of a portion of the structure on one side of a support by the portion on the opposite



The Niagara Cantilever Bridge.

still the highest structure of the kind with spans of over 60 feet in length. The bridge is supported by the bluffs at its ends and by two intermediate iron piers resting upon bases of stone masonry. Each iron pier is 177 feet high, and consists of four legs, having a base of  $71\frac{1}{2} \times 28$  feet, and terminating at its top in a turned pin 12 inches in diameter under each of the two trusses. Each iron pier is a structure complete in itself, with provision for expansion and contraction in each direction through double roller beds interposed between it and the masonry, and is braced to withstand a gale of wind that would blow a loaded freight-train bodily from the bridge.

The trusses were commenced by anchoring them back to the old towers, and were then built out as cantilevers from each bluff to a distance of one-

side of the same support. Similarly the halves of the middle span were built out from the piers, meeting with exactness in mid-air. The temporary support used first at the centre of one side span and then at the other, was the only scaffolding used in erecting the structure, none whatever being used for the middle span.

When the junction was made at the centre of the middle span, the trusses were continuous from bluff to bluff, and, had they been left in this condition, would have been subjected to constantly varying strains resulting from the rise and fall of the iron piers due to thermal changes. This liability was obviated by cutting the bottom chords of the side spans and converting them into sliding joints at points 75 feet distant from the iron piers. This done, the bridge consists of a continuous girder 525 feet

long, covering the middle span of 375 feet, and projecting as cantilevers for 75 feet beyond each pier, each cantilever supporting one end of a 300-foot span, which completes the distance to the bluff on each side.

A most interesting example of cantilever construction is the railway bridge recently built at Niagara, only a few rods from the suspension bridge and a short distance below the great falls. It is shown in the illustrations on pages 26 and 31. The floor of the bridge is 239 feet above the surface of the water, which at that point has a velocity in the centre of  $16\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour and forms constant whirlpools and eddies near the shores. The total length of the structure is 910 feet, and the clear span over the river between the towers is 470 feet. The shore arms of the cantilever, that is to say, those portions of the structure which extend from the top of the bank to the top of the tower built from the foot of the bank, are firmly anchored at their shore ends to a pier built upon the solid rock. These shore arms were constructed on wooden false works, and serve as balancing weights to the other or river arms of the lever, which project out over the stream. These river arms were built by the addition of metal, piece by piece, the weight being always more than balanced by the shore arms. The separate members of the river arms were run out on the top of the completed part and then lowered from the end by an overhanging travelling derrick and fastened in place by men working upon a platform suspended below [see p. 26]. This work was continued, piece by piece, until the river arm of each cantilever was complete, and the structure was then finished by connecting these river arms by a short truss suspended from them directly over the centre of the stream. This whole structure was built in eight months, and is an example both of a bold engineering work and of the facility with which a pin-connected structure can be erected. The materials are steel and iron. The prosecution of this work by men suspended on a platform, hung by ropes from a skeleton structure projecting, without apparent support, over the rushing Niagara torrent, was always

an interesting and really thrilling spectacle.

The Lachine Bridge just built over the St. Lawrence near Montreal [p. 28] has certain peculiar features. It has a total length of 3,514 feet. The two channel spans are each 408 feet in length and are through spans. The others are deck spans. Through spans are those where the train passes between the side trusses. Deck spans are those where the train passes over the top of the structure. These two channel spans and the two spans next them form cantilevers, and the channel spans were built out from the central pier and from the adjacent flanking spans without the use of false works in either channel. A novel method of passing from the deck to the through spans has been used, by curving the top and bottom chords of the channel spans to connect with the chords of the flanking spans. The material is steel.

This structure, light, airy, and graceful, forms a strong contrast to the dark, heavy tube of the Victoria Bridge just below.

The enormous proposed cantilever Forth Bridge, with its two spans of 1,710 feet each, is in steady progress of construction and will when completed mark a long step in advance in the science of bridge construction.

Of entirely different design and principle from all these trusses are the beautiful steel arches of the St. Louis Bridge [p. 27], the great work of that remarkable genius, James B. Eads. This structure spans the Mississippi at St. Louis. Difficult problems were presented in the study of the design for a permanent bridge at that point. The river is subject to great changes. The variation between extreme low and high water has been over 41 feet. The current runs from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour. It holds always much matter in suspension, but the amount so held varies greatly with the velocity. The very bed of the river is really in constant motion. Examination by Captain Eads in a diving bell showed that there was a moving current of sand at the bottom, of at least three feet in depth. At low water, the velocity of the stream is small and the

bottom rises. When the velocity increases, a "scour" results and the river-bed is deepened, sometimes with amazing rapidity. In winter the river is



Old Stone Towers of the Niagara Suspension Bridge.

closed by huge cakes of ice from the north, which freeze together and form great fields of ice.

It was decided to be necessary that the foundations should go to rock, and they were so built. The general plan of the superstructure, with all its details, was elaborated gradually and carefully, and the result is a real feat of engineering. There are three steel arches, the centre one having a span of 520 feet and each side arch a span of 502 feet. Each span has four parallel arches or ribs, and each arch is composed of two cylindrical steel tubes, 18 inches in exterior diameter, one acting as the upper and the other as the lower chord of the arch. The tubes are in sections, each about twelve feet long, and connected by screw joints. The thickness of the steel forming the tubes runs from  $1\frac{3}{8}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. These upper and lower tubes are parallel and are 12 feet apart, connected by a single system of diagonal bracing. The double tracks of the railroad run through the bridge adjacent to the side arches at the elevation of the highest point of the lower tube. The carriage road and footpaths extend the full width of the

bridge and are carried, by braced vertical posts, at an elevation of twenty-three feet above the railroad. The clear headway is 55 feet above ordinary high water. The approaches on each side are masonry viaducts, and the railway connects with the City Station by a tunnel nearly a mile in length. The illustration shows vividly the method of erection of these great tubular ribs. They were built out from each side of a pier, the weight on one side acting as a counterpoise for the construction on the other side of the pier. They were thus gradually and systematically projected over the river, without support from below, till they met at the middle of the span, when the last central connecting tube was put in place by an ingenious mechanical arrangement, and the arch became self-supporting.

The double arch steel viaduct now in process of erection over the Harlem Valley in the city of New York [p. 18] has a marked difference from the St. Louis arches in the method of construction of the ribs. These are made up of immense voussoirs of plate steel, forming sections somewhat analogous to the ring stones of a masonry arch. These



The New Iron Towers of the Same.

sections are built up in the form of great I beams, the top and bottom of the I being made by a number of parallel steel plates connected by angle pieces with

the upright web, which is a single piece of steel. The vertical height of the I is 13 feet. The span of each of these arches is 510 feet. There are six such parallel ribs in each span, connected with each other by bracing. These great ribs rest upon steel pins of 18 inches diameter, placed at the springing of the arch. The arches rise from massive masonry piers, which extend up to the level of the floor of the bridge. This floor is supported by vertical posts from the arches and is a little above the highest point of the rib. It is 152 feet above the surface of the river—having an elevation fifty feet greater than the well-known High Bridge, which spans the same valley within a quarter of a mile. The approaches to these steel arches on each side are granite viaducts carried over a series of stone arches. The whole structure will form a notable example of engineering construction. It will be finished within two years from the beginning of work upon its foundations, the energy of its builders being worthy of special commendation.

In providing for the rapid transit of passengers in great cities the two types of construction successfully adopted are represented by the New York Elevated and the London Underground railways. The New York Elevated is a continuous metal viaduct, supported on columns varying in height so as to secure easy grades. The details of construction differ greatly at various parts of the elevated lines, those more recently built being able to carry much heavier trains than the earlier portions. The roads have been very successful in providing the facilities for transit so absolutely necessary in New York. The citizens of that city are alive to the present necessity of adding very soon to those facilities, and it is now only a question of the best method to be adopted to secure the largest results in a permanent manner.

The London Underground road has

also been very successful. Its construction was a formidable undertaking. Its tunnels are not only under streets but under heavy buildings. Its daily traffic is enormous. The difficult question in its management is, as in all long tunnels, that of ventilation, but modern science will surely solve that, as it does so many other problems connected with the active life of man.

Many broad questions of general policy, and innumerable matters of detail are involved in the development of railway engineering. In the determination, for instance, of the location, the relations of cost and construction to future business, the possibilities of extensions and connections, the best points for settlements and industrial enterprises, the merits and defects of alternative routes must be weighed and decided.

Where structures are to be built, the amount and delicacy of detail requisite in their design and execution can hardly be described. Final pressures upon foundations must be ascertained and provided for. Accurate calculations of strains and stresses, involving the application of difficult processes and mechanical theories, must be made. The adjustment of every part must be secured with reference to its future duty. Strength and safety must be assured and economy not forgotten. Every contingency must, if possible, be anticipated, while the emergencies which arise during every great construction demand constant watchfulness and prompt and accurate decision.

The financial success of the largest enterprises rests upon such practical application of theory and experience. Even more weighty still is the fact that the safety of thousands of human lives depends daily upon the permanency and stability of railway structures. Such are some of the deep responsibilities which are involved in the active work of the Civil Engineer.





## DEATH AND JUSTICE.

*By Graham R. Tomson.*

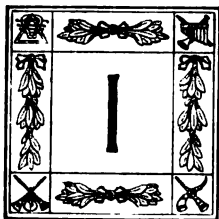
**D**EATH doth not claim us with the passing breath ;  
Before our Lady Justice calm he stands  
To hear her grave, immutable commands ;  
“Wait, I shall tell you presently,” she saith,  
“Wait but a moment’s space, my brother, Death,  
While Time, our kinsman, shakes his silent sands.”  
She holds the balance true, with steady hands  
And strong, the little while it wavereth.

Hatred and Envy must lie still and wait,  
So, now, must Love and Sorrow stand aside  
In breathless silence, pale and eager-eyed,  
Till, through the lips of Justice, speaketh Fate,—  
“Death, in thy keeping must the man abide ;”  
Or, “He shall live for aye,—his work is great.”

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## MAESTRO AMBROGIO.

*By T. R. Sullivan.*



**I**N a certain narrow street of Florence, near Andrea del Sarto's house and the Annunziata's choir, where with maimed rites the mortal part of the poor painter *senza errore* was hurried under the pavement, there lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century a learned doctor whose name and titles history is scarcely able to recall. Yet the young Andrea may have known him ; and the illustrious Leonardo, called Da Vinci, wise in many things and ennobling all with a touch rarer than the golden one of fable, was surely numbered among his friends. But the doctor led a life of deep seclusion, indifferent to the storms of party strife, to plot and insurrection, battles and murders, the tyrant's yoke, the tyrant's favor. His four gray walls sheltered him from the summer's heat, the winter's cold ; his little garden caught from the sunlight all the colors

of the prism in roses, wild pomegranates, and oleanders. The laboratory behind it held his store of manuscripts, his retorts and crucibles, his furnace and his bellows—all the apparatus needed for experiments which so absorbed him that he seldom went out into the bustling streets. He had but one thought, one purpose : to make some vast discovery which should benefit the human race ; and as he was human, too, one may imagine that his ambition went a little farther, coupling with the glorious result his own name, and immortalizing that. Undoubtedly, he longed and hoped to live forever in men's hearts ; to have his ashes consecrated in a gilded shrine, surmounted by a marble bust—a goal of pilgrimage. Alas ! None knows where he lies buried. You may find his house to-day in the Via del Mandorlo ; his laboratory has been turned into a stable ; the roses still run riot in his garden, and the snails still nibble at their leaves ; but the last of many tenants, treading the very paths he trod, will smile and tell you that the

property has been in his own family from time immemorial, and that no such man ever lived and died there as Maestro Ambrogio.

He was a bachelor, of course, and had come to that time of life when a man is neither young nor old, and when a few additional years work little change in him. His figure was slender and well-proportioned; but his shoulders had the scholar's stoop, his thin face the hungry look of an ascetic; the bright blue eyes in it seemed younger than the rest of him; for, contrary to all custom of the day, he went unshorn and unshaven, and his brown hair, streaked with gray, mingled with the untrimmed beard that swept over his breast, muffling him like a disguise. He wore habitually the Florentine *lucco*, or long robe of black serge, familiar to the world through Dante's portraits; and, with this, the hood-like civic bonnet of the same material. These garments, in spite of his absorbing pursuits, were always of the most scrupulous neatness; while his hands were marvellously white and slender, fine, delicate, like the hands of a noble. But the man's nobility of nature found its best expression in his voice, which was low and clear, never querulous, never raised in anger, of surpassing gentleness and patience in all its tones; so that he who heard it for the first time stood spell-bound in respectful silence, as though the speech were half divine, and its simple phrases the utterance of an oracle.

Few, however, beyond the narrow limits of his household, ever heard the voice of Maestro Ambrogio. His one servant, an old peasant woman from the mountains of the Mugello, stood between him and all the cares and worries of the outer world. Monna Modesta was well known in the quarter. It was she who went to market for him, who knew the worth of a plump fowl, and was ready to pay just that and no more; above all, who kept her master's house in the wonderful and incredible state of cleanliness, noted in chronicles of the time. But only the house; she was never allowed to pass beyond the garden, to profane the dust of the laboratory with her vulgar hands. This, to one of her instincts, was a positive and constant

grief. With tears in her eyes she bade the saints witness that her master's good was all she had at heart, and that dust was the insidious foe of all mankind. Yet Maestro Ambrogio remained a very pig for obstinacy, as she declared. The laboratory and its contents were never to be touched; he, and his young pupil, the noble signor Gentile Morelli alone could enter it; even its small windows, high above her head, must not be scoured. This last command was hardly to be borne, and for a time she persistently disobeyed it; climbing the trellis in her master's absence, removing dead leaves from the sills, polishing the leaded panes; and since she could not open them, peering within, defiantly, upon a group of broken jars stored away on a neglected shelf and half buried in cobwebs, through which the wicked old spiders eyed her with indifference. Beyond these evidences of pestilential disorder she saw dimly, in the feeble glow of the furnace, a confusion of utensils whose very names were unknown to her. And one day, when there was more light than usual, she also discerned the outlines of a splendid alabaster chest, of great size and carved in high relief, but sadly stained and blackened. In her simple ignorance she took this for a linen-coffer, and longed to have it removed and cleansed and restored to its proper uses under her careful supervision. The good soul little dreamed that this sculptured wonder had been designed merely to hold what she most despised—namely, dust. For it was an Etruscan sarcophagus, found long ago by her master in his mountain vineyard near Gubbio; and by him brought down to Florence with reverent care, for the sake of its principal figure—a young girl, recumbent in the marble, but life-like, as if a touch would rouse her—the portrait, no doubt, of the dead unknown whose ashes Maestro Ambrogio still treasured, undisturbed.

Monna Modesta, wise in her small way, applied to herself that proverb of her nation, which prizes the ounce of discretion above the pound of knowledge. As a matter of course, she gave her master no cause to suspect that she had climbed the trellis to look upon these things, prudently resolving to pry

into them no more. But she continued to sound the praises of order and her own devotion to it, on all possible occasions; with righteous thanks that she was not as others were, uplifting her standard at the gate of the enemy's citadel, to wage fierce warfare upon the insects of the garden, where not so much as a leaf was permitted to fall unnoted: while the student, Gentile, having daily access to the precincts from which she was so rigorously excluded, daily grew in her disfavor. She looked upon him as a poor, misguided creature, aiding and abetting her master in practices that were, to say the least, unwholesome, and that did no good to anybody, so far as honest folk could see.

Toward the close of a lovely day when the long Italian summer was nearly gone, Monna Modesta sat spinning and considering deeply many things. She had moved her wheel into a sunny corner of the garden, and the grateful warmth reminded her that winter was not far off, and that winter, at her age, was to be dreaded. She must go to market in the morning and get the better of old Niccold, who was a rascal at heart and would cheat her if he could. The thought caused her wheel to rattle angrily. The world's prevailing wickedness made duty doubly hard; the wicked seemed to thrive and flourish, while, for the good, life was a long contention, with palsy at the end. The breeze shook down some dead leaves from the rose trained above her head. Yes, autumn had already come; and what would befall her master if the winter should be her last? He could never take care of himself, he must inevitably become the prey of thieves. She sighed, and the wheel stopped turning; the dry leaves rustled under foot, but she did not stoop for them.

A key grated in the lock of the laboratory door. The sound passed unheeded, and her master's presence was first made known to her by his shadow on the garden-path. The wheel resumed its work, but quite unconsciously she sighed again.

"Why do you sigh, my good Modesta?" asked Maestro Ambrogio.

"The winter is at hand, my master. I feel its breath already, and I am old."

"*Madre mia*, with such nimble fingers!" returned the doctor, as he watched the whirring wheel. "There is no winter in your blood."

"Eh, signor, the candle burns low; a puff will put it out. And who then will look after you? Not the miserable Gentile, that insect, who knows less of the world's ways than would fill a snail-shell. The house that has no woman in it is a ruined house, signor. You must marry, that I may die content."

"Death will come," said the doctor, gravely; "but yesterday you did not fear it. And it is only one day nearer, now. You talk of winter, too, before its time. See, above your head, there is a rose."

"The last," she answered; "to pick that would bring ill luck upon the house. Master, do not touch it, I pray you."

But the rose was already plucked, and, as the doctor held it out to her, its petals fell apart in the hollow of his hand. To Monna Modesta this was the worst of omens, and as if to confirm her superstitious fancy, a violent gust of the autumn breeze shook every twig in the garden, and raised a cloud of dust about their feet. The small whirlwind passed them by in a moment; but she had spoken truly; there was winter in its breath.

"Keep the rose, signor," she said, reproachfully; "for death has overtaken it. Is not this a warning? Make haste to choose your wife, and choose her well, Maestro Ambrogio."

The doctor smiled, and pointed at the door of his laboratory.

"My wife is there," said he, lightly. "She is wise and gentle and forgiving, with no complaints and no harsh words. She is always young, always beautiful; after all these years, would you have me turn against her now, and prove unfaithful?"

"Has my master lost his senses?" muttered Monna Modesta. "Of what woman is he speaking?"

"Of no woman, but of Science," replied the doctor, laughing. "She is the best and sweetest wife in the whole world."

"A fig for her!" cried the old servant, testily. "Tell me! Can Science go to market, and choose between an old fowl

and a tender chicken? Can she mind the spit, or sew new hooks upon the robe you wear? Can she make me young again, or even persuade me that I am not growing old? Science! Bah! Can she turn winter into spring, or bring the dead to life?"

"Or bring the dead to life?" The doctor had gone laughing to his work again. But these words made him start; they rang in his ears after the door had closed upon them. He stood grave and silent, far removed in thought from the musty disorder of his workshop, until a sweet perfume, strangely out of place there, recalled him to himself; it came only from the fading flower, rudely crushed and broken in his hand.

"The last rose," he said, gathering up carefully some of its outer petals that had fallen to the floor. "Will it bring ill luck upon the house? We shall see—we shall see!"

That night Monna Modesta summoned him in vain to supper. She laid the cloth, and sitting down beside it watched and waited—then nodded and dozed over it alone. She woke at a late hour, to find the food still there, untasted. A light shone in the laboratory; and stealing out into the dark, she climbed the trellis cautiously to the little window and looked down. There sat the doctor before a small brazier filled with glowing embers, turning the leaves of a parchment book in old black-letter. He stopped, and sighed; then, to her astonishment, he flung the fragments of a rose—her rose—into the heart of the hot coals; and fell to reading again in the great book. A cannon-shot would hardly have aroused him from his studies. But she crept back as quietly as she came, in speechless wonder; went to her bed, slept and dreamed, still wondering.

In the morning, the table stood precisely as she had left it, her master's bed was empty; and her honest wrath broke forth upon the head of the student, Gentile, who came at his accustomed hour. He was a handsome youth, wearing a cloak of violet silk jauntily draped over his velvet doublet. A lute was slung across his shoulder. The very ease and trimness of him carried Monna Modesta's anger beyond the bounds of reason.

"Here are fine doings, truly!" she cried. "Maestro Ambrogio has had neither food nor sleep this night. Why was not your splendid laziness here to help him?" And never listening for his answer, she went on:

"Go out, and fetch him in to breakfast. I pray our gracious lady that he be not starved already. If you find him dead, lay it at your own door—popinjay!"

Maestro Ambrogio looked pale and worn, but, somewhat to her regret, he was not dying of starvation. She pointed at the table with an injured air.

"It is true," he said, "I have an appetite. But, as you see, my night's work was not unprofitable."

And before seating himself he handed her a rose.

She knew that none were left in the garden, yet she turned instinctively to the window; for the flower was but half open, and seemed to have the morning freshness in it.

He shook his head, and smiled.

"No," he said, "I did not find it there. To please you, I have restored the dead to life. That is all."

He was above any wilful deception, before all human creatures to be trusted; but now she doubted him, even while she could not help observing that, in size and color, this was the perfect counterpart of the rose so lately reduced to ashes under her too curious eyes.

"Well," he continued, "you will never say sharp things, any more, about my gentle mistress. Come! Confess that her work has been complete and wonderful."

"Wonderful!" repeated Monna Modesta, pressing the rose to her lips, that she might conceal her doubts behind it. Then she found it dry and scentless, and she believed him.

But the increased respect with which she now regarded her master had a touch of pity in it, a new tenderness unfelt before. It was plain that he failed to perceive the fatal imperfection of his handiwork; his air of triumph betrayed conclusively an absolute faith in his own skill. And the old servant could not find the heart to undeceive

him, but left his mind clouded with this last illusion, as if she had been dealing with a child. After all, the rose without its perfume was a sufficient marvel; she put it away in water, crossing herself, involuntarily, as she did so. While it lived, her wholesome awe of it continued; she would not even touch the unholy thing again, but when it had faded for the second time, seizing the dried stalk with a pair of tongs, at arm's length, she flung it into the fire; then raked apart the ashes. They should not kindle into another life through any fault of hers.

Winter came, and with it the first symptoms of the infirmity she feared. Her voice shook in an annoying way, her step grew heavier, her wrinkles deepened; she compared herself to an old witch, when she looked in the glass. Her lightest household care became a burden, even grumbling was an effort. But she toiled and scolded and drove her bargains with unflagging spirit, praying only that death might find her still in the pious fury of her work. She was ready; let this hour be her last; she wanted no interval of deplorable rest, no sickly folding of the hands.

Her master's future gave her more concern than ever. He had drawn very near, he told her, to that greatest of discoveries, which had baffled him so long. But no further hint of his revealed anything of its scope or even of its nature. Vainly, she took the young student into favor, plying him with wine, artfully leading him on to gossip indiscreetly about Maestro Ambrogio's affairs; and gaining only a reluctant admission that Gentile was quite ignorant of the possible result to which their labors tended. He performed his share of them adroitly, by his own showing; and slept soundly each night when they were over. But at his return, he often found that the last day's work had been undone. For day and night his master seemed to toil incessantly, suffering repeated discouragements, but through them all upheld and strengthened by some wild hope that he would not explain.

One morning, Gentile presented himself only to be sent away again. All that day, Maestro Ambrogio did no work and spoke no word. Monna Mo-

desta came and went, but he never heeded her, until she made a direct attack upon him with intrusive questions, when he shook his head mournfully. His eyes glistened; a tear trickled down upon his beard; she was sure, then, that his experiments had failed.

"Heaven help us all!" she thought; and clattering off to the neighboring church, she said her prayers in one of its chapels.

She heard him stirring in the night; he left his room, his step died away upon the stairs. She followed, but not softly enough, for at the garden door, in the dark, she found him waiting. She felt his hand upon her wrist, and drew back, alarmed. But his reproof was of the gentlest.

"Why do you get up so early? One watcher is enough to guard my house. Go to your bed, and sleep; it is the best service you can do me."

And she obeyed him, silently.

The next day, Maestro Ambrogio recalled his student. The old hope had revived, informing new schemes, inducing new tests. And as time passed, as his problem advanced favorably toward its mysterious solution, the confidence daily growing stronger within him shone through his eyes and gave his face the radiance of youth. He was like the fortunate lover, who believes that some divinity has alighted upon the earth to walk hand in hand with him forever.

At length, when Monna Modesta imagined that the hour of triumph must be very near, her master, who so rarely stirred abroad, suddenly bade her prepare him for a long journey. In answer to her startled look, he told her that all was well with him; that he had only one venture left to make; but that he dared not run the extreme risk it involved, without first consulting the one living man whose judgment could be called infallible. This was a famous Venetian doctor, almost a century old, unimpaired in mind, but far too feeble in body to endure the fatigue of travel, which, therefore, he himself must undertake. He charged her solemnly to admit no one, not even Gentile, to the house during his absence. The laboratory door he locked and sealed, leaving all behind him, apparently, except a scroll of parch-



ment easily to be carried in the hand. The time appointed for departure came ; the horse stood at the door, and Maestro Ambrogio lingering upon the threshold gave his last instructions. Then, with a smile, he added :

"And how shall I reward you for so much fidelity? What shall I bring back from Venice to my constant friend?"

"Ah, signor, a kind, gentle mistress—only that. Marry your wife, and bring her back with you."

"A wife, from Venice?" said the doctor, laughing. "Well, who knows? I have done stranger things. But, remember, I make no promises. God be with you, Modesta!"

"And with you, signor! A swift journey, Maestro Ambrogio!"

So he rode away. For many days there was no sign of him, and she was faithful to her trust. When Gentile demanded news, he found the house barricaded as if for a siege, and was forced to hold indignant parley with Modesta through a wicket in the outer door. She bade him sing to his lute, and not to her. The great Leonardo knocked once, faring little better.

"What! Hast thou yet heard nothing of thy master?"

"Alas, no, signor."

"*Misericordia!* Pray Heaven that some sly one of thy sex may not have beguiled him!"

"Pray Heaven that he be no more a bachelor, and good day to you, Messer Leonardo!"

At last, however, the door swung open for the master's much-desired return. He came, dressed in gay colors, with a light step and smiling face; followed by two serving-men bearing rich apparel, ribbons, silks and laces, to be unfolded and displayed before Modesta's wondering eyes. She tried to speak, but wanted words.

"What! No welcome for me?" he cried, merrily. "Yet all is as you wished it. I come in my wedding garments; are they not well chosen?"

"Heaven be praised for all its mercies! You have grown young again. But the bride, signor?"

"She will follow. Prepare a chamber for her and for these things."

"Eh, the waste of money! Look at

that brocade! What great lady have you married? These trappings are for a princess; how is it that your wife will wear them?"

"They are not fine enough. Wait, and you will see."

She set the house in order with much nervous apprehension. How should she make room for these new fineries? There was no chest fit to hold them, except, perhaps, the splendid marble one hidden away in her master's workshop; but she dared not ask him for that. Well, it mattered little; no doubt the new mistress would bring a retinue of servants to undo any humble work of hers; they would overrule her—she would count for nothing; that, of course, was the fate of age, and she must accept it cheerfully; she must bid them all good-night, and let the past to which she belonged enshroud her in its friendly shadows. All would be for the best that promised a long and happy future to Maestro Ambrogio.

Thus Modesta dealt with her misgivings. But the new mistress did not come. Again the doctor buried himself in the laboratory, and pursued his dreary studies. To all inquiries about his wife he replied that she was still to be expected; but he fixed no day, no hour. Then, fearing that the great lady might take them by surprise in the night, she slept with a lighted lamp near her bedside, to wake continually, and strain her ears at the faintest sound. But her master discovered this, and rebuked her almost sternly for excess of zeal. So she resumed her former habits, asked no more questions, left events to wait upon themselves, the stars to rise and set as they would, unnoted; till the winter had worn away.

The doctor's cellar contained a few bottles of old wine, lying there in wait for rare occasions. One evening of the early spring-time, he brought out from this dusty ambush a small flask, and, uncorking it with deliberation, he called for glasses. All that day he had been in a state of feverish disturbance, and his hand shook now. The golden liquor leaped and sparkled in a most inviting way, and Monna Modesta, yielding readily to temptation, took the glass he offered; likewise a second, which he pressed

upon her. She wondered what silent toast they could be drinking ; for this, assuredly, was a kind of ceremonial. But she had grown too old for such indulgences. The wine made her strangely drowsy. Was there mischief in it? Why had she taken so much? Why had she touched it at all? She went to her room, repenting of this childish folly ; and slept profoundly the sleep of childhood, throughout the night, far on into the morning hours.

The flood of sunshine to which she woke gave its own startling evidence of time unduly wasted ; but even this reproachful glare had failed to act upon her sluggish senses. That worthless insect, Gentile, clamored at her door ; and his voice rang with delight at the detection of her grievous lapse in duty.

"Modesta! Monna Modesta! Wake, and find your wits! My master's wife has come from Venice, and no one stirs a finger to receive her. Do you sleep all night, and all day, too?"

"Beast!" she cried, in a passion. "Have done with bellowing, and mend your manners. When I sleep at all, it is with my eyes open. Go back, and tell them I'll come presently."

Below, in the state apartment long ago made ready for this festal day, the old servant found Maestro Ambrogio in his brightest colors, but formal and solemn as a sentinel ; and there, too, on a low couch lay the noble lady, sleeping.

How young, how fair she was! As sweet, as simple in her beauty as the Virgin of the Annunziata's shrine! Yet these soft features were aglow with life, these full, red lips were not divine, but exquisitely human. About her head she had bound a veil, through which her heavy coils of hair showed gleams of reddish gold ; and she had put on the rich, brocaded garment brought from Venice, worth a fortune in *quattrini*. It seemed, in truth, not fine enough ; it should have been sown with jewels. But her only ornament was a slender golden thread of curious design, clasping one wrist.

She moved a little, smiling in her sleep. And the smile was mysterious, unaccountable, perplexing as the smile of archaic sculpture ; with something of

malice in it, as though the thought behind, concealed rather than expressed, were not unmixed with evil. So the sirens must have smiled when the bark foundered, and the poor mariner went unresisting to his death, happy in that inexplicable joy—perhaps, exultant even, with the look upon his face that Maestro Ambrogio's now wore.

"See!" he murmured. "Was not this worth years of loneliness? Could one have better fortune, even in his dreams?"

But Modesta trembled with a vague distrust, as if some disaster were impending. The smile was hateful to her.

"Ah, signor," she sighed, "is that my mistress?"

Her master had already turned away, rapt in his dream, and sheltered by it from outward influences.

"Iovina!" he called, softly. "Iovina!"

Then the sleeper woke. He caught her hands and kissed them, drawing her toward him from the couch, folding in his arms the lovely presence that had the smile of absence in it still.

The light in her clear gray eyes, however, was reassuring. Her voice, too, was a pleasant one, though it uttered strange words which Modesta could not understand ; but her master answered them in the same tongue. The new mistress looked wonderingly yet not unkindly upon the faithful servant. It appeared from what was said that she had come alone, with no train of attendants to be taught their duties. Modesta would have her own way to all intents and purposes ; would still reign supreme in the market-place, be Monna Modesta, *padrona della casa*, to them all. This cheering reflection did away with presentiments for the time being. The household affairs went on that day as usual ; only that sometimes in the pauses of work Modesta shook her head, and whispered to herself, doubtfully :

"Iovina! I do not like it ; it is a pagan name."

She shook her head in the same discontented fashion over many things that happened in the following days. As might have been expected, her master led, at first, a life of complete infatuation. Then he resumed his studies, but with half a heart, interrupting them un-

der the smallest pretext to dance attendance on the languid lady whose slave he had become. To show his wife a flower in the garden, to read her a line of Tuscan verse, that should give her in one breath a better knowledge of his love and of his language, were tasks of more importance than any prescribed to him in those ponderous books of his. This, of course, was commendable and proper; one pardons, nay exacts some such parade of weakness in the manners of a bridegroom. It was in the attitude of her mistress that Modesta found the first cause for complaint. Clearly, Maestro Ambrogio's devotion was wholly wasted; day by day, he squandered it, like the money woven into the embroidered garments worn by his foreign princess, who either had no heart to give him in return, or had chosen to withhold her gift. Her thoughts seemed always on the wing. The dragon-fly, darting to and fro among the leaves, could win her smile as easily as the poor man's fondest word. She was no happier for his approach; her steel-gray eyes never looked upon him tenderly. At what, then, was she always smiling? At him, perhaps; not with him, surely. For all his kindness must have failed to touch her, since she took it so impassively—sometimes, indeed, as if she hardly knew that he was at her side.

Ah! All men were alike, and all were fools! It needed no spark of feeling to bewitch them; not even a pretence of it. Here was Gentile, now, openly worshipping this same idol with eager eyes. A stray glance from her would upset him for a whole day. And Messer Leonardo, too! At the first sight of her face his admiration burst forth in a torrent of superlatives. She smiled upon him; he laughed, and talked of other things; but his eyes never left her. He came again, and asked that she might sit to him. And when permission was refused, almost on his knees, he begged, implored Maestro Ambrogio to grant it. The smile haunted him, he said, impelling him to paint it from memory if not from life; its perfect beauty existed for no day, no generation, but must be fixed and made imperishable for all to know until the end of time. Without this attempt, he

should hold himself false to the divine art he served; and with all the success he had achieved, with laurels heaped on laurels in the future, hereafter ages would hold him forever miserable, if this duty to the world went unfulfilled, if, for want of means or want of inspiration, he had failed on earth to perpetuate that faultless smile.

These entreaties in the end prevailed. The painter began upon his first sketch—a drawing in red chalk, at which he worked for days, but only to destroy it. The pose was wrong, he explained; he must try another; and this, too, came to nothing. He lamented bitterly his own incompetence. Never had subject thwarted him like this; always the look he wanted was not there. That elusive smile played tricks with him; its lovely lines would not be caught, but changed their places before he could reproduce them. How to do her justice? How to accomplish what he already feared would prove impossible? To control that look a while, he must control the sitter's mind; he must have music, some sweet, delightful strain to charm her into subjection to his will. So Gentile brought his lute only too readily, and played to them; while a new drawing was begun, and all went well with it.

But all went far from well with Maestro Ambrogio. Of late, he had grown moody and despondent; most unlike himself. And now, to-day, he left his furnace, to pace aimlessly back and forth in one of the garden-paths—that farthest away from the great hall of the house, where the painter had set up his easel near an open window, through which Gentile's music and even Messer Leonardo's progress could be followed. For, now and then, the master spoke a word of satisfaction, in his own encouragement; he had found the way at last; here was success indeed. But the master of the house only sighed when he heard this, and his step grew heavier and more uncertain, as though a leaden clog were dragging at his heels.

What weight of sorrow thus depressed him? Old Modesta knew him too well, had watched him too closely not to have divined it. All was plain enough. The scales had fallen from his eyes; he had come to doubt the wisdom of his choice;

to distrust the smile of the enchantress, and with reason. In one fatal cast, rashly made, he had flung away his life; and now he repented his rashness. The poor serving-woman, who loved him better than she loved herself, looked at him and longed to help him, but could not find the way. What comfort had she to offer? If she spoke, what good would her words do? This: that he would be forced to answer them; and if he did not speak, his heart would surely break. So, praying Heaven to guide her, she went out and stopped him in his walk.

"My master," she began; "never have I seen you so unhappy. What is it now that troubles you?"

He stared at her with shining eyes, dry and tearless.

"Nothing," he answered. "Nothing."

The tears were in her eyes. "Oh, my poor master!" she sighed, mournfully. But he brushed by her, and was gone again, muttering to himself.

"My wife!" she heard him say.

Then there came a shout of triumph, and the painter dashed out upon them with the drawing in his hand.

"See!" he cried. "I have surpassed myself. Who will dare to tell me this is not worthy of her?"

In that glowing moment of success he had no thought beyond his work. The doctor took the paper, while Leonardo, passing behind him and leaning upon his shoulder, failed to note with what trouble he regarded it.

Modesta looked on, silently. They made a picture in themselves against a background of the vine-leaves, as if they had been posed for embodiments of light and darkness. Light gleamed in the painter's rose-hued silken mantle, in his flushed cheek, his joyous eyes. He was all aflame. In the other all was clouded, cold.

But the hand of genius has a strength that cannot be resisted; and it held her master now. Slowly, the light illumined him. His face brightened, until it reflected the painter's look of exultation.

"It is wonderful!" he whispered.

"*Caro mio!*" said that other master there behind him. "This is a fortunate hour for us both—we must not let it slip. I will go home, and get my colors;

then make the portrait—finish it, while the light lasts. Think, *amico*: this day's work will hang upon some wall in Florence, ages hence when we are only memories. And all the painters of the world will bow before it. They will say: 'See how one brushmark, tracing out a woman's smile, gave poor Da Vinci his undying fame! Look at Leonardo's masterpiece—Iovina, Maestro Ambrogio's wife!'"

"Yes," returned the doctor, eagerly. "The colors—bring the colors, noble Leonardo."

The painter hurried off, catching as he went a note of laughing music, and singing his own song to it. For in the house Gentile's lute played on.

Then, as the doctor listened, his face grew dull and grave again. The old dark thought possessed him wholly. The lovely drawing slipped from his hand, falling face downward in the earth. He let it lie there, and, turning away, he flung himself upon one of the garden-benches, hiding his own face.

The silent witness, whom he had forgotten, now forgot herself. Overcome with his despair, she knew neither what she said nor what she did; but, rushing forward, knelt beside him, and poured out her inmost soul in a flood of unconsidered words.

"Master, why did you marry her? She has brought ruin upon the house; she cares for nothing that is good; she never goes to church, never says a prayer; she is a pagan, a demon. How has she ensnared you?"

"Modesta, Modesta! What words are these?"

"I cannot help it—I cannot bear it longer. Why did you go so far to bring her home? She is not like other women. *Maestro mio*, she has no heart, no tenderness. She is like the flower that sprung out of the ashes, beautiful, without its fragrance."

She had risen nearly to her feet in her excitement, but Maestro Ambrogio now caught her by the wrist, and forced her back upon her knees.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Forgive me, master; I forgot—"

"Speak!" he continued, sharply.

"What flower do you mean?"

"The rose," replied Modesta. "The

dead rose that seemed to live again. Signor, it was not life, for life has sweetness in it. And she has none—she has no feeling, no kindness in her. She is like the rose.”

As though the woman had stabbed him to the heart, he released her with a moan of anguish.

“Oh, had I known!” he cried, in a broken voice. “Of all men that ever breathed I am the most pitiable. It is true—it is true. She is like the rose.”

A light breeze caught the fallen paper, which fluttered to his feet. He stooped for the master’s handiwork, considered it one moment, then tore it up, and gave it to the winds again; not angrily, but deliberately, with a look and gesture of the deepest sorrow.

Modesta nodded approvingly. Then her eyes flashed. He should do more than this; such calm submission was intolerable.

“Listen!” she cried. “My lady must have music. What cares she for your unhappiness? The boy amuses her, and she smiles upon him. Ay! Go on with it; play and sing to her, do!”

The words were hardly spoken, when the music stopped. The doctor rose and moved slowly toward the house without an answer to Modesta, who, accepting the silent rebuke, followed him meekly, but only to the window.

The lute lay upon the floor. There was the painter’s seat, there his empty easel; and beyond, where he had posed her, half reclined the lovely figure he longed to make immortal. But now Gentile knelt beside her, drew her face down to his, and kissed it; and she permitted this; she did not draw away; the golden ornament at her wrist shone through his dark curls, while she smoothed the hair upon his temples, idly but gently. In truth, the boy amused her, and she smiled upon him.

A shadow came between them and the sunlight. With a cry of terror Gentile fled, unregarded. For Maestro Ambrogio went directly to his wife, and took her hand.

“Come!” he said, gravely, in a tone of pity rather than of remonstrance. “Come with me!”

She made no effort to resist him; and with a firm step he led her out into the

garden. While they crossed it, all the sunshine seemed to come from her. She caught its glory like a mirror, and gave it back in playful gleams; then took it all away in one last, radiant smile, when they passed into the laboratory and the door shut behind them. She had outdone the flowers; they looked cold and colorless. The perfect moment of the day had passed. The hours now could only droop and die.

What stillness in the house! The mute, unbidden guest, misfortune, had chosen it for his abode. Modesta barred the great door, and when the painter came she met him at the wicket, to put him off until the morrow with poor excuses. He entreated, threatened her ineffectually. He begged at least to have his drawing, but she denied him even that; she dared not tell him it had been destroyed. One word answered everything. To-morrow he should see her master; all would explain itself, all come right to-morrow. And while he protested, she closed the loophole in his face.

He went away and did not come again. There was no further disturbance from without; even the distant rumors of the city sunk to rest. The great blue silence overhead deepened and faded sombrely into the chilling pallor of the stars. Below, in the garden, the fireflies glanced about, the crickets droned; no other sound broke in upon the quiet of the night; no sign of life, no movement from the workshop; there, too, all was black and still.

Bolt upright in her chair, hour by hour, Modesta sat and told her beads. From intervals of uneasy slumber in which she heard her master’s voice calling her, she started up to listen breathlessly, to drop back and pray herself to sleep again. At last she felt sure that she had not been dreaming. “Modesta! Modesta!” the cry of distress came sharply and clearly, bringing her to her feet with an answering cry. But now the cool, gray tint of morning met her eyes. The drowsy notes of night were hushed. She could hear the twitter of the waking swallows; but nothing else.

She went to the laboratory door, and knocked repeatedly—then tried the latch; it yielded, and she stood for the first time on that forbidden ground.



The place was like some dream of a disordered mind. Piles of mouldy books, loose parchment leaves, yellow and illegible; flasks of metal, incrustured and corroded into fantastic shapes and colors; swollen monsters of glass with slender necks, emitting dull phosphoric light, or bearing old stains of substances long since distilled; mortars, and heaps of pounded drugs; fossils, and charts, and livid specimens in bottles; these things and more were huddled together in motley groups, or flung aside neglected. And in the midst of all, by the door of the furnace, which was choked with dying embers, crouched Maestro Ambrogio.

He seemed to have dropped asleep with his hand upon the bellows; they had fallen close beside him. The air of the room was full of dust, through which Modesta made her way with timid steps, hesitating to disturb her master, shrinking from the surrounding objects, yet eager to examine them. She stopped half stifled, drew back for freer breath, returned, went on. She could see more clearly now. Maestro Ambrogio was alone. Where then was her mistress? What had he done with her? At the form into which the question shaped itself Modesta stood still, trembling.

Here, close by, was the carved chest which had aroused her curiosity, long ago. At that moment, through the little window to which she had climbed in former days, the first sunbeams slanted down. She saw at her feet a stone tablet, rudely inscribed with records of a dead people—she remembered others like it, unearthed among her own mountains; and on the lid of the coffer at her side, she saw a sculptured figure, in high relief, perfect in form and feature—the graven image of the stranger who had brought ill luck upon the house, the woman with the pagan name.

There she lay asleep, as Modesta had first seen her, with the clinging garment, the veil about her head, the orna-

ment at her wrist. And her lips had the same enchanting smile upon them; it was hard to believe that they were cut in alabaster. This seemed to be a living statue of one who in life had only seemed to live.

What did the chest hold? Modesta must know that; now was the very time. She tugged at the lid with all her might, but could not raise it. Slowly, without noise, she pushed and pushed again, sliding it aside. Ashes there—and nothing else; ashes, fine as dust; stay, something more, on which the sun's rays glittered. It was the twisted thread of gold that Maestro Ambrogio's wife had worn.

With a cry Modesta staggered back; then, to save herself, caught at the alabaster cover which toppled and fell, dashing itself into a thousand pieces. Dust and ashes mingled in a thicker cloud. The room woke to life. Mice scampered across it, squeaking; spiders fled to hide themselves; a bat flew wildly in and out of the dark corners. The embers of the furnace rattled down, and flickered into flame; while poor Modesta waited with downcast eyes for her master's angry word. It did not come, and she looked up. The firelight flashed upon his face. It was a death-mask. The days of his reproof were over. All the vexations of the world were done for him.

Modesta returned to her native hills of the Mugello, and for many winters more her master's dead face haunted her, as the look he could never catch haunted the great painter all his life. It was a life of wandering, and he died in France years afterward. The picture he longed to make was never finished. But between him and every woman's face he painted came that mysterious remembrance, which, in spite of himself, his brush recorded. The world saw it, named it, handed down the name; and, to this day, we know it as the smile of Leonardo.





The Piræus, with Mount Lycabettus and the Acropolis in the Central Distance.

## LIFE AND TRAVEL IN MODERN GREECE.

*By Thomas D. Seymour.*

**G**REECE is a new country. Less than sixty years ago she emerged from a devastating war in which nearly one-third of her people perished and many women and children were sold in Turkish slave-markets. Her towns were in ruins. Her roads and bridges were destroyed. Her vines, fig-trees, and olive-trees had been killed. She was in the lowest depths of poverty. She had neither courts of law nor schools for the people. "The Greeks had by long oppression been degraded into a kind of Christian Turks." During a despotism of three centuries and a fierce war of six years, and in the following years of uncertainty and anarchy, her men had learned lessons of cruelty and desperation. She had no trained and recognized leaders.

Can any one wonder that brigands still haunted her mountain fastnesses, and that the land was racked by civil dissensions?

Greece is still to us the land of art and philosophy, the intellectual leader of the ancient world, the parent of modern civilization. Many of the Greeks themselves dwell in the memory of the past, and this has done much to lift them from their humiliation, though they may have been at times more ready to boast of their ancestors than to emulate them. They cherish the ancient glories of Athens and Sparta. They see before them every day many memorials of former greatness. To them no insult is so dire as the insinuation that the old race has become extinct, and that the

present inhabitants of the country are descended from Goths, Slavs, and Turks. The degradation of the nation under Turkish rule renders the memory of recent centuries abhorrent, and the recollection of the earlier glory is all the more delightful. Modern Turks and ancient Persians are classed together. The story of the defeat of Xerxes is as personal to the Greek as many of the conflicts in the war for independence.

The kingdom of Greece is known to modern statesmen as an insignificant country, important only as a disturbing element in European politics. The land is small—about as large as the State of West Virginia, a third smaller than the State of Indiana (with which it agrees in number of inhabitants); twice as large as the kingdom of the Netherlands, but with only half as many inhabitants. Its area and population are both about the same as those of Bulgaria; but its revenue is twice as great. It covers about 25,000 square miles. In latitude it corresponds exactly to the lower half of the Spanish peninsula, lying between the 40th degree of north latitude (about the latitude of Philadelphia) and the 36th (that of Gibraltar and Knoxville); the 40th parallel passes over Mount Olympus, and the 36th parallel is just south of the island of Cythera. Athens lies just midway between these extremes, on the 38th parallel, a little north of Richmond.

Shakspeare's epithet, "nook-shotten," can be applied to no other country so truly. The sea has insinuated itself into the land in many bays and indentations. The coast-line of Greece is nearly two thousand miles in length—three times as long as is strictly necessary to enclose

it. With an area smaller than Portugal, Greece has a coast-line longer than that of Spain. Only one country of Peloponnesus does not touch the sea. This nearness to the sea affects not only the scenery, but the life of the people.

Greece is an island. The day seems yet far distant when the mountains of the north will be pierced, and railroads built through ancient Macedonia. Athens is reached by steamer from Constantinople in less than 36 hours; from Messina in less than 48 hours; from Rome, *viâ* Brindisi, Corfu, and Corinth, in less than three days; from Trieste in two hours less than four days; from Marseilles in five days. The traveller has a wide field for selection, and each route has its advantages.

Leaving Rome on a Wednesday evening, I reached Brindisi, on the east coast of Italy, in time for dinner on Thursday evening. The steamer left at midnight, and reached Corfu early on Friday afternoon, after a delightful sail along the Albanian coast, where range after range of mountains rises behind the rocky shore. The good harbors of Greece are not on the west, but on the east side of the country. We remained at Corfu long enough to enjoy the view from the citadel, to stroll through the town, and to drive through the beautiful suburbs, delighting in the fascinating luxuriance of vegetation in the grounds of the royal villa. Early on Saturday morning, we reached Patras, at the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth, and during that forenoon we were passing between high mountains—Parnassus on the north, and Cyllene and others on the south—near enough to the shore to secure an ever-changing foreground for the scene. The steamer reached Corinth at two o'clock Saturday afternoon. Thence the traveller proceeds to Athens by rail; only about fifty miles, but it is a four hours' ride. The steamer from Brindisi now connects with the railroad for Athens at Patras.

Greece is divided into little principalities by a network of high mountains. No peak rises into the region of perpetual snow; but both Parnassus, rising above Delphi, and Taygetus, towering above Sparta, are about 8,000 feet in height. The still higher Mount Olympus is unfortunately yet in the

possession of the Turks. These heights are almost all barren; most are abrupt, and scored by sharply cut ravines. The country has been often shaken by earthquakes, and the rents of volcanic action have been worn still deeper by the winter torrents.

Greece is a little world in itself. Nowhere else does the traveller find such a variety of climate, scenery, and customs, within such narrow limits. From orchards of figs, mulberries, oranges, and olives, one can stroll easily in a morning's walk to chilly and barren regions where only goats find a scanty subsistence. The barren plain of Attica, with its clear, cloudless sky, is but a dozen miles away from the heavy atmosphere and fertile soil of Bœotia.

The different climates of Greece are too numerous to be treated briefly, and none but that of Athens has been accurately observed. Few changes seem to have occurred during the last twenty-three hundred years, except as connected with the destruction of the forests, and the stoppage of some subterranean channels which has made certain districts malarious. Athens is noted for the dryness of its air, exceeding that of any other city in Europe; the sea-breezes lose all their moisture in passing over its plain. Colors in the distance do not fade into a monotonous bluish-gray, but the colors of the plants, the rocks, and the earth form a sharp contrast with those of the sky and the sea, which are much deeper than ordinarily seen in the eastern States of America. Distance seems to be annihilated. The lack of perspective in ancient Greek art has been explained by the lack of perspective in Athenian scenery. Mount Hymettus, half a dozen miles away, and no easy climb, seems fitted for a walk before breakfast; the citadel of Corinth, more than forty miles away, is clearly seen; while Mount Cyllene in Arcadia, more than seventy miles distant, is one of the most striking objects in the Athenian landscape, and its snow-clad summit has been seen at midnight by the light of the moon.

Most of the rain of the year falls in December, January, and November; and it comes in showers rather than in long-continued storms. Only twenty-nine

days of the year are called cloudy, and on only three of these is the sun completely hidden all day long. In the summer, Athens suffers from drought, and the wind drives the fine dust in suffocating clouds. The dryness of the air tends to the preservation of the marble statues and temples, which do not become moss-grown and corroded as in America, but take on a golden *patina*.

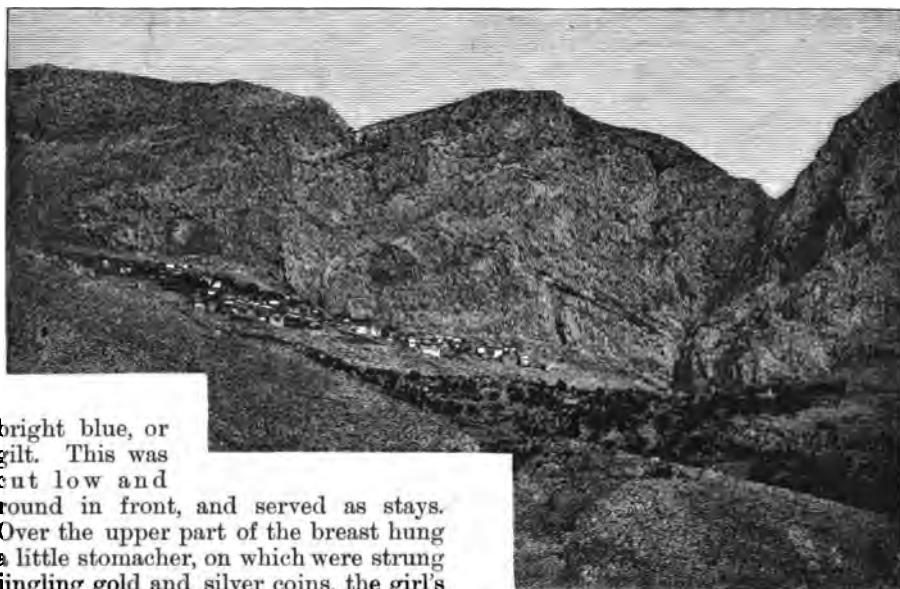
The mean temperature of Athens is 62° F., nearly that of Corfu, Gibraltar, or the Bermudas—three degrees higher than that of Lisbon; but it is colder in winter, and much warmer in summer. The difference between the temperature of January and that of July, according to the thermometer, is about three-fourths the difference between the temperature of the same months in New York City. But both the cold and the heat of Athens are very piercing. Little snow falls in Attica; most of it melts before reaching the ground; but the fierce wind drives the sand in storms in winter as it does in summer.

In spite of the chilly months of winter, Greek life is in the open air. The houses are built for temporary shelter rather than for constant occupation. Many of the Greeks sleep in the open air during the summer months. Their gatherings for amusement are on the open squares. The artisans and traders pursue their calling in the streets, not infrequently occupying all of the sidewalk. From the Acropolis of Athens, one looks down into a multitude of little courts, and sees the importance of these for the family life.

In the spring-time, many villages and hamlets have gatherings for dancing in the open air. The dance at Megara has attracted so much admiration that a special train is sent from Athens on Easter Tuesday, for the accommodation of those who wish to see the gay costumes, bright faces, and curious dance. This festival at Megara has become a public display. One afternoon, on my way back to Athens from the ruins of the fortress of Phyle, I saw a similar dance before the village church of Khasiá. There the people seemed almost jealous of the presence of foreigners.

On Easter Monday, two years ago,

as I strolled along the shore of the bay of Salamis, I saw a small sail-boat just putting off. I hailed the skipper and he took me on board. A fresh breeze brought us to the island in ten minutes. After an examination of one or two topographical questions, I strolled at random along a path through the fields. Presently I found myself within a hamlet. The passages between the houses were lined by high walls; they were not intended for vehicles, and had not been trodden by horses. No house had a window or door opening on the street, but an occasional gate ajar gave me a glimpse into a courtyard where the family lived. Opposite the entrance was a chicken-coop or an oven (shaped like a beehive). The houses had been newly whitewashed, in honor of the Easter season, and the vertical part of the steps was washed with bright blue. I met only two men, and pursued my way. After many turns (the passage was as crooked as the streets of Venice), I came to the public square, which was about seventy feet each way. At two corners of this square, were sheds of cafés where groups of men were smoking, and drinking a very resinous wine. A high wall formed the sides of the rest of the square; only one narrow, wooden-shuttered window was to be seen. Along three sides of the square, sat the matrons of the hamlet, with their babies and other young children—some sitting on a bench, others squatting on the ground. I evidently was the only onlooker who did not live in the village. I joined one of the groups of men and was very courteously received. They were eager for a comparison of customs. In the middle of the square was a ring or coil of maidens, the eldest perhaps twenty years of age, the youngest hardly more than five years old. No two were dressed exactly alike, yet there was a general similarity of style. All wore long white skirts, some of delicate materials and others of heavy stuff. The overskirt, reaching to the knee, was dark and full, hanging in many folds. A broad belt of silk hung below the waist. An elaborate apron of great variety of color and decoration, reached nearly to the ankles. Each maiden wore a closely-fitting vest, generally of red,



Delphi and Mount Parnassus.

bright blue, or gilt. This was cut low and round in front, and served as stays. Over the upper part of the breast hung a little stomacher, on which were strung jingling gold and silver coins, the girl's chief dowry. Over and around the head (sometimes covering the lower part of the face), was wrapped a gay kerchief. Seven of the girls, however, who always stood near the head of the line, wore veils of white tissue. The maidens' sleeves showed no organic connection with any outer garment; they fitted the arm closely, and were of some silk stuff, with stripes running around the arm. Most of the girls wore slippers, but a few were barefoot. The whole costume was bright with harmonious colors.

About sixty of these maidens danced together, with arms interlaced in a double line, for hours. The dance was led by one or two young men at the head of the line—attached to the maidens only by means of a handkerchief! The music was only the humming of the girls,—rarely did the words of the song become really articulate. The steps were simple, generally three forward, followed by three back obliquely, so as to move in a circle.

I saw no "mixed dances" of men and women in Greece, though these have been imported to the cities. The men, however, as in Homer's day, have their own dances, which are much more vigorous than those of the girls.

Greek houses are never built in many stories, like the houses of Italian cities. The people are not fond of climbing

stairs, and some have a wholesome dread of earthquakes, which have caused devastation in many parts of Greece. Even the narrow streets of Athens are not dark; they are cosy rather than gloomy. In Sparta and Messenia, the sides and roofs of many houses are made of bamboo-like reeds, well plastered with mud. In Peloponnesus, generally, the ground floor of the dwelling is used as a storehouse and stable, while the living-rooms are reached by an outer staircase. Many of the peasants' huts are barren and comfortless. A violent storm drove us one afternoon to accept the shelter freely offered us in the best of a small group of cottages. A heap of dry furze divided the hut into two rooms, into one of which our horses were led, to the place of the family donkey. The family room had no floor, chimney, nor windows; no chair, table, nor bed. An aged man lay near the fire, two small children were playing with kids, which evidently disliked the smoke; a baby lay in a trough, which doubtless served also, on occasion, for a bread bowl. The mother of the children exerted herself to put dry shrubs upon the fire, and make us comfortable. Her husband was with the army in Thessaly, on the Turkish frontier.

Athens lies five miles from its harbor, the Piræus. The two towns now have about 100,000 inhabitants. In the early ages of Greece, cities were founded at a distance from the shore in order to avoid sudden incursions from pirates and hostile neighbors. Thus Argos, Mycenæ, Thebes, and Sparta do not lie on the sea. The seat of the new Greek government was established at Athens, half a century ago, largely for sentimental rea-



A Greek Girl Dancing.

sons, because of the glory of the ancient town. This situation is beautiful, but not so convenient as that by the harbor, and every archæologist mourns that (since the new city covers the ruins of the old) the ground is too valuable to allow of systematic excavations. Athens is a modern city; but, just as in the kingdom of Greece the distance is short from valley to mountain, from inland plain to the sea, so at Athens a walk of a few minutes takes the traveller through several kinds of civilization, and to monuments of different ages. The centre of the modern city is the Square of the Con-

stitution, in front of the heavy Teutonic palace, of Pentelic marble, near the foot of Mount Lycabettus, which rises 900 feet above it. The best hotels are near this square, and from it a line of street-cars leads to the northwest, one steam tramway to the east, and another to the shore at the old harbor of Phalerum; while the principal business street leads to the west. Most of the modern city is European, and thus comparatively uninteresting. In the best business street the shops are small imitations of those of Paris. No distinctively Athenian or Greek articles are exposed for sale, except photographs and antiquities. The windows are filled with "nouveau-tés de Paris." The good book-stores are conducted by Germans. Near the palace are broad streets with avenues of pepper-trees. Here are the University, the beautiful building for the Academy of Sciences (which has not yet been formed), and the handsome houses of the excavating archæologists, Schliemann and Carapanos. Ten minutes' walk from the palace in one direction brings the traveller to old Byzantine churches; to narrow streets where carriages could not pass, and to still narrower ways in the bazaar, where donkeys carry the heavy burdens; where the men wear the broad trousers of the islanders, or the Albanian white fustanella (petticoat); where all articles offered for sale are of home production. A fifteen minutes' walk from the palace in another direction leads the traveller past the Queen's garden (the greenest spot in Athens), the Russian Church, the English Chapel, the building which was for five years the home of the American School of Classical Studies, the magnificent columns of the Temple of Zeus Olympius, the Gate of Hadrian, the beautiful Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, the great Theatre of Dionysus, the Sanctuary of Asclepius, the Odeum (or Music-hall) of Herodes Atticus, to Mars' Hill and the Acropolis itself, with its Parthenon! The antiquities of Athens can be seen very quickly and easily. An English officer, a travelling companion of mine, was overcome with ennui on the second day of his stay in Athens; he had seen all that was to be seen!



Excursions from the city are very easy, with the help of the railroads. The suburbs are rapidly growing in importance and attractiveness. The trip to Sunium (Cape Colonna) and back is an easy day's jaunt; a longer day is needed for the drive to Marathon and return. Eleusis may be visited in an afternoon; Salamis is easily reached from the Piræus. By taking an early train, the traveller can climb to the top of Pentelicus and see most of Central Greece spread before him—having the plain of Attica below him on one side, and the plain of Marathon on the other; following with his eye most of the strait of the Euripus, seeing Eubœa and the Cyclades Islands, Boeotia, Attica, Peloponnesus, Mounts Parnassus and Helicon and Cyllene—and yet return to Athens in time for luncheon.

The views from Athens are very beautiful, and no two heights afford the same prospect. The scene varies as in a kaleidoscope. The Acropolis, Mount Lycabettus, the sea, Salamis, the mountains which surround Attica, the mountains of Megara and Peloponnesus, are combined

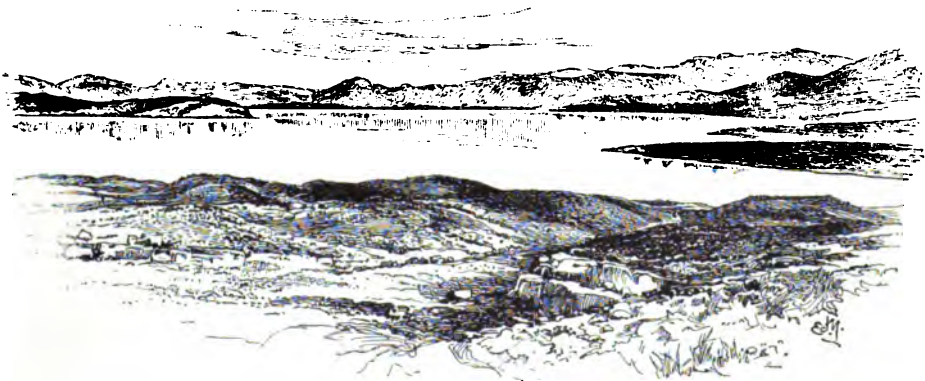
Life in Athens begins early in the morning. The milkmen cry *gala* before sunrise. At six o'clock on a May morn-



Shore of the Gulf of Corinth, with Acrocorinthus in the Background.

ing most of the citizens are about their work, although the people of the metropolis are later risers than those of the country towns.

The people's costumes have been mod-



Bay of Salamis, with the Island of Salamis in the Distance.

in various ways. The great olive grove of Plato's Academy supplies a wide patch of green, while the snow of Mount Cyllene adds a touch of white in spring-time.

ernized, and the poorer men often wear shabby, ill-fitting European clothes, instead of the white fustanella (kilts), gay jacket, and red fez which had become the

national dress, although it was originally Albanian. In the country the rustic dress is more picturesque. The home-made garments of coarse cloth, of goat-skins and sheepskins are attractive to the eye, even when ragged and stained. Capuchin cloaks are commonly worn by the men in cool weather, the hood being drawn over the head in a storm. These serve as mantles by day and blankets by night.

The women in the country are dressed very simply on ordinary occasions, but are perhaps more extravagant in dress for special occasions than in anything else. Hats and bonnets are almost unknown except in towns; ladies often wear a long veil-like wrap, or the fez, of

hard labor in the fields, but they do not go freely upon the streets. Peasant girls shrink from going out to service, and much domestic work is done by boys.

Greek women of the lower classes are seldom beautiful; if they ever have beauty as girls, they lose it under the hardships of their life. They carry heavy burdens.



Greek Maiden.

Near Eleusis I met a dozen young women carrying kegs of water, each crouching under the load. The lads, on the other hand, are tall, straight, and dignified. Their dress is often much like that of their sisters, and more than once I exclaimed at the beauty of a maiden who proved to be a shepherd lad.

The Greek ladies of Athens incline to a full habit, and most would appear to better advantage in the more flowing robes of the country dress than in the close-fitting Parisian costume.

Travel in Greece has never been so comfortable and easy as now. At the close of the Greek war for independence, not much more than half a century ago, hardly a wheeled vehicle or a mile of road passable for wagons remained in the country. The Turks had destroyed the roads and the bridges. One of the first plans of the new government was for the construction of roads; but the work went on very slowly. One of the wittiest bits in About's extravaganza, "The King of the Mountains," is the charge made by the brigand chief for "repairs on the road to Thebes, which had become impassable, and on which we no longer found travellers to arrest!" Highways in Greece are very expensive; they are said to cost, on the average, \$3,000 per mile. But they are often very rough, and poorly macadamized. The pieces of broken stone are so large that driv-



A Musician.

which the red is very becoming as it lies on their dark hair; women of the lower classes often bind a kerchief about the head. A face-cloth may conceal the lower part of the face from strangers.

Women are still kept in half-oriental seclusion. They have a retired gallery in the churches. They may perform

ers avoid them. Public conveyances are few. An omnibus runs between Athens and Thebes, and another between Thebes and Lebadea; but these lumbering vehicles run (if that is a correct term to apply) by night, in order to avoid the heat of the day. Thus the traveller has no view of the country to console him for the many discomforts of the ride. Another omnibus conveys passengers from Argos to Tripolitza, but spends thirteen hours in going thirty miles.

A definite course of travel in Peloponnesus has been fixed by custom during the last few years, but many detours are possible. The first part of the journey from Athens can be taken by railroad. I had the honor of buying the first ticket ever sold to Mycenæ. Leaving Athens at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, our train reached Eleusis an hour later, and Megara (where we stopped ten minutes for refreshments!) at half-past nine, and Corinth soon after eleven. Leaving Corinth at noon, we stopped at Nemea at two p.m., and half an hour later at Mycenæ. We spent the afternoon among the ruins, and took an evening train to Nauplia, an hour's ride further on. Nauplia [p. 62] forms a convenient centre for two or three days' excursions. It was the first capital of the Greek kingdom. It still retains some remnants of dignity, and possesses an endurable inn.

From Nauplia the traveller drives part of the way, and walks the rest, to the sanctuary and theatre of Epidaurus. This theatre was designed by one of the most famous of the sculptors of Greece, Polycletus, and is preserved in its original form (though without the stage building), with round orchestra. The railroad train from Nauplia carries the traveller conveniently to Argos, where the ancient citadel, Larissa, rises 1,000 feet above the level plain. On the eastern side of this hill are the remains of the seats of the old theatre, famous now as the meeting place of one of the early National Assemblies, in 1829. Argos itself has little of interest to show. The houses are mostly low, of rough stone

daubed with mud. In the business part of the town the shops throw open their wooden shutters, and the customer stands in the street to make his purchase. I was there one Saturday morning when the country people came to town with their produce. The marketplace was crowded with a motley throng. Lambs and kids, eggs and cheese, and loads of



In Holiday Dress.

dry shrubs to be used as fuel, were the most important articles brought from the country, while gay kerchiefs for the women's heads, and thread and needles, were exposed to attract buyers.

Tiryns, with the most famous ancient walls of Greece, is about half-way between Argos and Nauplia. The railway

station is just across the road from the ruins.

If the traveller desires to see more of Peloponnesus than this glimpse of Argolis, three courses are open to him. He can take a dragoman, who will provide tent, beds, and provisions; in this case he will have more comfort, but will have to pay a larger sum, and will see less of the life of the people. This was the customary mode of travel for foreigners in Greece, as in Palestine, a few years ago.

If the traveller has strength of body and a fair acquaintance with the modern language, and is indifferent to creature comforts, he can see the country and the people to the best advantage by shouldering his knapsack and setting out by himself, trusting to his *Bädeker's Guide*, his Pausanias, and the courteous hospitality of the people.

Most travellers now prefer a middle course. They hire an *agoyiatis* (mule-

are unknown. Angelis knows well where the best accommodations can be found; and where he foresees a barren country, he makes provision of the most necessary stores; but he does not fully comprehend as yet the cravings of an American body. He is trusty and strong, quick as a flash at an emergency; he is handsome, withal;—an ideal William Tell. His face is as thoughtful as if he had more learning. His assistant, Athanasius, was a mercurial little fellow, who was continually showing his beautiful white teeth, which contrasted well with his black whiskers. The horses were not worthy of the men. Their only, but redeeming, virtue was that they were sure-footed. They climbed over rocks like cats, and had excellent judgment as to the best paths. But they bit and kicked everyone (except their riders) who came near them. Horses and dogs are ill-trained in Greece. We were somewhat helpless when seated upon these horses. Our saddles were the Greek pack-saddle, which does not fit the human figure. A loop of rope served as one stirrup; a rope halter was our only bridle. The steeds did not recognize the authority of their riders; they accepted orders only from their masters, who trudged along behind. Our pace was gentle, which afforded us the better opportunity to enjoy the country. But occasionally a fit of zeal would seize our *agoyiatis*, who would steal up

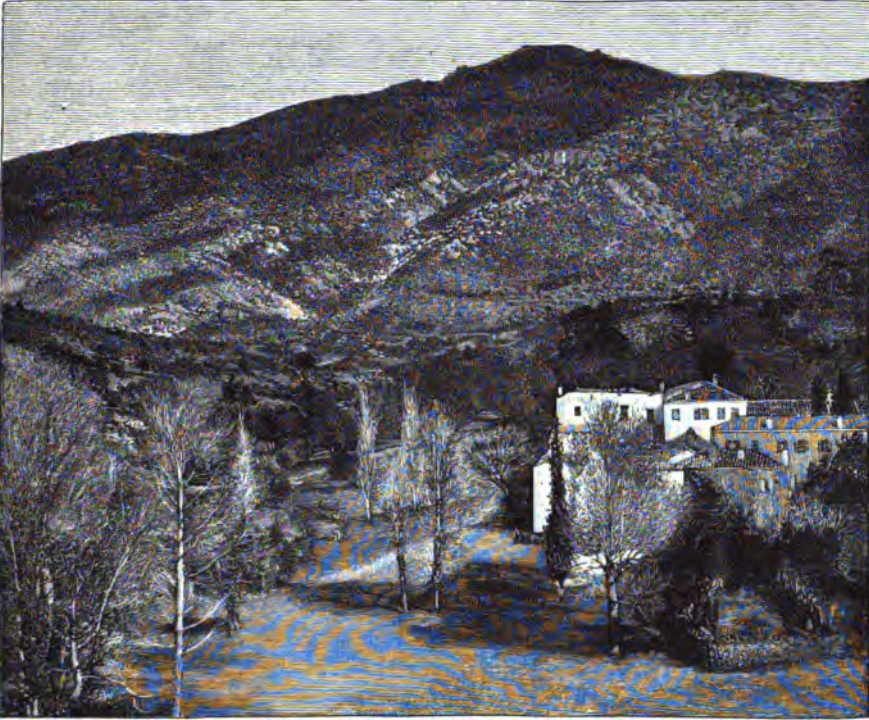


Mount Lycabettus, behind Athens.

teer), who charges a fixed sum per day for himself and his beast, and undertakes to be both guide and assistant. The German archæologists have trained one of these men to unite many of the most valuable qualities of dragoman and *agoyiatis*. This Angelis Cosmopulos, who was one of the overseers in the excavations at Olympia, has been over the principal routes of Peloponnesus many times. Only once did I know him to be perplexed as to the right path, although the ways were devious and guide-posts

without warning and lash my horse, which unfortunately was accustomed to the last place in the line. My beast naturally tried to press past the other horses, and a conflict arose which seemed to be most fierce and vicious when we were on a specially rough or precipitous part of the path. A favorite amusement of one guide was to wind his whip-lash around the hind legs of my horse; this did not increase his speed, but stimulated him to persevere in his habit of standing on his forelegs.





Mount Pentelicus, with the Monastery—The Old Marble Quarries.

The trip in Peloponnesus may be made in ten days or two weeks, visiting Sparta, Kalamáta on the Messenian Gulf, Navarino (the ancient Pylus), the temple of Apollo at Bassæ, and Olympia. The return to Athens may be made through Arcadia, including a visit to the Styx; or a coasting steamer can be taken from the harbor of Pyrgos, near Olympia; or a carriage may be hired from Pyrgos to Patras, on the Corinthian Gulf, whence the railroad leads direct to Athens.

The journey involves many discomforts and inconveniences, but it affords such a constant succession of new experiences and ever-changing scenery, that even a traveller without archaeological tastes and special knowledge of the classics must enjoy it. The material question, "Where shall we sleep?" is generally answered by the advice of the guide-book or the *agoyiatis*. In the towns a *xenodochion*, or inn, may be found. This is often extremely primitive. The Hotel d'Europe, at Laurium, had three rooms for guests. These were

stuffy and dusty. The bed linen certainly had not been ironed, and the suspicion arose that it had not been washed. The host was himself the cook as well as porter. But these were sumptuous accommodations as compared with what is found in many places. The best hotel in Sparta had but one washbowl for its guests, and that was only as large as a good sized soup plate. The street is the ordinary slop jar. Towels are scanty and thin. The traveller needs Persian powder to protect him from vermin. He is served by unkempt boys.

But in the country no inns are to be found. The *khan* is the ordinary place of shelter. These differ greatly. In the rude form, the *khan* has one large room. In the middle is no floor but the earth. There the fire is built. The smoke finds its way out as best it may, without the guidance of a chimney. The windows have no glass, of course, but wooden shutters. Across one end of the room is built a platform on which lie barrels of wine and a very few other stores. On a similar platform, at the other end of

the room, is spread a rug, or thick "comfortable," for the guests of honor. The shepherds, muleteers, and other passing guests lie, wrapt in their cloaks, on the ground near the fire. Other khans have a room in which the travellers can lie by themselves, on the floor.

When a khan is not available, the traveller is driven to seek the shelter of a private house. In the best dwelling of a hamlet a room, or part of a room, may be assigned to him. At khans and at ordinary private houses he must not expect to find furniture, and forks are often lacking. A small table and two or three rude stools may be brought in. In one neat house we were conducted to an upper room which was absolutely void of furniture and decoration. A matting was brought in and laid upon the floor, and a rug spread above that. Cushions were laid around the edge,

frequently the bread and cheese, with a hard-boiled egg or two, will form the repast. Sometimes one may lunch with the shepherds; I enjoyed no food in Peloponnesus more than a bowl of bread and warm sheep's milk, high on the hills, at the temple of Apollo at Bassæ, on the western borders of Arcadia. Our bowls and spoons had been carved by the shepherds themselves in their idle moments.

A pleasant trip in Central Greece is from Athens to Thebes, by way of Eleusis, in a single day; thence to Lebedæa (the seat of an ancient oracle of Trophœnus) and Chæronea (where Philip of Macedon conquered the independent Greeks), and across to Delphi at the foot of Parnassus. The round journey can be made easily in a week, with side excursions here and there. Thessaly and Thermopylæ are now visited easily by means of the coasting steamers.



Distant View of Athens, from near Colonus.

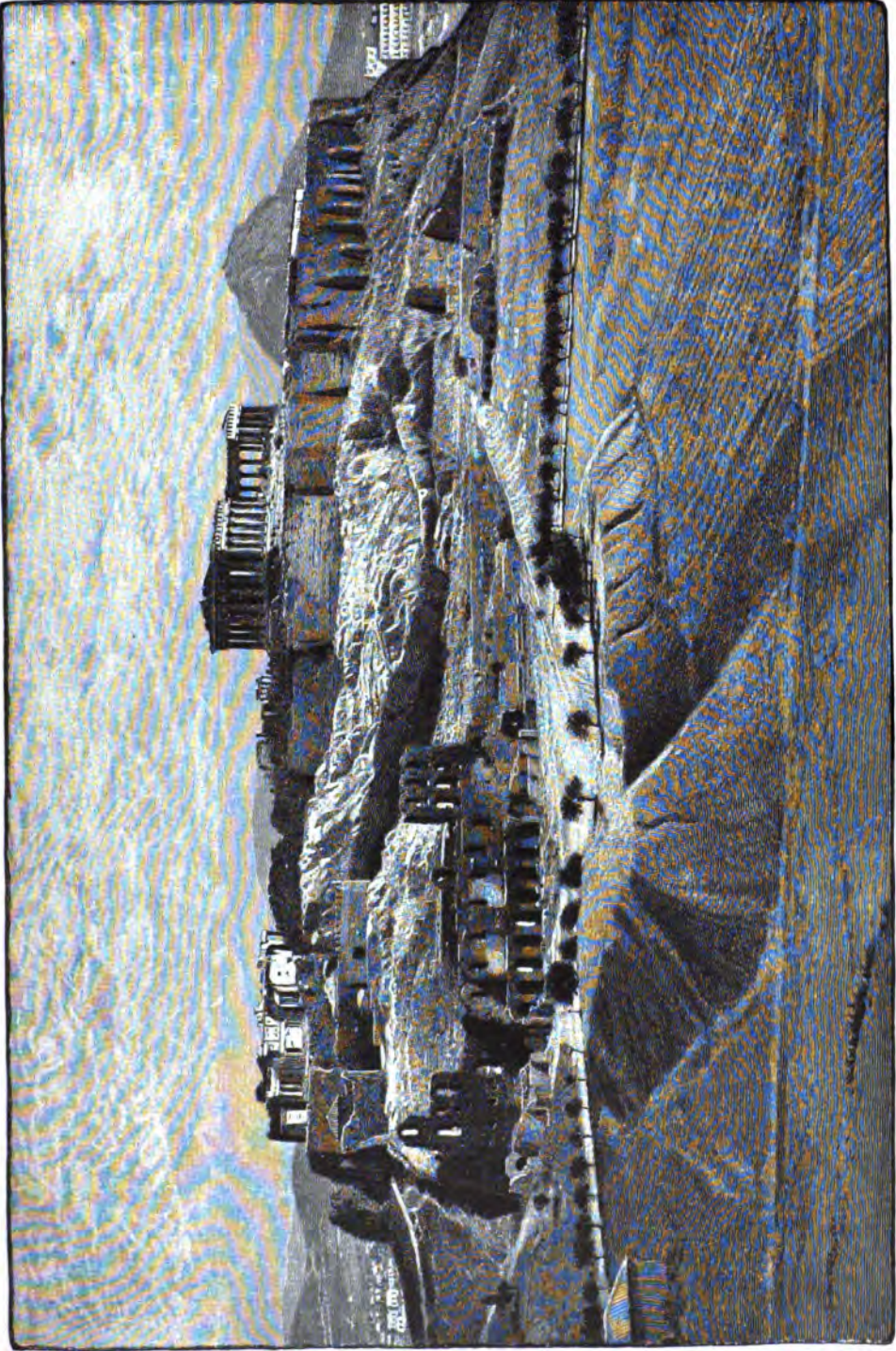
and a table six inches high placed in the centre.

We journeyed once for three days without finding a washbasin. When the traveller asks for water to wash, a wooden, barrel-shaped pitcher is brought. I remember my delight, years ago, in a well-ordered and hospitable home in Thebes, as we came into the parlor in the morning, when a trim serving-maid stepped forward with basin and silver pitcher, to pour water for our ablutions, in true Homeric fashion.

At the noonday halt, cold roast lamb and salad, with bread, cheese, and wine, may be found at some khans. More

The railways of Greece are a welcome convenience, and as yet they do not tear the landscape, like some of ours in the White Mountains. They are of narrow gauge, laid with iron bands instead of wooden ties, running up hill and down; when the grade would be too steep they make long detours to avoid deep cuts or high embankments. Only the road from Corinth to Megara is cut out of the rock or built up out of the sea; and this may easily be forgiven, since the view from it, upon and across the Saronic Gulf, to the islands and Peloponnesus, is one of the most charming in Greece. The trains run slowly and quietly. The cars are partly on the American pattern, partly on that of the continental railways. They have three "classes," but most allow a passage within the cars from one end of the train to the other. Some compartments are large, with seats along the side. The railway is still a marvel to the people, who gather at the station to watch the trains, often with the priest (pappás) at their head. The novelty was still at-



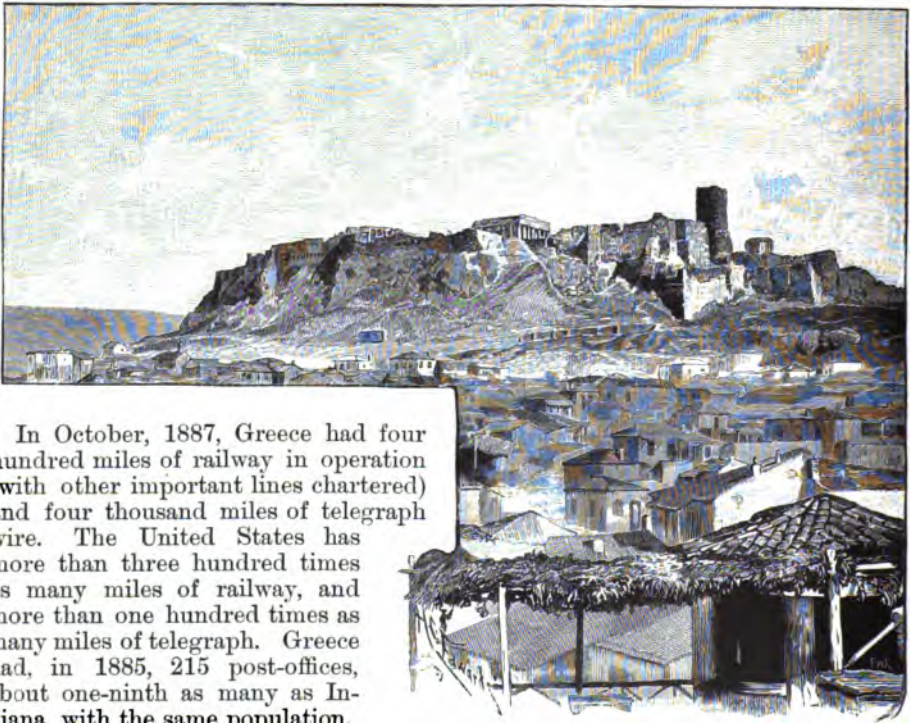


The Acropolis from the Southwest—The Palace on the Extreme Right.

tractive to the officials two years ago. Four men at Corinth busied themselves with my valise, weighed it, made out a receipt in duplicate, made entry in a book, and pasted the label (check). The fee was two cents. They were too busy with this process to allow my baggage to undergo a custom-house examination. At Mycenæ the station agent, who was also baggage-master and switchman, had his unused pencils, pens, and blotters in the neatest order, and was a proud and happy man as he blew his horn to give notice of the approach of the train, and raised his lantern as a signal to the engineer.

tricity. The cost was estimated at seven million dollars. This canal will save vessels from Trieste or Brindisi to Athens or Constantinople about two hundred miles; it will save ships from Gibraltar about seventy-five miles. It has been dug largely by Italians, Turks, and Montenegrins. Few Greeks have been employed; they do not take kindly to such work.

The canal carries out a plan that was cherished by many of the ancients; it actually follows the course which was surveyed by order of the Emperor Nero. No one knows how it will affect the prosperity of the modern town of Corinth,



In October, 1887, Greece had four hundred miles of railway in operation (with other important lines chartered) and four thousand miles of telegraph wire. The United States has more than three hundred times as many miles of railway, and more than one hundred times as many miles of telegraph. Greece had, in 1885, 215 post-offices, about one-ninth as many as Indiana, with the same population.

Among the most important public works in Greece is the canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, of which General Turr is the De Lesseps. It was begun in 1882, and was to be completed this year, 1888, but it will not be finished for several years yet. It has the same breadth and depth as the Suez Canal, and is about four miles long. The deepest cut is 250 feet. It passes through solid rock, and its sides are as yet left almost vertical. It is to be lighted by elec-

Acropolis from the Theseum.

which lies several miles away. Far more ships will pass through the gulf, but most will make only a short halt. Corinth is now a railroad centre; the roads from Athens, from Patras on the west, and from Nauplia on the southeast, meet there, but without change of cargo. The advantages of the situation of Corinth, under all circumstances, are very great: it has the sea on both east and



west, and all roads between Northern and Southern Greece meet there. The remains of old Corinth (at the foot of Acrocorinthus, which rises nearly 2,000 feet above the plain) were destroyed by

More than one-fifth of the men of Greece (210,000) are peasants; about one-twentieth are shepherds; 34,000 are shopkeepers; 38,000 workmen; 1,700 lawyers; 7,600 government officials;



Citadel of Argos.

an earthquake thirty years ago. New Corinth was built near the western shore, and is a barren, uninteresting town.

Another important public work is the draining of the Stymphalian Lake in Arcadia, and part of Lake Copais in Boeotia. Both of these are connected with the sea by underground channels, which were kept open by the ancients, but which have become clogged. The opening of these passages will make available for tillage a large amount of most fertile land, and remove a fruitful source of malaria from the surrounding country. The drainage of Lake Stymphalus is to be made useful further in the irrigation of the thirsty Argive plain.

The most important trade of Greece is with England. The American trade is insignificant. A cargo of American agricultural implements was a losing venture; but American kerosene oil and sewing-machines are used, and in a little Arcadian shop I saw shelves full of Chicago canned meats and California fruits.

8,000 priests and monks. The census reckons only about 5,000 women as workwomen. The lawyers naturally are gathered in the towns. Nauplia is said to have one lawyer to every hundred inhabitants! The Greeks do not take kindly to factory life; may they long be preserved from it! They choose to live in the open air. If the lower classes come to America, they will prefer keeping fruit and peanut stands to work in mills or on railroads.

The Greeks are the most frugal and temperate people of Europe. Gluttony and drunkenness are rare vices among them. Their diet is such as it was two thousand years ago. They eat little meat; barley bread, goats' cheese, or black dried olives, and wine make up a bountiful repast. Bread and wine, or bread and leeks, form many a man's dinner. Our agoyiatis munched raw beans with evident relish, as his lunch-eon. Maize is cultivated in some parts of the country, and is imported from

Italy ; but I never saw it properly treated—it is generally eaten half-cooked. A large number of herbs are boiled as “greens,” and used in salads. Salt fish are prepared in some districts. Salt is

and Sparta is now abundantly supplied with good water from the mountains. Water for drinking is peddled in Athens, as in some American cities, although fair water is brought in pipes, from the



Acrocorinthus from the East.

a government monopoly, and is very brown. Olive-oil serves as butter, cream, lard, and suet. The food is generally too oily for an American. Honey is often used (as in ancient times) instead of sugar. Sweet milk is little used, but many preparations of curds are common ; curds and sugar (*yaurti*) are made into a toothsome dish. There are many varieties of Greek wine, but almost all are strong and fiery, and are tempered with water when they are drunk. Wine costs only a trifle (about eight cents per quart of excellent quality), but is seldom taken in excess. That used in the country is generally treated with rosin, partly to preserve it, partly as being healthy, partly because the Greeks have become accustomed to it and like it so. Masticha, an anisette liqueur, is a favorite drink. Tea is not used. Coffee is never mixed with milk, but is served black, prepared with the fine grounds. Drinking water is scarce ; the lack of it is a discomfort in travelling ; the guide-book advises quenching thirst with coffee, soup, and wine ! The water at Argos, on a plain, is abominable ; but no city in Europe, except Rome and some Swiss towns, is so well watered as Thebes,

mountains. The bread is much like the black bread of Germany. It is generally baked in public ovens, though sometimes the out-door ovens are to be seen near the houses. Meat is expensive. Most of the beef is imported from the Black Sea. Lamb is the ordinary meat, especially in the season immediately following Lent. Goats' flesh is also used. To the modern as to the ancient Greek, meat is not food, but a relish. Servants often receive from their employers no food but bread and olives.

But the Greeks are not without their dainties. Rice is much used with meat gravy, making an excellent *pilaff*. Chopped meat is rolled into croquettes, wrapped in young vine leaves, and fried. The best olives are much richer and higher flavored than those sold in America. Rich sweetmeats are prepared from quinces and from other fruit. The offer of some sweetmeats is often among the first attentions paid to a guest. A delightful drink is made from the milk of the green almond. The rose-flavored *lukumi* is hardly equalled by any of our confectionery. In this connection, perhaps, I should mention the Greek tobacco, which is cheap and mild,





Sparta, with Mount Taygetus in the Background.

and has a fine flavor. The hubble-bubble *nargilehs* are seen at the cafés, but the Greeks generally smoke only cigarettes, which they roll for themselves very neatly.

In other parts of Europe the poorest classes live as plainly as the Greeks, with as little meat and as few luxuries; but nowhere in Western Europe do the owners of the land through large districts of the country live in such rude houses, with so little furniture and adornment, and on such simple food.

A temperate and frugal life does not conduce to many vices and crimes which are common in hot-blooded southern races. Taken as a whole, the Greeks are a moral and orderly people. The revolution which demanded a constitution and the dismissal of the Bavarians, in 1843, and that which drove away King Otho, in 1862, were both bloodless.

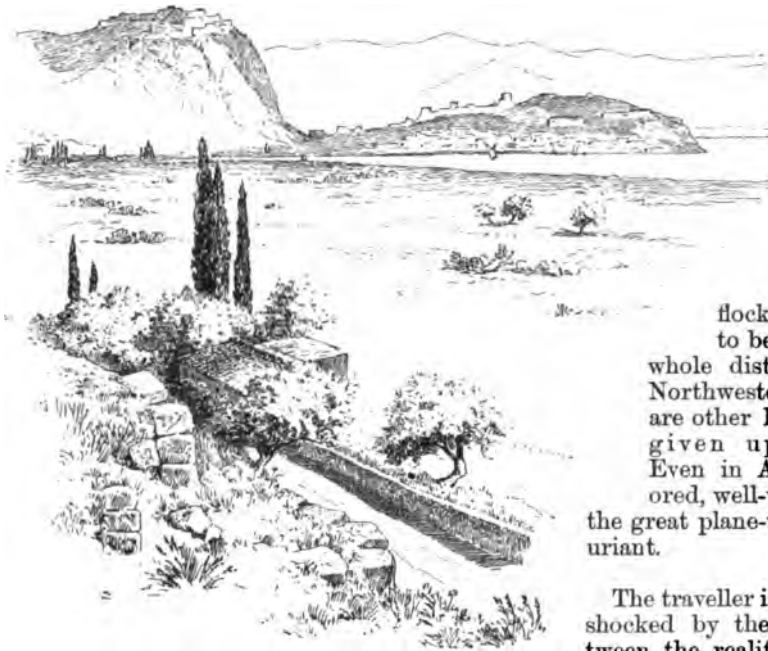
The vegetation of Greece embraces almost every variety of plant and tree, from tropical to arctic. The unbotanical American is pleasantly surprised to recognize so many familiar flowers—daisies, dandelions, violets, poppies, “star of Bethlehem,” iris, and the like. Early in the spring the fields are bright with the red anemone, and later the grain fields show many poppies. As we are familiar with fields of daisies or dandelions, and large clumps of golden-rod, so the Greeks see on every hand part-colored slopes with flowers in thick masses. On the hill which rises above Thoricus I could not step without treading on three or four kinds of flowers. The asphodel, with long branching stalks, is graceful and attractive when in bloom, but dreary when in seed. The pliant acanthus is far more beautiful than its cousin, our thistle. The cytisus, which is a favorite food of the goats, has a rough, thick leaf, but its blossom bears a rude resemblance to our wild roses. Many of the flowers are so aromatic in their fragrance that the honey may well be high flavored. The hills of Attica are covered with thyme.

The most important tree of Greece is the olive, of which there are about one million in the grove near Athens. The vines are becoming more and more important as better processes of making wine are made familiar. The small

trees can hardly find a foothold. The government endeavors to protect the trees, but its forestry force of seven hundred men is too small, and the laws are not sustained by the sentiment of the rural communities. But while Attica

has only one forest remaining, in Western Arcadia I rode for five hours through a thick wood of pines and firs, where not a shepherd's

flock or hut was to be seen for the whole distance, and in Northwestern Greece are other large districts given up to woods. Even in Attica, in favored, well-watered spots, the great plane-trees are luxuriant.



Nauplia, from Tiryns.

raisins, known to the trade as currants (from *Corinth*), form more than half of all the exports of the country.

Most of the kingdom is sadly lacking in trees. Of European countries, Spain alone is more treeless than Greece. Many districts are now bare which were well wooded in classical times; while Plato saw clear indications that many mountains which were bare in his day had been covered once with forests. In the hot, dry summers, many a great fire is caused by the carelessness of the shepherds; while this devastation is often charged upon the goatherds, whose goats love to browse on the young twigs which grow up after a fire. Monks have been accused of inciting the burning of some forests, in revenge for the expropriation of lands. At any rate, the forests have gone, and so much of the soil has been washed from the mountains, that

The traveller is often rudely shocked by the contrast between the reality of the present and the ideal picture of the ancient Arcadian life of the

rural districts or the intellectual and artistic life of Athens. But doubtless if we could be transported back to Ancient Greece, we should find much that would not please us in the daily life of the people. Men may say, "Tis Greece, but living Greece no more;" it is still an enchanted land for me. No other civilized country withdraws the visitor so far from the ordinary routine of the present; no other land affords so many suggestions of the life of the ancients from whom our civilization comes. I am sure that I understand Greek art better because of my life for a few weeks under the Athenian sky. A few days in Peloponnesus, and a few more in Central Greece, gave me a clearer comprehension of Greek political history. The Homeric age seems more of a reality after a study of the ruins of Tiryns and Mycenæ. The pastorals of Theocritus



have new life and meaning when the traveller hears the shepherd's pipe and rustic singers vie in amoebean strains, while he eats bread and milk from the wooden bowls which his hosts have carved. The foreign blood which runs in their veins has been thoroughly assimilated. They

A few of the ancient customs survive. The lover of Homer is delighted to find that the Greeks still throw back the head to express dissent or refusal, and that the trim maid still pours water on the visitor's hands. Some

old superstitions have remained, notably that of telling a disturbing dream to the rising sun in order that the threatened ill may be averted. No land is more thickly peopled with fairies and every kind of benevolent and malignant spirits, than the Greece of to-day. Doubtless many of the ecclesiastical customs of the present have been moulded by the superstitions of the past.

Living in the midst of the same surroundings, with the same climate, the same needs, and the same occupations, the Greeks have retained many of the

peculiarities of their ancestors. They are still hospitable, democratic, fond of politics

and of discussion, divided in factions, eager for information, quick to adapt themselves to circumstances, patient of suffering, but disinclined to labor.



Greek Mountaineers.

## SOLITUDE.

*By Arlo Bates.*

ONE sought a place to do a crime  
So lone not even God should be aware.  
God gave his wish and drew aloof;  
Yet not alone he found himself in proof,  
Since his own soul was there!

## A LONDON LIFE.

*By Henry James.*

### PART SECOND.

V.



AND are you telling me the perfect truth when you say that Captain Crispin was not there?"

"The perfect truth?" Mrs. Berrington straightened herself to her height, threw back her head and measured her interlocutress up and down; this was one of the many ways in which it is to be surmised that she knew she looked very handsome indeed. Her interlocutress was her sister, and even in a discussion with a person long since under the charm she was not incapable of feeling that her beauty was a new advantage. On this occasion she had at first the air of depending upon it mainly to produce an effect upon Laura; then, after an instant's reflection, she determined to arrive at her result in another way. She exchanged her expression of scorn (of resentment at her veracity being impugned) for a look of gentle amusement; she smiled patiently, as if she remembered that of course Laura couldn't understand of what an impertinence she had been guilty. There was a quickness of perception and lightness of hand which, to her sense, her American sister had never acquired; the girl's earnest, almost barbarous probity blinded her to the importance of certain pleasant little forms. "My poor child, the things you do say! One doesn't put a question about the perfect truth in a manner that implies that a person is telling a perfect lie. However, as it's only you, I don't mind satisfying your clumsy curiosity. I haven't the least idea whether Captain Crispin was there or not. I know nothing of his movements, and he doesn't keep me informed—why should he, poor man?"

—of his whereabouts. He was not there for me—isn't that all that need interest you? As far as I was concerned he might have been at the North Pole. I neither saw him nor heard of him. I didn't see the end of his nose!" Selina continued, still with her wiser, tolerant brightness, looking straight into her sister's eyes. Her own were clear and lovely, and she was but little less handsome than if she had been proud and freezing. Laura wondered at her more and more; stupefied suspense was now almost the girl's constant state of mind.

Mrs. Berrington had come back from Paris the day before, but had not proceeded to Mellows the same night, though there was more than one train she might have taken. Neither had she gone to the house in Grosvenor Place, but had spent the night at an hotel. Her husband was absent again—he was supposed to be in Grosvenor Place, and they had not yet met. Little as she was a woman to admit that she had been in the wrong, she was known to have granted, later, that at this moment she had made a mistake in not going straight to her own house. It had given Lionel a sort of advantage—made it appear, perhaps, a little, that she had a bad conscience and was afraid to face him. But she had had her reasons for putting up at an hotel, and she didn't think it necessary to express them very definitely. She came home by a morning train, the second day, and arrived before luncheon, of which meal she partook in the company of her sister and in that of Miss Steet and the children, sent for in honor of the occasion. After luncheon she let the governess go, but kept Scratch and Parson—kept them on ever so long, in the morning-room, where she remained; longer than she had ever kept them before. Laura was conscious that she ought to have been pleased at this, but there was a perversity even

in Selina's manner of doing right; for she wished immensely, now, to see her alone—she had something so serious to say to her. Selina hugged her children repeatedly, and encouraged their sallies; she laughed extravagantly at the artlessness of their remarks, and at table Miss Steet was quite abashed by her unusual high spirits. Laura couldn't question her about Captain Crispin and Lady Ringrose while Geordie and Ferdie were there; they wouldn't understand, of course, but names were always reflected in their clear little minds and they gave forth the image later—often in the most extraordinary connections. It was as if Selina knew what she was waiting for and were determined to make her wait. The girl wished her to go to her room, that she might follow her there. But Selina showed no disposition to retire, and one could never entertain the idea for her, on any occasion, that it would be suitable that she should change her dress. The dress she wore—whatever it was—was too becoming to her, and to the moment, for that. Laura noticed how the very folds of her garment told that she had been to Paris; she had spent only a week there, but the mark of her *couturière* was all over her; it was simply to confer with this great artist that, from her own account, she had crossed the Channel. The signs of the conference were so conspicuous that it was if she had said, "Don't you see the proof that it was for nothing but *chiffons*?" She walked up and down the room with Geordie in her arms, in an access of maternal tenderness; he was very much too big to nestle gracefully in her bosom, but that only made her seem younger, more flexible, fairer in her tall, strong slimness. Her lovely figure bent itself hither and thither, but always in perfect freedom, as she romped with her children; and there was another moment, when she came slowly down the room, holding one of them in each hand and singing to them, while they looked up at her beauty, charmed and listening and a little surprised at such new ways—a moment when she might have passed for some grave, antique statue of a young matron, or even for a picture of Saint Cecilia. This morning, more than ever, Laura

was struck with her air of youth, the wonderful unfatigued freshness that would have made anyone exclaim at her being the mother of such bouncing little boys. Laura had always admired her, thought her the prettiest woman in London, the beauty with the finest points; and now these points were so vivid (especially her finished slenderness, and the grace, the natural elegance of every turn—the fall of her shoulders had never looked so perfect) that the girl almost detested them: they appeared to her a kind of advertisement of danger and even of shame.

Miss Steet at last came back for the children, and as soon as she had taken them away Selina remarked that she would go over to Plash—just as she was; she rang for her hat and jacket and for the carriage. Laura could see that she wouldn't give her just yet the advantage of a retreat to her room. The hat and jacket were quickly brought, but after they were put on Selina kept the maid in the drawing-room, talking to her a long time, telling her, elaborately, what she wished to have done with the things she had brought from Paris. Before the maid departed the carriage was announced, and the servant, leaving the door of the room open, hovered within earshot. Laura then, losing patience, turned out the maid and closed the door; she stood before her sister, who was prepared for her drive. Then she asked her, abruptly, fiercely, but coloring with her question, whether Captain Crispin had been in Paris. We have heard Mrs. Berrington's answer, with which her strenuous sister was imperfectly satisfied; a fact the perception of which it doubtless was that led Selina to break out, with a greater show of indignation: "I never heard of such extraordinary ideas for a girl to have, and such extraordinary things for a girl to talk about! My dear, you have acquired a freedom—you have emancipated yourself from conventionality—and I suppose I must congratulate you." Laura only stood there, with her eyes fixed, without answering this sally, and Selina went on, with another change of tone: "And pray if he *was* there, what is there so monstrous? Hasn't it happened that he is in London when I am there? Why is

it then so awful that he should be in Paris?"

"Awful, awful, too awful," murmured Laura, with intense gravity, still looking at her, and looking all the more fixedly that she knew Selina didn't like it.

"My dear, you do indulge in a style of innuendo, for a respectable young woman——!" Mrs. Berrington exclaimed, with an angry laugh. "You have ideas that when I was a girl——" She paused, and her sister saw that she hadn't the assurance to finish her sentence on that particular note.

"Don't talk about my innuendoes and my ideas—you might remember those in which I have heard you indulge! Ideas? what ideas did I ever have before I came here?" Laura Wing asked, with a trembling voice. "Don't pretend to be shocked, Selina; that's too cheap a defence. You have said things to me—if you choose to talk of freedom! What is the talk of your house, and what does one hear if one lives with you? I don't care what I hear now (it's all odious, and there's little choice, and my sweet sensibility has gone God knows where!) and I'm very glad if you understand that I don't care what I say. If one talks about your affairs, my dear, one mustn't be too particular!" the girl continued, with a flash of passion.

Mrs. Berrington buried her face in her hands. "Merciful powers, to be insulted, to be covered with outrage, by one's wretched little sister!" she moaned.

"I think you should be thankful there is one human being—however wretched—who cares enough for you to care about the truth in what concerns you," Laura said. "Selina, Selina—are you hideously deceiving us?"

"Us?" Selina repeated, with a singular laugh. "Whom do you mean by us?"

Laura Wing hesitated; she had asked herself whether it would be best she should let her sister know the dreadful scene she had had with Lionel; but she had not, in her mind, settled that point. However, it was settled now, in an instant. "I don't mean your friends—those of them that I have seen. I don't think *they* care a straw—I have never seen such people. But last week Lionel spoke to me—he told me he *knew* it, as a certainty."

"Lionel spoke to you?" said Mrs. Berrington, holding up her head with a stare. "And what is it that he knows?"

"That Captain Crispin was in Paris and that you were with him. He believes you went there to meet him."

"He said this to *you*?"

"Yes, and much more—I don't know why I should make a secret of it."

"The disgusting beast!" Selina exclaimed, slowly, solemnly. "He enjoys the right—the legal right—to pour forth his vileness upon *me*; but when he is so lost to every feeling as to begin to talk to you in such a way——!" And Mrs. Berrington paused, in the extremity of her disapproval.

"Oh, it wasn't his talk that shocked me—it was his believing it," the girl replied. "That, I confess, made an impression on me."

"Did it indeed? I'm infinitely obliged to you! You are a tender, loving little sister."

"Yes, I am, if it's tender to have cried about you—all these days—till I'm blind and sick!" Laura replied. "I hope you are prepared to meet him. His mind is quite made up to apply for a divorce."

Laura's voice almost failed her as she said this—it was the first time that, in talking with Selina, she had uttered that horrible word. She had heard it, however, often enough on the lips of others; it had been bandied, lightly enough, in her presence, under those somewhat austere ceilings of Mellows, of which the admired decorations and mouldings, in the taste of the middle of the last century, all in delicate plaster and reminding her of Wedgewood pottery, consisted of slim festoons, urns and trophies and knotted ribbons, so many symbols, somehow, of domestic affection and irrevocable union. Selina herself had flashed it at her, with light superiority, as if it were some precious jewel, kept in reserve, which she could convert at any moment into specie, so that it would constitute a happy provision for her future. The idea—associated with her own point of view—was apparently too familiar to Mrs. Berrington to be the cause of her changing color; it struck her indeed, as presented by Laura, in a ludicrous light, for her pretty eyes expanded a moment and she smiled pity-

ingly. "Well, you are a poor dear innocent, after all. Lionel would be about as able to divorce me—even if I were the most abandoned of my sex—as he would be to write a poem."

"I know nothing about that," said Laura.

"So I perceive—as I also perceive that you must have shut your eyes very tight. Should you like to know a few of the reasons—heaven forbid I should attempt to go over them all; there are millions!—why his hands are tied?"

"Not in the least."

"Should you like to know that his own life is too vile for words, and that his impudence in talking about me would be sickening if it weren't grotesque?" Selina went on, with increasing emotion. "Should you like me to tell you to what he has stooped—to the very gutter—and the charming history of his relations with——"

"No, I don't want you to tell me anything of the sort," Laura interrupted. "Especially as you were just now so pained by the license of my allusions."

"You listen to him, then—but it suits your purpose not to listen to me!"

"Oh, Selina, Selina!" the girl almost shrieked, turning away.

"Where have your eyes been, or your senses, or your powers of observation? You can be clever enough when it suits you!" Mrs. Berrington continued, throwing off another ripple of derision. "And now, perhaps, as the carriage is waiting, you will let me go about my duties."

Laura turned again and stopped her, holding her arm as she passed toward the door. "Will you swear—will you swear by everything that is most sacred?"

"Will I swear what?" And now she thought Selina visibly blanched.

"That you didn't lay eyes on Captain Crispin in Paris."

Mrs. Berrington hesitated, but only for an instant. "You are really too odious, but as you are pinching me to death I will swear, to get away from you. I never laid eyes on him."

The organs of vision which Mrs. Berrington was ready solemnly to declare that she had not misapplied were, as her sister looked into them, an abyss of

indefinite prettiness. The girl had sounded them before without discovering a conscience at the bottom of them, and they had never helped any one to find out anything about their possessor except that she was one of the beauties of London. Even while Selina spoke Laura had a cold, horrible sense of not believing her, and at the same time a desire, colder still, to extract a reiteration of the pledge. Was it the asseveration of her innocence that she wished her to repeat, or only the attestation of her falsity? One way or the other it seemed to her that she should settle something, and she went on, inexorably—"By our dear mother's memory—by our poor father's?"

"By my mother's, by my father's," said Mrs. Berrington, "and by that of any other member of the family you like!" Laura let her go; she had not been pinching her, as Selina described the pressure, but had clung to her with insistent hands. As she opened the door Selina said, in a changed voice: "I suppose it's no use to ask you if you care to drive to Plash."

"No, thank you, I don't care—I shall take a walk."

"I suppose, from that, that your friend Lady Davenant has gone."

"No, I think she is still there."

"That's a bore!" Selina exclaimed, as she went off.

## VI.

LAURA WING hastened to her room to prepare herself for her walk; but when she reached it she simply fell on her knees, shuddering, beside her bed. She buried her face in the soft counterpane of wadded silk; she remained there a long time, with a kind of aversion to lifting it again to the day. It burned with horror, and there was coolness in the smooth glaze of the silk. It seemed to her that she had been concerned in a hideous transaction, and her uppermost feeling was, strangely enough, that she was ashamed, not of her sister, but of herself. She didn't believe her—that was at the bottom of everything, and she had made her lie, she had brought out her perjury, she had associated it



with the sacred images of the dead. She took no walk, she remained in her room, and quite late, towards six o'clock, she heard on the gravel, outside of her windows, the wheels of the carriage bringing back Mrs. Berrington. She had evidently been elsewhere as well as to Plash; no doubt she had been to the vicarage—she was capable even of that. She could pay "duty-visits," like that (she called at the vicarage about three times a year), and she could go and be nice to her mother-in-law, with her fresh lips still fresher for the lie she had just told. For it was as definite as an aching nerve to Laura that she didn't believe her, and if she didn't believe her the words she had spoken were a lie. It was the lie, the lie to *her*, and which she had dragged out of her, that seemed to the girl the ugliest thing. If she had admitted her folly, if she had explained, attenuated, sophisticated, there would have been a difference in her favor; but now she was bad because she was hard. And she could make plans and calculate, she could act and do things for a particular effect. She could go straight to old Mrs. Berrington and to the parson's wife and his five daughters (just as she had kept the children after luncheon, on purpose, so long) because that looked innocent and domestic and denoted a mind without a feather's weight upon it.

A servant came to the young lady's door to tell her that tea was ready; and on her asking who else was below (for she had heard the wheels of a second vehicle, just after Selina's return), she learned that Lionel had come back. At this news she requested that some tea should be brought to her room—she determined not to go to dinner. When the dinner-hour came she sent down word that she had a headache, that she was going to bed. She wondered whether Selina would come to her (she could forget disagreeable scenes amazingly); but her fervent hope that she would stay away was gratified. Indeed she would have another call upon her attention, if her meeting with her husband was half as much of a concussion as was to have been expected. Laura had found herself listening hard, after knowing that her brother-in-law was in the house; she

half expected to hear indications of violence—loud cries or the sound of a scuffle. It was a matter of course to her that some dreadful scene had not been slow to take place, something that discretion should keep her out of, even if she had not been too sick. She didn't go to bed—partly because she didn't know what might happen in the house. But she was restless also for herself; things had reached a point when it seemed to her that she must make up her mind. She left her candles unlighted—she sat up till the small hours, in the glow of the fire. What had been settled by her scene with Selina was that worse things were to come (looking into her fire, as the night went on, she had a rare prevision of the catastrophe that hung over the house), and she considered, or tried to consider, what it would be best for her, in anticipation, to do. The first thing was to take flight.

It may be related, without delay, that Laura Wing did not take flight, and that, though the circumstance detracts from the interest that should be felt in her character, she did not even make up her mind. That was not so easy, when action had to ensue. At the same time, she had not the excuse of a conviction that by not acting—that is, by not withdrawing from her brother-in-law's roof—she should be able to hold Selina up to her duty, to drag her back into the straight path. The hopes connected with that project were now a phase that she had left behind her; she had not, to-day, an illusion about her sister large enough to cover a sixpence. She had passed through the period of superstition, which had lasted the longest—the time when it seemed to her (as at first) a kind of profanity to doubt of Selina and judge her, the elder sister whose beauty and success she had ever been proud of, and who carried herself (though with the most good-natured fraternizings) as one native to an upper air. She had called herself, in moments of early penitence for irrepressible suspicion, a little presumptuous prig; so strange did it seem to her at first, the impulse of criticism in regard to her bright protectress. But the revolution was over, and she had a desolate, lonely freedom which struck her as not the most cynical thing

in the world only because Selina's behavior was more so. She supposed she should learn, though she was afraid of the knowledge, what had passed between that lady and her husband while her vigil ached itself away. But it appeared to her the next day, to her surprise, that nothing was changed in the situation, save that Selina knew at present how much more she was suspected. As this had not a chastening effect upon Mrs. Berrington nothing had been gained by Laura's appeal to her. Whatever Lionel had said to his wife he said nothing to Laura; he left her at perfect liberty to forget the subject he had opened up to her so luminously. This was very characteristic of his good-nature; it had come over him that, after all, she wouldn't like it, and if the free use of the gray ponies could make up to her for the shock, she might order them every day in the week and banish the unpleasant conversation from her mind.

Laura ordered the gray ponies very often; she drove herself all over the country. She visited not only the neighboring but the distant poor, and she never went out without stopping for one of the vicar's five daughters. Mellows was now half the time full of visitors, and when it was not its master and mistress were staying with their friends, either together or singly. Sometimes (almost always when she was asked) Laura Wing accompanied her sister, and on two or three occasions she paid an independent visit. Selina had often told her that she wished her to have her own friends, and the girl now felt a great desire to show her that she had them. She had arrived at no decision whatever; she had embraced, in intention, no particular course of action. She drifted on, shutting her eyes, averting her head and, as it seemed to herself, hardening her heart. This admission will doubtless suggest to the reader that she was a weak, inconsequent, spasmodic young person, with a standard not really, or at any rate not continuously, high; and I have no desire that she shall appear anything but what she was. It must even be related of her that since she could not escape and live in lodgings and paint fans (there were reasons why this combination was impossible) she determined to try and be

happy in the given circumstances—to float in shallow water. She gave up the attempt to understand the queer *modus vivendi* at which her companions seemed to have arrived; she knew it was not final, but it served them sufficiently for the time, and if it served them why shouldn't it serve her, the dependent, impecunious, tolerated little sister, representative of the class whom it behoved above all to mind their own business? The time was coming round when they would all move up to town, and there, in the crowd, with the added movement, the strain would be less and indifference easier.

Whatever Lionel had said to his wife that evening, she had found something to say to him: that Laura could see, though not so much from any change in the simple expression of his little red face and in the vain bustle of his existence, as from the grand manner in which Selina now carried herself. She was "smarter" than ever, and her waist was smaller, and her back straighter, and the fall of her shoulders finer; her long eyes were more oddly charming, and the extreme detachment of her elbows from her sides conduced still more to the exhibition of her beautiful arms. So she floated, with a serenity not disturbed by a general lateness, through the interminable succession of her engagements. Her photographs were not to be purchased in the Burlington Arcade—she had kept out of that; but she looked more than ever as they would have represented her if they had been obtainable there. There were times when Laura thought her brother-in-law's formless desistence too frivolous for nature; it even gave her a sense of deeper dangers. It was as if he had been digging away in the dark and they would all tumble into the hole. It happened to her to ask herself whether the things he had said to her the afternoon he came to her in the schoolroom had not all been blind folly, or brandy and soda, which came to the same thing. However this might be, she was obliged to recognize that the impression of brandy and soda had not again been given her. More striking still, however, was Selina's capacity to recover from shocks and condone imputations; she kissed again—kissed Laura

—without tears, and proposed problems connected with the rearrangement of trimmings and of the flowers at dinner, as candidly—as earnestly—as if there had never been a sharper question between them. Captain Crispin was not mentioned; much less, of course, so far as Laura was concerned, was he seen. But Lady Ringrose appeared; she came down, once, for two days, during an absence of Lionel's. Laura, to her surprise, found her no such Jezebel, but a clever little woman with a single eyeglass and short hair, who had read Lecky and could give her useful hints about water-colors; a tolerance that encouraged the girl, for this was the direction in which it now seemed to her best that she herself should grow.

## VII.

IN Grosvenor Place, on Sunday afternoon, during the first weeks of the Season, Mrs. Berrington was usually at home; this, indeed, was the only time when a visitor who had not made an appointment could hope to be admitted to her presence. Very few hours in the twenty-four did she spend in her own house. Gentlemen calling on these occasions rarely found her sister: Mrs. Berrington had the field to herself. It was understood between the pair that Laura should take this time for going to see her old women; it was in this manner that Selina qualified the girl's independent social resources. The old women, however, were not a dozen in number; they consisted mainly of Lady Davenant and the elder Mrs. Berrington, who had a house in Portman Street. Lady Davenant lived at Queen's Gate, and also was usually at home of a Sunday afternoon; her visitors were not all men, like Selina Berrington's, and Laura's maidenly bonnet was not a false note in her drawing-room. Selina liked her sister, naturally enough, to make herself useful, but of late, somehow, they had grown rarer, the occasions that depended in any degree upon her aid, and she had never been much appealed to—though it would have seemed natural she should be—on behalf of the weekly circle of gentlemen. It came to be recognized on Selina's part

that nature had dedicated her more to the relief of old women than to that of young men. Laura had a distinct sense of interfering with the free interchange of anecdote that went on at her sister's fireside; the anecdotes were mostly such an immense secret that they couldn't be told fairly if she were there, and she had their privacy on her conscience. There was an exception, however; when Selina expected Americans she naturally asked her to stay at home; not, apparently, so much because their conversation would begood for her as because hers would be good for them.

One Sunday, about the middle of May, Laura Wing prepared herself to go and see Lady Davenant, who had made a long absence from town at Easter, but who would now have returned. The weather was charming, she had from the first established her right to tread the London streets alone (if she was a poor girl she could have the detachment as well as the helplessness of it) and she promised herself the pleasure of a walk along the park, where the new grass was bright. A moment before she quitted the house her sister sent for her to the drawing-room; the servant gave her a note scrawled in pencil: "That man from New York is here—Mr. Wendover, who brought me the introduction the other day from the Schoolings. He's rather a dose—you must positively come down and talk to him. Take him out with you if you can." The description was not alluring, but Selina had never made a request of her to which the girl had not instantly responded: it seemed to her she was there for that. She joined the circle in the drawing-room and found that it consisted of five persons, one of whom was Lady Ringrose. Lady Ringrose was at all times and in all places a fitful apparition; she had described herself to Laura, during her visit at Mellows, as "a bird on the branch." She had no fixed habit of receiving on Sunday, she was in and out as she liked, and she was one of the few specimens of her sex who, in Grosvenor Place, ever turned up, as she said, on the occasions to which I allude. Of the three gentlemen two were known to Laura; she could have told you at

least that the big one, with the red hair, was in the Guards and the other in the Rifles; the latter looked like a rosy child, and as if he ought to be sent up to play with Scratch and Parson: his social nickname, indeed, was the Baby. Selina's admirers were of all ages—they ranged from infants to octogenarians.

She introduced the third gentleman to her sister; a tall, fair, slender young man, who suggested that he had made a mistake in the shade of his tight, perpendicular coat, ordering it of too light a blue. This added, however, to the candor of his appearance, and if he was a dose, as Selina had described him, he could only operate beneficently. There were moments when Laura's heart rather yearned towards her countrymen, and now, though she was preoccupied and a little disappointed at having been detained, she tried to like Mr. Wendover, whom her sister had compared invidiously, as it seemed to her, with her other companions. It struck her that his surface, at least, was as glossy as theirs. The Baby, whom she remembered to have heard spoken of as a dangerous flirt, was in conversation with Lady Ringrose, and the guardsman with Mrs. Berrington; so she did her best to entertain the American visitor, as to whom any one could easily see (she thought) that he had brought a letter of introduction—he wished so to maintain the credit of those who had given it to him. Laura scarcely knew these people, American friends of her sister, who had spent a period of festivity in London and gone back across the sea before her own advent; but Mr. Wendover gave her all possible information about them. He lingered upon them, returned to them, corrected statements he had made at first, discoursed upon them, in short, earnestly and exhaustively. He seemed to fear to leave them, lest he should find nothing again so good, and he indulged in a parallel that was almost elaborate between Miss Fanny and Miss Katie. Selina told her sister afterwards that she had overheard him—that he talked of them as if he had been a nursemaid; upon which Laura defended the young man even to extravagance. She reminded her sister that people in London

were always saying Lady Mary and Lady Susan; why then shouldn't Americans use the Christian name, with the humbler prefix with which they had to content themselves? There had been a time when Mrs. Berrington had been happy enough to be Miss Lina, even though she was the elder sister; and the girl liked to think there were still old friends—friends of the family, at home, for whom, even should she live to sixty years of spinsterhood, she would never be anything but Miss Laura. This was as good as Donna Anna or Donna Elvira; English people could never call people as other people did, for fear of resembling the servants.

Mr. Wendover was very attentive, as well as communicative; however his letter might be regarded in Grosvenor Place he evidently took it very seriously himself; but his eyes wandered considerably, none the less, to the other side of the room, and Laura felt that though he had often seen persons like her before (not that he betrayed this too crudely), he had never seen any one like Lady Ringrose. His glance rested also on Mrs. Berrington, who, to do her justice, didn't show, by the way she returned it, that she wished her sister to get him out of the room. Her smile was particularly pretty on Sunday afternoons, and he was welcome to enjoy it, as a part of the decoration of the place. Whether or no the young man should prove interesting, he was at any rate interested; indeed she afterwards learned that what Selina deprecated in him was the fact that he would eventually display a fatiguing intensity of observation. He would be one of the sort who noticed all kinds of little things—things she never saw or heard of—in the newspapers or in society, and would call upon her (a dreadful prospect), to explain or even to defend them. She hadn't come there to explain England to the Americans; the more particularly as her life had been a burden to her during the first years of her marriage through her having to explain America to the English. As for defending England to her countrymen she had much rather defend it *from* them; there were too many—too many for those who were already there. This was the class she wished to spare—she

didn't care about the English. They could obtain an eye for an eye, and a cutlet for a cutlet, by going over there ; which she had no desire to do—not for all the cutlets in Christendom !

When Mr. Wendover and Laura had at last cut loose from the Schoolings he let her know, confidentially, that he had come over really to see London : he had time, that year ; he didn't know when he should have it again (if ever, as he said) and he had made up his mind that this was about the best use he could make of four months and a half. He had heard so much of it ; it was talked of so much to-day ; a man felt as if he ought to know something about it. Laura wished the others could hear that—that England was coming up, was making her way at last to a place among the topics of societies more universal. She thought Mr. Wendover, after all, remarkably like an Englishman, in spite of his saying that he believed she had resided in London quite a time. He talked a great deal about things being characteristic, and wanted to know, lowering his voice to make the inquiry, whether Lady Ringrose were not particularly so. He had heard of her very often, he said ; and he observed that it was very interesting to see her ; he couldn't have used a different tone if he had been speaking of the prime minister or the laureate. Laura didn't know what he had heard of Lady Ringrose ; she doubted whether it could be the same as what she had heard from her brother-in-law : if this had been the case he wouldn't have mentioned it. She foresaw that his friends in London would have a good deal to do in the way of telling him whether this or that were characteristic or not ; he would go about in much the same way that English travellers did in America, fixing his attention mainly on society (he let Laura know that this was especially what he wished to go into) and neglecting the antiquities and sights, quite as if he didn't believe in their importance. He would ask questions it was impossible to answer ; as to whether, for instance, society were very different in the two countries. If you said yes you gave a wrong impression, and if you said no you didn't give a right one ; that was the kind of thing that Selina had

suffered from. Laura found her new acquaintance, on the present occasion and later, more philosophically analytic of his impressions than those of her countrymen she had hitherto encountered in her new home : the latter, in regard to such impressions, usually exhibited either a profane levity or a tendency to romantic mawkishness.

Mrs. Berrington called out at last to Laura that she must not stay, if she had prepared herself to go out ; whereupon the girl, having nodded and smiled good-bye at the other members of the circle, took a more formal leave of Mr. Wendover—expressed the hope, as an American girl does in such a case, that they should see him again. Selina asked him to come and dine, three days later ; which was as much as to say that relations might be suspended till then. Mr. Wendover took it so, and having accepted the invitation, he departed at the same time as Laura. He passed out of the house with her, and in the street she asked him which way he was going. He was too tender, but she liked him ; he didn't deal in chaff, and that was a change that relieved her—she had so often had to pay out that coin when she felt wretchedly poor. She hoped he would ask her leave to go with her the way she was going—and this not on particular but on general grounds. It would be American, it would remind her of old times, and she should like him to be as American as that. There was no reason for her taking so quick an interest in his nature, inasmuch as she hadn't fallen under his spell ; but there were moments when she felt a whimsical desire to be reminded of the way people felt and acted at home. Mr. Wendover didn't disappoint her, and the bright chocolate-colored vista of the Fifth Avenue seemed to surge before her as he said, "May I have the pleasure of making my direction the same as yours?" and moved round, systematically, to take his place between her and the curbstone. She had never walked much with young men in America (she had been brought up in the new school, the school of attendant maids and the avoidance of certain streets) and she had very often done so in England, in the country ; yet, as at the top



of Grosvenor Place she crossed over to the park, proposing they should take that way, the breath of her native land was in her nostrils. It was certainly only an American who could have the tension of Mr. Wendover; his solemnity almost made her laugh, just as her eyes grew dull when people "slanged" each other, hilariously, in her sister's house; but at the same time he gave her a feeling of high respectability. It would be respectable still if she were to go on with him indefinitely—if she never were to come home at all. He asked her after a while, as they went, whether he had violated the custom of the English in offering her his company; whether in that country a gentleman might walk with a young lady—the first time he saw her—not because their roads lay together but for the sake of the walk.

"Why should it matter to me whether it is the custom of the English? I am not English," said Laura Wing. Then her companion explained that he only wanted a general guidance—that with her (she was so kind) he had not the sense of having taken a liberty. The point was simply—and rather comprehensively and strenuously he began to set forth the point. Laura interrupted him; she said she didn't care about it, and he almost irritated her by telling her she was kind. She was, but she was not pleased at its being recognized so soon; and he was still too heavy when he asked her whether she continued to go by American usage, didn't find that if one lived there one had to conform in a great many ways to the English. She was weary of the perpetual comparison, for she not only heard it from others—she heard it a great deal from herself. She held that there were certain differences you felt, if you belonged to one or the other nation, and that was the end of it; there was no use trying to express them. Those you *could* express were not real, or not important ones, and were not worth talking about. Mr. Wendover asked her if she liked English society and if it was superior to American, and if the tone were very high in London; she thought his questions "academic"—the term she used to see applied in the *Times* to certain speeches in Parliament. Bending his long leanness over

her (she had never seen a man so slim; his waist was almost as small as Selina's, and evidently he was not squeezed) and walking almost sidewise, to give her a proper attention, he struck her as innocent, as incapable of guessing that she had had a certain observation of life. They were talking about totally different things; English society, as he asked her judgment upon it and she had happened to see it, was an affair that he didn't suspect. If she were to give him that judgment it would be more than he, doubtless, bargained for; but she wouldn't do it to make him open his eyes—only to relieve herself. She had thought of that before, in regard to two or three persons she had met—of the satisfaction of breaking out with some of her feelings. It wouldn't make much difference whether the person understood her or not; the one who should do so best wouldn't understand everything. "I want to get out of it, please—out of the set I live in, the one I have tumbled into through my sister, the people you saw just now. There are thousands of people in London who are different from that and ever so much nicer; but I don't see them, I don't know how to get at them; and after all, poor dear man, what power have you to help me?" That was, in the last analysis, the gist of what she had to say.

Mr. Wendover asked her about Selina in the tone of a person who thought Mrs. Berrington a very important phenomenon, and that, by itself, was irritating to Laura Wing. Important—gracious heaven, no! She might have to live with her, to hold her tongue about her; but at least she was not bound to exaggerate her significance. The young man didn't make use of the expression but she could see that he supposed Selina to be a professional beauty, and she guessed that as this product had not yet been domesticated in the western world the desire to behold it, after having read so much about it, had been one of the motives of Mr. Wendover's pilgrimage. Mrs. Schooling, who must have been a goose, had told him that Mrs. Berrington, though transplanted, was the finest flower of a rich, ripe society, and as clever and virtuous as she was beautiful. Meanwhile

Laura knew what Selina thought of Fanny Schooling and her incurable provinciality. "Now was that a good example of London talk—what I heard (I only heard a little of it, but the conversation was more general before you came in) in your sister's drawing-room? I don't mean literary, intellectual talk—I suppose there are special places to hear that; I mean—I mean——" Mr. Wendover went on with a deliberation which gave his companion an opportunity to interrupt him. They had arrived at Lady Davenant's door, and she cut his meaning short. A fancy had taken her, on the spot, and the fact that it was incongruous seemed only to recommend it.

"If you want to hear London talk there will be some very good going on in here," she said. "If you would like to come in with me——?"

"Oh, you are very kind—I should be delighted," replied Mr. Wendover, emulating naturally her own candor. They stepped into the porch and the young man, anticipating his companion, lifted the knocker and gave a postman's rap. She laughed at him for this and he looked bewildered; the idea of taking him in with her had become agreeably exhilarating. She explained to him who Lady Davenant was, and that if he was in search of the characteristic it would be a pity he shouldn't know her; and then she added, before he could put the question:

"And what I am doing is not in the least usual. No, it is not the custom for young ladies here to take strange gentlemen off to call on their friends the first time they see them."

"So that Lady Davenant will think it rather extraordinary?" Mr. Wendover eagerly inquired; not as if that idea frightened him, but so that his observation on this point should also be well founded. He had entered into Laura's proposal with complete serenity.

"Oh, most extraordinary!" said Laura, as they went in. The old lady, however, concealed such surprise as she may have felt, and greeted Mr. Wendover as if he were any one of fifty familiars. She took him altogether for granted, and asked him no questions about his arrival, his departure, his hotel, or his

business in England. He noticed, as he afterwards confided to Laura, her omission of these forms; but he was not wounded by it—he only made a mark against it as an illustration of the difference between English and American manners: in New York people always asked the arriving stranger the first thing about the steamer and the hotel. Mr. Wendover appeared greatly impressed with Lady Davenant's antiquity, though he confessed to his companion, on a subsequent occasion, that he thought her a little flippant, a little frivolous even, for her years. "Oh, yes," said the girl, on that occasion, "I have no doubt that you considered she talked too much, for one so old. In America old ladies sit silent and listen to the young." Mr. Wendover stared a little and replied to this that with her—with Laura Wing—it was impossible to tell which side she was on, the American or the English: sometimes she seemed to take one, sometimes the other. At any rate, he added, smiling, with regard to the other great division it was easy to see—she was on the side of the old. "Of course I am," she said; "when one is old!" And then he inquired, according to his wont, if she were thought so in England, and she answered that it was England that had made her so.

Lady Davenant's bright drawing-room was filled with mementoes, and especially with a collection of portraits of distinguished people, mainly fine old prints with signatures, an array of precious autographs. "Oh, it's a cemetery," she said, when the young man asked her some question about one of the pictures; "they are my contemporaries, they are all dead, and those things are the tomb-stones, with the inscriptions. I'm the grave-digger, I look after the place and try to keep it a little tidy. I have dug my own little hole," she went on, to Laura, "and when you are sent for you must come and put me in." This evocation of mortality led Mr. Wendover to ask her if she had known Charles Lamb; at which she stared for an instant, replying: "Dear me, no—one didn't meet him."

"Oh, I meant to say Lord Byron," said Mr. Wendover.

"Bless me, yes; I was in love with

him. But he didn't notice me, fortunately—we were so many. He was very nice-looking, but he was very vulgar.” Lady Davenant talked to Laura as if Mr. Wendover had not been there; or, rather, as if his interests and knowledge were identical with hers. Before they went away the young man asked her if she had known Garrick, and she replied: “Oh, dear, no, we didn't have them in our houses, in those days.”

“He must have been dead long before you were born!” Laura exclaimed.

“I dare say; but one used to hear of him.”

“I think I meant Edmund Kean,” said Mr. Wendover.

“You make little mistakes of a century or two,” Laura Wing remarked, laughing. She felt now as if she had known Mr. Wendover a long time.

“Oh, he was very clever,” said Lady Davenant.

“Very magnetic, I suppose,” Mr. Wendover went on.

“What's that? I believe he used to get tipsy.”

“Perhaps you don't use that expression in England?” Laura's companion inquired.

“Oh, I dare say we do, if it's American; we talk American now. You seem very good-natured people, but such a jargon as you *do* speak!”

“I like *your* way, Lady Davenant,” said Mr. Wendover, benevolently, smiling.

“You might do worse,” cried the old woman, and then she added: “Please go out!” They were taking leave of her, but she kept Laura's hand and, for the young man, nodded, with decision, at the open door. “Now, wouldn't *he* do?” she asked, after Mr. Wendover had passed into the hall.

“Do for what?”

“For a husband, of course.”

“For a husband—for whom?”

“Why—for me,” said Lady Davenant.

“I don't know—I think he might tire you.”

“Oh—if he's tiresome!” the old lady continued, smiling at the girl.

“I think he's very good,” said Laura.

“Well, then, he'll do.”

“Ah, perhaps *you* won't!” Laura exclaimed, smiling back at her and turning away.

## VIII.

SHE WAS of a serious turn by nature, and, unlike many serious people, she made no particular study of the art of being gay. Had her circumstances been different she might have done so, but she lived in a merry house (heaven save the mark! as she used to say), and therefore was not driven to amuse herself for conscience sake. The diversions she sought were of a serious cast, and she liked those best which showed most the note of difference from Selina's interests and Lionel's. She felt that she was most divergent when she attempted to cultivate her mind, and it was a branch of such cultivation to visit the curiosities, the antiquities, the monuments of London. She was fond of the Abbey and the British Museum—she had extended her researches as far as the Tower. She read the works of Mr. John Timbs and made notes of the old corners of history that had not yet been abolished—the houses in which great men had lived and died. She planned a general tour of inspection of the ancient churches of the City and a pilgrimage to the queer places commemorated by Dickens. It must be added that though her intentions were great her adventures had as yet been small. She had wanted for opportunity and independence; people had other things to do than to go with her, and it was not till she had been some time in the country, and till a good while after she had begun to go out alone, that she entered upon the privilege of visiting public institutions by herself. There were some aspects of London that frightened her, but there were certain spots, such as the Poet's Corner in the Abbey, or the room of the Elgin marbles, where she liked better to be alone than not to have the right companion. At the time Mr. Wendover presented himself in Grosvenor Place she had begun to put in, as they said, a museum, or something of that sort, whenever she had a chance. Besides her idea that such places were sources of knowledge (it is to be feared that the poor girl's notions of knowledge were at once conventional and crude) they were also occasions for detachment, an escape

from worrying thoughts. She forgot Selina and she "qualified" herself a little—though for what she hardly knew.

The day Mr. Wendover dined in Grosvenor Place they talked about St. Paul's, which he expressed a desire to see, wishing to get some ideas of the past, as he said, in England, as well as of the present. Laura mentioned that she had spent half an hour, the summer before, in the big black temple on Ludgate Hill; whereupon he asked her if he might entertain the hope that—if it were not disagreeable to her to go again—she would serve as his guide there. She had taken him to see Lady Davenant, who was so remarkable and worth a long journey, and now he should like to pay her back—to show her something. The difficulty would be that there was probably nothing she hadn't seen, but if she could think of anything he was completely at her service. They sat together at dinner, and she told him she would think of something before the repast was over. A little while later she let him know that a charming place had occurred to her—a place to which she was afraid to go alone and where she should be grateful for a protector; she would tell him more about it afterwards. It was then settled between them that on a certain afternoon of the same week they would go to St. Paul's together, extending their ramble as much further as they had time. Laura lowered her voice for this discussion, as if the range of allusion had had a kind of impropriety. She was now still more of the mind that Mr. Wendover was a good young man—he had such worthy eyes. His principal defect was that he treated all subjects as if they were equally important; but that was perhaps better than treating them with equal levity. If one took an interest in him one might not despair of teaching him to discriminate.

Laura said nothing, at first, to her sister about her appointment with him; the feelings with which she regarded Selina were not such as to make it easy for her to talk over matters of conduct, as it were, with this votary of pleasure at any price, or at any rate to report her arrangements to her as one would do to a person of fine judgment. All

the same, as she had a horror of positively hiding anything (Selina herself did that enough for two) it was her purpose to mention at luncheon, on the day of the event, that she had agreed to accompany Mr. Wendover to St. Paul's. It so happened, however, that Mrs. Berrington was not at home at this repast; Laura partook of it in the company of Miss Steet and her young charges. It very often happened now that the sisters didn't meet in the morning, for Selina remained very late in her room, and there had been a considerable intermission of the girl's earlier custom of visiting her there. It was Selina's habit to send forth from this fragrant sanctuary little hieroglyphic notes, in which she expressed her wishes or gave her directions for the day. On the morning I speak of her maid put into Laura's hand one of these communications, which contained the words, "Please be sure and replace me with the children at lunch. I meant to give them that hour to-day. But I have a frantic appeal from Lady Watermouth; she is worse, and beseeches me to come to her, so I rush for the 12.30 train." These lines required no answer, and Laura had no questions to ask about Lady Watermouth. She knew she was tiresomely ill, in exile, condemned to forego the diversions of the season and calling out to her friends, in a house she had taken for three months at Weybridge (for a certain particular air) where Selina had already been to see her. Selina's devotion to her appeared commendable—she had her so much on her mind. Laura had observed in her sister, in relation to other persons and objects, these sudden intensities of charity, and she had said to herself, watching them—"Is it because she is bad?—does she want to make up for it somehow and to buy herself off from the penalties?"

Mr. Wendover called for his *cicerone* and they agreed to go in a romantic, Bohemian manner (the young man was very docile and appreciative about this) walking the short distance to the Victoria Station and taking the mysterious underground railway. In the carriage she anticipated the inquiry that she figured to herself he would presently

make, and said, laughing : "No, no, this is very exceptional ; if we were both English—and both what we are, otherwise—we wouldn't do this."

"And if only one of us were English?"

"It would depend upon which one."

"Well, say me."

"Oh, in that case I certainly—on so short an acquaintance—wouldn't go sight-seeing with you."

"Well, I am glad I'm American," said Mr. Wendover, sitting opposite to her.

"Yes, you may thank your fate. It's much simpler," Laura added.

"Oh, you spoil it!" the young man exclaimed—a speech of which she took no notice but which made her think him brighter, as they used to say at home. He was brighter still after they had descended from the train at the Temple station (they had meant to go on to Blackfriars, but they jumped out on seeing the sign of the Temple, fired with the thought of visiting that institution too) and got admission to the old garden of the Benchers, which lies beside the foggy, crowded river, and looked at the tombs of the crusaders in the low Romanesque church, with the cross-legged figures sleeping so close to the eternal uproar, and lingered in the flagged, homely courts of brick, with their much-lettered door-posts, their dull old windows and atmosphere of consultation—lingered to talk of Johnson and Goldsmith and to remark how London opened one's eyes to Dickens ; and he was brightest of all when they stood in the high, bare cathedral, which suggested a dirty whiteness, saying it was fine, but wondering why it wasn't finer, and letting a glance as cold as the dusty, colorless glass fall upon epitaphs that seemed to make most of the defunct bores even in death. Mr. Wendover was decorous, but he was increasingly gay, and these qualities appeared in him in spite of the fact that St. Paul's was rather a disappointment. Then they felt the advantage of having the other place—the one Laura had had in mind at dinner—to fall back upon : that perhaps would prove a compensation. They entered a hansom now (they had to come to that, though they had walked also from the Temple to St. Paul's) and

drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields, Laura making the reflection, as they went, that it was really a charm to roam about London under valid protection—such a mixture of freedom and safety—and that perhaps she had been unjust, ungenerous, to her sister. A good-natured, positively charitable doubt came into her mind—a doubt that Selina might have the benefit of. What she liked in her present undertaking was that it was unconventional, and perhaps it was simply the same happy sense of getting the laws of London—once in a way—off her back, that had led Selina to go over to Paris to ramble about with Captain Crispin. Possibly they had done nothing worse than go together to the Invalides and Notre Dame ; and if any one were to meet *her* driving that way, so far from home, with Mr. Wendover—Laura, mentally, didn't finish her sentence, overtaken as she was by the reflection that she had fallen again into her old assumption (she had been in and out of it a hundred times), that Mrs. Berrington *had* met Captain Crispin—the idea she so passionately repudiated. She at least would never deny that she had spent the afternoon with Mr. Wendover ; she would simply say that he was an American and had brought a letter of introduction.

The cab stopped at the Soane Museum, which Laura Wing had always wanted to see, a compatriot having once told her that it was one of the most curious things in London, and one of the least known. While Mr. Wendover was discharging the vehicle she looked over the wide handsome square (which led her to say to herself that London was endlessly big and one would never know all the places that made it up) and saw a great bank of cloud hanging above it—a definite portent of a summer storm. "We are going to have thunder ; you had better keep the cab," she said ; upon which her companion told the man to wait, so that they shouldn't afterwards, in the wet, have to walk for another conveyance. The heterogeneous objects collected by the late Sir John Soane are arranged in a fine old dwelling-house, and the place gives one the impression of a sort of Saturday afternoon of one's youth—a long, rummaging visit, under indulgent



care, to some eccentric and rather alarming old travelled person. Our young friends wandered from room to room and thought everything queer and some few objects interesting; Mr. Wendover said it would be a very good place to find a thing you couldn't find anywhere else—it illustrated the prudent virtue of keeping. They took note of the sarcophagi and pagodas, the curious old maps and medals. They admired the fine Hogarths; there were uncanny, unexpected objects that Laura edged away from, that she didn't like to be in the room with. They had been there half an hour—it had grown much darker—when they heard a tremendous peal of thunder and became aware that the storm had broken. They watched it awhile from the upper windows—a violent June shower, with quick sheets of lightning and a rainfall that danced on the pavements. They took it sociably, they lingered at the window, inhaling the odor of the fresh wet that splashed over the sultry town. They would have to wait till it had passed, and they resigned themselves serenely to this idea, repeating very often that it would pass very soon. One of the keepers told them that there were other rooms to see—that there were very interesting things in the basement. They made their way down—it grew much darker and they heard a great deal of thunder—and entered a part of the house which presented itself to Laura as a series of dim, irregular vaults—passages and little narrow avenues—encumbered with strange vague things, obscured for the time, but some of which had a wicked, startling look, so that she wondered how the keepers could stay there. "It's very fearful—it looks like a cave of idols!" she said to her companion, and then she added—"Just look there—is that a person or a thing?" As she spoke they drew nearer to the object of her reference—a figure in the middle of a small vista of curiosities, a figure which answered her question by uttering a short shriek as they approached. The immediate cause of this cry was apparently a vivid flash of lightning, which penetrated into the room and illuminated both Laura's face and that of the mysterious person. Our young lady recognized her sister, as Mrs. Berrington had

evidently recognized her. "Why, Selina!" broke from her lips before she had time to check the words. At the same moment the figure turned quickly away, and then Laura saw that it was accompanied by another, that of a tall gentleman with a light beard, which shone in the dusk. The two persons retreated together—dodged out of sight, as it were, disappearing in the gloom, or in the labyrinth of the objects exhibited. The whole encounter was but the business of an instant.

"Was it Mrs. Berrington?" Mr. Wendover asked, with interest, while Laura stood staring.

"Oh, no, I only thought it was at first," she managed to reply, very quickly. She had recognized the gentleman—he had the fine fair beard of Captain Crispin—and her heart seemed to her to jump up and down. She was glad her companion couldn't see her face, and yet she wanted to get out, to rush up the stairs where he would see it again, and escape from the place. She didn't wish to be there with *them*—she was overwhelmed with a sudden horror. "She has lied—she has lied again—she has lied!"—that was the rhythm to which her thought began to dance. She took a few steps one way and then another; she was afraid of running against the dreadful pair again. She remarked to her companion that it was time they should go off, and then, when he showed her the way back to the staircase, she said she hadn't half seen the things. She pretended suddenly to a deep interest in them, and lingered there, roaming and prying about. She was flurried still more by the thought that he would have seen her flurry, and she wondered whether he believed the woman who had shrieked and rushed away was *not* Selina. If she wasn't Selina why had she shrieked? and if she was Selina what would Mr. Wendover think of her behavior, and of her own, and of the strange accident of their meeting? What must she herself think of that? so astonishing it was that in the immensity of London so infinitesimally small a chance should have got itself enacted. What a queer place to come to—for people like them! They would get away as soon as possible, of that she

could be sure ; and she would wait a little to give them time.

Mr. Wendover made no further remark—that was a relief ; though his silence itself seemed to show that he was puzzled. They went up-stairs again, and on reaching the door found, to their surprise, that their cab had disappeared—a circumstance the more singular as the man had not been paid. The rain was still coming down, though with less violence, and the square had been cleared of vehicles by the sudden storm. The doorkeeper, perceiving the dismay of our friends, explained that the cab had been taken up by another lady and gentleman, who had gone out a few minutes before ; and when they inquired how he had been induced to depart without the money they owed him, the reply was that there evidently had been a discussion (he hadn't heard it, but the lady seemed in a fearful hurry) and the gentleman had told him that they would make it all up to him and give him a lot more into the bargain. The doorkeeper hazarded the candid surmise that the cabby would make ten shillings by the job. But there were plenty more cabs ; there would be one up in a minute, and the rain moreover was going to stop. "Well, that is sharp practice !" said Mr. Wendover. But he made no further allusion to the identity of the lady.

## IX.

THE rain did stop while they stood there, and a brace of hansoms was not slow to appear. Laura told her companion that he must put her into one—she could go home alone ; she had taken up enough of his time. He deprecated this course, very respectfully ; urged that he had it on his conscience to deliver her at her own door ; but she sprang into the cab and closed the apron with a movement that was a sharp prohibition. She wanted to get away from him—it would be too awkward, the long, pottering drive back. Her hansom started off, while Mr. Wendover, smiling sadly, lifted his hat. It wasn't very comfortable, even without him ; especially as before she had gone a quarter of a mile she felt that it had been too

marked—she wished she had let him come. His puzzled, innocent air of wondering what was the matter, annoyed her ; and she was in the absurd situation of being angry at a discretion which she would have been still more angry if he had departed from. It would have comforted her (because it would seem to share her burden) and yet it would have covered her with shame if he had guessed that what she saw was wrong. It wouldn't occur to him that there was a scandal so near her, because he didn't easily think such things ; and yet, since there was—but since there was, after all, Laura scarcely knew what attitude would sit upon him most gracefully. As to what he might be prepared to suspect by having heard what Selina's reputation was in London, of that Laura couldn't judge, not knowing what was said, because, of course, it wasn't said to *her*. Lionel would undertake to give her the benefit of this any moment she would allow him, but how in the world could *he* know either, for how could things be said to him ? Then, in the rattle of the hansom, passing through streets the girl didn't see, "She has lied, she has lied, she has lied !" kept repeating itself. Why had she written and signed that wanton falsehood about her going down to Lady Watermouth ? How could she have gone to Lady Watermouth when she was making so very different and so extraordinary a use of the hours she had announced her intention of spending there ? What had been the need of that misrepresentation, and why did she lie before she was driven to it ?

It was because she was false altogether, and deception came out of her with her breath ; she was so depraved that it was easier to her to fabricate than to let it alone. Laura wouldn't have asked her to give an account of her day, but she would ask her now. She shuddered at one moment, as she found herself saying—even in silence—such things of her sister, and the next she sat staring out of the front of the cab at the queer problem presented by Selina's turning up with the partner of her guilt, at the Soane Museum, of all places in the world. The girl turned this fact about in various ways, to account for it—not unconscious, as she did so, that it was a pretty exer-

cise of ingenuity for a nice girl. Plainly, it was a rare accident; if it had been their plan to spend the day together the Soane Museum had not been in the original programme. They had been near it, they had been on foot, and they had rushed in to take refuge from the rain. But how did they come to be near it, and, above all, to be on foot? How could Selina do anything so reckless, from her own point of view, as to walk about the town—even an out-of-the-way part of it—with her suspected lover? Laura Wing felt the want of proper knowledge to explain such anomalies. It was too little clear to her where ladies went, and how they proceeded, when they consorted with gentlemen in regard to their meetings with whom they had to lie. She didn't know where Captain Crispin lived; very possibly—for she vaguely remembered having heard Selina say of him that he was very poor—he had chambers in that part of the town, and they were either going to them or coming from them. If Selina had neglected to take her way in a four-wheeler, with the glasses up, it was through some chance that wouldn't seem natural till it was explained, like that of their having darted into a public institution. The explanation most exact would probably be that the pair had snatched a walk together (in the course of a day of many edifying episodes) for the "lark" of it, and for the sake of the walk had taken the risk, which in that part of London, so detached from all gentility, had appeared to them small. The last thing Selina could have expected was to meet her sister in such a strange corner—her sister with a young man of her own!

She was dining out that night with both Selina and Lionel—a conjunction that was rather rare. She was by no means always invited with them, and Selina often went without her husband. Appearances, however, sometimes got a sop thrown them; three or four times a month Lionel and she entered the brougham together, like people who still had forms, who still said "my dear." This was to be one of those occasions, and Mrs. Berrington's young unmarried sister was included in the invitation. When Laura reached home she learned,

on inquiry, that Selina had not come in, and she went straight to her own room. If her sister had been there she would have gone to hers instead—she would have cried out to her as soon as she had closed the door: "Oh, stop, stop—in God's name, stop, before you go any further, before exposure and ruin and shame come down and bury us!" That was what was in the air—the vulgarest disgrace, and the girl, harder now than ever about her sister, was conscious of a more passionate desire to save herself. But Selina's absence made the difference that during the next hour a certain chill fell upon this impulse from other feelings; she found, suddenly, that she was late, and she began to dress. They were to go together, after dinner, to a couple of balls, and this diversion struck her as ghastly for people who carried such horrors in their breasts—ghastly the idea of the drive of husband, wife, and sister, in pursuit of pleasure, with falsity and detection and hate between them. Selina's maid came to her door to tell her that she was in the carriage—an extraordinary piece of punctuality, which made her wonder, as Selina was always dreadfully late for everything. Laura went down as quickly as she could, passed through the open door, where the servants were grouped in the foolish majesty of their superfluous attendance, and through the file of dingy gazers who had paused at the sight of the carpet across the pavement and the waiting carriage, in which Selina sat in pure white splendor. Mrs. Berrington had a tiara on her head and a proud patience in her face, as if her sister were really a sore trial. When the girl had taken her place, she said to the footman: "Is Mr. Berrington there?"—to which the man replied: "No, ma'am, not yet." It was not new to Laura that if there was anyone later, as a general thing, than Selina, it was Selina's husband. "Then he must take a hansom. Go on." The footman mounted, and they rolled away.

There were several different things that had been present to Laura's mind, during the last couple of hours, as destined to mark—one or the other—this present encounter with her sister; but the words Selina spoke the moment the brougham began to move were of course exactly

those that she had not foreseen. She had considered that she might take this tone or that tone or even no tone at all; she was quite prepared for her presenting a face of blankness (to any form of interrogation) and saying, "What on earth are you talking about?" It was, in short, conceivable to her that Selina would deny, absolutely, that she had been in the museum, that they had stood face to face, and that she had fled in confusion. She was capable of explaining the incident by an idiotic error on Laura's part, by her having mistaken another person for her sister, by her seeing Captain Crispin in every bush; though doubtless she would be taxed (of course she would say *that* was the woman's own affair) to supply a reason for the embarrassment of the other lady. But she was not prepared for Selina's breaking out with: "Will you be so good as to inform me if you are engaged to be married to Mr. Wendover?"

"Engaged to him? I have seen him but three times."

"And is that what you usually do with gentlemen you have seen three times?"

"Are you talking about my having gone with him to see some sights? I see nothing wrong in that. To begin with, you see what he is. One might go with him anywhere. Then he brought us an introduction—we have to do something for him. Moreover, you threw him upon me the moment he came—you asked me to take charge of him."

"I didn't ask you to be indecent! If Lionel were to know it he wouldn't tolerate it, so long as you live with us."

Laura was silent a moment. "I shan't live with you long." The sisters, side by side, with their heads turned, looked at each other, and a deep crimson had leaped into Laura's face. "I wouldn't have believed it—that you are so bad," she said. "You are horrible!" She saw that Selina had not taken up the idea of denying—she judged that would be hopeless: the recognition, on either side, had been too sharp. She looked radiantly handsome, especially with the strange new expression that Laura's last word brought into her eyes. This expression seemed to the girl to show her more of Selina, morally, than

she had ever yet seen—something of the full extent and the miserable limit.

"It's different for a married woman, especially when she's married to a beast. It's in a girl that such things are odious—scouring London with strange men. I am not bound to explain to you—there would be too many things to say. I have my reasons—I have my conscience. It was the oddest of all things, our meeting in that place—I know that as well as you," Selina went on, with her wonderful affected clearness; "but it was not your finding me that was out of the way; it was my finding you—with your remarkable escort! That was incredible. I pretended not to recognize you, so that the gentleman who was with me shouldn't see you, shouldn't know you. You may thank me for saving you. You had better wear a veil next time—one never knows what may happen. I met an acquaintance at Lady Watermouth's, and he came up to town with me. He happened to talk about old prints; I told him how I have collected them, and we spoke of the bother one has about the frames. He insisted on my going with him to that place—from Waterloo—to see such an excellent model."

Laura had turned her face to the window of the carriage again; they were spinning along Park Lane, passing, in the quick flash of other vehicles, an endless succession of ladies with "dressed" heads, of gentlemen in white neckties. "Why, I thought your frames were all so pretty!" Laura murmured. Then she added: "I suppose it was your eagerness to save your companion the shock of seeing me—in my dishonor—that led you to steal our cab."

"Your cab?"

"Your delicacy was expensive for you!"

"You don't mean you were knocking about in cabs with him!" Selina cried.

"Of course I know that you don't really think a word of what you say—about me," Laura went on, "though I don't know that that makes your saying it a bit less unspeakably base."

The brougham pulled up in Park Lane, and Mrs. Berrington bent herself to have a view through the front glass. "We are there, but there are two other

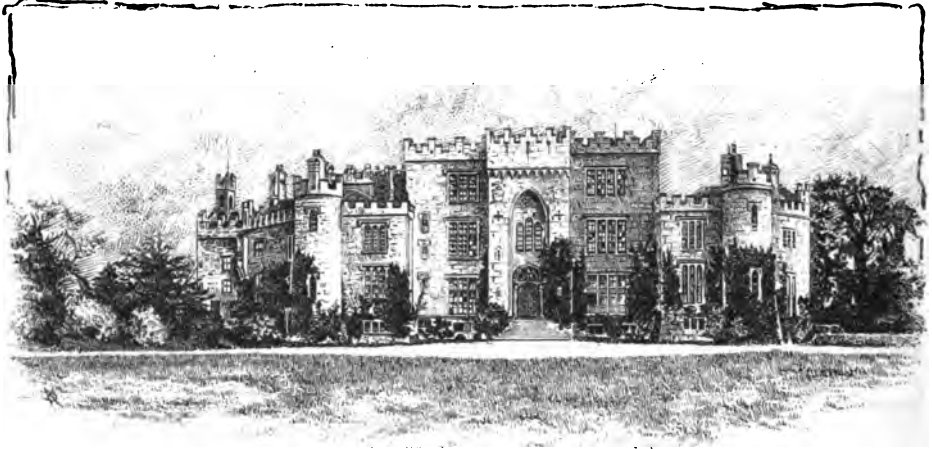
carriages," she remarked, for all answer. "Ah, there are the Collingwoods."

"Where are you going—where are you going—where are you going?" Laura broke out.

The carriages moved on, to set them down, and while the footman was get-

ting off the box Selina said: "I don't pretend to be better than other women, but you do!" And being on the side of the house, she quickly stepped out and carried her crowned brilliancy through the long-lingering daylight and into the open portals.

[To be continued.]



A Near View of Birr Castle.

## AN ASTRONOMER'S SUMMER TRIP.

*By Charles A. Young.*

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

IN the early morning of the 19th of last August there was a total eclipse of the sun. The moon's shadow, about 80 miles in diameter, first struck the earth near Berlin, at sunrise. From there it moved on into the Russian empire, passing just north of Moscow, and, bearing still a little to the north, crossed the Ural Mountains into Siberia; it passed over the towns of Krasnojarsk and Tobolsk, crossed Lake Baikal about noon, and now bending its course a little southward, advanced across Northern China, visited Japan in the afternoon, and finally ended its course in the Pacific Ocean about 2,000 miles west of the Sandwich Islands.

Like all total eclipses of the sun, it was anticipated by astronomers with

lively interest. The few rarely occurring moments when the sun's dazzling disk is hidden by the moon, and in our darkened air the glory of the corona and the mysteries of the solar atmosphere thus become visible and accessible to study—these moments constitute the astronomer's golden opportunity, to be utilized to the utmost. The writer of this paper had a somewhat special, and semi-private, interest in the matter, because lately a question has been raised by Mr. Lockyer and others as to the real existence of the so-called "reversing layer" of the sun's atmosphere, which layer owes its scientific recognition mainly to an observation made by myself during the Spanish eclipse of December, 1870. The obser-



vation referred to was this—and an exquisitely beautiful thing it was to see :

The slit of the spectroscope, attached to a powerful telescope, was adjusted tangent to the sun's image at the precise point where the last ray would vanish under the advancing moon. A few moments before totality the spectrum still preserved in the main its familiar appearance, except that certain lines, usually only flickeringly and faintly bright at the sun's limb, were now steady and conspicuous ; this was specially true of the three magnesium lines, and the mysterious line of the corona. The other countless dark lines remained hard and black. But the moment the sunlight vanished, the dark lines instantly flashed into colored brightness, shone for two or three seconds, and then quickly faded away, leaving still visible only those which had been bright before totality. Of course, in the two or three seconds during which the phenomenon lasted it was not possible to be quite sure that *all* the dark lines were thus reversed, and in this uncertainty lies the opportunity for varying interpretations of the phenomenon. The natural interpretation, in the light of what was then known, was that this bright line spectrum which flashed out so beautifully is due to a thin sheet of gaseous matter, overlying the luminous clouds which constitute the so-called "photosphere," and containing, in the vaporous form, all the substances which reveal themselves to us by the dark lines of the ordinary spectrum.

Hence the writer's special interest in the Russian eclipse ; and when the case was laid before certain liberal friends of everything that is good, they at once responded with the offer of funds sufficient to send out three of us with the necessary apparatus. Photography at first was not included in our plans ; but when my colleague, Professor Libbey, volunteered to join us at his own charges, his offer was enthusiastically accepted, and through the kindness of the Washington astronomers and the Secretary of the Navy we secured the use of an eclipse camera which had been employed by one of the Government parties in photographing the Colorado eclipse of 1878. Professor Libbey was accom-

panied by his wife, who had with her also two young friends, so that when we sailed from New York on the 25th of June, in the swift *Etruria*, we were a party of seven, Professor McNeill, and Mr. Fisher, our mechanician, being the two others of the original three.

Probably most of our readers know that our journey ended in disappointment and a rain-storm. We were at our post and in readiness on the designated morning, and no one of course was to blame for the envious clouds which defeated the army of astronomers who had taken position along the line of operations. But the disappointment was keen, and it is still rather a sober task to retrace in memory the way that led to and from it.

The journey, however, was in itself a most agreeable one, and full of interest, especially from an astronomer's point of view, for we took pains as far as possible to visit all the observatories, and all the distinguished astronomers that came in our way.

The voyage was quick and uneventful—we reached the Liverpool bar about 10 a.m., just seven days after we passed Sandy Hook, and arrived in London soon after midnight. It is much the same as I saw it in 1870, only ever more and more extensive ; broadening, widening, overflowing all the country about it like stifening lava. The Jubilee celebrations had just come to an end, and many of the persons we would have been glad to see were out of town, but many remained.

One delightful afternoon was spent with Dr. Huggins, the pioneer in astronomical spectroscopy. He is a veteran eclipse observer, and was naturally much interested in our plans : we owe to him many valuable suggestions.

We had also several interviews with Mr. Lockyer, and spent an "evening in council" with him, discussing, in the most cordial and friendly way, the points at issue in regard to the "reversing layer," and considering the best arrangements for making our observations decisive. He is a younger man than Dr. Huggins, but as an eclipse observer still more of a veteran, having already been on duty on five such occasions. He

would have been glad to go to Russia himself, but his engagements would not permit.

But, after all, our red-letter day in London was not in London itself, but at Greenwich, whither we went one morning in response to a kind invitation from Mr. Christie, the Astronomer Royal. Everyone knows that the Royal Observatory of England is one of the oldest governmental institutions of the kind, and on the whole the most distinguished and important of them all, taking into account both the past and the present. It keeps up faithfully, according to its charter-duties, its special observations upon the sun, moon, and planets—observations which lie at the foundation of navigational astronomy—but it is reaching out in other directions also, especially in the line of astronomical physics.

The present Astronomer Royal, Mr. Christie, and his chief lieutenants, Mr. Turner and Mr. Maunder, are comparatively young men. I imagine that they keep the force of observers and computers, some twenty or thirty in number, pretty faithfully to their work, and that not infrequently the smooth running of the machine along ancient ruts is disturbed by the introduction of new methods.

At present they are specially interested in photography, both stellar and solar. We saw a number of admirable negatives of the sun, 9 inches in diameter, and some enlargements of sun-spots and the surrounding regions which rival, and perhaps quite equal, those we saw a few days later at Meudon. Experiments are also in progress upon the photography of double-stars, and one or two of the plates we saw are admirable.

To a certain extent the Observatory is in a transition state. The instruments which were introduced and used for the observation of the places of stars and planets under Airy's administration remain undisturbed. It is perhaps possible that with instruments of newer design and construction there might be some slight gain in accuracy; but it is doubtful whether it would be sufficient to offset the loss of continuity involved in a change.

The telescopic power at the disposal

of the observers has, however, become very inadequate, and the old 13-inch telescope of the equatorial is to be replaced by a new one of 28 inches aperture, now under construction by Grubb, of Dublin. The two-foot reflector of Lassell, with which he did such admirable work years ago, has recently been given to the Observatory by his daughters, and is proving itself a most useful instrument in numerous researches where a reflector is needed.

The Observatory has great advantages of situation. The main building itself is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, erected in 1675: a dignified edifice, surrounded by a numerous progeny of smaller constructions for the accommodation of various instruments which could not find convenient quarters in the original building. It stands isolated in the midst of Greenwich Park, on a hill about 150 feet high. From the great octagonal hall which makes the most charming of summer sitting-rooms, one looks out over the tree-tops upon a magnificent landscape. To the northwest is London, with the great dome of St. Paul's some six miles distant, rising high above the pall of smoke that overhangs the city; to the north, across the park and beyond the old Greenwich Hospital, now a naval training-school, lies the broad Thames, crowded with shipping of every imaginable size and rig, from wherry and fishing-boat to the great ocean steamers and men-of-war. Beyond the river are the low hills of Essex, and farther to the east the river widens toward the sea.

In London our party separated for a time, agreeing to rendezvous in Berlin on the first of August. Professor McNeill and I took our course together through Paris, Strassburg, Munich, Vienna, and Prague. We were in Paris only a week, and one of our days was the 14th of July, which gave us a fine opportunity to see a good-humored Parisian crowd numbering certainly 200,000 people, who in the early evening thronged all the streets and quais, and the great squares where the fireworks were displayed.

We visited the National Observatory one afternoon, and were very cordially received by the director, Admiral Mouchez, who although a sailor is also an

astronomer of high repute, especially in the line of longitude determinations.

The institution is a few years older than the Observatory of Greenwich, having been established in 1667, though the building was not completed until 1671. It is a larger and finer edifice than that of Greenwich, but curiously unsuited for its use. It has been adapted to astronomical purposes only by most ingenious modifications and roof structures, and many of the most im-

portant modern instruments are housed in separate constructions about the grounds; as for instance the great 4-foot reflector (useless), the equatorial coudé, and the photographic telescope of the Henry Brothers. In the evening we saw the photographic telescope and the equatorial coudé in actual operation, which were to us on the whole the most interesting objects. The equatorial coudé, or *elbowed equatorial*, is a telescope of 10 inches aperture, which is so fitted with two flat mirrors that the observer does not have to move out of his place in observing a star in any part of the sky; he sits quietly under cover, looking downward toward the south at an angle equal to that of the latitude of the place, having right before him the circles and all the mechanism of the instrument. The arrangement makes telescopic observation as facile and as comfortable as microscopic. The instrument is, of course, considerably complicated, and much more expensive than the ordinary equatorial; but the



Royal Observatory of England, Greenwich.

costly revolving dome is dispensed with, so that the saving in the building quite offsets the higher price of the instrument itself. The real objection to it is that the two reflections cause a loss of light, and also, unless the mirrors are perfectly flat, an injury to the definition. Some who have examined the instrument say that in this Paris instrument the figure is perfect, but we found it not quite the case. In looking at  $\epsilon$  Lyræ with a high power, we detected a very perceptible distortion of the star images; so slight, however, as to be of no practical account in ordinary observation. Two or three instruments of this kind are now installed and at work in different French observatories, and a number of others are under construction. Loewy, its inventor, is very sanguine that the same construction can be applied advantageously to instruments of the largest size.

The photographic telescope and processes interested us greatly, and so did the Henry Brothers themselves, who,



French National Observatory, Paris.

like Erckmann & Chatrian, work together and publish their results as a single person. Their telescope has an object-glass 13 inches in diameter, expressly constructed for photography, and the same tube carries also an ordinary telescope of 9 inches diameter, which serves as a tender to the other, and enables the operator to keep it accurately pointed during the exposure of the plates. The whole is mounted substantially after the so-called English pattern of equatorial, like the telescope at Greenwich.

At the Astronomical Congress which had been held at Paris in April and May, it was decided to undertake the construction of a photographic chart of the whole heavens by the co-operation of about a dozen different observatories, the apparatus used to be the same everywhere, as well as the plates and processes of development. The Paris instrument was selected as the standard, and many of the other instruments are already well advanced in their construction. It would take us too far to enter into the details of the matter now—but clearly this photographic mapping of all the stars will be, when accomplished, the greatest astronomical achievement the world has ever seen; transmitting to posterity an accurate

and permanent record of the present state of the heavens, and furnishing a secure foundation for the future structure of stellar astronomy.

Another day we went to Meudon with Lieutenant Winterhalter, to visit "the Observatory of Physical Astronomy." This is also a Government institution, established in 1876 for the *new* astronomy, as Professor Langley calls it, its main work being spectroscopic research and the study of the physical features of the sun and planets. Its director is M. J. Janssen, who at the solar eclipse of 1868, in India, discovered how to observe the solar prominences by means of the spectroscope. The same discovery was made, as everyone knows, independently and simultaneously by Lockyer, in England. M. Janssen has been on a number of astronomical expeditions—was in Northern Africa to observe the eclipse of 1870, in India again in 1871, and in Japan in 1874, to observe the transit of Venus. In 1870 he made his way out of Paris over the German lines in a balloon, but at his station had unfortunately the same bad fortune as Dr. Huggins, who was near him. He is at present the president of the French Academy of Sciences: an elderly man of middle size, with a ruddy countenance and a bright eye, but not in very vigorous health.

We were shown about the establishment by M. Stanoiéwitch, professor of physics in the University of Belgrade, who had been for some time studying celestial physics at the Observatory. He was just closing his work there, and took the Russian eclipse on his way home, being one of the very few fortunates who had good weather. He was at Jaroslav, some 150 miles farther east than we.

The site of the Meudon Observatory is magnificent. It is on a hill a few miles west of Paris, which overlooks the city and the country beyond, and commands a panorama even finer than that from the Greenwich tower. During the war the ancient château and most of the buildings on the old royal estate of Meudon were burned; but the stables remain, and in them Janssen has erected the extensive apparatus with which he has been making his remarkable spectroscopic researches upon the absorption of light by gases and vapors—the light being made to travel several hundred feet through large iron pipes filled with the gas at a pressure of two or three hundred pounds to the inch. The place looks more like a great blacksmith-shop than it does like our ordinary ideas of a scientific laboratory. There is a maximum of efficiency, but very little *prettiness*.

The same thing is true of the buildings which shelter the photographic telescopes and apparatus. They are for the most part temporary structures; and some of the telescopes which are most used are not under cover at all, but are mounted on rough stands in the open air. But the photographic work is admirable. We saw some pictures of sun-spots which had been enlarged ten or twelve times from the original negative, so that the spot itself was an inch or two in diameter, and yet showing all the minor details of sun-spot structure clearly and sharply. A large, fine building for the permanent observatory is nearly finished, and is to contain an enormous equatorial carrying two telescopes on the same stand. One of the two telescopes is to be 30 inches in diameter, with the object-glass corrected for *visual* use; the other is to have a photographic object-glass of two feet in diameter.

Janssen, through his personal friendship with Gambetta, was very fortunate in securing liberal government support for his establishment. Admiral Mouchez, at the old Observatory in Paris, seems to have had more difficulty. At any rate, he has so far been quite unable to secure the carrying out of his favorite plan, to remove the old Observatory from its present unfavorable site in the heart of the city, and re-establish it in a better one outside.

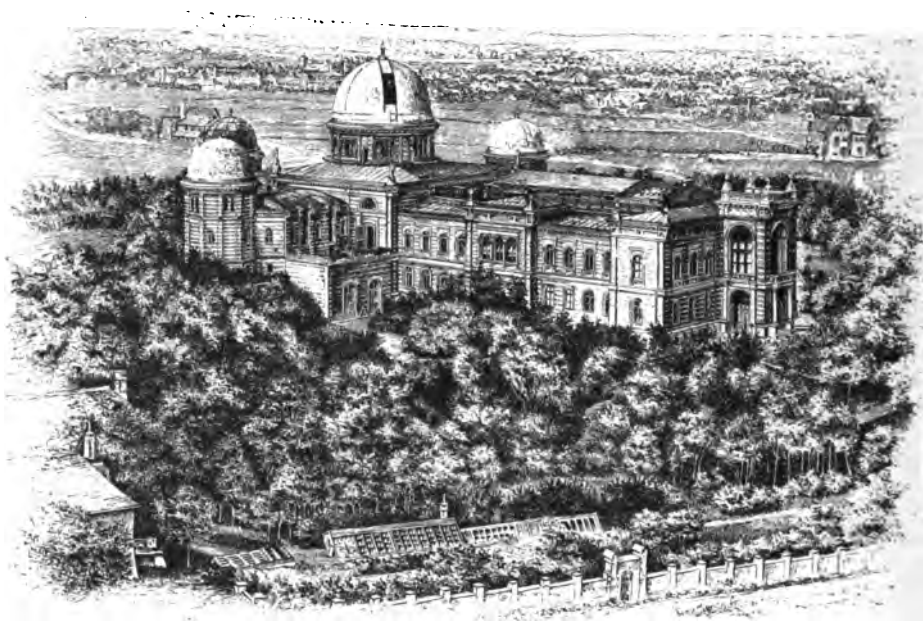
From Paris we went to Strassburg and visited the magnificent new observatory which the German Government has established there. Dr. Kobold, the acting-director, showed us through the establishment. A curious and excellent peculiarity of construction is that the central building, which contains the director's residence, library, and computing-rooms, is connected by long underground passages with the two structures which contain the great equatorial and the other instruments. The equatorial has an object-glass nearly 20 inches in diameter, by Merz, of Munich, the largest he has yet made. Its mounting is by Repsold, of Hamburg, and is essentially the same as that of the 15-inch instrument at Pulkowa. The mounting is very elaborate and a little complicated; it certainly is much handsomer and more finely finished than the instruments constructed by the Clarks in this country, and in some respects, especially as regards the illumination of the micrometer and its operation, is unquestionably better; but I very much doubt whether one could work with such an instrument any more accurately, or much more rapidly, than with one of Clark's.

From Strassburg we went to Munich, a city dear to art and science of every kind. To the astronomer its greatest claim to interest lies in the fact that it was the home of Fraunhofer, and for many years, say from 1820 till 1860, the only place where "great and good" telescopes were made. The observatory here, under the Lamonts, father and son, was also for many years one of the most important in Europe. As regards instruments and equipment it has, however, practically stood still for the last thirty



years, and so no longer holds anything like its former rank. We regretted the less, therefore, that when we visited it we failed to find the director, Dr. Seeli-

grand observatory recently erected there and its inhabitants and apparatus. The building, distinctly the finest astronomical structure in the world, is situated



Vienna Observatory.

ger. We visited the optical establishments of Merz, successor to Fraunhofer's successor, and of Steinheil, son of the Steinheil who in 1838 erected and operated, between the observatory and his establishment in the city, the first practically working electric telegraph.

Our way from Munich to Vienna took us by rail through Salzburg, Mozart's old home, to Linz, and thence by boat down the Danube.

At Vienna of course we found abundance to interest and please in art and architecture. We were also especially struck with the resemblance of the Viennese to New Yorkers. In general appearance, in manner of moving, and all externals excepting speech alone, the people of Vienna seemed to me less foreign than those of any other city I was in during the summer. As astronomers, however, our special interest lay in the

on an eminence known as the Türken-schanze, about three miles west of the city. As at Greenwich and Meudon, the observatory commands a noble prospect, with its horizon limited eastward, beyond the city, by the heights of Schönbrunn; to the south and west, by the Austrian Alps.

The director, Dr. E. Weiss, happened to be out of town, but his lieutenant, Dr. Palisa, the mighty and relentless hunter of asteroids, was at home, and gave us a hearty welcome. He is a man of thirty-five or so, tall, brown, and lank, keen-eyed, quick-witted, and very hard to tire.

We were of course specially interested in the great 27-inch equatorial, the masterpiece of Sir Howard Grubb, the Dublin optician. We found it *optically* a most satisfactory instrument, distinctly more powerful than the Princeton tele-

scope—as naturally it ought to be, having a diameter four inches greater; but mechanically the mounting appeared rather clumsy and inconvenient. We looked through it at a number of more or less familiar objects, and made a somewhat careful study of the beautiful “ring-nebula” in Lyra in connection with Dr. Spitaler, the young assistant who is working up the nebulae with the instrument. He is also engaged in a very promising attempt to utilize the instrument for photography. The object-glass not having been constructed for this purpose, the ordinary methods of course fail; but by following out the plan suggested by Vogel, of Potsdam, using a sensitive plate treated with eosin, and inserting a yellow glass in front of it, it is found possible to get excellent results from objects sufficiently bright. While we were present Dr. Spitaler made one moon-picture with an exposure of little more than one second.

It is unfortunate that, after building this magnificent observatory, the Austrian Government should be compelled by its financial embarrassments to support it very meagrely; if a small part of the money which was expended on the structure were now available for running expenses, the return of results would be vastly increased.

There is another excellent private observatory at Ottakring, in the suburbs of Vienna, established by and belonging to Herr von Kuffner, but we had not the time to visit it.

From Vienna we turned our course northward toward Berlin through Prague and Dresden. Our day at Prague was a very interesting one; for the place is full of old astronomical associations, as well as of imperial and ecclesiastical memories. There lived the Emperor Rudolph, the enlightened patron of astronomy, and there Tycho Brahe and his pupil Kepler found a refuge from persecution, and did some of their best work. From a strictly scientific standpoint, the Prague observatory does not now amount to much. It is on the roof, and in the garret, so to speak, of the old university building, a hundred feet or more above the ground; and for the most part the instruments are too

small for making observations of much scientific value. But what most attracts the visitor's attention are two old quadrants of 5 or 6 feet radius, which were actually used by Tycho and Kepler in their observations, and are still *in situ*, and in good repair; there are other instruments also, such as parallactic rules and astrolabes; and altogether I imagine the whole establishment gives one a better idea of the observatory of mediæval astrological astronomy than anything else existing; except perhaps the old observatory upon the city wall of Peking, where there yet stand a number of still larger and finer instruments of the same ante-telescopic type.

We found ourselves in Berlin on July 31st, sweltering under a temperature of 97° F., a temperature rarely attained in that part of the world. The first of August brought in the rest of our party. We remained in Berlin nearly a week, and of course took occasion to visit both the old national observatory and the new Sonnenwarte at Potsdam. The older institution, of which Encke was so long director, and in which the planet Neptune was first (optically) discovered, in 1846, remains much as it has been for many years, without any considerable additions or alterations. It is the headquarters of the *Astronomisches Jahrbuch*, and so the centre of a great deal of mathematical astronomy; but as a mere observatory it has rather been left behind, like that at Munich, by more modern establishments; and the building up of the city around it continually, more and more restricts its usefulness. Perhaps the most interesting things in the establishment, if we omit the genial director, Dr. Foerster, and some of his assistants, were the sealed-up clock, which has been running for many years enclosed in an air-tight case, and the new altitude and azimuth instrument by Bamberg. The Sonnenwarte, we found a very interesting place; the building is new and fine, beautifully situated on an eminence that commands a fine view of Potsdam, and of the more remote park and palace of Sans Souci, whose great fountain forms a conspicuous feature of the landscape. Everything at Potsdam was trim and orderly; but not from want of use. Dr. Vogel, the

director, is specially devoted to spectroscopy, and his second in authority, Dr. Loehse, to photography. The veteran Spoerer is there, still keeping up his researches on sun-spots, and there are a number of younger men, some working at photometry, some experimenting upon the earth's density, and others at still different problems—each on his own. While in Berlin we took an opportunity, with Dr. Foerster's introduction, to visit the optical establishment of Bamberg, who, under the direction of Dr. Vogel, is making object-glasses from the new Jena glass. We examined one of his lenses, of about 5 inches diameter. The color-correction was certainly remarkably perfect—by far the best I have ever seen; but the surfaces were either badly figured, or else (and I suspect this was the case) the glass was not very homogeneous; at any rate the images were far from satisfactory. We have been told also that the new glass is very soft and subject to corrosion.

We left Berlin for St. Petersburg on Friday forenoon, and the next evening were in the Russian capital. Our journey was pleasant; and the cars were very comfortable, especially those of the Russian train which we took on crossing the frontier at Wirballen. These Russian cars were the best we found in Europe—built of *iron*, arranged much after the plan of our Mann boudoir cars, but with larger compartments and more room for each passenger.

At St. Petersburg we were met at the station by Dr. Hermann Struve, the youngest son of the director, who saw our party safely settled in our hotel, and then took me with him in his carriage to Pulkowa. We reached the observatory a little before ten o'clock, just as the last twilight was fading, and the stars began to shine. A warm greeting from the noble old director and his family, a couple of hours with the great telescope, and then a good night's rest—what more could an astronomer ask for?

The observatory of Pulkowa is on a little hill about 250 feet high and about 10 miles due south of St. Petersburg, connected with the capital by a road perfectly straight and almost level un-

til it reaches the base of the observatory hill, around which it winds at an easy grade to reach the summit. The village of Pulkowa itself is a mere hamlet, the houses mostly wooden, the majority of them not much better than huts or cabins; but the observatory and its dependencies is an imposing mass of buildings, covering several acres and containing residences for all the astronomers and employes of the establishment. It shelters between 150 and 200 people, who are under the control of the director in a relation almost patriarchal.

The observatory was founded by the Emperor Nicholas in 1839—and the ukase establishing it decrees in terms that it is always to be kept in the first rank. So far this has unquestionably been done; and at present, not only in material equipment, but as regards the amount and quality of its work, and the ability and fame of its astronomers, it stands second to no other in the world. Its special forte has been stellar astronomy, but of late it is taking up vigorously the subject of astronomical physics; and the researches, spectroscopic and photographic, of Dr. Hasselberg, who is in charge of the newly erected physical laboratory, have been most important and valuable.

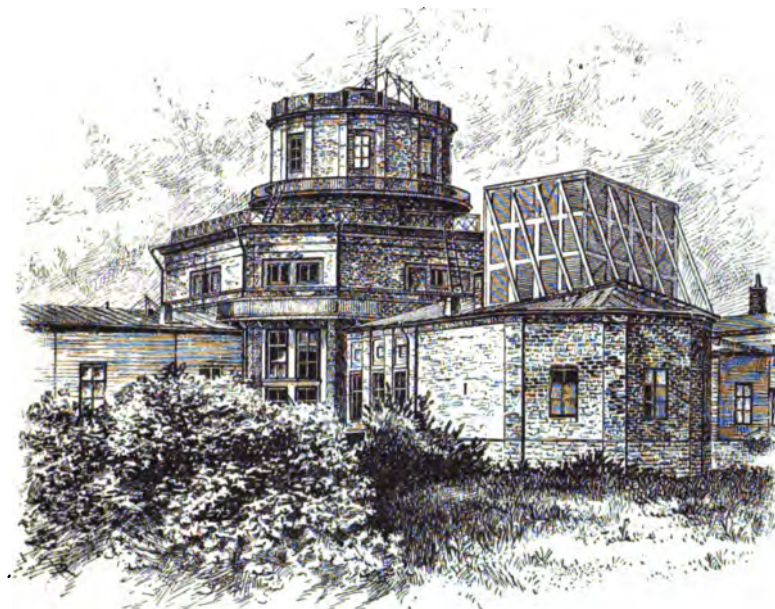
The first director of the observatory was Dr. F. G. W. von Struve, who was called from Dorpat to organize and superintend the new establishment. He died in 1864, at the age of seventy-one, and was succeeded by his son, the present director, his "most high excellency" Dr. Otto von Struve. [See p. 97.] He is a tall, erect, vigorous old gentleman, not yet quite seventy years of age, whose kindly heart and courteous manners win the sincere regard of all who come to know him: and he is well known in America, for he has been here twice, once in 1879, when he gave the order for the object-glass of the great telescope which, until a few months ago, was the largest refractor in existence, and again four years later, when he came to test and accept the lens. On this occasion he made a short visit at Princeton; so that it was an old friend, and no stranger, who greeted us at Pulkowa. His younger half-brother, Baron von Struve, has been for several years the Russian minister at Washington—

always a friend of science and scientific men—and it would be simply ungrateful not to acknowledge here his kindness in preparing the way for us, by writing on

tor's house, and conversation, music, and the dance fill up the remainder of the evening, until midnight sends them to rest.

The few days I spent there remain in

my memory as among the pleasantest of my life: it was with a real sense of loss and pain that I bade farewell—*Auf Wiedersehen*—to the little group, the pretty children, the bright-eyed girls, the refined and gracious ladies, the cordial, thoughtful, scholarly fathers, and the energetic young men who



The Russian Government Observatory at Pulkowa.

our behalf to the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg.

The observatory circle is a pretty large one, comprising not only the families of the director and the four astronomers, but also of several adjunct astronomers and aids of various kinds, who all live within the walls. Many of them are connected by intermarriage or relationship with Struve himself, and isolated as they are to some extent from the rest of the world, they form a little world of their own, with their own intimate and delightful social life.

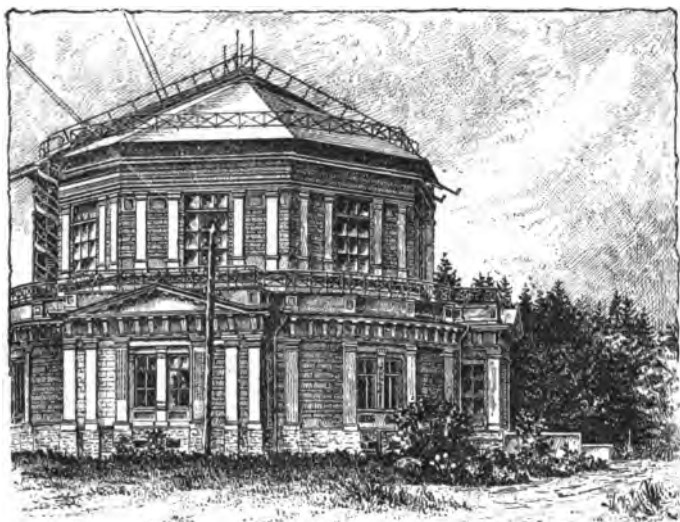
During the long summer evening a merry group of young folks—and some of the older ones with them—engage in various games in the open air, ring-spiel, barlauf (or prisoner's base) and croquet (which is still in vogue there) being especial favorites—tennis does not yet seem to have arrived in Russia. Then, when the darkness slowly gathers and the dew begins to fall, they all collect in the spacious parlor of the direc-

tor's house, and conversation, music, and the dance fill up the remainder of the evening, until midnight sends them to rest. The few days I spent there remain in my memory as among the pleasantest of my life: it was with a real sense of loss and pain that I bade farewell—*Auf Wiedersehen*—to the little group, the pretty children, the bright-eyed girls, the refined and gracious ladies, the cordial, thoughtful, scholarly fathers, and the energetic young men who are coming up to make good the fathers' places. On Thursday Mr. Turner, of Greenwich, and our German friends from Potsdam, were at the observatory, as well as a number of other foreign astronomers, all bound for the eclipse. We were seventeen at the dinner table, speaking seven different languages, Russian, German, French, English, Italian, and Spanish, with now and then a little Latin to help things out. To Struve had been confided by the Academy of Sciences the office of assigning stations to the different visiting astronomers, and arranging matters so as to secure the greatest convenience and efficiency. It must have been a very laborious and delicate task, and of course involved an enormous amount of correspondence as well as personal intercourse with the hundred or more foreigners who gathered themselves, for their disappointment, all along the track of the shadows.

I have not spoken of the many inter-

esting things to be seen in the Pulkowa Observatory itself. It is full of them. The library alone is enough to occupy one for a long time, rich as it is in old astronomical manuscripts, and among them a great number by Tycho Brahe and Kepler—largely astrological. We were shown the horoscope of Wallenstein, with the elaborate and detailed

try by the Clarks; but the mounting of the instrument is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Repsolds, and is a miracle of ingenuity and accurate workmanship. In its main features it resembles the Strassburg instrument, but with some important modifications. Unlike any other in existence, it can be managed and directed, not only from the eye end, as is



Great Dome of the Pulkowa Observatory.

now the case with all large equatorials, but also from a platform on the pier which supports the mounting. An assistant here, at the lower extremity of the polar axis, with his note-book and chronometer before him, without stirring from his seat, can read both the Right Ascension and Declination of the instrument, or direct it to any given object—and that without interfering in any way with the ability of the observer

discussion of its significance, and Wallenstein's own notes, written upon it here and there and commenting upon the fulfilment or the reverse of its predictions. There is a museum of old astronomical instruments, and in the rotunda an extensive series of authentic portraits of great astronomers and patrons of the science. We were glad to see in an honorable place among the newer pictures the likeness of our own Professor Newcomb, thus far the only American, I believe, in the august assemblage.

For the most part the instruments of the observatory have been in place since its foundation, and are so well known, from figures and descriptions, that they seemed like old acquaintances. But the great 30-inch telescope has only been mounted some two years, and was naturally an object of extreme interest to us. The object-glass, as every American proudly knows, was made in this coun-

try by the Clarks; but the mounting of the instrument is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Repsolds, and is a miracle of ingenuity and accurate workmanship. In its main features it resembles the Strassburg instrument, but with some important modifications. Unlike any other in existence, it can be managed and directed, not only from the eye end, as is now the case with all large equatorials, but also from a platform on the pier which supports the mounting. An assistant here, at the lower extremity of the polar axis, with his note-book and chronometer before him, without stirring from his seat, can read both the Right Ascension and Declination of the instrument, or direct it to any given object—and that without interfering in any way with the ability of the observer at the eye end to control the instrument for himself if he wishes to do so. Though much larger than the great Vienna telescope, or that at Washington, it is certainly much handier than either of them. The immense dome, or rather drum, in which it is mounted, is over 60 feet in diameter, and is operated with perfect ease—by electricity. A storage battery of 50 cells is charged from time to time by a dynamo, and the machinery of the dome is driven by an electric motor, controlled by means of a switch-board.

Our week in St. Petersburg was an extremely interesting one, but our pleasure was marred by anxieties. Up to our arrival there, we had had almost uninterrupted fine weather; but now there were signs of a breaking up. Showers became frequent and violent, and the sky was lowering most of the time. Leaving the ladies of the party to follow



later with a courier, the gentlemen started on Monday evening (August 15) in company with Dr. Struve, who was to occupy a station not very far from us. The place he had selected for our observations was at Ustpenskoie, a country seat some eight miles east of Rschew, a city of about 20,000 inhabitants, situated on the upper (but still navigable) Volga, at the terminus of a railway which branches off to the southwest from the main line between St. Petersburg and Moscow, leaving it at Ostaschkowo, a point about 130 miles northwest from Moscow.

The place had been offered to Dr. Struve for the use of the American party by its owners, two wealthy young married ladies, Madame Olga Nieskowski, and Madame Vera Tchernicheff, to whom I desire here to offer our most hearty and respectful thanks for their liberal kindness in the matter. They were not there themselves during our stay, as they reside with their husbands (who are officers in the Government service), one of them at Warsaw and the other at Torschok, and only occasionally visit the homestead for a summer outing. But they placed the whole establishment at our service, and arranged with M. Nieskowski, of Rschew, a connection by marriage, to come to the house, and do the honors as host. To him we owe more than we can well express for the hearty cordiality with which he welcomed and entertained us. A young officer of engineers, Captain Witkowski, had also been detailed by the War Department, at his own request, though at Struve's suggestion, to come to our station with his orderly, to assist us in our preparations, and to take upon himself the labor of the time-determinations; which was no small matter, involving as it did three or four night journeys over a roadless country to the telegraph office at Rschew, through rain and storm. We have much to be grateful for to many other Russians, but toward Captain Witkowski our feelings go deeper. We admired him for his ability and manly energy, his elevated character, and his remarkable accomplishments as a cultivated gentleman, but we learned to love him sincerely as the kindest and most unselfish of friends.

We reached our station on Tuesday noon, having dropped Struve at Torschok. The Captain, who arrived the day before, had had our boxes brought over from the railway, and had engaged the necessary laborers, so that after lunch we proceeded at once to unpack. We found everything, with few and very slight exceptions, in perfect order, and in spite of the lowering sky we had our apparatus mostly in position before it was dark. We placed our instruments in the yard north of the house, only a few rods away, so that in case of rain we could bring the delicate pieces quickly under shelter.

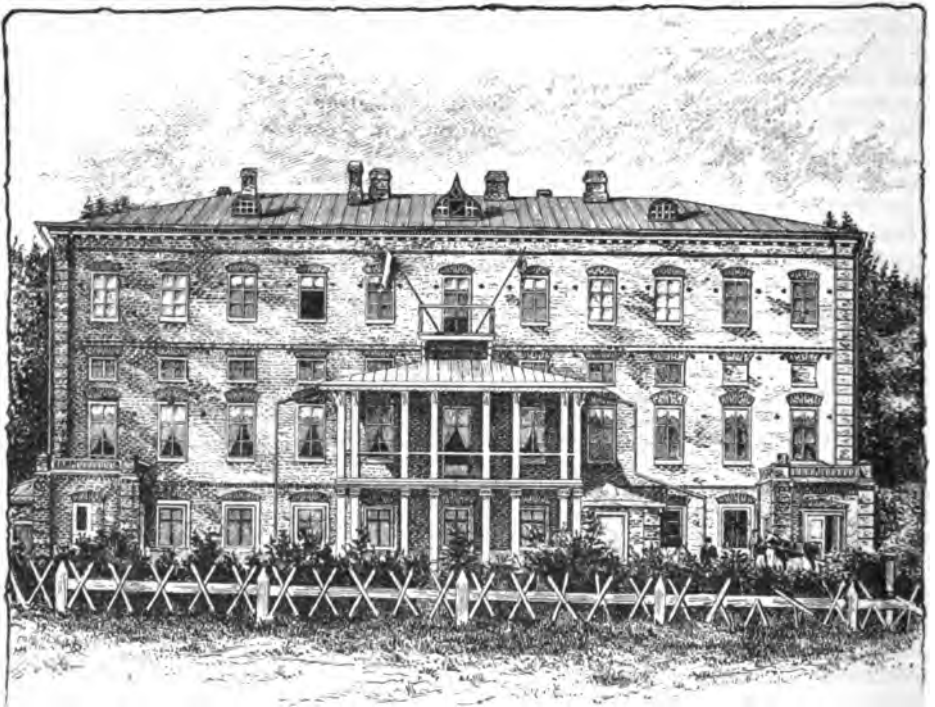
The house itself is a large modern brick structure, as the illustration shows. The lower floor is mostly devoted to the servants and the housekeeping department, while the upper floor contains a library and a number of plainly furnished sleeping-rooms, where we made our own quarters. The middle floor, however, containing the great hall, the parlors, the dining-room and the ladies' boudoir, is elegantly furnished. To the south the windows look out upon a large park and garden, at present perhaps a little less trimly kept than when the house was the house of the family, but still very beautiful. To the north is the kitchen garden and the yard I have spoken of, and a large open space of six or eight acres, around which are arranged the houses of the steward and some of the workmen, as well as the granaries and stables. Not far away, in a hollow, are seen the roofs of the little village in which most of the peasants of the estate have their houses; beyond, a mile and a half or so distant, lies the railway track. I do not know the size and value of the estate. It is certainly large, for the Captain said that the ladies were "*schrecklich reich*."

We were very anxious to have pleasant weather before the eclipse in order to adjust our instruments and make some preliminary trials and observations. But Wednesday was dull and threatening all day, so that we could do nothing more than to complete the erection of our instruments. Thursday morning was clear for a short time just after sunrise, and I obtained a few sextant readings; but before the sun was

high enough to allow any spectroscopic or photographic work, it had clouded again, and the rest of the day was a repetition of Wednesday, enlivened only by the arrival of our ladies about noon.

In the evening some friends of M. Nieskowski came over from Rschew to see our instruments and operations, and about ten o'clock the clouds broke and the stars appeared. Naturally our spirits rose. The Captain put out his instrument and began a series of observations, while our party gathered in one of the lower rooms, and the ladies went through their drill with the instrument which they were to operate. But our exultation was short-lived: in less than

progress, though the sun was still invisible. The gloom began to thicken, and as totality approached, became more and more oppressive. A few minutes before the totality the increase of the darkness was somewhat rapid, and to appearance not steady, but pulsatory. At the moment when the sun was finally covered, there was not that sudden fall of darkness which is usually so impressive, and we could not be sure of the critical instant, within a quarter of a minute; at the close of the totality, some two minutes later, the access of light was on the other hand so sudden that the three observers agreed upon that instant within a fraction of a second. The obscurity at the



Russian Country House, used as Headquarters by the American Eclipse Observers.

an hour it clouded again, and when we retired at midnight it was storming as viciously as ever.

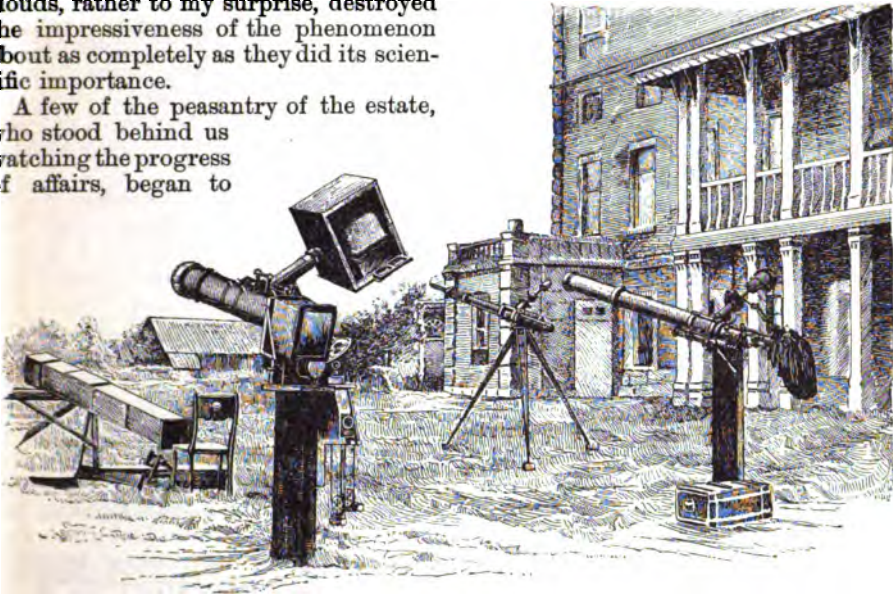
On Friday morning, August 19, we were early astir, as the beginning of the eclipse was at half-past five; but the clouds were thick and we could see nothing. Forty minutes later it was evident that the eclipse was really in

darkest moment was by no means so great as usual during an eclipse—at least it did not seem so. It did not become too dark for reading ordinary print, and there was no difficulty in distinguishing the window panes, and even the separate bricks, in a building four or five hundred feet away. The birds and cattle seemed to be rather puzzled than

alarmed; there was none of the ludicrous consternation which I have seen manifested by domestic creatures on one or two other occasions; in fact the clouds, rather to my surprise, destroyed the impressiveness of the phenomenon about as completely as they did its scientific importance.

A few of the peasantry of the estate, who stood behind us watching the progress of affairs, began to

moon; then the clouds closed in again, and there was no more sunlight at our station until after our departure. The



Instruments in Position at the American Station.

count their beads and cross themselves when the darkness was most intense, and there was an audible expression of relief when the light suddenly increased again. We learned afterward that the priests along the line of the eclipse had been telling the people some very queer stories. One of them was that "*Anti-Christ* had come over from America to darken the sun, and that this would be followed immediately by the resurrection of the dead and the end of the world." Captain Witkowski told us that he had taken pains to explain matters to the people about our station; his position as an officer of the Czar enabling him to counteract the influence of the priests, as no private person could have done.

After the totality was over, we still remained at our posts in the forlorn hope that possibly the clouds might clear away enough to give us a chance to observe the last contact. In fact, about 7 o'clock there was a momentary opening, through which for a minute or two we dimly saw the watery disk of the sun still half covered by the receding

eclipse was all over by half-past seven, and nothing remained to us but to send some telegrams announcing our defeat, to repack our instruments, and get away as soon as possible. Before night the work was nearly done; the next morning our boxes were started off for Rschew, and about three o'clock we took leave of our kind host and the Captain at the little railway station. And here let me say that everything that could be done was done by the Russians to aid our plans. Our instruments were admitted duty free, and without customs-examination, they were transshipped in St. Petersburg, and transported to our station without our agency and at very reasonable rates, and from there retransported to St. Petersburg; our station was selected for us and all arrangements were made for our free entertainment; and an officer of Engineers was detailed to go down to our station with his orderly, to aid us and look after our comfort.

I may add that, with a few partial exceptions, all the other visiting astrono-

mers had the same bad weather as ourselves, very few observations of any value being obtained anywhere.

At Torschok we were joined by Struve, and we enjoyed our last thirty miles with him as much as was possible under the circumstances. We were amused by a little incident at Torschok, where a considerable crowd had gathered at the station. The gentlemen of the party went out to get some refreshments, and we noticed that the people stood back to let us pass and looked at us and talked about us with an air of surprise. Struve told us that the crowd had come down from the city to see the American astronomers; and that their surprise was occasioned by the fact that we were not *red Indians*.

At Ostaschkowo, which we reached about dark, we parted with Struve, who returned to St. Petersburg, while we ourselves, after a delay of an hour or two, went on to Moscow. After a three days' stay in Moscow our route took us *viâ* Warsaw and Breslau to Berlin. At Warsaw we stopped a day to pay our respects to our patroness, Madame Nieskowski, and to see what we could in so short a time of the notabilia of the old Polish capital—a day well spent. We visited the observatories at Moscow and at Warsaw. But compared with the great observatories which we had recently visited, they are small establishments and present little of peculiar interest.

From Berlin we hastened *viâ* Cologne (where we spent Sunday) to London; and on the afternoon of the 31st, exactly according to programme, I was quietly in Manchester, in the house of Mr. Thomas Ashton, who some months before had been so kind as to invite me to be his guest during the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. My host was a fine specimen of the Manchester manufacturer and merchant, and my heart went out to him especially because he was one of those Lancashire men who in the dark days of our Civil War stood by us unflinchingly, at a time when such fidelity to principle was very costly.

The week was one of great enjoyment: excepting the abominable weather everywhere was satisfactory. I listened to

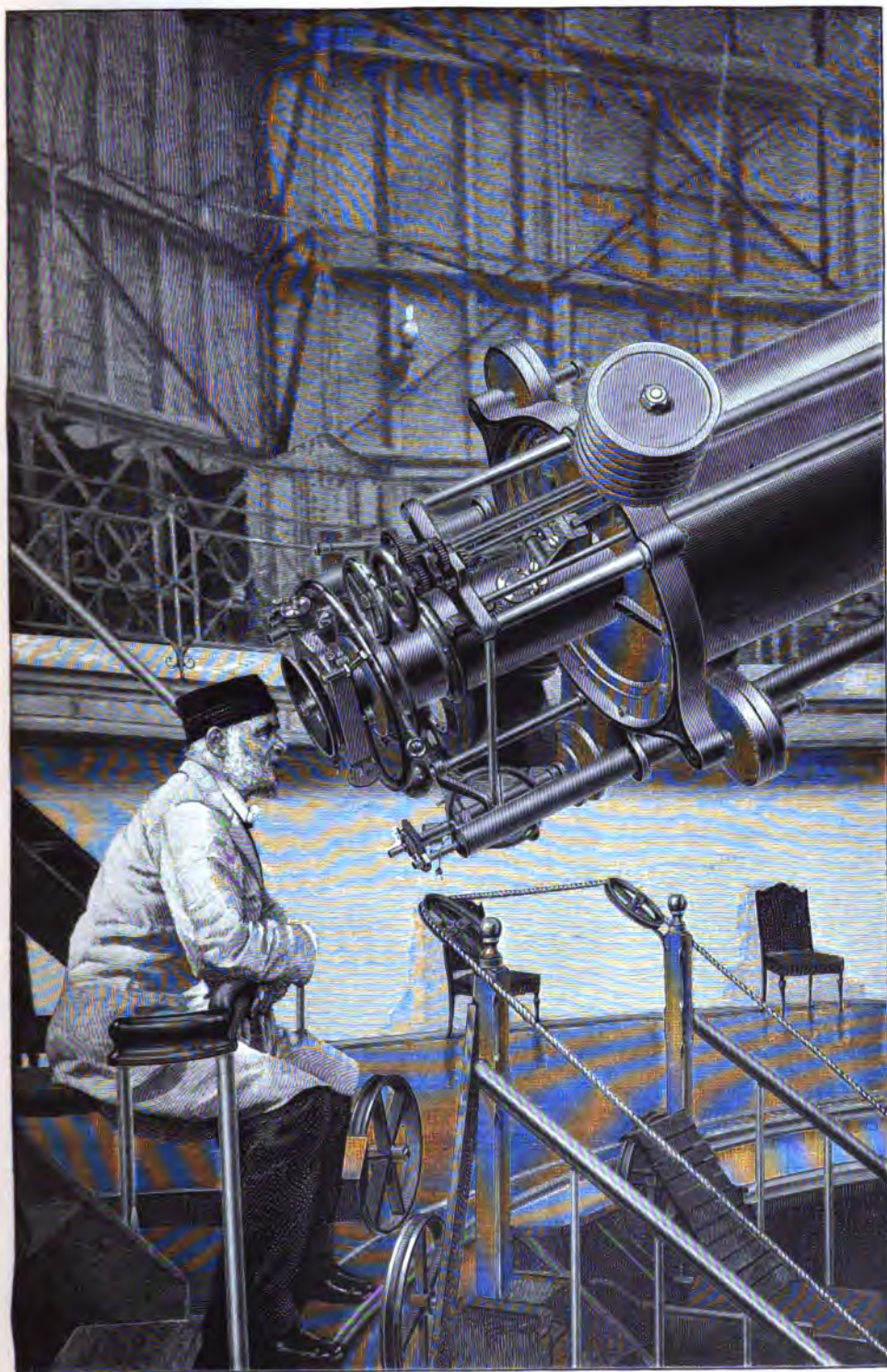
many important and interesting papers; I met many persons whom I had long desired to know, and renewed old acquaintances; there were receptions, excursions, and garden-parties, and dinner-companies; there was the Mayor's banquet, and the annual gathering of the Red Lions and their "cubs." Then there was the "Jubilee" Exhibition, with its wonderful collection of pictures by the English artists of the Victorian reign.

One great privilege remained to be enjoyed. The Earl of Rosse, who had been in Princeton and whom I met in company several times during the week, kindly invited Professor Rowland and myself to go with him to Birr Castle and spend a day or two there, before our return to America. It would take too long to explain how my friend Professor R., by the stupidity of a railway servant at Liverpool, lost his baggage at Holyhead, and was obliged to give up the trip; but I was more fortunate, and after a railway ride from Dublin to Parsonstown, made interesting by Lord Rosse's conversation, we arrived at the castle on Friday noon. The afternoon was spent in roaming about the grounds and castle, and examining the instruments and the workshop. The castle itself is extremely interesting.

It is a fine old building, or pile of buildings rather—in parts *very* ancient, for Birr Castle was already old and famous when Henry II. gave it to Philip de Worcester, more than 700 years ago. About 1610 James I., in settling the affairs of Ireland, bestowed it upon Sir Lawrence Parsons, from whom it has descended to its present owners, though not always peacefully; for during the period of the civil wars, between 1640 and 1690, it was several times besieged and captured. More recently, within the present century, but I do not know the date, it was partly burned, and of course, while in the main the ancient aspect has been preserved, the interior has been much modernized.

The lawn in front of the castle is fortified by light earthworks, and there was a sixpounder field-piece in the hall behind the front door; reminiscences, I believe, of the troublous times a century ago. The grounds and gardens are ex-





Dr. Otto von Struve at the Eye-piece of the Great Telescope, Pulkowa Observatory.





Birr Castle, Ireland—The Home of Lord Rosse.

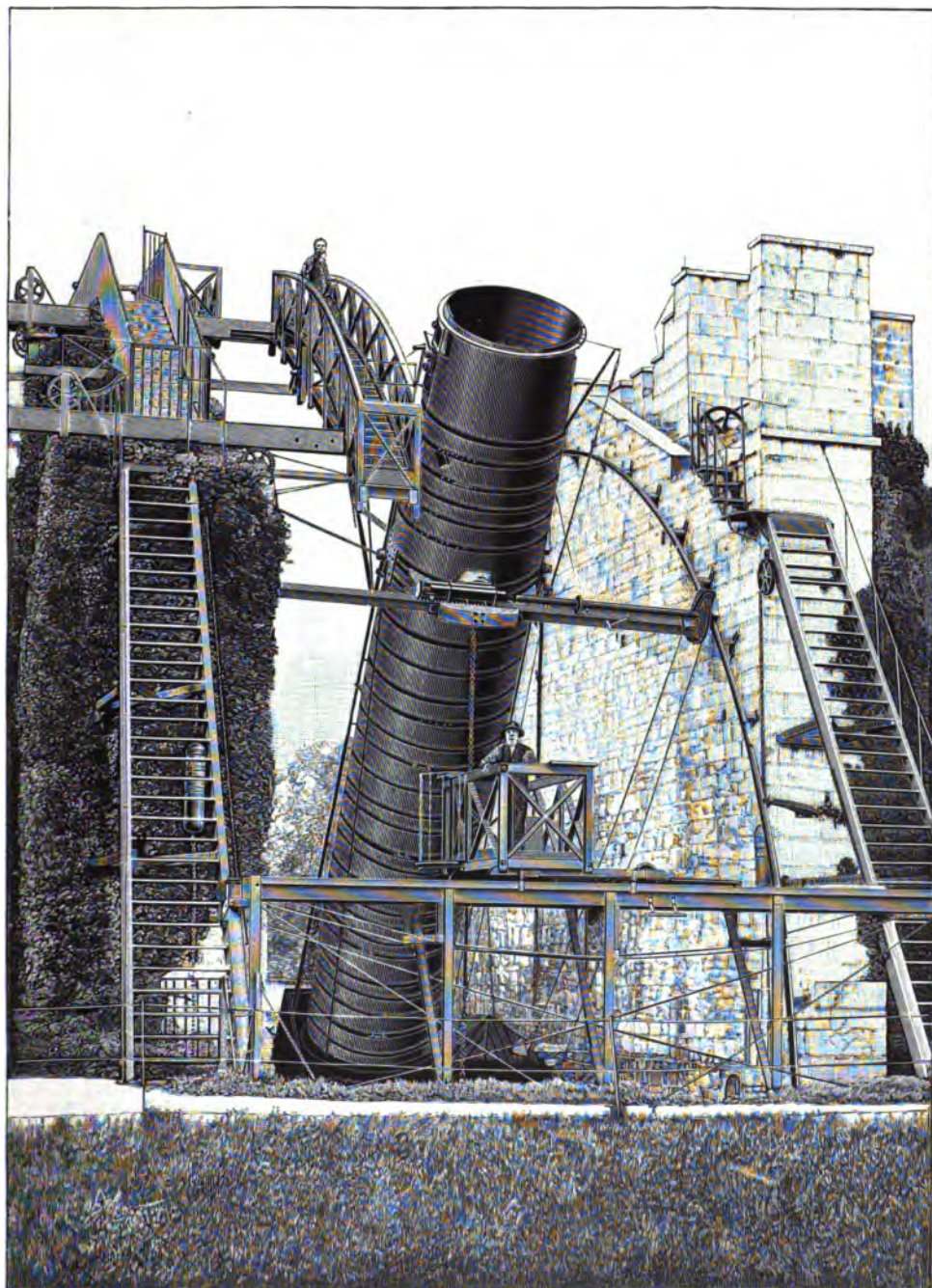
tensive and beautiful, with fine old trees, and two little rivers which come dancing down from the hills, and at the meeting of the waters join in a wider and more placid stream which glides on to the Shannon a few miles below.

To an astronomer, of course the chief interest of the place lies in the colossal telescopes, which were constructed by the father of the present earl nearly fifty years ago, and in his hands and those of his son, have contributed so much to our knowledge of the nebulae, and to some branches of astronomical physics. There are three of them, all reflectors: one 18 inches in diameter which is mounted in a dome of its own, one 3 feet in diameter, and the "Leviathan," of six feet aperture and nearly sixty feet in length, incomparably the most immense of all astronomical instruments, though probably in real power such great refractors as the Pulkowa telescope and that of the Lick Observatory would overmatch it. The smaller instruments have been pretty much reconstructed during recent years, and the three-foot telescope especially, as regards everything except the speculum, is far more the work of the present owner than of his father. Its equatorial

mounting is of a pattern quite unique, and the arrangement by which the observer is enabled to reach the eyepiece is extremely ingenious. He stands in a sort of cage or basket which hangs from the arm of a crane that swings him around into the necessary position.

The mounting of the great telescope has also received some really important improvements of late, but they are not very conspicuous, and in the main its general appearance is the same as when first erected in 1842. In all these instruments the great concave mirror (which answers to the object-glass of a refractor) is made, not of silvered glass, as is now common, but of metal, and the speculum of the great instrument weighs nearly four tons.

At dinner time the sky was cloudy and threatening, but soon after dark it cleared away, and I had the great good fortune to be able to realize a dream of my boyhood by actually "looking through Lord Rosse's telescope." We examined with the 6-foot reflector a few stars and a number of nebulae, and although the mirror was not quite in its best condition (not having been repolished for several years), I was agreeably



Lord Rosse's Great Reflecting Telescope—Six Feet Aperture, Sixty Feet in Length.

(From a recent photograph.)

U of T

surprised with its performance. The star-images of course were less perfect than those given by the large refractors

machinery by which these great specula are figured. But it was now Saturday noon, and in order to catch the Aurania



Lord Rosse's Three-foot Reflector, with Hanging Basket for the Observer.

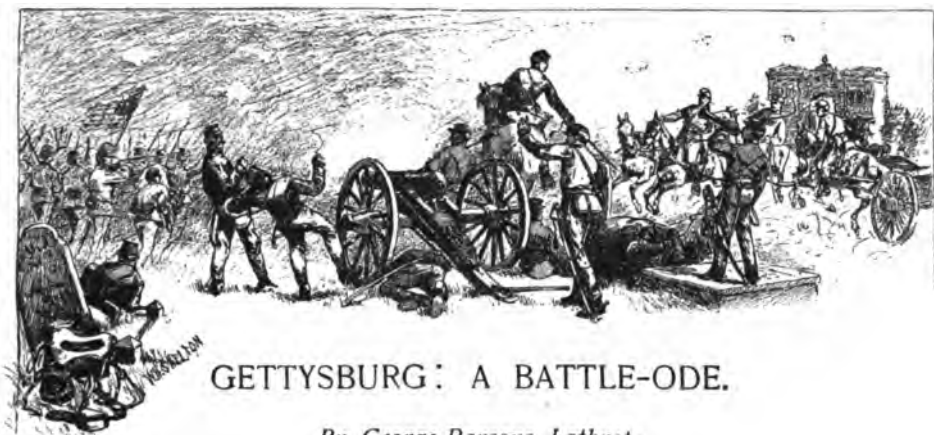
I had seen ; but the nebulae were simply magnificent. With the three-foot instrument also we looked at a number of double-stars, no planet happening to be available.

The speculum of this instrument, like that of the larger one, was considerably tarnished, and was to be taken out and exchanged for the substitute mirror provided for the purpose ; accordingly the next morning the spare mirror was put upon the polisher, and I had the pleasure of seeing the actual operation of the

at Queenstown it was necessary to cut short this most delightful visit. A five-hours' railway journey, a night's rest in Cork, and a morning's ride along the lovely shore of Queenstown Harbor, took me to the steamer ; and a quiet seven days' voyage brought me home.

So far as the main purpose of our trip was concerned, it was an utter disappointment ; but the trip itself and its experiences—their memory, and the new friendships—these are “a possession forever.”





## GETTYSBURG: A BATTLE-ODE.

*By George Parsons Latbrop.*

[Passages from the poem to be read before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Gettysburg, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle, July 3, 1888.]

### L

(THE THIRD DAY.)

ONCE more the sun deploys its rays.  
 Third in the trilogy of battle-days,  
     The awful Friday comes:  
         A day of dread,  
 That should have moved with slow, averted head  
         And muffled feet,  
     Knowing what streams of pure blood shed,  
 What broken hearts and wounded lives must meet  
         Its pitiless tread.  
     At dawn, like monster mastiffs baying,  
 Federal cannon with a din affraying  
     Hailed the old Stonewall brigade,  
 That eagerly and undismayed  
 Charged, and slowly was repelled  
 After four hours' bitter fighting,  
 Forth and back, with bayonets biting;  
 Where, in years to come, the wood—  
 Flayed and pierced by bullets—stood,  
 Its trees all wasted, withered, gray  
 Like marshalled skeletons, to mark  
 The place of combat, night and day,  
 With presence grimly still and stark.  
 Then there's a lull: the troops are spelled:  
     No sound of guns or drums  
         Disturbs the air:  
 Only the insect-chorus faintly hums,  
     Chirping around the dull yet sleepless dead,  
     Scattered or fallen in heaps and wild outspread;  
 Forgotten fragments left in hurried flight;  
 Forms that, a few hours since, were human creatures,  
     Now blasted of their features,  
     Or stamped with blank despair;

Or with dumb faces smiling as for gladness,  
 But stricken with utter blight  
 Of motionless, inert, and hopeless sadness.  
 Fear you the naked horrors of a war?  
 Then cherish peace, and take up arms no more;  
     For if you fight you must  
     Behold your brothers' dust  
     Dishonored and ground down  
     And mixed with blood and powder,  
 To write the annals of renown  
     That make a nation prouder!

## II.

All is quiet till one o'clock:  
 Then the hundred and fifty guns,  
 Metal loaded with metal in tons,  
 Massed by Lee, send out their shock:  
     And, with a movement magnificent,  
     Pickett, the golden-haired leader,  
 Thousands and thousands flings onward, as if he sent  
     Merely a meek interceder.  
 Steadily sure his division advances,  
 Gay as the light on its weapons that dances.  
     Agonized screams of the shell  
     The doom that it carries foretell:  
 Rifle-balls whistle like sea-birds singing;  
 And limbs are shred and souls set winging;  
 But Pickett's soldiers never waver.  
 Show me in all the world anything braver  
     Than the bold sweep of his fearless battalions  
 Three half-miles over ground unsheltered,  
 Up to the cannon, where regiments weltered  
 Prone in the batteries' blast that raked  
 Swaths of men and, flamed-tongued, drank  
 Their blood with fiery thirst unslaked!  
     Armistead, Kemper and Pettigrew  
 Rush on the Union men, rank against rank;  
 Planting their battle-flags high on the crest.  
 Pause not the warriors, nor dream they of rest,  
 Till they fall with enemies' guns at the breast,  
 And the shriek in their ears of the wounded artillery stallions!  
     So Pickett charged, a man indued  
 With knightly power to lead a multitude  
 And bring to fame the scarred, surviving few.  
     The Ridge was wreathed with angry fire,  
     As flames rise round a martyr's stake:  
 Brave men were offered on that pyre,  
     Who perished for our dear land's sake.  
 Far up in heaven the gray clouds flew,  
 And mingled with the deathless blue;  
 While here, below, the blue and gray  
 Melted minglingly away,  
 Mirroring heaven, to make another day.  
 And we who are Americans, we pray  
     The splendor of strength that Gettysburg knew  
 May light the long generations with glorious ray,  
     And keep us undyingly true!



## III.

(REQUIEM.)

Dear are the dead we weep for ;  
 Dear are the strong hearts broken,  
 Whose memory still we keep for  
 Our help and hope, a token  
 Of sacred thought too deep for  
 The words that leave it unspoken.  
 All that we know of fairest  
 All that we feel of meetest,  
 Here we bring for the rarest  
 Doers, whose souls rose fleetest  
 And in their homes of air rest,  
 Ranked with the truest and sweetest.  
 Days with fiery-hearted, bold advances ;  
 Nights in dim and shadowy, swift retreat ;  
 Rains that rush with bright, embattled lances  
 Thunder, booming round your stirless feet ;  
 Winds that set the orchard with sweet fancies  
 All abloom, or ripple the ripening wheat ;  
 Moonlight, starlight, on your mute graves falling ;  
 Dew, distilled as tears unbidden flow ;  
 Dust of drouth in drifts and layers crawling ;  
 Lulling dreams of softly whispering snow ;  
 Happy birds from leafy coverts calling ;—  
 These go on, yet none of these you know ;  
 Hearing not our human voices  
 Speaking to you all in vain,  
 Nor the psalm of a land that rejoices,  
 Ringing from churches and cities and foundries its mighty refrain !  
 But the sun and the birds, and the frost, and the breezes that blow  
 When tempests are striving and lightnings of heaven are spent,  
 With one consent  
 Make unto them  
 Who died for us eternal requiem !

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV.

Two hostile bullets in mid-air  
 Together shocked,  
 And swift were locked  
 Forever in a firm embrace.  
 Then let us men have so much grace,  
 To take the bullets' place  
 And learn that we are held  
 By laws that weld  
 Our hearts together !  
 As once we battled hand to hand,  
 So hand in hand to-day we stand,  
 Sworn to each other,  
 Brother and brother,  
 In storm and mist, or calm translucent weather :  
 And Gettysburg's guns, with death-dealing roar  
 Echoed from ocean to ocean, shall pour  
 Quickening life to the nation's core ;  
 Filling our minds again  
 With the spirit of those who wrought in the Field of the Flower of Men !

## FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

### CHAPTER XXI.

A HOUSE BUILT WITH HANDS.



**C**HARLIE TOWNLEY'S ways were not like the ways of other young stock-brokers. He worked at the most unusual times, and usually made ostentation of idleness. Many others much delighted him by thinking him a fool, chiefly because he wore a single eye-glass; and had a drawl, up-town. He had begun the summer—in the latter part of May, after Arthur had gone to Mrs. Gower's—by showing a considerable amount of attention to no greater a person than Miss Mamie Livingstone; thereby delighting her (as yet rudimentary) soul. The rest of his mind seemed given, as usual, to his person, his other equipages, and the various fashionable meetings of the season. His homage to Miss Mamie had been of the ostentatious variety, rendered at races and at horse-shows. He had even invited her to drive out to the Hill-and-Dale Club with him in his dog-cart; and it had only been as a favor reluctantly accorded to Gracie that she had not gone. Mamie was convinced that such an expedition would make her the most talked of debutante of the coming season; and she knew that in society (as perhaps in other things to-day) the main element of success is advertisement. When an article has once attracted notice, a clever person can make that notice favorable or the reverse almost at will.

But Gracie was gaining a very powerful influence over Mamie—almost as powerful as all the world outside. Her parents possessed none; they were not only of a previous generation, but *ex officio* prejudiced advisers; the girl of the period holds their evidence almost as cheaply as the business man holds his

minister's upon theological subjects. Herein also was she a girl of our age, when men go to Ingersoll and Tyndall for their theories of the unknown God, and their wives to faith-cures and esoteric Buddhism for the practice of Christianity, and leave the outworn Scriptures. Still, a nature like Gracie's had its effect, even upon a girl like Mamie. She was too quick not to be conscious of this, and sought to make it up by chaffing and patronizing her elder cousin.

When Gracie persuaded Mamie to go with her to Great Barrington, Charlie was left entirely to his own devices. Some reader may say, his vices; but Charlie was not more vicious than another. He was almost alone—always excepting Mr. Phineas Tamms—in the office that summer. He showed, nevertheless, no desire to get away, but manifested a very strict attention to business. If Arthur had but known it, he had only been asked in Charlie's place upon the coaching party; but Charlie was one who never made himself the cause of another's knowing a disagreeable fact. He had his room permanently taken at Manhattan Beach; and he divided his leisure between this and divers clubs, urban and suburban. Occasionally he passed a Sunday on the yacht of an acquaintance.

Old Mr. Townley still dropped into the office two or three times a week; he still fancied their reputation unchanged, and the business the same as in the old concern of Charles Townley & Son, before they had helped young Tamms out of difficulties and given him a clerkship in the firm; and he bobbed his gray head sagely over Tamms's exposition of his plans. Business was quiet enough. But after the old gentleman had fairly gone to Newport for the summer, things seemed to take a little start. Tamms's family were away, his wife and two showy daughters travelling in Europe by themselves, and spending a great deal of money. Tamms himself

lived at a small hotel down at Long Branch, where he had his private wire, and where he would occasionally rest a day in rustic seclusion, having his mail and stock-reports brought down to him to read. For Tamms never read books: like Mrs. Gower, he preferred the realities.

One day early in August Charlie was invited to go down and spend the night with his master, "the Governor," as Charlie termed him. He marvelled much at this, and went with much curiosity, never having witnessed any of Mr. Tamms's domestic arrangements. He knew that Tamms's womankind were travelling abroad; for he had had frequent occasion to cash their drafts. He had often speculated at their lack of social ambition on this side the ocean, and had come to the conclusion that it was either because they thought it easier "over there," or because Tamms deemed the time had not come for that as yet. But if not, why not?

Charlie took a little leather satchel with him, filled with railway reports, letters, telegrams, prospectuses, and other business documents. His dressing-case went by express. The boat was crammed with excursionists, clerks and their female friends, common people, as Charlie would have called them, evidently going down and back for the sail. Charlie secured a stool upon the upper deck, lit a cigar, and buried his thoughts in the stock-report of the afternoon paper; while the steamer made its way down the teeming harbor, by the base of the statue of Liberty, then being erected, past a Russian man-of-war, and through the green-shored Narrows.

To a patriot turned pessimist, there is something typical in the Jersey shore, the first American coast one sees in coming from the other world. Think of the last coast you leave—Cornwall, for instance—with its bold rocks, its glorious cliffs, its lofty castles that have been strongholds, at least, of courage and of faith; fit selva for a land which sometime felt the nobility and the sacrifice of life. And then look at the long, low, monotonous strip of sand, the ragged, mean bank of crumbling clay, where the continent merely seems, as it were, sawed off, and ends with as little majesty as

some new railway embankment. On the little bluff a gaudy row of cheap, undurable houses and hotels; even the sea seems but an anticlimax, a necessary but uninspiring end of things, devoid of dignity if not of danger. But the Jersey shore is not the coast of all the continent, nor is the city of New York America.

Charlie was not troubled by these things; they seemed as natural to him as the pink strip that marks the boundary of an atlas map. New York was an excellent place to make money in; and these things go well with materialism. The boat made its landing, and Charlie walked up the long pier through the crowd—a crowd of summer boarders, seeking rest, and who, finding overmuch repose, had come down to see the evening steamer land, for the sake of excitement. The great rollers foamed in beneath the pier, lashing the piles indignantly; and the sea on either side was speckled with bathers—children, men, and women, the last looking their unloveliest in bathing-gowns.

The avenue at the pier-head was crammed with carriages—ladies, bored with the long day, who had come there for the last faint simulacrum of pleasure that the being seen in their own equipages still afforded them; other ladies waiting for their tired husbands from the city. In a handsome victoria with two long-tailed horses Charlie made out his host; and throwing up his overcoat and satchel, took his seat beside him.

"Hot in town?" said Tamms, laconically.

"Beastly," answered Charlie.

"We might as well take a drive, I suppose; there's nothing else to do before dinner."

Charlie silently assented; and they took their way along the red-clay road; on the left the wooden walk and railing above the gullied bank that met the sea, on the right a long succession of eating-houses and candy stores; then huge barracks of hotels, then fantastic wooden villas, which wildest fantasies of paint and stained shingles had sought to torture into architecture. Not a tree was to be seen; and the vast assemblage of human habitations in the sandy plain resembled more a village of prairie dogs

than anything else a traveller's mind could have suggested.

"Land is immensely valuable here," said Tamms. "That's Deacon Thompson's place; he paid thirty thousand for it two years ago, and he says he's been offered fifty since." Charlie looked at the red-and-green structure, with its little paddock of lawn, and felt that it would not satisfy him; and yet he possessed not even thirty thousand dollars. "Pretty place," said Tamms.

Charlie assented. "Now what does a man like that want money for?" he argued to himself. But Tamms, having paid this tribute to the æsthetic side of life, proceeded to open his telegrams, and cast a hasty eye on the stock reports in Charlie's paper; then they both conversed of stocks and bonds. And after driving some three miles above the water (which made continual murmur at their feet) they drove back the way they came. At Elberon, Tamms pointed out the cottage where Garfield died.

"I see the Starbuck Oil has declared its usual dividend," said Charlie, watching his chief closely. "The boys say it wasn't earned."

"I don't suppose the directors would have paid it if they hadn't earned it," said Tamms, sharply. Now Tamms, since they had purchased the control, was one of the directors.

"I suppose not," said Charlie. "I was merely saying what the boys say."

"Humph!" was all the reply his host vouchsafed to this; and by this time they were driving into the carefully pebbled avenue of "The Mistletoe," which was Mr. Tamms's abode. It was a small hotel, partly surrounded by glass galleries, in one of which three young men were sitting at a lunch-table, over claret and seltzer and liqueurs, though it was after six o'clock. The house was most ornately furnished; a little yellow-haired girl of twelve, dressed in pale lilac silk, with a short skirt, and mauve silk stockings on her long little legs, was standing at the counter talking to the clerk. All the servants were in livery, and Charlie made a mental note that the place was unexpectedly "swell."

"You want to go up to your room before dinner, I suppose," said Tamms, as if making a concession to Charlie's

juvenile weaknesses. Charlie found his room a small apartment, with a rather expensive carpet and a most overpowering wall-paper; and it had the unusual luxury of a dressing-room attached. The sea was quite out of sight; but his room looked out upon the dusty street, and a printed placard on the wall informed him that its cost was twelve dollars a day. There was neither view, nor hills, nor country, nor even trees (save a line of petted young oaks that gave the place its name), in sight; but in every direction the eye was met by scores upon scores of wooden houses; and on the clipped grass that struggled with the red-clay plain the sun's rays still beat mercilessly.

They dined sumptuously; and had champagne, which was, with Tamms, the only alternative for water. A score or so of richly dressed ladies, with their husbands, were at the tables, including the little girl in lilac silk, who drank champagne also. The mother of the little girl—a magnificent woman, with black hair, carefully dressed, like a salad—sat opposite them; and her husband leaned his elbow on the table and his beard upon the palm of his hand, and talked to Tamms, between the courses. Charlie was introduced as "a young man in my office," and was treated by the lady with undissembled scorn; indeed, she condescended even to Tamms. And Charlie felt all the delight of some explorer landed among savages, who prefer colored beads to diamonds. "Positively," thought Charlie, "she does not even know that I am Charlie Townley!" Mrs. Haberman certainly did not, and would have refused him her daughter's hand in marriage, that evening, had he asked for it. And again it occurred to Charlie that wealth was the one universal good, after all.

Tamms certainly thought so; and when they got out on the piazza, began to talk about it. "Mr. Townley," said he, "I think I have observed that while you are not over attentive to the business, you can keep a secret."

"You are very kind, sir," said Charlie.

"The fact is, the Starbuck Oil Company has proved a very bad investment indeed for the Allegheny Central Railroad Company."

"Dear me!" said Charlie, sympathetically, but as if inviting further confidence. Tamms looked at him for a moment, and then went on:

"The oil works showed the usual profit, but upon closing the accounts of the first year of the new terminal enterprise, we find that the property has failed to pay even its running expenses. In fact the company will probably default on the next coupon of the Terminal bonds.—How many of them have we left?"

Charlie was silent a moment, as if to count.

"Only a little over a hundred thousand," said Charlie, "not counting those we are carrying for our customers."

"You will of course have to look after their margins," said Tamms, absent-mindedly. "Sell at once if they do not respond."

("The old Shylock!") thought Charlie. "Certainly, sir," he said. "Shall I sell the hundred thousand we have left of our own?"

Tamms looked at our young friend sternly. "And profit by our official knowledge of the coming default? Certainly not, sir. We will bear our loss with the rest." And Tamms drew himself up and placed his right hand in the breast of his black frock-coat, much as if he were addressing posterity—or a newspaper reporter, as Charlie reflected. This sudden high moral attitude was admirable, if inexplicable.

"But," said Charlie, "the bonds being guaranteed by the Allegheny Central Railroad—"

"Guaranteed by the Allegheny Central?" interrupted Tamms, in astonishment, his whity-blue eyes opened to their fullest extent.

"That was certainly my impression, sir," faltered Charlie. For he remembered that he himself had composed a newspaper item to that effect.

"Here is the original circular under which the bonds were issued," said Tamms, with dignity; and Charlie cast his eye over it timorously. There was certainly nothing in it about a guaranty, though Charlie had a distinct impression that when the bonds were "listed" on the Stock Exchange this had been the general understanding.

"You must be thinking of some mere newspaper rumor," added Tamms.

"Very possibly, sir," Charlie replied, meekly; and just then an elaborately dressed woman of rather flamboyant appearance passed through the glass-covered piazza in which they were sitting, and Mr. Tamms scrambled hastily upon his feet and bowed. Charlie followed suit, though surprised at this unusual demonstration of his impassive principal; and as he looked at him, he fancied that he saw the faintest trace of some embarrassment.

"She is not a guest of the hotel," said Tamms. "Her name is Beaumont, I believe; she owns an adjoining cottage."

"Dear me!" said Charlie. "That is very bad for people who own the stock."

"Own what stock?" said Tamms.

"The Starbuck Oil," said Charlie, in a tone as if adding "of course."

"Oh, ah, yes," said Tamms. "It is most unfortunate. Still, they should have exchanged it for Allegheny Central when we gave them the chance."

Charlie suddenly remembered that all the stock had not been exchanged.

"I suppose our people hold a majority, of course," said Charlie. And again he looked at Tamms.

But to this Mr. Tamms vouchsafed no answer; he apparently did not hear it, for he was already rising and putting on his gloves. "Shall we take a stroll?"

"I should like nothing better," said Charlie, heartily; and Tamms having sent for two cigars (for which, as Charlie noted, he paid fifty cents apiece), they took their way across the close-cropped lawn.

"That, I am told," said Mr. Tamms, pointing to a gayly lighted pagoda opposite, "which they call the Maryland Club, is in reality nothing better than a gambling house."

"Dear me!" said Charlie.

"It is an outrage upon our civilization that such social plague-spots are openly tolerated;" a sentiment from which Charlie could not withhold his assent, though he was glad the darkness prevented Mr. Tamms from seeing the smile which accompanied it. Nothing more was said between them for some time; Mr. Tamms was evidently wrapped in thoughts of business, and Charlie, for



his part, was considering where and how, in what previous state of her existence, he had known Mrs. Beaumont before.

So musing, they came to the plank-walk above the sea; it was almost deserted of promenaders, and below it, from the darkness of the night, came in the long ocean rollers, shining whitely on the shallow beach, as if gifted with some radiance of their own. They leaned some time over a railing by a bath-pavilion, and watched the breakers in silence; some women were in the sea—it was the servants from the hotel, bathing in the only hour that was allowed to them. And from the great hotel behind them came some vulgar music from a band.

"They are having a ball at the Beau-Monde to-night, I believe," said Tamms, at last. "Would you like to look in?"

Charlie professed his willingness; and they walked across the dusty street to the huge caravanserai, its hundred windows flaming with light. They found the veranda crowded with perhaps a thousand people, sitting in groups, the ladies in white or low-necked dresses, their diamond ear-rings flashing thick as fire-flies above a summer swamp. Among them were numerous Jews and Jewesses; the latter, at least, a splendid, full-blooded, earth-compelling race, though their males more wizened. In the great ball-room some score or more of children were dancing to a waltz, but no grown people as yet. These were as elegantly attired as their parents, only that they did not wear low-necked gowns, but in lieu of this had short skirts and gay silk stockings reaching well above the knee. Among them was the twelve-year-old miss in lilac from the Mistletoe; and many of these had already diamond solitaires and more than the airs and graces of a woman of the world. Their cheeks were flushed, and their long hair tossing about them; some few were romping frankly, but most were too dignified for this; and as their silk sashes fluttered and their silk stockings twinkled in the dance, they were undeniably a pretty sight, and might have been a pleasant one, to their mothers. But I think a country hay-mow had been better for them.

But these same mothers were sitting on the piazza outside, not yet too old to flirt, and taking more pleasure in showing off

their dresses than perhaps their children did, as yet. And those who were too ill-favored by Heaven for this could at least talk about spending money, and about each other. Tamms soon found a congenial group, a group consisting of Mrs. Beaumont and himself; and Charlie was left to his own devices. He drifted into the bar-room and took a drink, by way of killing time; and hereabout he found the husbands mostly congregated. And, as their wives had been talking of spending money, they were talking about making it; and Charlie listened some time and then went home alone.

When he got to the Mistletoe, he called for a telegraph blank and wrote a telegram to Mrs. Levison Gower. It ran as follows:

"I think you had better sell your Starbuck Oil. Who is attending to your affairs in town?  
C. T."

Surely, with all his faults, our friend thus proved himself a knight faithful and loyal, *à la mode*. But having written it, Charlie remembered that he did not know where to send it; for Mrs. Gower was off in a chariot which bore no freight of worldly care. Was she not mistress of Aladdin's lamp? She had but to rub a finger, and all things were heaped at her feet. Aye; but the slaves of the lamp, who were they? Suppose they were not faithful; suppose they proved unruly and rose up in revolt? Did not even an Aladdin's slave turn out to be one of the Genii?

Townley liked Mrs. Gower, and did not wish her to be humbled. Socially, she helped him still. Should he say Lenox? He thought a moment; and the upshot of his deliberations was a resolve to do nothing for a day at least. Whereupon he went to bed, and, let us hope, to pleasant dreams.

For he could not quite account for Tamms's virtuous refusal to sell their own bonds before the coming default.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE SLAVES OF THE LAMP.

"You had better not go back to-day," said Mr. Tamms to Charlie when he came down in the morning. "They can

get along without you at the office ; besides, I should like you to drive with me to Ocean Grove." Charlie was always ready enough to get along without the office, even if the converse of that proposition had not been unusual enough upon the lips of Mr. Tamms to excite his curiosity. So the long-tailed fast horses were brought out in the trotting-buggy, and, well provided with cigars and morning papers, the two set forth upon their journey. It was a piping hot day ; the glaring surface of the sea lay still beside them, and the straight, unshaded, red-clay road seemed to be rapidly baking into brick. Mrs. Haberman came to see them off, robed still in a sort of gorgeous bedchamber arrangement of pale silk and laces, the inevitable large diamonds still in her ears. For some miles their way was the same they had taken the day before, along the rows of shadeless villas, each "cottage" more ornate and ramifying than the last ; then they came to a long rise of the sweltering fields, past a thin grove of pines, a few cheaper boarding-houses, and a swamp with an artificial pond. Beyond this the hotels began again ; and they crossed a long lagoon that looked like some breeding-place for fevers and lay between two great wooden cities ; these were Asbury Park and Ocean Grove ; and in front of them was still the sea.

Many of the cottages were here the merest little wooden boxes, some of them put together still more informally, of canvas and of poles, so that one looked through the whole domestic range, from the front part, which was a parlor, through the open family bedroom to the kitchen behind. These were the abodes of those who (not like the dwellers at Long Branch) came here in search of religious experiences ; but Charlie saw, save a Bible text or two in chromo, no visible evidence of the higher life. Paterfamilias was usually lolling, unbuttoned as to waistcoat, in the front part of the establishment ; materfamilias, in an indescribable white gown that seemed but a shapeless covering for divers toilet sins, was busied with housewifely duties ; and the *filia pulchrior* was commonly set forth in a hammock upon the little piazza, lost in

some novel of "The Duchess" or of "Bertha Clay," but not too lost in those entrancing pages to cast some very collected glances at Charlie and his patron's handsome equipage.

There were fewer "saloons" than at Long Branch ; but even more confectioners' shops and summer circulating libraries ; and plenty of hotels. Before the largest of these, Mr. Tamms drew up his steaming horses, and asked of the sable yet proud young porter if Mr. Remington were in. "Deacon Remington is down at the beach, sah," was the reply ; and Mr. Tamms gave orders for his horses to be rubbed and cared for, while they sought the Deacon (who seemed a person of much prominence at Ocean Grove) on foot.

Plank-walks led in all directions through the streets, which otherwise would have been heavy walking, in the heaped-up sand ; for there was no turf nor other vegetation, except where an artificial *platebande* of red leaves and greenhouse plants was fostered at the street corners. They took the walk which led seaward, passing one or two huge wooden tabernacles where sermons, meetings, or other Methodist functions were performed every day, as frequent wooden placards informed them. But they were empty now ; and Charlie could see the theatre of rows of rising seats, much like the band-pavilion at a beach less sacred than was this. They crossed the end of the fresh-water lagoon, passed a flotilla of pleasure boats, and ascended to the sandy shore ; here, from the crest of the beach, the walk led upward still, supported on piles, to the great ocean pier, a sort of sublimated piazza, double or triple decked, roofed, and extending far along the beach before them, with a pier projecting far out over the sea. Here was the population of the place assembled, knitting, reading, or doing nothing to the music of a brass band which, stationed at the outer end of the pavilion, was performing revival hymns. It seemed to Charlie that there must be some thousands of people on this pier alone ; and he saw that there was another deck below, and still below that the beach was strewn, like drift-wood, with humanity. The task of finding

Deacon Remington seemed hopeless, and Charlie made bold to ask why they should look further.

"The Deacon is the leader of our church," said Tamms, "and a very shrewd man. He is one of the largest stockholders in Starbuck Oil."

Charlie said nothing more; and in a moment a gaunt man rose up from a little table they were passing by and addressed Tamms eagerly. His upper lip was shaven, but otherwise his beard was unkempt; his sallow face had a worn and weary look which even the perfunctory smile that continually gleamed across it, like sheet-lightning, did not permanently relieve. "How's the madam?" said Tamms.

"My wife is here," said the Deacon; and he jerked his head in the direction of a fat and comely personage, clothed in continual gray, who was placidly knitting at the table beside them. It seemed a pity to rout her up to bow; but it had to be done, for Charlie was introduced, and she rose portentously:

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Townley," said she, when Tamms had mentioned him. "Father, where are the girls?"

"You'll find my da'ters down on the beach, I guess," said the Deacon, thus prompted.

"I came to tell you a little about that Starbuck stock, you know," began Tamms; but the Deacon sprang up hastily again, as if this were no place for tidings of moment. "Let's walk along the beach, and find my da'ters," said he, "and then you can both come up to the house to dinner," and he led the way back to the pier-head, and then down the stairs to the lower story, where the bathing-houses were. Here the floor was less occupied; possibly because the continual passing and re-passing of persons in bathing-dresses and bare feet made it uncomfortably damp and sandy. Charlie looked over the rail, and saw the beach beneath, where it was shaded by the pavilion, crowded with men and women in every conceivable variety of attitude. Many couples had scooped out hollows for themselves, where they wallowed with the sands heaped about them; others lay back to back, a huge umbrella stuck

in the sand behind them, the girl usually reading aloud, the young man smoking. Many still wore their bathing-dresses, though the folds of cloth were now quite dry and it was evident that they had worn them through the morning. One pretty girl was lying with her bare feet and ankles drying in the sun and her long hair spread out upon the sand; a young man sat beside her, in a striped sleeveless jersey and tights, smoking a cigarette. Charlie could not but think of cows upon a summer's day, standing knee-deep in the pool, as he saw these varied groups in age and dress and sex all grovelling in the delicious coolness of the wet sea-sand.

"We have got to default upon the Terminal bonds, you know," were the first words Charlie heard spoken.

"No!" said Mr. Remington, open-mouthed. And he stood staring at Tamms, his long arms hanging limply to his broadcloth coat-tails.

"Yes," said Tamms; "I came down to tell you. The thing isn't known yet, you know."

Charlie fancied that a shade of color returned to the Deacon's cheeks at this announcement. "Dear me!" said he. "But I thought——"

"Come back to the hotel, Remington; we can't talk here," said Tamms, who had some difficulty in picking his way among the outstretched arms and limbs and heads of hair, many of whose owners had closed their eyes, and the way being further complicated by the gambols of playing children, and the wetness of others, in wading to their waists.

"Certainly," said the Deacon, half turning about. "And of course you'll have dinner with us. Only I wanted this young man to meet my girls. Why, here comes Sadie now." And indeed a brown-haired damsel of some twenty summers, just emerged from the sea, was running swiftly toward them. "Sadie, this is Mr. Tamms, and Mr.—Mr. Townley," and the trio bowed at a respectful distance, for Miss Remington was still extremely wet. "Sadie'll show you the shortest way back," said Mr. Remington, "and I'll go back and get the mother." Sadie gave a toss to her mane of hair, which scorned any oiled cap, as if to indicate her readiness; and

led the way up the soft banks of sand to the street and its plank-walks.

"It must be very pleasant to be able to bathe so easily," said Charlie, trying hard to walk on the plank-walk beside her and yet keep out of his fair guide's drip.

"Yes, it's ever so much nicer than dressing in the bathing-houses," said Miss Remington. "Did you drive over from the Branch? I'm told it's awfully gay there, this season;" and Charlie admitted that it was. They had now reached the main street of the town, and Charlie could not but admire the genuineness of Miss Remington's constitution, as the hot sun streamed upon her wet face and her salted locks hung heavily behind her. The hotel was now before them, and after indicating the gentlemen's parlor to her guests, she herself disappeared by a side entrance. The great parlor contained nothing of human interest but a leather-bound Bible on a marble centre-table; and Tamms and Charlie Townley soon gravitated to the piazza, where, feet upon rail, and Tamms (who smoked at all times and junctures) with a cigar in his mouth, they awaited the coming of their host. Soon he appeared, with another young lady, more slender and, if possible, wetter than Miss Sadie, walking nervously, Mrs. Remington steaming hopelessly in their wake. "My wife can't stay," said the Deacon, after the first moments of compliment had passed; "she's got to get ready for dinner. And now tell me all about it, Tamms," said he, as he drew a chair up beside them. It was curious to watch the contrast between Remington's evident nervousness and Tamms's entire self-possession; and Charlie watched it.

"Have a cigar?" said Tamms, politely drawing another black one from his pocket.

"You know I never smoke, Tamms. But what's this about the Starbuck Oil?"

"Well, you know about all there is about it," said Tamms, lazily. "It can't pay interest on the Terminal bonds, that's all. They never ought to have paid any dividend, in my opinion." This remark cleverly cut from under his feet the rejoinder Remington had in mind; and he looked at Tamms helplessly.

"This is a pretty state of things," said he, at last. "I thought the Company had consolidated with Allegheny Central."

"The Allegheny Central voted to consolidate with Starbuck Oil, but I don't know that the Starbuck Oil ever consolidated with Allegheny. The Terminal bonds were issued by the Starbuck Oil and properly authorized by the directors; but for the other question, you remember, we never got the control." This was a home-thrust; for, as Charlie now remembered, the Deacon held the balance of power in the stock; and he had always refused to commit himself upon this point. "It looks bad for Starbuck Oil—it does, indeed," added Mr. Tamms, thoughtfully, stroking his smooth chin and eyeing Remington closely. "And I tell you what, Remington: I felt that I had more or less got you into this thing, and I came down to tell you about it while there was yet time. There isn't money enough in the treasury to pay the September coupon; that's certain. But nobody knows it yet."

"Well," said Remington, with an evident effort, "one other thing is certain, and that is that it's nearly dinner-time. Don't you gentlemen want to brush up a bit?"

Tamms answered that it was unnecessary, and Remington left upon that pretext. But Charlie noticed that he took the door that led to the hotel telegraph office. "Remington thought that he was doing a very shrewd thing in keeping that stock," said Tamms, dryly; and he went on smoking, but kept his eyes intently fixed upon an imaginary point in air, about eighteen inches in front of his own nose.

While Charlie was watching him, the young ladies, much transmogrified, came down for dinner. But the dinner was a long and weary meal, made up of many courses; no wine was served, but the hotel made up for this by giving them, at intervals, three glasses of ice-cream.

"You must find it very pleasant here, Mrs. Remington," was Tamms's contribution to the conversation; and "We're not much acquainted yet—I think it's rather too gay," was her reply. The two Miss Remingtons showed an evi-

dent inclination to converse with Charlie, but seemed as if restrained by the presence of their elders; and Charlie was not sorry when the nuts and raisins appeared, and they took their leave. The Deacon had seemed greatly preoccupied; but he walked with them to their buggy and fast horses, and Sadie Remington with Charlie.

"Of course, you know, Tamms," said the Deacon, by way of parting, "I'm much obliged to you for the point."

"Don't mention it, Deacon, don't mention it," said Tamms, heartily, as he climbed in and gathered up the reins.

"I hope, Mr. Townley, now you've found the way, you'll be neighborly and come and see us often," said Sadie Remington. She was really a very pretty girl, thought Charlie; he had done her some injustice in her mermaid garb; and he was able to regret the impossibility of returning to Ocean Grove with some sincerity.

Tamms said very little going home; and Charlie's mind was also active. "The Governor" had certainly made of him his most intimate and confidential clerk; but such was his cleverness that Charlie felt he knew rather less of Mr. Tamms's projects than he did before. Upon one thing, after some reflection, Charlie was decided; and that was to very carefully tear up and throw away the telegram he had written the night before for Mrs. Gower. For Tamms had given too much advice to the Deacon, by half.

The next day Charlie got up betimes, and was driven to the pier by Mr. Tamms. "I need not tell you," said that gentleman, "not to say anything about what I told you, or of our seeing the Deacon yesterday."

"Of course not," said Charlie.

"The Deacon is a very overbearing man in business affairs," added Tamms, absently. "And by the way, Townley, any chance bits of Allegheny Central stock you can pick up—at the board, you may take for us."

"Certainly," said Charlie. "How much?"

"I don't particularly care—ten thousand or so, perhaps—you'll hardly get more than that. But do it quietly."

"The deuce!" thought Charlie to him-

self; but he held his peace; and by ten o'clock he was back at the office and hard at work. Mr. Tamms did not return; and Charlie had orders to tell everyone that he was temporarily out of Wall Street, taking his well-earned vacation at the seaside.

On that day there began to be a sudden activity in Starbuck Oil. At first the price went up a point or two; and then some thousand shares were thrown upon the market, and it fell more than twenty points. Charlie fancied that the selling came from the good Deacon; but who the buyers were, his sharpest investigations failed to show. On the day after, there were rumors of a coming deficit, and the stock went down with a rush, carrying with it the Terminal bonds. The same afternoon there was an item on the "tape" to the effect that the September coupon would probably have to be funded. The next day was a Sunday; but on Monday poor Charlie was flooded with letters, angry and beseeching, and with irate or troubled customers, who were holders of the bonds in question. He had but one course open to him: to those who had paid for the bonds, he regretted that unforeseen expenses had made the Terminal enterprise so unprofitable; and to those who had not paid for their bonds as yet, he added a polite request for further "margin."

Mr. Tamms in person dropped in late that afternoon; and Charlie told him the condition of affairs, though he could have sworn that gentleman was paying no attention to any word he spoke.

"Keep at it," he said, when Charlie had got through. "You can tell them that we, too, have a large block of bonds, besides owning nearly all the stock, and are heavy losers ourselves. No one could foresee it, of course. Mr. Townley still at Lenox, I suppose?"

Charliessaid that he was, and Tamms departed, saying that he would be in again to-morrow. And Charlie went up to the Columbian Club, and read the following item in *The Evening Post*:

"The late depression in Starbuck Oil securities is believed to have been caused by the fact that the property has failed to earn its fixed charges in the past six months. The selling has come largely



from Deacon Remington, through Rawson, Lawson & Co.; and it is regarded as beyond question that the Company will default September 1st upon its mortgage bonds. The banking house of Messrs. Townley & Tamms are said to have lost largely by the failure, as they hold the bulk of the Company's stock."

"By Jove," said Charlie to himself, "I ought to have telegraphed Flossie Gower, after all."

But then he re-read the article and began to reconsider it. Charlie was a young man addicted to much reconsideration. It was a very strange thing that a responsible newspaper should go out of its way to print an item like that—an item which might seriously injure the credit of a prominent banking-house. Why (for Charlie had studied law in his youth), it was almost libellous. Tamms had read the paper before leaving the office, and had not seemed particularly disturbed. "Does he want it to be supposed we lost money?—and certainly," said Charlie to himself, "the Governor is a clever fellow."

The next day was the first of August, and Charlie had arranged to begin his summer vacation by going to Newport that afternoon. He was early at the office, but found Tamms there already, dictating to a couple of stenographers. He was tearing up little pieces of paper, crumpling them up into balls, and throwing them into one corner of the room. Now, this was a way he had when things were going to his liking; but Charlie did not venture to speak to him about the item in *The Evening Post*. Moreover, a copy of that journal lay open on his desk.

"Shall I buy any more Allegheny, sir?" said Charlie.

"How much more have we got?"

"About eight thousand shares, so far—from 91 to five-eighths."

"Buy all you can up to 92 or so," said Tamms, cheerfully. Suddenly, a still full-bodied, though rather senile voice was heard in the main office, asking for Mr. Tamms. Charlie started, and even Tamms sprang to his feet. And Charlie fancied that that gentleman's face turned, if possible, a shade paler than its wont.

"What's this, Tamms?" cried the old

gentleman, already angry, as the door flew open, without heeding Charlie's presence: "What's this about the Star-buck Terminal bonds?" And Charlie could see, through the open door, the clerks in the outer office huddling their shoulders over their ledgers, in evident consciousness of a coming breeze. Mr. Townley's face was crimson with excitement, as he panted in his stiff collar, his white hair making his face seem the redder, and his bald head beady with perspiration. Tamms had always a sort of patient, semi-patronizing tone in talking over business with his senior partner; but this time he tried, and tried in vain, to resume his usual manner.

"I am sorry to say," he began slowly, "that hitherto—the Terminal property—has not proved—a profitable enterprise."

"Stuff—and—nonsense!" interposed Mr. Townley, his sputtering enunciation in strange contrast with Tamms's clear-cut tones. "You yourself told me it promised most excellently."

"So I did sir—last winter. I fear that I was mistaken," said Tamms, humbly.

"Mistaken, eh! Well, sir, and what do you propose to do about it?"

"I see nothing for it—but to fund the next coupon—and attempt a reorganization—"

"I do not mean as a director, sir; with that business you are familiar. But as a banker—as a New York merchant—as a member—damn it, sir, as a member of the house of Charles Townley & Son?" In his anger, the old gentleman had used the former name of the firm; and there was an ugly glitter in Tamms's eye, which he carefully kept from meeting old Mr. Townley's.

"As a member of the firm of Townley & Tamms," said he, "I see nothing to do but to look over our customers' margins and bear our own losses." Charlie made a motion to go.

"Stay there, Mr. Townley," ordered the old gentleman, "and learn once for all the traditions of the house of Charles Townley & Son. So, Mr. Tamms, a year after bringing out these bonds, with the ink hardly dry upon them, before the second coupon is cut, you propose that we who fathered them should stand by

and see our clients and the public, who relied upon our recommendation and our name, deceived in both?"

"I don't see what else we can do, sir. We are not the Starbuck Oil Company." Tamms tried still to patronize; but Charlie marvelled that a man who seemed so large the day before with Deacon Remington should seem so small to-day before an angry old man with white hair who had outlived his business usefulness and sputtered when he spoke.

"I will show you, then. Mr. Townley, will you please take down this letter." Charlie moved his chair to a table and wrote, while Mr. Townley dictated:

"Messrs. Townley & Tamms—regret that unforeseen circumstances—have caused an embarrassment in the affairs of the Starbuck Oil Company—but have decided to guaranty the coupons on the Terminal Trust bonds—until the property has been put upon a paying basis.—From those who prefer—Messrs. Townley & Tamms will take back the bonds sold by them—paying the price originally paid therefor, with accrued interest."

"There, sir," said Mr. Townley to Charlie, "you will have five hundred copies of that circular dated to-day and printed immediately. And Mr. Tamms, you will kindly see that a copy is mailed to every one of our correspondents and clients—or our partnership may end at once."

"Certainly, sir," said Tamms, calmly. "I presume you know what an amount of ready money this action may require?"

"No, sir, I do not," said Mr. Townley.

"It may force us into liquidation," said Mr. Tamms.

"Fiddle-de-dee," said Mr. Townley, as he rose and left the office.

Tamms looked after him long and curiously, as an artist might look after a retreating cow which had just knocked over his easel and trampled on his study of pastoral life. Charlie looked at Tamms. The hour for him to be upon the Stock Exchange had long since passed; but he still sat there, and nothing was said for some time. Finally Tamms took a bit of paper, and began to roll it up into little balls.

"It is very unnecessary for Mr. Townley to take up such a quixotic attitude," said he. "That sort of thing is all very well in Shakespeare." And he threw his little balls of paper, with great accuracy, one into each of the three other corners of the room.

"What shall I do, sir, about the circular?"

"You must have it printed at once, and mailed, as Mr. Townley directed. But Mr. Lauer will attend to that." (Lauer was the bookkeeper.) "This insane action of Townley's will require considerable ready money. You must go to the board at once, and sell some Allegheny Central." Tamms had endeavored to assume his slightly contemptuous air in speaking of his partner; but it seemed to Charlie that there was still a pallor in his sharp face that belied his jauntiness.

"How much shall I sell, sir?"

"All we've got," said Tamms, curtly. Charlie nodded, and jumped up to leave the room. When he got to the street-door a clerk came running after him. "Don't sell yourself—get Lawson, Rawson & Co. to do it," said Tamms, as he turned back. Charlie nodded again, and was off. Now, Lawson, Rawson & Co. were Deacon Remington's brokers; *ergo*, Tamms did not want people to know he was selling; *ergo*, he was selling in good earnest. It looked bad. And he had thought Tamms such a clever fellow!

Charlie was very busy at the stock-board that afternoon. He bought a few hundred shares himself, but this had little avail in staying the price against the thousands with which Lawson, Rawson & Co. deluged the market. Charlie did not trouble himself much then with thinking; he had no positive capital in the firm of Townley & Tamms; but he had a feeling that it was a critical moment for them. He could not help a slight wonder that Tamms had yielded to his senior so easily; but then he reflected that a violent rupture at such a juncture meant to Tamms even more certain financial ruin than the firm incurred by making good the Terminal bonds. Despite Charlie's strategy, and the few hundreds he bought with much vocifera-

tion, the price sagged from 93 to 90 and a fraction; and there was a wild and struggling crowd of panting men about the iron standard that bore the sign of Allegheny Central. Now and then Charlie would elbow his way into the outskirts and make a feeble bid or two; but a good-natured friend volunteered advice that it was no use, and "the best thing he could do was to wait until the Deacon had got his lines well out, and then catch him short," advice which Charlie received with a smile. At all events, the Governor could not say he had not done things well; for even his friend had not suspected that it was he who was selling.

Dick Rawson was standing in the middle, red-faced and breathless, his voice already hoarse, like a stag at bay amid a pack of leaping hounds. Charlie looked at him and for a fraction of a second caught his eye. Then Charlie looked at the wall beneath the gallery. That wall is used for members' signals, and as he watched it, a wooden lid fell back, revealing a white placard with the number 449. Now, this was Charlie's number, and it meant that there was someone for him in the lobby; he went out at once, and the number sprang back out of sight with a click, worked by some clockwork mechanism. In the lobby Charlie found a messenger with a sealed note addressed to him. It was a hastily pencilled scrawl from Rawson, the very man who was standing in the focus of the excited throng, but of course had given no sign of any understanding there.

"I have sold 11,000. Shall I go on?  
R."

Charlie thought a minute; much of their stock, he knew, had been pledged at about 80, and to drive the stock below this point would cause a call for further margin. And, unless Charlie was very much mistaken, the firm of Townley & Tamms had just then no more securities to pledge. He wrote on the back of Rawson's note:

"Sell all you can down to 85.  
C. T."

The boy went back upon the floor of the Exchange. Charlie did not deem it wise to follow him; but in a few minutes a renewed roar from the Allegheny Central crowd told him that his order was being executed.

He went back to the office, where he found Mr. Tamms still sitting in his private room, much as he had left him. A certain unusual idleness, a subtle air of expectation pervaded the clerks in the office, which Charlie did not fail to note. Tamms looked up at him, as he entered, but made no remark.

"We have sold over ten thousand," said Charlie.

"What's the price now?" asked Tamms.

"It broke 90," said Charlie, laconically.

"We shall know exactly in a few minutes," added Tamms, calmly. "See, I have already got a proof of Mr. Townley's proclamation." And Tamms tossed the paper to Charlie, giving the word *Proclamation* an accent that was slightly contemptuous. "You will keep the correspondence clerk to see that they are all duly mailed to-night."

Charlie went out to get his lunch, as he had had no time to eat since breakfast; and when he hurried back at a quarter after three, Rawson was there with his account. They had sold 10,400 shares at from 93 to 85½—an average of nearly 89. "I shall not be in all day to-morrow," said Tamms to Charlie. "You will see to getting in the stock that is out as collateral, and its prompt delivery."

"I had arranged to go on my vacation to-day," said Charlie. "May I go to-morrow night?"

"Certainly—after that is done." And Tamms left the office, to all appearance unshaken by the events of the day. Charlie went to his lodgings and dressed, and then dined at his club alone.

Though he had no money stake in the firm, its success or downfall would mean much to him. With its failure went all his future, all his business prospects. And Charlie went over in his mind, for the twentieth time, the extent to which they had been injured. First, there was over four million dollars of the Termi-

nal bonds which they had sold and Mr. Townley ordered to be made good. At the best, the loss on these could hardly be under a million. Then Charlie knew, though possibly old Mr. Townley did not, that they had a very heavy holding in Starbuck Oil stock. Although Tamms had let out to him at Ocean Grove that they did not actually hold a majority, as people had supposed, they certainly held a large amount, probably as much as Mrs. Gower herself, if the Deacon had held the balance of power. But if the Terminal mortgage was foreclosed, it would possibly wipe out all the stock, and this was all dead loss. And the Allegheny Central stood them in at 85 or so, so they had not cleared a sum worth mentioning on that. And he ought to have telegraphed Mrs. Gower, after all.

For once in his life, Charlie passed a sleepless night; a thing less common to his kind than to John Haviland, for instance; he being also a healthy animal, but with a conscience. In the morning he had his trunk packed and sent to the station; and after finishing up for the day at the office, he got to the Grand Central Depot at four o'clock. But here he took the train, not for Newport, but for Lenox. Now, Mamie Livingstone was still at Great Barrington.

He opened an evening penny paper, and the first Wall Street item that attracted his attentive eye ran as follows:

"It is reported that a certain prominent banking-house, largely identified with Allegheny Central, has been hard hit by the recent developments in Starbuck Oil."

And in another part of the same paper:

"It is now believed that yesterday's selling in Allegheny was not from Deacon Remington, but long stock sold by insiders for reasons of their own."

Charlie was not surprised that their tactics were discovered. He knew that such devices as they had used might serve the purpose for the moment, but could not deceive the hundred keen-eyed men that constitute "the Street" for twenty-four hours together.

He alighted at Lenox in the cool of the evening, and went to the hotel. The country air was grateful to him, and he

slept soundly. The next day he idled at the Lenox Club, waiting for his horse and dog-cart, which had been shipped the day before. In the evening they arrived, and he transferred his headquarters to the inn at Stockbridge. The following afternoon, his cart and harness well cleaned, his horse carefully groomed, and his groom riding behind in full livery, he drove over to Great Barrington and called upon Miss Holyoke—and Miss Livingstone. That is, he asked for Miss Livingstone, and left a card for Gracie. Mamie came down, all excitement; it had been getting so dull in the country, and here was Charlie, like an angel dropped from heaven all for her! "I am staying at Stockbridge, you know," said Charlie, "and I have driven over to ask if you will not come for a little drive?"

Mamie turned her pretty eyes away and blushed a little; but she was thinking of Gracie, not of him. But after all, Gracie was little older than was she; it was not politic to admit her right of chaperonage too far. So they went, and had a long drive through the woods; and never, even to married ladies, had Charlie Townley made love so charmingly. And it must be admitted, though his male friends had no inkling of it, that Charlie could, upon occasion, make love very well. And when he left, it was quite settled that he was to come again—not the next day, of course, but the day after. Poor Mamie! Poor Chloe! She did not know that it was the Starbuck Oil Company that had forced Mr. Strephon's hand.

And on the following evening, Charlie Townley, sitting at the Lenox Club, took up his *Evening Post* with some trepidation. He fully expected to see that the house of Townley & Tamms had suspended payments.

"*Allegheny Central.*"

"At a meeting of the Allegheny Central Railroad Company held this morning, the following resolution and vote, introduced by Mr. Phineas L. Tamms, were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, Under the terms of the late proposed consolidation of this company with the Silas Starbuck Oil Company, certain bonds of the latter company were authorized by vote of both boards

of directors, and have been duly issued, to provide for terminal facilities, wharves, etc. And although, during the process of construction, and in consequence of certain extraordinary expenses, the earnings of the Silas Starbuck Oil Company have proved temporarily insufficient to meet fixed charges, the directors of the Allegheny Central Company are convinced that the ultimate value and returns of such improvements will more than compensate for the outlay involved; therefore be it

*"Resolved, That inasmuch as the faith and credit of the Allegheny Central Railroad Company have been largely relied upon by the investing public in purchasing said bonds, though not in terms guarantied by said company, your directors deem it proper to definitely guaranty said bonds, principal and interest.*

*"Voted, That the President and Treasurer of the Allegheny Central Railroad Company be authorized to affix the guaranty of said company, both for principal and interest, upon such bonds of the Starbuck Oil Company as shall be presented at their office for that purpose before the first day of October next."*

By Jove! A great light burst upon Charlie, and the paper fell from his hands. He took it up again, and read, lower down in the same column:

*"At a meeting of the Silas Starbuck Oil Company held this afternoon, a new board of directors was elected. Phineas L. Tamms was elected President, and the board is the same, with the exception of Deacon Remington, who is replaced in the new board by Adolph Lauer. It is currently reported that the control of this property has now definitely passed into the hands of Messrs. Townley & Tamms."*

*"Great heavens!" gasped Charlie. Lauer was merely one of their clerks. It was Tamms himself who had been buying all the Deacon's Starbuck Oil stock quietly, unknown even to Charlie; and he had sold all their own Allegheny Central; and then met his senior partner's order by causing the latter corporation to guaranty the former. He had served both God and Mammon, captured the keen Deacon, pleased his partner, and made money at the same*

time. And Charlie turned to the quotations.

Allegheny Central was down at 73, and the Starbuck Oil had gone up to 140; and the bonds were well above par. And Tamms had secured the reputation of an honorable financier into the bargain!

Charlie began rapidly to calculate. Tamms must have now over ten thousand Starbuck Oil, upon which he had made at least thirty dollars a share; and he had finally got the control besides. He had sold much of their Allegheny Central at nearly the highest prices, averaging 90 or so, making perhaps \$200,000 here. Add to this the \$100,000 or more they had made originally upon the Terminal bonds, upon which the firm's endorsement was now unnecessary, and——

*"The Governor is a devilish clever fellow," concluded Charlie. And as he thought of that drive with Mamie, he feared that he himself had been too precipitate.*

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MAMIE GOES TO THE SHOW.

GRACIE had looked forward with a yearning she would not even to herself allow to the summer and her coming to her father's house once more. There are times when rocks and woods and fields and streams speak to us with sympathy no human being seems to have; why is it, I wonder? When nature was an enemy and men were savages, they seemed unconscious of her and thought only of each other; now that men have all learned human sympathy, and altruism is the cry, some, and those perhaps the gentlest and the noblest of us all, must fly to nature for a refuge yet. But perhaps we have not yet learned human sympathy; or perhaps it is the divine that we should have instead. Perhaps our sympathy is too often one of common objects or of common lusts. Perhaps each one seeks his glory, rather than he may dazzle others with it than lend his light to them.

But Gracie was not complex, nor analytic; it is only the diseased who



so apply the scalpel. If she ever was unhappy, she thought it willed from Heaven; or sought the cause in herself and not in other things. And at all events, she was not unhappy now, save as some lily may be sad for loneliness. Yet who would wish no lilies grew but such as serve in balls or churches? Some will tell you that all lilies are forced; not natural even there. But others of us may believe in lilies still.

And Mamie too had some of Gracie's happiness; some sense of things she had not felt before. They walked, and rode, and read together; and if Gracie dreamed, Mamie would think, more practically. But Mamie, too, had learned to love her cousin; still, perhaps, with some slight shade of patronage. Thus they had been together, until that day when Townley called and brought with him to Mamie the envied savor of the world again. She returned from her drive, full of triumph, to Gracie; and then Gracie had been forced into the thankless attitude of a duenna. Gracie could not have told why she did not quite like Charlie Townley; and Mamie had begun to pout once more. And Mamie had looked for Charlie the next day; but he did not come, nor yet the next day; and Mamie had blamed Gracie with being rude to him.

For Charlie, after reading the paper that night, had almost had his confidence in Tamms restored. He meant to marry some time, and to make his fortune by it; but he had a dread of wedlock, even gilded; as every sensible man must, he thought.

Then he had seen old Mr. Townley one day at Lenox. "I fear I did Mr. Tamms a great wrong that morning, Charlie," he had said. "He was too proud to defend himself; but I suspect he had all the arrangements made, even at that time, and felt deeply the injustice of my strictures." Charlie had thrust his tongue in his cheek at this, but had held his peace. He did not tell that Tamms had sold 12,000 Allegheny Central first. For Charlie had made a flying visit to the office; and there he saw enough to convince him that Tamms was already buying back his Allegheny Central stock again. And indeed it was obvious enough that he would have to

do this in order to retain the control of the great property against the next election.

"The Governor is certainly devilish smart," said Charlie to himself; "but I fear he's almost too smart to last out my time." And the next day Charlie drove over to Great Barrington again. So his drive with Mamie was many times repeated; and though Gracie did not like it, what could she do? for, as Mamie told her, laughing, she would yield to her in anything but this. For, of what her course in the world should be, Mamie considered herself much the better judge. And Gracie could not bring herself to write and bear tales to her aunt, who was growing old, indeed, while Mr. Livingstone was still less to be thought of. For men and women, for youths and children, for mobs and voters, there is a something absurd now about all the constituted authorities; and so we laugh, and the dance goes on.

Since the affair with Deacon Remington, Tamms had taken Charlie quite into his confidence; and on the first of September surprised him with conferring the firm's signature. But, though Charlie was now a partner, he had no capital; and his added dignity gave him little more than a closer knowledge of the firm's business—and a liability for the firm's debts. But this last responsibility did not disturb his slumbers; and he continued to be as attentive as ever to Miss Livingstone.

One day, late in the month, Charlie ran up to Great Barrington for a Sunday, and, to his surprise, found Mr. Derwent there. Now, what the deuce might this fellow be doing? thought he, and looked at him askance. Derwent filled up the entire parlor, as Charlie afterward put it to Mamie, and it was impossible for him to get a word with her. "I thought you had gone to British Columbia," said Charlie to him, at last, suggestively.

"Did you?" replied the other, simply.

"My afternoon was quite spoilt, and I had come up from New York on purpose," complained Charlie, the next day, to Mamie; and by this time the speech was really true. Courting is a pleasant sport while it lasts, and Miss Living-

stone was a very pretty, bright young girl; and had it been merely flirting—but, as time went on, Townley began to take some interest in the chase for the game's sake, and not for sport only. And Charlie had come up for a special purpose, which was to get Miss Mamie to go with him to the first meet of the Bronx hounds, to be held at their kennels in the Sands country the following Tuesday.

The day before, they had had a great scene in the office. Mr. Tamms had for several weeks been off in regions unknown to Wall Street, upon his own vacation, and had just returned. Hardly had he torn open and roughly disposed of his morning mail, when in came Deacon Remington. "I am informed that Mr. Tamms is returned," he announced. "I desire to see him."

"How do you do, Deacon Remington?" said Charlie, stepping forward. "I haven't seen you since Ocean Grove, I think," he added, politely.

"I desire to have an interview with Mr. Tamms." The Deacon continued to speak with precision, ignoring Charlie's courtesies as uncalled for and unbusinesslike.

"Mr. Tamms is in his private office, I think," said Charlie, blandly. And he inducted the earnest Deacon into that apartment, and closed the door upon him, with much the feeling that one has who shuts up a monkey in a parrot-cage. This done, Charlie resumed his desk and his occupation, which latter was nothing more arduous than the writing of a note to Mamie Livingstone. "Everybody will be there," he wrote; "and I hope——"

In a few minutes the door was opened, and Mr. Tamms came out. "Mr. Townley," he said, in flutelike tones; "will you kindly step in for a moment?"

"Certainly, sir," said Charlie. He went in, and the door was closed behind them. The pious Deacon was sitting upon the lounge on one corner, with folded wings, like a large blue-bottle.

"I wish you to tell Deacon Remington under what circumstances the house of Townley & Tamms were compelled to meet the deficit in the Starbuck Terminal bonds and avert foreclosure. Do you remember anything about it?"

"Certainly, sir," said Charlie. He hesitated a moment, but was much too clever to seem to look to Tamms for the cue. "It was by order of Mr. Townley himself."

"Do you remember the day?"

"It was the day after my return from Long Branch—three days after our drive to Ocean Grove."

"You see, Deacon?" said Tamms, in the meek tones of a Christian unjustly wronged.

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Deacon.

"And am I right in stating that Mr. Townley's attitude was most peremptory?" Charlie nodded. "That he went so far as to threaten a dissolution of partnership unless his orders were instantly complied with?"

"He made me mail the circulars and send one out over the tape the same afternoon," said Charlie.

Again Tamms looked to Remington. There was a silence of some minutes, rather embarrassing to two of the company, at least.

"Well, well," said Remington, at last, "I may have done you wrong, Tamms." And without the formalities of any leave-taking, he rose and shuffled out of the shop.

Tamms watched him, almost regretfully, and when he disappeared down the street, turned to Charlie.

"There, I fear, goes a man who will be a chronic bear upon the Allegheny Central," said he. Tamms had fallen into a way of making these semi-confidences to Charlie; and the latter was struck with the justice of this remark.

This scene was fresh in Charlie's mind the next day when driving with Mamie through the calm, deep woods that clothe the Berkshire hills. Ah! Shakespeare's heroines had a simple time enough; what would they do in these days, when Shylock masks as Romeo, and Othello, turned soldier of fortune, seeks distinction at his mistress's mouth? I fear me even Portia would have found her match.

But Mamie would go to the meet—yes, she would. Where love, inclination, and social ambition coincide, what prudent counsels of a country girl like Gracie could resist them? She wrote that evening, thanking Mrs. Gower for

her invitation, and only on the next day told Gracie what she had done. Gracie knew Mrs. Gower only slightly; though, had she known her a thousand years, she would not have known her well. The kennels were at the "Bogardus Farm," and after the meet there was to be a hunt dinner and a hunt ball. Mrs. Gower had many mansions, many places in which to lay her pretty head—and the heads of her guests—and now, it seems, she had a cottage near by, in which Mamie was to go. And the other guests, as Flossie wrote, were to be only Lord Birmingham, Kitty Farnum—and Mr. Wemyss.

For this meeting was indeed "select;" only of the very gayest, choicest few, those of whose prominence there could be no question in the race after pleasure, only those whose purses and whose persons kept the pace that fashion, for the time, demanded. And both the horses and the dogs were also of the choicest breed and blood, and were worth, each and all, his hundreds or his thousands; and the human beings, too, if of their blood we dare not say so much, were of breeding *à la mode*, and worth, I dare say, any sums you like. John Haviland was not here, nor Lionel Derwent, nor even poor Arthur yet—but only those who made, or seemed to make, the very lightest little game of life.

Should I attempt to describe all this, I should be expected to speak a little of the ladies' dresses—but chiefly of the horses, I am sure. For this fashionable life of ours, the life of so many of those with whom our lines have, thus far, been cast, seems founded, in its last analysis, upon the horse alone. That noble animal, in all his varied uses, under the saddle, in a four-in-hand, at Mrs. Gower's carriage traces—take him all in all, he stands for everything; he is almost the protagonist of Flossie Gower's little play. Sculptors, historians, students of social science, would, in ages yet to come, I am sure, term this the age of the Horse; they would, I say, if Mrs. Gower and her set shall even leave a wrack behind. But the wracks they leave behind are, alas! too often not their own. And to others, perhaps, to Jem Starbuck and the workers in the Allegheny country, as well as to the

future historian, this age may rather seem the age of Coal.

So Mamie Livingstone went to the show, and the show was very fine indeed. First there was a pack of fox-hounds—real fox-hounds—and then there was a pack of beagles, sixteen or more, with little curly tails; and the gentlemen and ladies rode some miles behind them, on a scented track, and jumped several fences. And Charlie looked very smart in his pink coat, and took the leaps most daringly; and thereupon Mamie did admire him very much, and began to think seriously of him for a husband.

And the dinner was exquisitely cooked, and quite bright and gay; and the men had all red coats and the women all white throats; and when the ladies left the table the fun was even faster. For when the stories were all told, and they could not talk of the ladies, both because many of the husbands were there and because the subject was a bore at best—and the best of it is surely *tête-à-tête*—and when even horses had been talked about enough, did not witty Tony Duval go out and come back with the Earl's one black coat? And he tossed it on the damask cloth before them. "A fox!" he cried. "Worry it!" And they worried it; with knives and forks they worried it; perhaps once for the joke, and twice because it was Birmingham's, until of the silk and broadcloth garment some few shreds were left, and the table-cloth a thing of slits and scratches. And then they went into the ball-room, did these merry dogs, and danced with these fine ladies; only some of them chose to walk in the lawns and over the turf steeple-chase course, where there was shrubbery, and hurdles, and much helping over of carefully preserved stone walls.

Have you had a good time, reader? Here we have been a hundred miles on the outside of a coach, and quite three weeks in the open air, and, I am sure, have had dinners and balls galore. Take your last deep breath of all these joys, for all, even of our lines, may not fall in such pleasant places. What—we shall not say we are tired of it—we who have been with the fortunate few? Why, who can make more, who could make more, of life than they? Is it not a pleasant play?

Well, a secret, then : Van Kull and Wemyss, too, are bored, and even Tony Duval finds it slow. For Flossie Gower I speak not ; she has a great, stillfed, self-pride, and when that, too, grows stale—she is too clever to let it bore her—she will leave it first ; and Birmingham is saved by his British atmosphere and healthy, dormant brain.

All this is why Charlie Townley—no,

Charlie fears rather that he may not always be rich enough to keep it up, and is making up to poor Mamie, in consequence. But that is why, or all these things are why, Van Kull walked off with Mrs. Hay, that night ; and even Birmingham made overtures to Kitty Farnum ; and Charlie did propose to Mamie Livingstone ; and Caryl Wemyss propo—told Mrs. Gower that he loved her.

## MID-SUMMER.

*By Allan Simpson Botsford.*

THERE was a quietude about the place  
We never found elsewhere ; the boulders gray  
Hung heavily beneath the water's edge ;  
Below, the dam was sunny and chalk-white,  
Where slept the tea-green water at repose ;  
No shim'ring ripple skimmed the surface smooth,  
Save when a singing line cut into it—  
Or a far snipe kissed it with downy breast.  
Dim shadows, downward cast by the slow bird,  
High circling in the heaven—came and went ;  
Queer savors of strange verdure filled the air—  
The breath of ivy, and of hidden bloom,  
And of wild pennyroyal and many mints.  
No sound was there, but that of high delight !  
The robin lent her music free as air,  
The thrush sang in the underwood at hand,  
While at uncertain intervals there came  
From some deep field of yellow tangled wheat,  
Shrill whistlings of a summer-smitten quail ;  
The cat-bird in the red haws near us tuned  
His voice to many choruses, and sang  
In mimicry of all the happy host.  
It was a place where hours went their ways  
As softly as sweet dreams go down the night,  
Untroubled by the wisdom of the wise,  
Or hampered by the dint of a desire.  
The great good-hearted beeches over us,  
Steepled the sweet grass in clever depths of shade,  
Wherein our cloth was spread at the noon-hour ;  
And lazily as ancient kings we dined,  
And smoked, and chatted, and there spent the day,  
Tipping our bumpers, while in toasts arrayed,  
Our happy souls triumphant over men,  
Walked down the many splendid ways of fame,  
Until our steps were lost—or strangely blurred—  
As the red sun crept westward through the dusk.



## POPULAR AUTHORS.

*By Robert Louis Stevenson.*



THE scene is the deck of an Atlantic liner, close by the doors of the ashpit, where it is warm: the time, night: the persons, an emigrant of an inquiring turn of mind and a deck hand. "Now," says the emigrant, "is there not any book that gives a true picture of a sailor's life?"—"Well," returns the other, with great deliberation and emphasis, "there is *one*; that is *just* a sailor's life. You know all about it, if you know that."—"What do you call it?" asks the emigrant.—"They call it *Tom Holt's Log*," says the sailor. The emigrant entered the fact in his notebook: with a wondering query as to what sort of stuff this *Tom Holt* would prove to be: and a double-headed prophecy that it would prove one of two things: either a solid, dull, admirable piece of truth, or mere ink and banditti. Well, the emigrant was wrong: it was something more curious than either, for it was a work by STEPHENS HAYWARD.

### I

In this paper I propose to put the authors' names in capital letters; the most of them have not much hope of durable renown; their day is past, the poor dogs—they begin swiftly to be forgotten; and HAYWARD is of the number. Yet he was a popular writer; and what is really odd, he had a vein of hare-brained merit. There never was a man of less pretension; the intoxicating presence of an ink-bottle, which was too

much for the strong head of Napoleon, left him sober and light-hearted; he had no shade of literary vanity; he was never at the trouble to be dull. His works fell out of date in the days of printing. They were the unhatched eggs of Arab tales; made for word-of-mouth recitation, certain (if thus told) to captivate an audience of boys or any simple people—certain, on the lips of a generation or two of public story-tellers, to take on new merit and become cherished lore. Such tales as a man, such rather as a boy, tells himself at night, not without smiling, as he drops asleep; such, with the same exhilarating range of incident and the same trifling ingenuities, with no more truth to experience and scarcely more cohesion, HAYWARD told. If we so consider *The Diamond Necklace*, or the *Twenty Captains*, which is what I remember best of HAYWARD, you will find that staggering narrative grow quite conceivable.

A gentleman (his name forgotten—HAYWARD had no taste in names) puts an advertisement in the papers, inviting nineteen other gentlemen to join him in a likely enterprise. The nineteen appear promptly, nineteen, no more, no less: see the ease of the recumbent story-teller, half-asleep, hanging on the verge of that country of dreams, where candles come alight and journeys are accomplished at the wishing! These twenty, all total strangers, are to put their money together and form an association of strict equality: hence its name—*The Twenty Captains*. And it is no doubt very pleasant to be equal to anybody, even in name; and mighty desirable (at least in the eyes of young gentlemen hearing this tale in the school dormi-



tory) to be called captain, even in private. But the deuce of it is, the founder has no enterprise in view, and here you would think, the least wary capitalist would leave his chair, and buy a broom and a crossing with his money, rather than place it in the hands of this total stranger, whose mind by his own confession was a blank, and whose real name was probably Macaire. No such matter in the book. With the ease of dreaming, the association is founded; and again with the ease of dreaming (HAYWARD being now three parts asleep) the enterprise, in the shape of a persecuted heiress and a truly damnable and idiotic aristocrat, appears upon the scene. For some time, our drowsy story-teller dodges along upon the frontiers of incoherence, hardly at the trouble to invent, never at the trouble to write literature; but suddenly his interest brightens up, he sees something in front of him, turns on the pillow, shakes off the tentacles of slumber, and puts his back into his tale. Injured innocence takes a special train to Dover; damnable idiot takes another and pursues; the twenty captains reach the station five minutes after, and demand a third. It is against the rules, they are told; not more than two specials (here is good news for the railway traveller) are allowed at the same time upon the line. Is injured innocence, with her diamond necklace, to lie at the mercy of an aristocrat? Forbid it, Heaven and the Cheap Press! The twenty captains slip unobserved into the engine-house, steal an engine, and forth upon the Dover line! As well as I can gather, there were no stations and no pointsmen on this route to Dover, which must in consequence be quick and safe. One thing it had in common with other and less simple railways, it had a line of telegraph wires; and these the twenty captains decided to destroy. One of them, you will not be surprised to learn, had a coil of rope—in his pocket, I suppose; another—again I shall not surprise you—was an Irishman and given to blundering. One end of the line was made fast to a telegraph post; one (by the Irishman) to the engine: all aboard—full steam ahead—a double crash, and there was the telegraph post upon the ground, and here—mark my HAYWARD!

was something carried away upon the engine. All eyes turn to see what it is: an integral part of the machinery! There is now no means of reducing speed; on thunders the engine, full steam ahead, down this remarkable route to Dover; on speed the twenty captains, not very easy in their minds. Presently, the driver of the second special (the aristocrat's) looks behind him, sees an engine on his track, signals, signals in vain, finds himself being overhauled, pokes up his fire and—full steam ahead in flight. Presently after, the driver of the first special (injured innocence's) looks behind, sees a special on his track and an engine on the track of the special, signals, signals in vain, and he too—full steam ahead in flight. Such a day on the Dover line! But at last the second special smashes into the first, and the engine into both; and for my part, I think there was an end of that romance. But HAYWARD was by this time fast asleep: not a life was lost; nor only that, but the various parties recovered consciousness and resumed their wild career (only now, of course, on foot and across country) in the precise original order: injured innocence leading by a length, damnable aristocrat with still more damnable valet (like one man) a good second, and the twenty captains (again like one man) a bad third; so that here was the story going on again just as before, and this appalling catastrophe on the Dover line reduced to the proportions of a morning call. The feelings of the company (it is true) are not dwelt upon.

Now, I do not mean that *Tom Holt* is quite such high-flying folly as *The Twenty Captains*; for it is no such thing, nor half so entertaining. Still it flowed from the same irresponsible brain; still it was the mere drowsy divagation of a man in bed, now tedious, now extravagant—always acutely untrue to life as it is, often pleasantly coincident with childish hopes of what life ought to be—as (for instance) in the matter of that little pleasure-boat, rigged, to every block and rope, as a full-rigged ship, in which Tom goes sailing—happy child! And this was the work that an actual tarry seaman recommended for a picture of his own existence!

## II

It was once my fortune to have an interview with Mr. HAYWARD's publisher : a very affable gentleman in a very small office in a shady court off Fleet Street. We had some talk together of the works he issued and the authors who supplied them ; and it was strange to hear him talk for all the world as one of our publishers might have talked of one of us, only with a more obliging frankness, so that the private life of these great men was more or less unveiled to me. So and so (he told me, among other things) had demanded an advance upon a novel, had laid out the sum (apparently on spirituous drinks) and refused to finish the work. "We had to put it in the hands of BRACEBRIDGE HEMMING," said the publisher with a chuckle : "he finished it." And then with conviction : "A most reliable author, BRACEBRIDGE HEMMING." I have no doubt the name is new to the reader ; it was not so to me. Among these great men of the dust, there is a touching ambition which punishes itself ; not content with such glory as comes to them, they long for the glory of being bound—long to invade, between six boards, the homes of that aristocracy whose manners they so often find occasion to expose ; and sometimes (once in a long lifetime) the gods give them this also, and they appear in the orthodox three volumes, and are fleeced at in the critical press, and lie quite unread in circulating libraries. One such work came in my mind : *The Bondage of Brandon*, by BRACEBRIDGE HEMMING. I had not found much pleasure in the volumes ; but I was the more glad to think that Mr. Hemming's name was quite a household word, and himself quoted for "a reliable author," in his own literary circles.

On my way westward from this interview, I was aware of a first floor in Fleet Street rigged up with wire window-blinds, brass straps, and gilt lettering : Office for the sale of the works of PIERCE EGAN. "Ay, Mr. EGAN," thought I, "and have you an office all to yourself !" And then remembered that he too had once revelled in three volumes : *The Flower of the Flock* the book was called, not without pathos for the considerate

mind ; but even the flower of Egan's flock was not good enough for the critics or the circulating libraries, so that I purchased my own copy, quite unread, for three shillings at a railway bookstall. Poor dogs, I thought, what ails you, that you should have the desire of this fictitious upper popularity, made by hack journalists and countersigned by yawning girls ? Yours is the more true. Your butcher, the landlady at your seaside lodgings—if you can afford that indulgence, the barmaid whom you doubtless court, even the Rates and Taxes that besiege your door, have actually read your tales and actually know your names. There was a waiter once (or so the story goes) who knew not the name of Tennyson : that of HEMMING perhaps had brought the light into his eyes, or VILES perhaps, or EBBYRM, or the great J. F. SMITH, or the unutterable Reynolds, to whom even here I must deny his capitals.—Fancy, if you can (thought I), that I languish under the reverse of your complaint ; and being an upper-class author, bound and criticised, long for the penny number and the weekly woodcut !

Well, I know that glory now. I have tried and on the whole I have failed : just as EGAN and HEMMING failed in the circulating libraries. It is my consolation that Charles Reade nearly wrecked that valuable property the *London Journal*, which must instantly fall back on Mr. Egan ; and the king of us all, George Meredith, once staggered the circulation of a weekly newspaper. A servant-maid used to come and boast when she had read another chapter of *Treasure Island* : that any pleasure should attend the exercise never crossed her thoughts. The same tale, in a penny paper of a high class, was mighty coldly looked upon ; by the delicate test of the correspondence column, I could see I was far to leeward ; and there was one giant on the staff (a man with some talent, when he chose to use it) with whom I very early perceived it was in vain to rival. Yet I was thought well of on my penny paper for two reasons : one that the publisher was bent on raising the standard—a difficult enterprise in which he has to a great extent succeeded ; the other, because (like Bracebridge

Hemming) I was "a reliable author." For our great men of the dust are apt to be behind with copy.

### III.

How I came to be such a student of our penny press, demands perhaps some explanation. I was brought up on *Cassell's Family Paper*; but the lady who was kind enough to read the tales aloud to me was subject to sharp attacks of conscience. She took the *Family Paper* on confidence; the tales it contained being Family Tales, not novels. But every now and then, something would occur to alarm her finer sense; she would express a well-grounded fear that the current fiction was "going to turn out a Regular Novel;" and the family paper, with my pious approval, would be dropped. Yet neither she nor I were wholly stoical; and when Saturday came round, we would study the windows of the stationer and try to fish out of subsequent woodcuts and their legends the further adventures of our favorites. Many points are here suggested for the casuist; definitions of the Regular Novel and the Family Tale are to be desired; and quite a paper might be written on the relative merit of reading a fiction outright and lusting after it at the stationer's window. The experience at least had a great effect upon my childhood. This inexpensive pleasure mastered me. Each new Saturday I would go from one news-vender's window to another's, till I was master of the weekly gallery and had thoroughly digested "The Baronet Unmasked," "So and so approaching the Mysterious House," "The Discovery of the Dead Body in the Blue Marl Pit," "Dr. Vargas Removing the Senseless Body of Fair Lilies," and whatever other snatch of unknown story and glimpse of unknown characters that gallery afforded. I do not know that I ever enjoyed fiction more; those books that we have (in such a way) avoided reading, are all so excellently written! And in early years, we take a book for its material, and act as our own artists, keenly realizing that which pleases us, leaving the rest aside. I never supposed that a book was to command me until, one disastrous day of

storm, the heaven full of turbulent vapors, the streets full of the squalling of the gale, the windows resounding under bucketfuls of rain, my mother read aloud to me *Macbeth*. I cannot say I thought the experience agreeable; I far preferred the ditch-water stories that a child could dip and skip and doze over, stealing at times materials for play; it was something new and shocking to be thus ravished by a giant, and I shrank under the brutal grasp. But the spot in memory is still sensitive; nor do I ever read that tragedy but I hear the gale howling up the valley of the Leith.

All this while, I would never buy upon my own account; pence were scarce, conscience busy; and I would study the pictures and dip into the exposed columns, but not buy. My fall was brought about by a truly romantic incident. Perhaps the reader knows Neidpath Castle, where it stands, bosomed in hills, on a green promontory; Tweed at its base running through all the gamut of a busy river, from the pouring shallow to the brown pool. In the days when I was thereabout, and that part of the earth was made a heaven to me by many things now lost, by boats, and bathing, and the fascination of streams, and the delights of comradeship, and those (surely the prettiest and simplest) of a boy and a girl romance—in those days of Arcady there dwelt in the upper story of the castle one whom I believe to have been gamekeeper on the estate. The rest of the place stood open to incursive urchins; and there, in a deserted chamber, we found some half-a-dozen numbers of *Black Bess, or the Knight of the Road*, a work by EDWARD VILES. So far as we were aware, no one had visited that chamber (which was in a turret) since Lambert blew in the doors of the fortress with contumelious English cannon. Yet it could hardly have been Lambert (in whatever hurry of military operations) who had left these samples of romance; and the idea that the gamekeeper had anything to do with them was one that we discouraged. Well, the offence is now covered by prescription; we took them away; and in the shade of a contiguous fir-wood, lying on blaeberries, I made my first acquaintance with the art of Mr. Viles. From

this author, I passed on to MALCOLM J. ERRYM (the name to my present scrutiny, suggesting an anagram on Merry), author of *Edith the Captive*, *The Treasures of St. Mark*, *A Mystery in Scarlet*, *George Barington*, *Sea-drift*, *Townsend the Runner*, and a variety of other well-named romances. Memory may play me false, but I believe there was a kind of merit about ERRYM. The *Mystery in Scarlet* runs in my mind to this day; and if any hunter after autographs (and I think the world is full of such) can lay his hands on a copy even imperfect, and will send it to me in the care of Messrs. Scribner, my gratitude (the muse consenting) will even drop into poetry. For I have a curiosity to know what the *Mystery in Scarlet* was, and to renew acquaintance with King George and his valet Norris, who were the chief figures in the work and may be said to have risen in every page superior to history and the ten commandments. Hence I passed on to Mr. EGAN, whom I trust the reader does not confuse with the author of *Tom and Jerry*; the two are quite distinct, though I have sometimes suspected they were father and son. I never enjoyed EGAN as I did ERRYM; but this was possibly a want of taste, and EGAN would do. Thence again I was suddenly brought face to face with Mr. Reynolds. A school-fellow, acquainted with my debasing tastes, supplied me with *The Mysteries of London*, and I fell back revolted. The same school-fellow (who seems to have been a devil of a fellow) supplied me about the same time with one of those contributions to literature (and even to art) from which the name of the publisher is modestly withheld. It was a far more respectable work than *The Mysteries of London*. J. F. SMITH when I was a child, ERRYM when I was a boy, HAYWARD when I had attained to man's estate, these I read for pleasure; the others, down to SYLVANUS COBB, I have made it my business to know (as far as my endurance would support me) from a sincere interest in human nature and the art of letters.

#### IV.

WHAT kind of talent is required to please this mighty public? that was my

first question, and was soon amended with the words, "if any." J. F. SMITH was a man of undeniable talent, ERRYM and HAYWARD have a certain spirit, and even in EGAN the very tender might recognize the rudiments of a sort of literary gift; but the cases on the other side are quite conclusive. Take Hemming, or the dull ruffian Reynolds, or Sylvanus Cobb, of whom perhaps I have only seen unfortunate examples—they seem not to have the talents of a rabbit, and why anyone should read them is a thing that passes wonder. A plain-spoken and possibly high-thinking critic might here perhaps return upon me with my own expressions. And he would have missed the point. For I and my fellows have no such popularity to be accounted for. The reputation of an upper-class author is made for him at dinner-tables and nursed in newspaper paragraphs, and when all is done, amounts to no great matter. We call it popularity, surely in a pleasant error. A flippant writer in the *Saturday Review* expressed a doubt if I had ever cherished a "genteel" illusion; in truth I never had many, but this was one—and I have lost it. Once I took the literary author at his own esteem; I behold him now like one of those gentlemen who read their own MS. descriptive poetry aloud to wife and babes around the evening hearth; addressing a mere parlor coterie and quite unknown to the great world outside the villa windows. At such pigmy reputation, Reynolds, or COBB, or Mrs. SOUTHWORTH can afford to smile. By spontaneous public vote, at a cry from the unorganic masses, these great ones of the dust were laurelled. And for what?

Ay, there is the question: For what? How is this great honor gained? Many things have been suggested. The people (it has been said) like rapid narrative. If so, the taste is recent, for both Smith and Egan were leisurely writers. It has been said they like incident, not character. I am not so sure. G. P. R. James was an upper-class author, J. F. Smith a penny-press-man; the two are in some ways not unlike; but—here is the curiosity—James made far the better story, Smith was far the more successful with his characters.

Each (to bring the parallel home) wrote a novel called *The Stepmother*; each introduced a pair of old maids; and let anyone study the result! James's *Stepmother* is a capital tale, but Smith's old maids are like Trollope at his best. It is said again that the people like crime. Certainly they do. But the great ones of the dust have no monopoly of that, and their less fortunate rivals hammer away at murder and abduction unapplauded.

I return to linger about my seaman on the Atlantic liner. I shall be told he is exceptional. I am tempted to think, on the other hand, that he may be normal. The critical attitude, whether to books or life—how if that were the true exception? How if *Tom Holt's Log*, surreptitiously perused by a harborside, had been the means of sending my mariner to sea? How if he were still unconsciously expecting the Tom Holt part of the business to begin—perhaps to-morrow? How, even, if he had never yet awakened to the discrepancy between that singular picture and the facts? Let us take another instance. *The Young Ladies' Journal* is an elegant miscellany which I have frequently observed in the possession of the barmaid. In a lone house on a moorland, I was once supplied with quite a considerable file of this production and (the weather being violent) devoutly read it. The tales were not ill done; they were well abreast of the average tale in a circulating library; there was only one difference, only one thing to remind me I was in the land of penny numbers instead of the parish of three volumes: Disguise it as the authors pleased (and they showed ingenuity in doing so) it was always the same tale they must relate: the tale of a poor girl ultimately married to a peer of the realm or (at the worst) a baronet. The circumstance is not common in life; but how familiar to the musings of the barmaid! The tales were not true to what men see; they were true to what the readers dreamed.

Let us try to remember how fancy works in children; with what selective partiality it reads, leaving often the bulk of the book unrealized, but fixing on the rest and living it; and what a

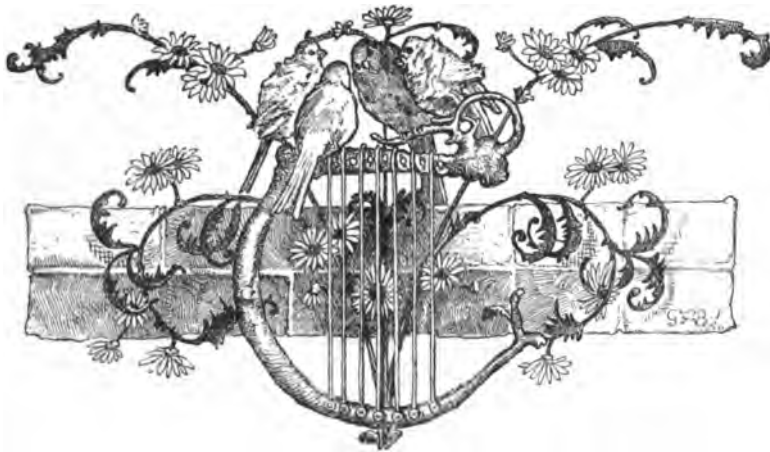
passionate impotence it shows—what power of adoption, what weakness to create. It seems to be not much otherwise with uneducated readers. They long, not to enter into the lives of others, but to behold themselves in changed situations, ardently but impotently preconceived. The imagination (save the mark!) of the popular author here comes to the rescue, supplies some body of circumstance to these phantom aspirations, and conducts the readers where they will. Where they will: that is the point; elsewhere they will not follow. When I was a child, if I came on a book in which the characters wore armor, it fell from my hand; I had no criterion of merit, simply that one decisive taste, that my fancy refused to linger in the middle ages. And the mind of the uneducated reader is mailed with similar restrictions. So it is that we must account for a thing otherwise unaccountable; the popularity of some of these great ones of the dust. In defect of any other gift, they have instinctive sympathy with the popular mind. They can thus supply to the shop-girl and the shoe-black vesture cut to the pattern of their naked fancies, and furnish them with welcome scenery and properties for autobiographical romancing.

Even in readers of an upper class, we may perceive the traces of a similar hesitation; even for them, a writer may be too exotic. The villain, even the heroine, may be a Feejee islander, but only on condition the hero is one of ourselves. It is pretty to see the thing reversed in the Arabian tale (Torrens or Burton—the tale is omitted in popular editions) where the Moslem hero carries off the Christian amazon; and in the exogamous romance, there lies interred a good deal of human history and human nature. But the question of exogamy is foreign to the purpose. Enough that we are not readily pleased without a character of our own race and language; so that, when the scene of a romance is laid on any distant soil, we look with eagerness and confidence for the coming of the English traveller. With the readers of the penny-press, the thing goes further. Burning as they are to penetrate into the homes of the peerage,

they must still be conducted there by some character of their own class, into whose person they cheerfully migrate for the time of reading. Hence the poor governesses supplied in the *Young Ladies' Journal*. Hence these dreary virtuous *ouvriers* and *ouvrières* of Xavier de Montépin. He can do nothing with them; and he is far too clever not to be aware of that. When he writes for the *Figaro*, he discards these venerable puppets and doubtless glories in their absence; but so soon as he must address the great audience of the half-penny journal, out come the puppets, and are furbished up, and take to drink again, and are once more reclaimed, and once more falsely accused. See them for what they are—Montépin's decoys; without these he could not make his public feel at home in the houses of the fraudulent bankers and the wicked dukes.

The reader, it has been said, migrates into such characters for the time of reading; under their name escapes the

narrow prison of the individual career, and sates his avidity for other lives. To what extent he ever emigrates again, and how far the fancied careers react upon the true one, it would fill another paper to debate. But the case of my sailor shows their grave importance. "Tom Holt does not apply to me," thinks our dully-imaginative boy by the harbor-side, "for I am not a sailor. But if I go to sea it will apply completely." And he does go to sea. He lives surrounded by the fact, and does not observe it. He cannot realize, he cannot make a tale of his own life; which crumbles in discrete impressions even as he lives it, and slips between the fingers of his memory like sand. It is not this that he considers in his rare hours of rumination, but that other life, which was all lit up for him by the humble talent of a Hayward—that other life which, God knows, perhaps he still believes that he is leading—the life of Tom Holt.

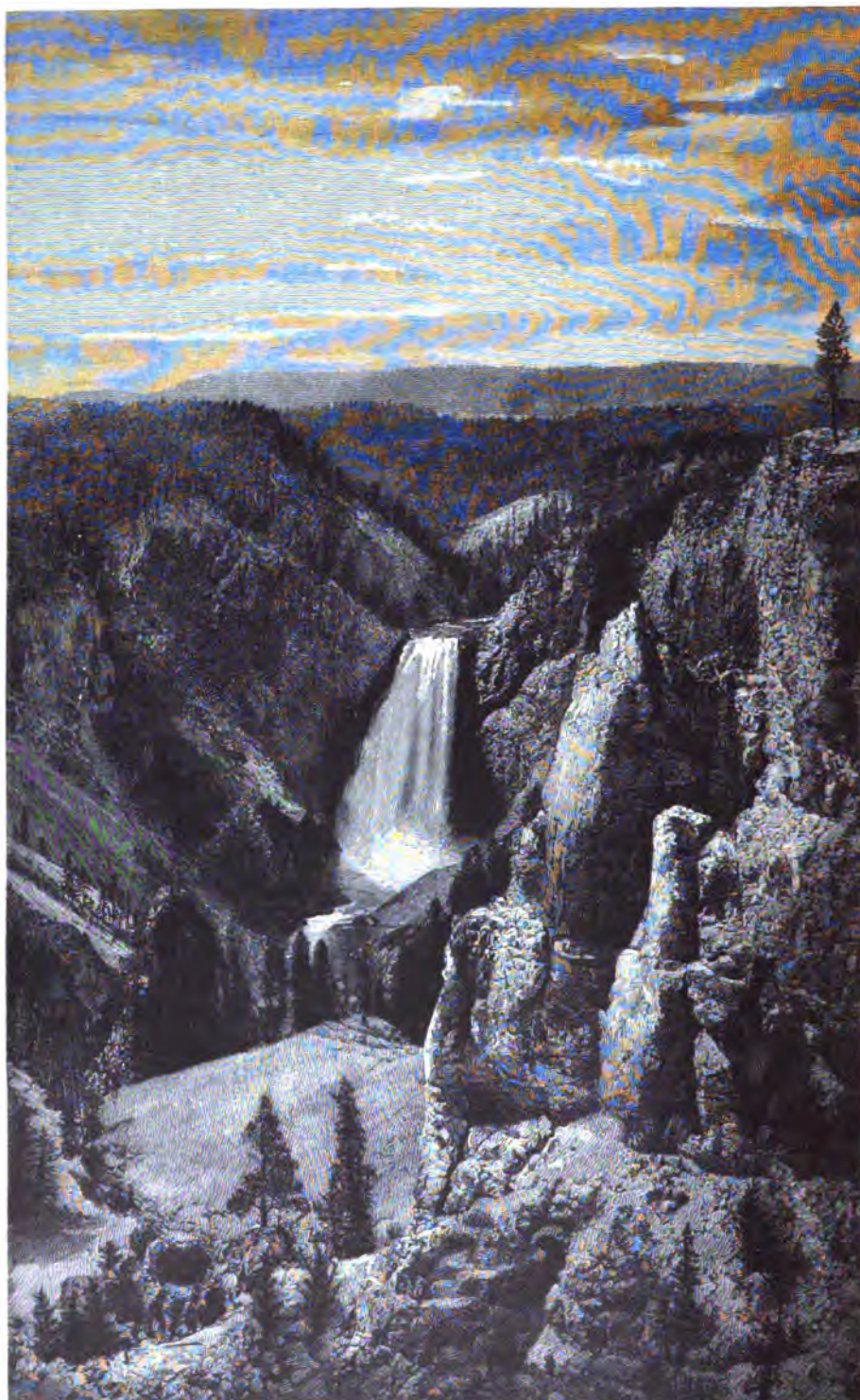




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May 1991



LOWER FALLS AND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

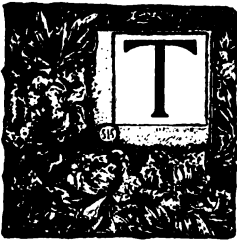
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## RIVERS AND VALLEYS.

By N. S. Shaler.



THE greater part of the facts with which geologists have to deal possess for the general public a recondite character. They concern things which are not within the

limits of familiar experience. In treating of them, the science uses a language of its own, an *argot* as special as that of the anatomist or the metaphysician. There is, however, one branch of the subject the matter of which demands no special knowledge for its understanding, viz.: the surface of the earth. At first, geologists were little inclined to deal with the part of their field which is visited by the sun. Gradually, however, they have come to see that this outer face of the earth is not only a kindlier but a more legible part of the great stone book, and they have made a division of their work which they entitle Surface Geology. In this division they include all that is evident to the untrained understanding, the contour of land and of sea floor, the aspects of shores, the conditions of soil, etc. Under the head of Rivers and Valleys we propose to consider one division of this simple but ample division of geologic science.

If the reader wishes to begin a series of studies of an unprofessional character which will lead him to some of the most important fields of knowledge which

the earth's science can open to him, he cannot do better than find his way to his subject through a river-valley. There are many advantages offered to him in beginning his inquiries in this pleasant way. In the first place, the outward aspect of the phenomena with which he has to deal is already familiar to him. We can all recall to mind some of these troughs of the earth through which flows a stream, be it mountain-torrent, brook, or river. The steep or gentle slopes of the valley toward the agent which has constructed it, the flowing water, as well as many of the important actions of the stream in its times of flood or in its cataracts, are also familiar. In fact, there is not a feature or a phenomenon visible in the valley which has not a popular name, indicating that it is a matter of common and unrecondite observation. Whoever will follow an ordinary stream from its sources to the sea in such a journey as he may make in a few days' travelling, and will avail himself of its teachings, with the aid of the simplest understandings derived from a knowledge of physical laws, will obtain a clue to a very large part of the earth's machinery.

To see the actual beginning of the river under the conditions which are best for our inquiry, we must observe the surface at some point on the dividing line between two streams where they head together, near the crest of a mountain, in a time of rain. All that is visible are the drops of rain which slip out of the leaden air and patter on the surface



Pilling's Cascade, Utah.  
 (Showing type of waterfall in  
 massive rocks which are cut by  
 joints. U. S. Geol. Surv.)

of the earth. We must be prepared at the outset to look past this simple fact of rainfall and to conceive the physical history of the drop of water since it left the surface of the earth in its journey through the clouds and back to earth again.

The story of the rain-drop before it comes to the earth is very simple. The heat from the sun, aided in a small measure by the heat from all the stars, vaporizes the water from the earth's surface, mainly from the sea, and removes it in the state of vapor to a height of many thousand feet above the earth's surface. It is maintained there by

the heat which it has absorbed, and thus the main spring of the rain is in the sun. After abiding awhile in the upper regions of the atmosphere, by some of the many chances which beset the clouds, the vapor is cooled; it condenses from the loss of heat and falls as rain or snow. The circumstances of our imaginary mountain top, if that summit be at a considerable height above the sea, favor the cooling of the cloud and therefore the precipitation of this rain. These uplands retain the cold of winter, and during night they pour forth their heat by radiation through the thin air, with more rapidity than the lower lands, which are covered beneath a thicker blanket of atmosphere.

When the drop of rain falls to the earth's surface, if it be of ordinary size, it gives a sensible blow. If that surface be covered with a thin layer of scattered sand-grains or small pebbles, we may observe that the bits of rock dance about and thus apply a little of the force which comes from the drop, to

into rivulets; or if it be covered with mosses, or the thin layer of porous soil common to mountain-tops, it may for a moment disappear from sight in the spongy mass; but a little farther down, we find that it is gathered in rivulets, which quickly join together, so that in descending even a hundred feet below the summit, in a time of rain, we find a number of shallow valleys, each occupied by a little rivulet. The union of these streams gives us one of more power, which may be taken as a typical mountain-torrent. We observe that such a stream descends with considerable rapidity; it is rare indeed that it does not have a fall of more than fifty feet to a mile. The rate of fall in steep-faced mountains often amounts to as much as five hundred feet in that distance. As soon as the stream is more than two or three feet wide and a foot in depth, we begin to see evidences of its energy. Even if the fall be but at the rate of fifty feet to the mile, we shall find that such a stream is able to urge for-

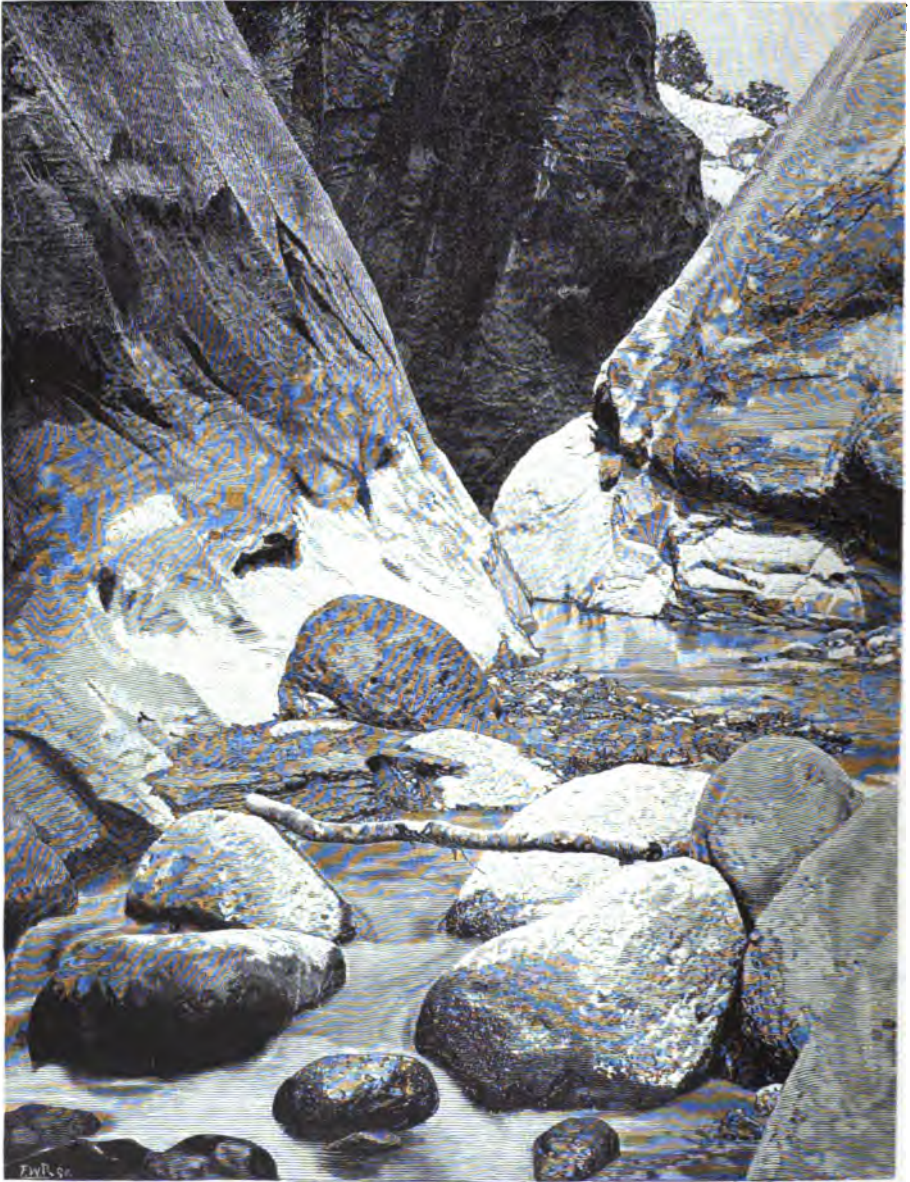


Torrent Bed in Eastern Kentucky.  
(Showing channel embarrassed by masses of stone fallen from the sides of the valley.)

rub the stone on which they lie. At first, the water spreads over the earth's surface as a thin sheet, but as that surface is never perfectly level, it is, provided the rock be bare, quickly gathered

ward with great violence masses of stone several inches in diameter. If we roll a stone the size of a man's head into the channel, it is swept along, bumping violently against the obstacles it encounters,





Stream Bed with Boulders Formed from Angular Masses Rolled in Times of Flood.

striking first one rock-bank and then another, until it becomes fixed in some crevice. If, after the pebble has journeyed for a few hundred feet, we recover it from the stream, it is often easy to note the dents on its surface, produced by the collisions on its journey. In most cases there has been a corre-

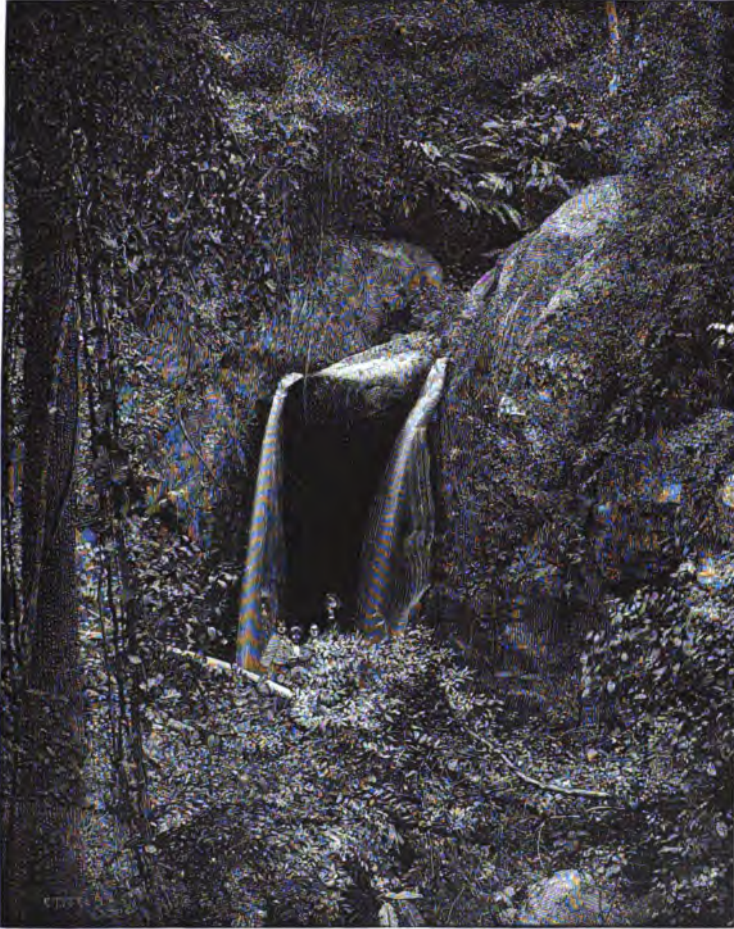
sponding blow and an equal wearing inflicted on the firm rocks against which it collided.

A little observation with streams having different rates of fall will show the observer that the ease with which a stone is urged onward, and the size of those which a stream of given vol-



ume can carry depends in a remarkable way on the rate of its descent toward the sea level, and therefore on the velocity with which its waters flow. Computation and experience have shown that this increase in speed is propor-

whether the third power or the sixth be the rate at which the efficiency in the carrying power of the stream increases with its speedier flow. It is enough for us to know that the stream, with very slight increase in its velocity, is able to



Cascada de la Sirena, near La Guayra, Venezuela.  
(Showing stream divided by following joint planes.)

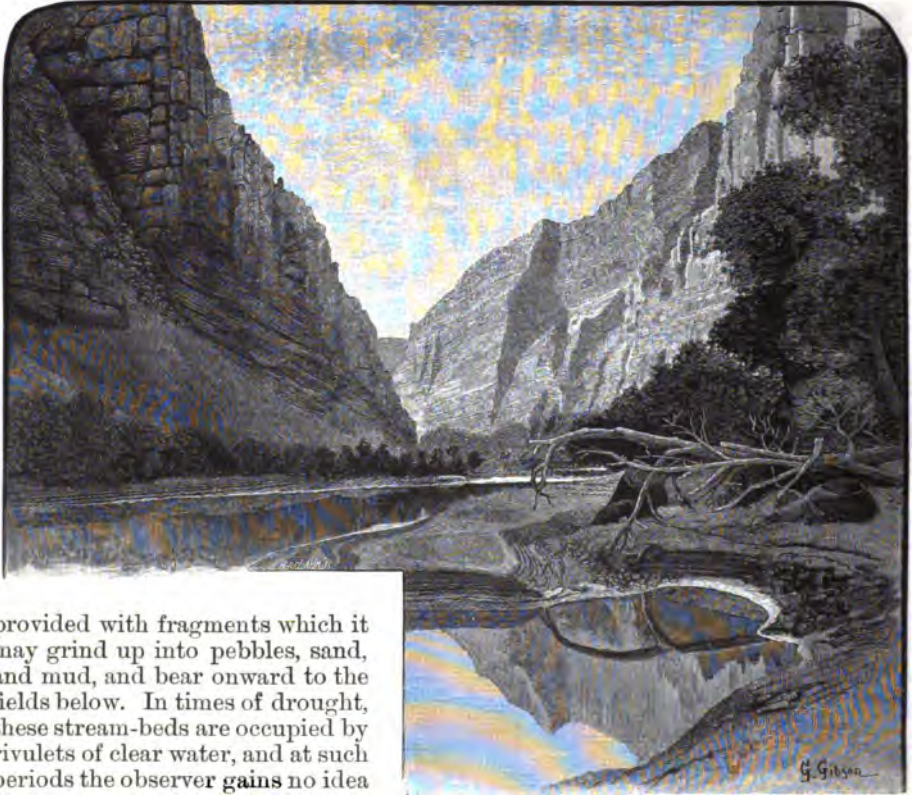
tionate at least to the cube, or third power, of the velocity with which the current flows. One distinguished student of this hydraulic problem has come to the conclusion that the increase of the propulsive power of the stream upon the fragments which it encounters increases as the sixth power of its speed. It is not worth while for us to pause in our imaginary journey to consider

carry a very much larger stone than it could before its speed was increased.

The sides of these mountain torrents are generally steep. It is rare indeed that the slopes which lead to them are much less inclined than the roofs of ordinary houses. Over all the surface on either side of the torrent, frost and other agents of decay are constantly at work breaking out bits of stone or form-

ing soil. This mass of broken-up rock is constantly slipping down the sides of the valley. Every time the winter frost seizes it, it expands a little, and is thus shoved downward; frequently, when soaked with water, great sheets of it slip swiftly, as mud-avalanches, into the stream. In this way the torrent is always

after a few miles of course, though the brook steadily gains in volume by the contributions of tributary streams, it gradually diminishes the swiftness of its descent. At a certain point it ceases to bear onward all of the larger stones which come into its possession. These fragments gather upon the banks, form-



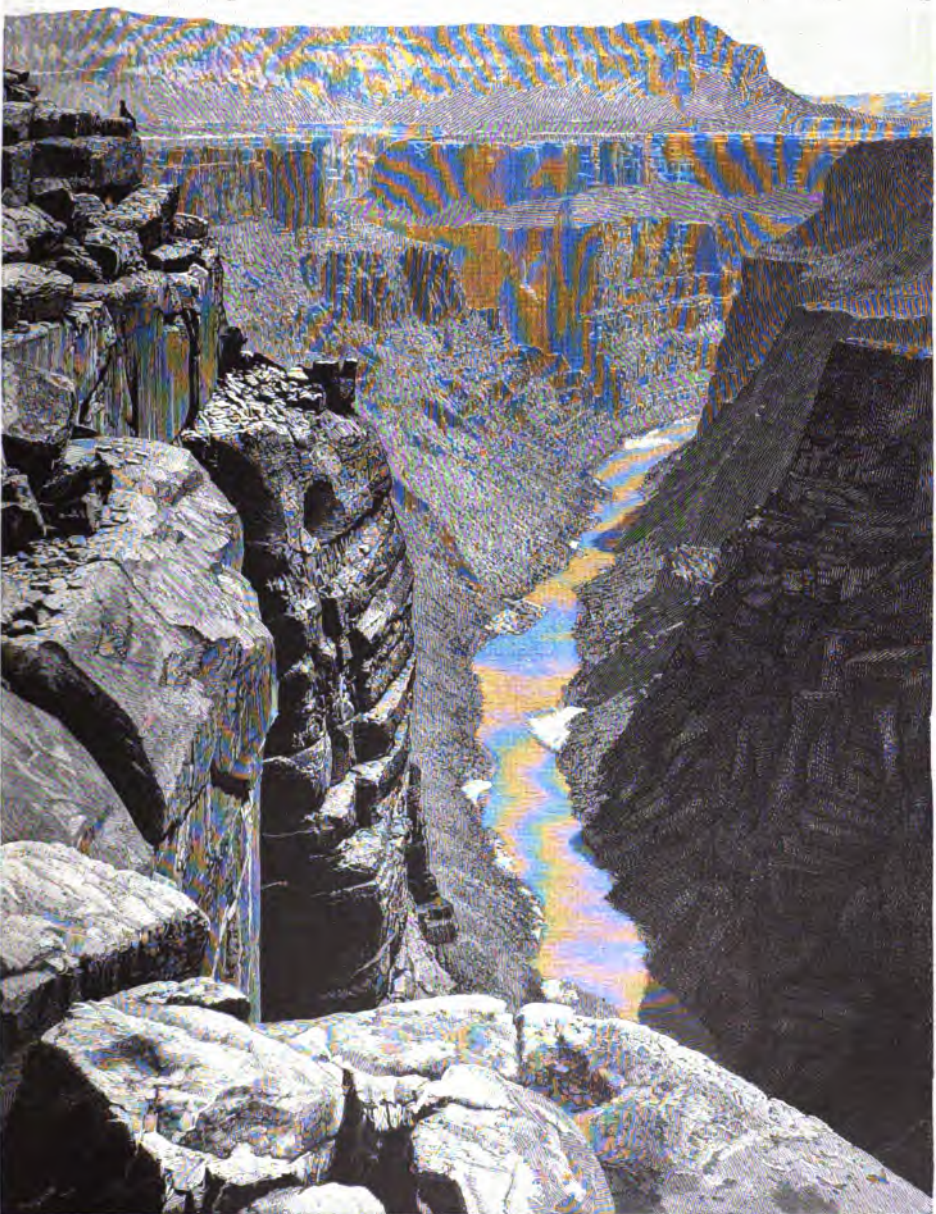
provided with fragments which it may grind up into pebbles, sand, and mud, and bear onward to the fields below. In times of drought, these stream-beds are occupied by rivulets of clear water, and at such periods the observer gains no idea of the vigor with which the mill works; but in times of heavy rain he will find the water turbid with sediment made by the attrition of pebbles against the bordering walls of the stream and upon each other. He then sees whence come the sediments which are so important a feature in the lower portions of the river-system. From any commanding elevation in a mountain district, we may see scores or hundreds of those torrent-beds within one field of view. In periods of heavy rain, the roar arising from the moving stones is often a very striking feature.

Descending the channel of any of these mountain torrents, we find that

ing a rude terrace. Still further down, where the slope is less considerable, the smaller pebbles are left behind, crowded into the interstices of the larger fragments. The terrace becomes more distinct, vegetation gathers upon it, and the waste of the plants forms a soil which partially levels off the surface. Further on, we come to the field where the annual overflow of the stream during the spring floods heaps a quantity of the sand and mud upon this foundation of coarser material; we then have the beginning of the alluvial terrace. At first

Valley Showing the Beginning of New Terraces, just Below the Torrential Portion of the Stream.





Cañon of the Colorado.  
(The benches show the successive stages of down cutting of the stream.)



this alluvial terrace is but a narrow belt on either side of the stream, which, swollen by its floodwaters, often breaks new channels through this bench of detrital matter. In fact, all this marginal accumulation is of temporary duration, for the stream is as yet wild, and in its annual floods is apt to undo the construction-work of the previous years.

When the stream comes to have a distinct and somewhat enduring alluvial belt on either side of its path, it has entered on the stage of a river. It is indeed on the presence of this marginal accumulation that we most rest the distinction between a torrent and a river.

From the place where the terraces begin to form, downward to the mouth of the stream, the conditions of its flow are vastly affected by its reactions upon this



Canon of the Via Mala, Switzerland.

(Showing the work done by a large torrent on rocks of close texture which are readily eroded by the stream.)

detrital matter. In most cases, with each mile of its descent the magnitude of these deposits increases. The alluvial lands stretch further and further on either side; the materials which compose them grow finer and finer as we descend in the valley, for the reason that with this descent the slope of the stream in most cases steadfastly diminishes and its ability to urge forward coarse sediments decreases in a rapid ratio.

this burden in the following manner: The motion of the stream is swiftest in its central parts, because, in most cases, the water is deepest in that part of its bed, and is therefore the least influenced by friction. On the sides of the stream where the water is shoal, the current is least swift; therefore in these marginal parts it constantly tends to lay down sediments. As soon as the alluvial terrace is formed, certain kinds of trees, particularly our willows and as-



View into a Mountain Gorge.

(Showing the distribution of the torrents of the upper part of the valley.)

The alluvial deposits which border our rivers owe their existence to the fact that the torrential head-waters, by their great velocity, bear forward, beyond the mountain districts, a large amount of materials which are of such a coarse nature that the larger but less powerful lower part of the stream cannot urge it onward to the sea. In all its journey to the ocean, the river is continually struggling with this detritus. It deals with

pens, find a lodgement upon it. They push their roots out into the nutritious mud and enmesh it in their net-work of fibres; they also send up from these roots a thick hedge of stems, in which the flood-waters lose their swiftness of motion and therefore drop their contained sediments. In the state of nature, all our American streams, and those of most other countries as well, are bordered by a close array of these plants, all





Norwegian Fjord.  
(Showing the form of a valley shaped by glacial action.)

of which are at work to win against the channel of the stream. But for the cutting power of the stream, they would quickly close its channel; as it is, they constantly crowd its waters within a narrow pathway.

Against the encroachments of the alluvial banks brought about by the action of the water-loving trees, the river pre-

can best be seen by observing the effect arising where a jetty is built at any point in the course of one of our larger rivers. As is shown in the diagram [p. 146], the jetty causes the water to bound away from its obstruction and to strike against the opposite shore. The crowding against the shore gives its current increased power; it will wrest away the



Volcanic Necks in the Valley of the Puerco.  
(Showing extent of erosion in the surrounding plateau; the sharp hills are the necks of old volcanoes, the cones of which have been worn away by the river action.)

vails by fits and starts, under the action of a curious law which causes its current to rebound from bank to bank. The nature of this principle of rebounding

alluvium from the grasp of the roots, and will then cut under the trees, causing considerable areas of forests to be precipitated into the waters and borne



away to the sea. From the point of impact, the current will again rebound in a manner which will cause it, at a certain distance below, to strike against the opposite bank, where it will again make swift encroachment against the forest-protection. After this second assault, it will swing across to a lower point on the shore against which it first impinged, and so the oscillations from side to side will be propagated down stream, it may be for a hundred miles or more. A single jetty of this description, as it has been observed in the rivers of India, will

natural jetty or bar at its mouth, thus gradually forcing the current of the larger stream against the opposite side, creating a bar there. It is furthermore to be noted, as is shown in the diagram, that between the points where the river impinges against the bank there is a space of dead water or eddying currents in which the forests find it easy to make head against the river and to extend the alluvial plain.

Thus, in the process of nature, it comes about that our rivers tend to build channels in their alluvial plains which are ex-



Dunkar Spiti, India.

(Showing mountain wall, talus leading to valley, and stream embarrassed by debris.)

affect the oscillations of the current for an indefinite distance downward in its course. That which is accomplished by artifice in an immediate manner is more slowly brought about by natural causes. Each tributary stream which enters the main channel commonly has a greater swiftness of current than the larger stream into which it flows. It therefore bears in a mass of pebbles and builds a

tremely devious in their course. If the alluvial plains be wide, the river is constantly forming great ox-bow-like curves, isthmuses with narrow peninsulas such as are often seen in the lower portions of the Mississippi Valley. Finally the narrow places which connected these promontories on the shore are cut through in some time of flood, the river finding a shorter way downward to the



Showing Alluvial Terraces of Soft Material Rapidly Eroded by a River, which is Constructing what in Time will be a yet Lower Terrace.

sea, leaving its former circuit as a great pool, or moat, as it is called by the common folk along the banks of the Connecticut River.\* It often happens in the lower Mississippi that the course of the river around the promontory of the ox-bow is ten or more miles in length while the space across the neck is less than a mile in distance. When the river finally breaks across the neck, the whole system of rebounds of its currents against the banks, from the point of change downward to the mouth, may become altered. The points which before were in process of erosion may become the seats of deposition, and those which previously were gaining may begin to wear away. In this manner a river, in time, wanders to and fro across its whole valley, taking material from

one side, sorting it over, removing that part which is fine enough to be borne away by the current, and rebuilding the remainder into the alluvial plains.

We are now prepared to consider a very peculiar and most important function which these alluvial plains perform in the physical life of the earth. In such a valley as the Mississippi, we have probably not less than fifty thousand square miles of alluvial plains which have been formed of the waste removed from the rocks in the torrential portions of the streams in the mountain and hill districts of the valley. This alluvial material is, on the average, not less than fifty feet thick. It is therefore equivalent to about five hundred cubic miles of matter. Now, this great river carries out to sea about one-twentieth of a cubic mile of sediment each year. This sediment which goes into the sea is in small part directly derived from the action of the mountain torrents; in larger part, it is composed of waste taken from the alluvial plains by the wanderings of the various streams which constitute the Mississippi system of waters. It therefore

\* This term "moat" deserves a place in our geological language, for the reason that it is a brief and expressive word for the topographic feature, ill-described in our present system of naming. Moreover it preserves, in an interesting way, a memory of mediæval conditions. The name was doubtless given because of the likeness which the early settlers saw between these circular ditch-like pools and the defences which, in the seventeenth century, were still familiar objects about many of the country houses in Great Britain. I shall therefore use the term in the present writing and hereafter in the sense above indicated.



follows that the average time required for the sediment discharged from the mouth of the Mississippi to make its way from the head-waters to the sea is not less than ten thousand years. As soon as a pebble or other bit of rock is laid away in the alluvial terrace, it begins to decay; the vegetable acids which penetrate the mass in which it finds lodgement favor its disintegration. When it is turned over by the stream at the time of encroachment on its resting place, it probably falls to pieces, the finer bits are hurried onward by the stream, those too coarse for the current to control are again stored away in the bank to await further decay. In this manner the alluvial material lying on either side of rivers is a great storehouse, or

storage and decay, the seas could not be supplied with the *débris* essential for the maintenance of the life which they contain; for that life, unlike the life of the land, does not depend on the soil of the ocean floors, but upon the dissolved matter contained in the water, from which the marine animals and plants take all their store of nutrition. This nutrition comes mainly from the land-waste brought to the sea in the state of solution by the streams, and, as we have just seen, the comminution and solution of this waste depends upon the work which goes on in the laboratories of the alluvial plains.

We have now seen the way in which the water operates upon the surface of the stream-beds. At the source of the



Cumberland River, Ky., from Taylor's Hill.

(Showing the relation of alluvial plains on upper portion of the river to the hills which form the valley; also the beginning of the true river-curves formed by the struggle of the stream with its sediments. Photo. by Ky. Geol. Survey.)

rather we should say laboratory, in which sediments are divided and brought into a chemical condition which permits them to be taken into the control of the waters and borne away to the ocean, in order to become rebuilt into strata, which are in time, with the growth of the continents, to become dry land and be again subjected to this erosive work. Were it not for this system of alluvial

mountain-torrents, a pound of water has in it, by virtue of its height above the level of the sea, a great store of energy, which it may apply to the erosion of the earth's surface. Let us suppose that when it comes to the earth it is three thousand feet above the ocean's level. It has then as much force to expend as would be required to lift it to that height above the sea. At first the stream plays



Border of Alluvial Terrace on Green River, Ky.

(Showing the manner in which the forest occupies and protects the lower terrace of the valley.)

the part of spendthrift with this energy, the greater portion of the force is expended in brawling with the stones and in beating against the limits which confine it. In the first five miles or so of its path to the sea it uses up in its descent perhaps one-third of its dynamic resources, and so, for the last thousand miles, it may not have more power at its command than it gave out in the first five miles of its journey.

Thus our streams, though always growing larger, are continually becoming less and less powerful in proportion to the weight of water which flows over their beds. In the lower portion of their courses they have very little capacity for eroding the rocks over which they flow, except where that power is due to some peculiar circumstances. They deepen their beds slowly, and the greater portion of this deepening is accomplished by the corrosion or chemical decay of the rocks over which they flow. Still, certain peculiar circumstances may give them a chance to cut down the floors of their lower channels. This work is done in either of the following ways: When the lateral swinging of the river-beds to and fro through the alluvial plain dislodges great forest-trees from the bank,

these trees often have great quantities of stones entangled in their roots. These roots are thus held against the bottom while the trees are swept onward by the current, and so the entangled stones rasp upon the bed and serve to wear the channel deeper. Again, it often happens in cold countries that the rivers are deeply frozen, and during the winter season, in the shallow water, the loosened stones of the bottom may be entangled in the ice. When the time of "breaking up" comes, the sheets of ice, as they float downward in great fields, strike against the banks of the river where there is a sharp bend in the channel, and, owing to their great momentum, are heaped up in a wall of fragments, which may in a few minutes dam the river quite across. Owing to the pressure to which these cakes of ice are subjected, they freeze together and the whole of one of these ice dams or gorges becomes a solid mass. When this happens, as is easily conceived, the stream rises rapidly, forming a great lake above the dam, while it drains away below, and thus, as in the Ohio River, these dams may have a difference of twenty or thirty feet of water above and below their obstructions. In a brief time the pressure of the water above the dam pushes

the whole mass forward, grinding it upon the bottom and the sides, and so powerfully eroding the rock-bed in which the stream flows.

As long as the river flows onward over rocks of uniform hardness, especially where the strata lie in horizontal attitudes, the course of the stream generally exhibits a uniform descent. Various accidents in the attitude of the rocks may, however, give rise to rapids or waterfalls. These features in the course of a river are so important in its mechanism, especially with reference to the interests of man, that they deserve a careful consideration, which we shall now give to them.

Waterfalls and rapids owe their existence in the main to one of three conditions of the bed rock. These conditions are as follows: First, the path of the stream may be crossed by a dike or a vein, which are rifts in the rocks, filled with some deposit brought into them by the action of water or forced to its place in the condition of a lava. Where these dike- or vein-materials are softer than the neighboring rock over which the stream flows, the river easily cuts them down and they create no interruption to its course. Where, however, as is often the case, the rocks which fill the fissures are harder than the materials which formed its walls, the river is obstructed, and we generally have a cataract, that is, an irregular fall, in which the stream takes no one conspicuous plunge. Another case in which a local hardening of the stream-bed produces a waterfall is where a stream, flowing over rocks which may be horizontal in their attitude, encounters a coral reef, formed on the old sea-floors in which the strata were deposited. In this case the crowding together of the fossil corals may make the rock much firmer than the neighboring portions of the strata, and so produce a decided interruption in the uniform descent of the stream. Only one important case of reef-cataract is known to me, that which occurs in the Ohio at Louisville, where coral-reef in the Devonian period has so far interrupted a gentle descent of the river as to create a formidable obstruction, only passable, save during the flood-times of the river, by means of a canal extending

from the head to the base of the rapid. The most common condition which leads to the formation of a waterfall, the condition which gives us the greater part of the fine falls of the world, is where a river flows across strata which dip or sink downward in the earth toward the head-waters of the stream. In this condition, wherever a hard bed of the strata overlies a soft deposit, the stream inevitably forms a waterfall.

The first two of the above named classes of waterfalls demand no very extensive consideration. Those produced by dikes and veins are generally conspicuous only in the torrential portion of a river-system. The veins and dikes account for a very large part of the little cataracts which diversify our mountain torrents. Coral-reefs are so rare in our older rocks that they are seldom cut by the streams, and are therefore not often seen, even by the professional student of geology. The third group, in which each plunge of the fall is due to the upstream slope of strata, alone demands some special consideration.

Falls due to inclined strata can best be represented by Niagara, perhaps the noblest of all such geological accidents. As is shown in the diagram, [p. 148] we have at Niagara Falls a tolerably hard layer of limestone, belonging to a division of the Silurian age, which has indirectly received its name from this great cataract. This Niagara limestone is underlaid by a considerable thickness of softer shaly rocks known as the Clinton group. The waters of the Niagara River plunge over the hard rim afforded by the limestone and descend about a hundred and seventy feet, acquiring in this movement a very great velocity. At the base of the fall, the water strikes against a mass of hard fragments which in succession have tumbled down from the resisting upper layer. These fragments, set violently in motion, cut out the soft material, the erosion of which is also aided by the violent whirls of water and of spray driven against the shaly beds in the space behind the fall. From this wearing action, the soft materials are constantly working backward more rapidly than the hard upper layer is worn away, and so, from time to time, the projecting shelf over the waterfall is deprived of sup-



port and tumbles to the base in fragments, which, in turn, are used for the further erosion of the soft deposits. In Niagara, as in all other waterfalls of this description, the border of rock over which the plunge takes place is constantly and pretty rapidly working up stream. The fall is progressively decreasing in height, as is shown in the diagram, and in the end, when the hard layer has descended to the general level of the stream-bed, especially when the softened limestone rocks have passed altogether below that level, the fall will disappear; first passing into the stage of a cataract and afterward vanishing altogether.

In the case of Niagara Falls the rate of retreat is about three feet in a century; this rate is very variable. It was probably more rapid in the past than at pres-

though the retreat of the fall is slow, it will in a very brief time, in the geological sense of that word, lead to certain momentous consequences. When the hard layer of Niagara limestone passes

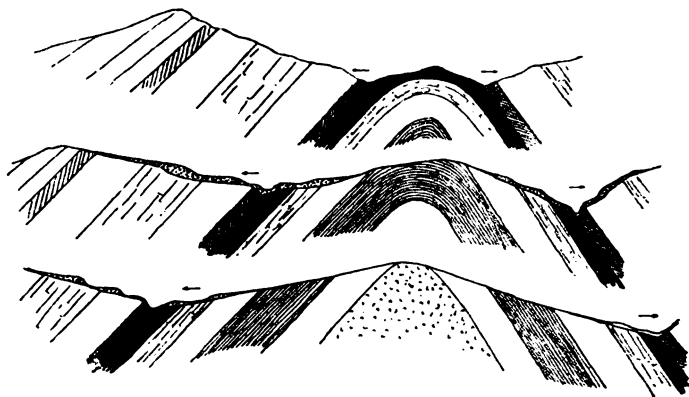


Diagram Showing the Successive Stages of Erosion in a Valley Underlaid by Tilted Rocks of Varying Hardness.

(Note how the streams, at first near each other, are separated as they wear downward.)

below the bed of the river, the stream will then cut upon rocks of another constitution, making for a time certain small falls at a higher geological level; but in the course of ages, much less long than those which have elapsed since the birth

of this waterfall, the gorge of the river will extend up into the basin of Lake Erie, draining away a considerable portion of that fresh-water sea. We shall then, if the continent retains its present height above the level of the sea, have another system of cataracts, in the passage between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, which will also in time be worn away. Other cataracts will then form at the exit of Lake Michigan; and thus the lower lakes of our great American system would be diminished in area, or perhaps even disappear. At a yet later stage, we may look

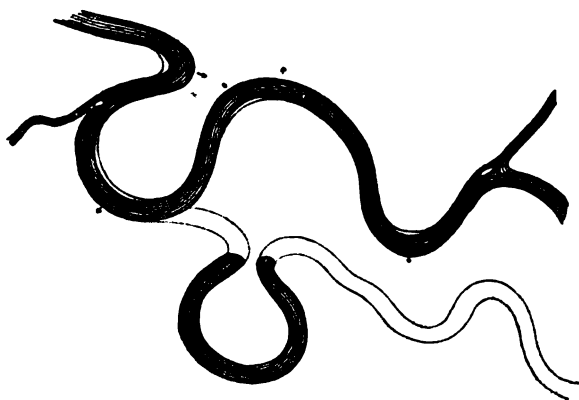


Diagram Showing the Wanderings of a Stream in an Alluvial Plain.  
(The arrows on the sides of the stream indicate the direction of its movement; the horseshoe-shaped pool is an "ox-bow" or "moat.")

ent, for the reason that the undercutting power of the falling water diminishes with the decrease in the height of the precipice over which it plunges, and this height has been growing less and less ever since the fall began to be. Al-

for diminution in the size of Lake Superior, though that basin, owing to the strong wall which separates it from the lower lakes, is destined to endure long after the last-named basins have been diminished or entirely drained away.

From these considerations we perceive how important the movement of waterfalls may be in determining the water level of extensive areas. Not only may their retreat lead to the drainage of extensive inland seas, but as they move up stream, the drainage of all the tributary rivers, the mouths of which are in turn passed by, have their systems of flow changed in an important manner. Thus, when Lake Erie is drained away, a number of subordinate waterfalls will be developed along the streams which now empty into that basin. Each of these in turn will take up its march toward the head-waters of the river in which it forms; and so the effect of the retreat of one great waterfall may be propagated over the whole surface of the land which is drained by a great stream.

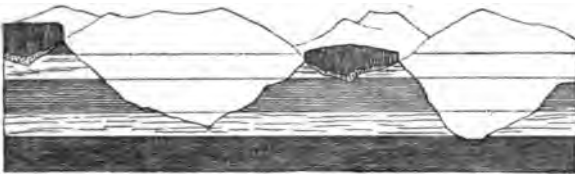


Diagram Showing Old River Channels on Top of Hills.

(The upper dark layer shows lava, covering recent stream-beds; the faint lines show the topography when the lava-streams flowed.)

The effect of a retreating waterfall deserves to be considered with some attention, for the reason that it will afford the student the means of understanding how far the structure of the rocks in a country may influence the erosion which water brings to its surface. Each of these hard layers of rocks, as well as the other classes of dams which create waterfalls, tends, by determining the rate of flow of the streams, to fix the rate of erosion in all parts of the river-basin above the point where they occur. Whenever such obstructions are cut away, they increase the rate of fall in the waters above them; and so this may greatly enhance the rate of down-wearing



Diagram Showing Gravel Terraces, each Marking a Stage of Downcutting by a River.  
(The dotted part of the section shows alluvial material; the straight lines the bed rock.)

of the surface. The erosive action of the water which passes out of a river is determined by the height through which this water descends in every part of its course. Whatever tends to increase the speed of fall in the particular portion of the basin serves to magnify the erosive work in that region. Thus, when a fall disappears, the energy which was ineffectively applied at the base of its cliff may become distributed over a wide surface in the upper portion of the valley in which it lay.

So, too, in a larger way, as the continents sink down into or rise above the level of the sea, in their ceaseless oscillations, each movement is attended by a great variation in the energy with which the streams act upon their surface. If our continent should rise a hundred feet in its southern parts, the Mississippi River would immediately begin to flow with greater swiftness, and so too all the streams

which are tributary to it would have their energy enhanced up to the foot of their mountain-torrents. On the other hand, if the continent sank down a hundred feet, all these streams would at once become less effective agents of erosion and transportation. We thus see that all the erosive work of the land is to a greater or less extent determined by what is called the principle of base level of erosion. This principle, first distinctly suggested by J. W. Powell, has been amplified by other American geologists and has served to bring into clear light the peculiar sensitiveness of our streams to the position of the sea or of hard layers in the rocks

which control the inclination of their stream-beds.

We must now turn our attention to another mode in which water wears away the valleys of streams. So far, we have considered only that portion of the rain which flows over the surface of the ground, but it needs only a moment's notice to show us that this is only one

derground water emerges into the open air and journeys through the streams to the sea, conveying much dissolved matter taken from the rocks through which it passes. Through the action of this underground water, all the rocks for a considerable depth below the surface are constantly diminishing in volume, tiny crevices are formed between

their grains, and the weight of the superincumbent matter in most cases causes the strata to press these crevices together almost as fast as they are formed. This action is particularly conspicuous near the surface of the ground, within the limits of a few score feet in depth. The result is that in every river-valley we have the whole area

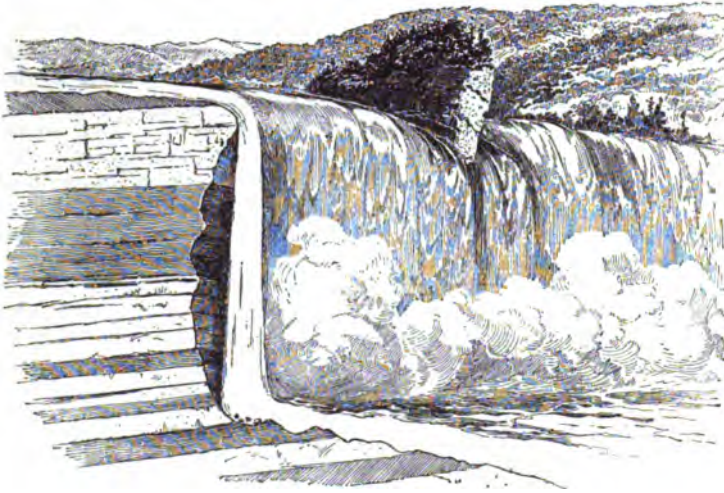


Diagram of Waterfall of Niagara Type.

(Observe the effect of hard limestone in determining the position of the top of the fall. Note that as this is worn away the vertical plunge will be diminished.)

element of the rainfall. If we watch any ordinary soil-covered portion of the earth's surface in a time of rain, we observe that a considerable portion of the water, an amount which varies with the amount of water which falls in a given time and the porosity of the surface, enters into the ground. This subterranean or soil water passes for a great distance beneath the surface of the earth. In this journey, the underground water plays a very different part from that performed by the superficial streams. Except in the rare cases where it forms distinct caverns, it slowly creeps on its way downward to the sea, never attaining a speed of motion which gives it any cutting power whatsoever; but in this underground journey it becomes in most cases charged with carbonic-acid gas and is thus enabled to dissolve more or less of the rocks through which it passes. Finally this un-

gradually down-sinking by subterranean erosion. A portion of this matter, broken up by the action of penetrating water, remains as the soil-covering, but the interstitial decay and the removal of the matter go on for great depths beneath the soil. So hidden is this process that even those well trained in such observations may not note its effects, but careful inquiry exhibits some very conspicuous results of its operation. In the Southern States of this country, it is often possible to observe a layer of limestone, say five feet in thickness, which at one point has, by some impervious overlying deposit, been protected from the action of penetrating waters. A few hundred feet away we may find the same bed exposed to this percolating erosion of water. At such points we observe that the limy matter has been to a great extent removed from the layer of rock, leaving only the clay or

sand which may have been commingled with it. In this case, the layer will always be greatly diminished in thickness; what was originally a bed five feet thick may become a layer not more than one foot in depth, though the bed may in other respects retain its original form.

We observe that this interstitial erosion of rocks goes on in a greater or less measure over all parts of the river-valley. Thus, while a stream-bed is exposed to the actual cutting which the superficial portions of the river may bring about, all portions of its valley are wearing down by the interstitial decay. It will be observed in the cut on page 147, which shows a section crossing a river-valley, that we have in such a basin two distinct topographic features. There is a channel, which, as we readily see, was carved by the flowing stream. On either side, leading up to the divide which separates the river from the next stream, is a more or less gentle slope across a wide field of country. In the main, the downward wearing of this side slope is accomplished by the percolating waters in the manner before noted. To conceive the formation of a river-valley, the observer must in his imagination combine the action of these erosive agents working on the surface and in the under earth. He must imagine an ordinary river to consist not only of the main channel, but of many tributary streams branching like the limbs of a great fan-shaped tree. Each of these branches is slowly swinging to and fro, driven about by the wrestle with its alluvial material. In time, every portion of the valley is crossed again and again by the bed of some stream in its serpentine swings to the right and left of its present path.

It will be well for the student, when standing in some river-valley of normal structure, such as that of the Ohio, or in other river-valleys south of the glacial belt, to imagine a vertical line extending from the present surface to the height of a mile above that level. He should then try to imagine the endless wandering of the streams in their conflict with the detritus which encumbers their beds. He must conceive that the brooks or rivers which are nearest the vertical line

have again and again swung to and fro across its path. If he could restore to the surface, layer by layer, every part of material which had been taken away, and bring to their ancient positions all the several stream-beds he would find his line again and again intersected by them. The time in which the stream-beds lay over the given vertical would be but brief. Perhaps, if it were possible to make an actual diagram of their position and duration, with reference to the given vertical line, we should find that not more than one-fiftieth of its space was occupied by the channels of the old brooks or rivers. All the intermediate space not so occupied by the channels indicates the interstitial erosion effected by underground water.

In order to aid the reader in forming this conception as to the history of a river-valley, a cut is given [p. 147] which shows in a diagrammatic way the process by which a river-valley wears downward. On the basis of fact presented in this figure, it will be well for the observer, by the use of his constructive imagination, to frame a picture of the past history of any considerable system of land waters. If this image is well brought to mind, he will have attained one of the greatest conceptions which geology offers to its votaries.

The foregoing considerations will enable the reader, in a general way, to conceive the laws under which a river-system is developed and maintained. It is necessary, however, in order to complete the picture, to set before him certain accidents which may happen in the history of a stream. In the case of a river-basin such as that of the Ohio, a basin which we frequently take for illustration, for the reason that it is one of the most normal of all those on the American continent, the natural history of the stream is as follows: When the land which now constitutes this great valley first came above the ocean, it was a region of great plains, on which flourished the dense swamps of the Carboniferous era. Through this plain, the streams seem for a time to have wandered deviously, with undetermined channels. Gradually, as the Appalachian and other mountains developed, and the slopes of the streams increased,

they carved themselves channels; the general course of these channels being determined to a certain extent by the inclination of the rocks. As the Alleghanies rose higher and the table-lands on their banks came to a greater elevation above the sea, the organization of the main river and its tributaries was made more and more complete. If the continent should continue for some geological periods without any change in the level of the sea, the mountain brooks would gradually carve down the hills in which they lie, the table-lands would slowly disappear, and the surface would return to its primeval state of a great swamp. The rocks beneath this swamp would be subjected only to interstitial or corrosive decay, for the reason that the streams would not have fall enough to work upon their beds by mechanical erosion. In proportion as the lands of the valley were high above the sea, the erosive effect of their waters would have great effect. With every foot of diminished height above the ocean-level, the energy of erosion would decrease, while the corrosive, or underground, wearing would remain more nearly steadfast.

It is, from the foregoing considerations, easy to see that the ratio between the erosion and corrosion effected by the rain-fall in a river-basin determines, in a very important way, the aspect of that region. Whereas, in the Ohio, the total descent of the waters in their great distance of flow is relatively small, corrosion may nearly overtake the erosive down-wearing, and so the general level of the country will be brought down almost to the river-channel, the main stream being bordered by a line of low escarpments on the margin of its alluvial plains.

For a contrast with the conditions presented by the Ohio, where the rain-fall throughout the valley is great, where the elevation of the region is slowly brought about, and therefore the corrosion relatively considerable, let us turn to the case of the lower Colorado, where the stream flows, for some hundreds of miles, through a country which has a very small supply of rain and where it receives very trifling tributaries and where the surface of the country has risen rapidly from the sea. The head-waters of the Colorado in the Rocky Mountains are

fed by the considerable snow-fall of that region; these melting snows maintain a powerful current through the channel of the stream at all seasons of the year. The result is that, while the region on either side of the Colorado has been rapidly elevated during the last geological periods, there has been no proportionate corrosion of the rocks on either side of that stream. The bordering lands have remained for many geological ages little affected by underground water or the to and fro swingings of the lesser streams. The consequences of this peculiar position is that the Colorado flows through a great cañon, which, in places, has the depth of a mile and has the aspect indicated in the picture on page 137.

Between the conditions of the Colorado cañon and those of a valley such as the southern part of the Ohio basin exhibits, we have every degree of divergence of aspect, and the slope of the drainage-basin toward the gorge of the stream indicates in a general way the relative intensity of the erosive and corrosive forces. There is a peculiar effect arising from the diverse hardness of horizontal strata in a river valley, which deserves note in this part of our inquiry. Wherever it has a very hard bed underlain by softer strata, this hard bed at first makes a precipice next the bank of the stream. If the underlying bed be so little resisting that the weather wears it rapidly away, it will often decay with such speed that the steep face will be driven backward across the country until it finally appears in the form of an isolated table-land as is shown in the cut. Finally, when this table-land, decaying on its several sides, has been reduced much in area, it may appear in the form of what is called in the Mississippi Valley a butte. Such retreat-escarpments are often very conspicuous and beautiful features in the landscape. Excellent examples of such structures occur in horizontally disposed strata on both sides of the Mississippi and in the Saxon Switzerland, where they afford the table-like rocks of that beautiful district—isolated eminences, which, in that region of ancient warfare, are often crowned by fortresses. Such buttes, or tables of rock, only occur where the



strata of a river valley lie in a horizontal attitude and where hard beds and soft are intermingled. Where the rocks of varied hardness depart very much in their attitudes from the horizontal, they greatly affect the flow of the stream as it wears down its bed, in the manner indicated by the accompanying figures. Thus the position of a stream in a valley where the rocks are steeply inclined is determined by the various inclinations of the strata. [P. 146.]

So far we have considered the history of a stream where it has been left free from all natural interference to development. In such conditions, its basin is shaped as the concurrence of the erosive and corrosive forces may determine. In fact, few river-basins enjoy any such immunity from disturbing conditions. Their sensitive streams are variously affected by geological influences of an external sort. As these invading forces profoundly affect the form of river-valleys we may take a glance at their nature. The most common disturbing influence which may affect a river-valley of considerable area arises from the construction of mountain-ridges across the path of its streams. It was once supposed that mountains were suddenly formed. It is now clear that in most, if not in all, cases they have gradually grown to their present height. Now, as the greater number of our mountains lie in the paths of streams which existed before the elevations were formed, it follows that our rivers which intersect mountain-ridges have had to wrestle with the barriers produced by the elevations. It may in cases have happened that the ridge or wall of a mountain has been suddenly uplifted across the path of a stream, but in most of the cases where we can trace the history of the contention between ridge and stream, we find that the elevation has been formed with such slowness that the river has kept open its channel across the line of the developing obstruction. This leads us to the conclusion that mountains are never, to any extent, barriers to the path of rivers; they probably, in most cases, grow so gradually that the streams may keep their ways open through the obstacle which they tend to interpose. The part which mountains play in the history of

rivers is thus limited to a narrower field than we should at first suppose. They affect the path of rivers by changing the inclination of rocks and so directing the swing of the streams. They also serve to maintain the torrential portion of a river-system, and so afford a ground whence the stream may obtain the alluvium necessary to make the plains which border the lower part of its course. As we have seen, a chemical action which goes on in the material of these delta-districts serves an important purpose in the economy of the earth's surface. Were it not for the continuance of the mountain-building forces, the torrents, owing to the rapid down-wearing of their beds, would soon cease to afford such detrital material. The combined machinery of torrent and mountain so operates as to maintain the supply of detritus required by the needs of the sea for the maintenance of organic life in its depths and for the deposition of strata on its floor.

There are other and more formidable geologic agents tending to modify river-basins; the chief of these are glaciers. When a glacial period comes upon a country, the sheets of ice are first imposed upon the mountain tops, and thence the ice creeps down the torrent and river-beds far below the snow-line, in a manner now seen in Switzerland and Norway. As long as the ice-streams follow the old torrent-channels, they act in something like the fashions of the flowing waters, to gouge out the rocks and deepen the valleys; but as the glacial period advances and the ice-sheet spreads beyond the mountains, enveloping the plains as well; when the glacier attains the thickness of thousands of feet, it disregards the valleys in its movement and sweeps on in majestic march across the surface of the country. As long as the continental glacier remains, its tendency is to destroy the river-valleys. The result of this action is to plane down the whole land and, to a certain extent, to destroy all pre-existing river-systems. During the last glacial period, the old river-valleys were, to a great degree, worn away and the remaining portion of their troughs was, to a considerable extent, buried beneath a thick coating of debris which the ice had worn from the surface

of the land and dropped upon that surface as it retreated. The result is that in all countries which were affected by the last glacial period, the river-valleys have only here and there, and in all cases imperfectly, returned to their ancient beds. Ever since the ice went away, they have been engaged in a struggle to restore their ruined ways. As yet, this work is most imperfectly accomplished, and even if a glacial period should not return to the northern part of North America for several million years, the task of restoring the river systems to their original aspects would not be completed.

We see a simple indication of this confusion of the old drainage brought about by glacial action in the vast number of lakes lodged within depressions of the surface in New England as well as in all parts of the glaciated district. We have only to compare the valley of such a stream as the James River, which lies south of the glacial belt, with a New England valley, such as that of the Merrimac, to see the importance of the effects accomplished by a glacial sheet on the river-system. The valley of the James is entirely without lakes; every part of its area slopes downward toward the sea. In the valley of the Merrimac, there are hundreds of these water-basins. A very large part of its surface is occupied by lakes, which owe their origin to irregularities of the surface, produced by the last glacial period.

There is yet another way in which rivers may be naturally obstructed; this is by lava-streams pouring out into their valleys. In all volcanic regions, the river-beds are apt to receive great inundations of such material. When gigantic eruptions of lava, such as have occurred in the recent geological periods in Oregon and California, in Southern India, and in Eastern Europe, are poured out, the stream-beds are apt to be gorged with this igneous material, it may be for a distance of a hundred miles from the volcanic vents. At first the river is dried up by the fiery torrent; when the lava cools it becomes solid, often much more resisting to water-action than the rocks originally underlying the stream. It generally happens that the lava-current is higher in the middle of its course than

it is upon the margin. The result is that when the river begins again to flow its course is divided into two, part of the water flowing on either side of the lava-stream. As time goes on and the streams cut deeply into their new beds, they may leave the old lava-mass perched upon a hill, as shown in the diagram, [p. 147.] It happens in California that these streams occupied by the lava contain gold-bearing sands, sometimes in very large quantities. The deposits of gold were accumulated before the lava came into the ancient river-beds. Miners have learned that wherever a mass of lava occupies the position indicated in the diagram they may reasonably expect, by excavating through the side of the hill, to strike the old river-channel, and beneath the cap of lava, to find large deposits containing gold, which they may win more easily than the deposits in the beds of the existing streams. Owing to the extensive explorations which have been made in this search for gold in such positions, we have gained some very important information from these obliterated, encumbered river-beds.

Perhaps the oldest evidences which we have of pre-historic man have been obtained from these mines driven into the ancient channels of rivers on the Pacific coast. A number of rude stone implements have been disinterred by these mining operations, which clearly prove that the region was extensively occupied by man. One human skull has also been found in these workings, along with the remains of several extinct animals. The streams flow on either side of the old lava-current, and as they cut but slowly into the subjacent rock, we are able with safety to infer that these remains of man have been in existence for twenty thousand years or more. In Central France, near by the town of Le Puy, similar lava-streams also contain buried human remains. In both these cases, the remains of man have been found associated with those of extinct animals; which fact serves to show that the conclusion we draw as to the antiquity of man from the erosion which has taken place since the lava-current flowed is well founded.

Although the rivers have to maintain a battle with many obstructing actions due to natural causes, there are only two

circumstances derived from the revolutions of the earth's surface which seriously affect their history, at least in a permanent way. Where the rainfall of a country undergoes considerable variations, as appears always to be the case in the course of long geological periods, the streams necessarily find their volumes diminished or increased, sometimes in an important degree. However much the rainfall may vary, the architecture of a river, the position of its branches, the distribution of its torrent and alluvial sections generally remain essentially unchanged. Even where the continent on which a river lies is greatly elevated beyond its original height, the system of the streams remains as it was before. Thus our rivers are in many cases the oldest features on the earth's surface. The upper waters of the Tennessee, for instance, especially those of the French Broad River, have apparently endured since the earliest ages of which we have any distinct record in the great stone book. They seem to have flowed at the beginning of the Cambrian time, and their channels have borne their floods to the sea during periods in which the continent of North America has undergone vast changes in form. Certain groups of fishes, such as the gar pikes, which probably had their cradle in these waters, have apparently dwelt in them continually since the Devonian time.

The only conditions which actually lead to the destruction of a river-system arise either from the imposition of a glacial sheet on the surface of a country or from its submergence beneath the level of the sea. We have already seen that the interruption brought about by a continental glacier on the streams in the country over which it extends is usually but temporary. In a like manner, the submergence of a great valley beneath the sea-level is not apt entirely to destroy its basin. When the surface of the continent recovers its position, returning to the state of dry land, there is generally enough left of the form of the basin to cause the stream, at least in a general way, to follow its ancient paths.

With the foregoing brief sketch of their mechanism, we will turn our attention to the relations between the civilization of man and the system of the rivers.

Nowhere else in the physical machinery of our earth is the influence of the hand of man so well shown as in the conditions of rivers. Nowhere else are his destructive or conservative powers so important. The effect of man's action upon rivers is in the main due to the fact that his occupancy of the earth leads to the removal of its forest covering. We have already incidentally noted the relation of trees to the immediate bounds of a stream; we have seen that the woods are continually pressing upon the margins of a river, causing it to sway to and fro, and tending always to narrow its channel. This is only one, and perhaps the least important, of the effects exercised by forests on the regimen of the greater streams. It is necessary to consider the action of forests over the whole basin of a river, in order to see the magnitude of their influence on the action of these waters.

The valleys of most rivers are forest-clad. Whether these forests have the gigantic growth characteristic of fertile districts in the tropics and the temperate zones, or take the shape of stunted woods, such as extend far toward the poles, they in all cases form beneath their branches, and above the soil, a thick, spongy coating, which affords a natural reservoir for the rain waters. In most regions, this forest-sponge has a depth of more than a foot; it not infrequently attains a thickness of two feet or more. It can commonly take into its interstices a rainfall of three or four inches in depth, or from one-sixth to one-tenth the ordinary annual supply. This water is slowly yielded to the brooks; it often requires weeks for a single torrential rain entirely to escape into the open channels which bear it to the sea. Moreover, the fallen trunks and branches of the trees clog the forest-shaded rivulets, making little pools, which serve still further to restrain the outgoing of the waters. Our beavers, at one time the most widely distributed of our larger animals, at first making avail of these natural ponds formed by fallen timber, learned in time to construct more artful dams so as to retain extensive basins of water. Thus, in the natural condition of the North American rivers, as well as those of most other

countries before man began to clear away the forests, the woods constituted a great system of reservoirs, in which the rains were retained into the period of intervening droughts. In this state of the surface, the main channels of a river-system were continually the seat of streams of moderate flow. These channels were no wider than was required by the rate at which these forest-impounded waters escaped.

When man resorted to the soil as the source of his food, he began to clear away the forests and by tillage to destroy the spongy covering of the earth which they created. With the advance of civilization, all the great valleys on the northern temperate zone have been to a considerable extent deprived of their forest covering. In this new state of the surface, the rain-water is no longer held back as it was of old, but flows quickly over the surface of the soil and enters the water-ways. The result is that all the old channels bear, in times of flood, a body of water far greater than that which was put into them before the forests were cleared away. They have been compelled to widen their channels by cutting away a strip of the alluvial land on either side. Thus, in the case of the Ohio River, the bed occupied by the flood-waters has, since the beginning of the present century, been widened to the amount of about one-fifth of its total diameter. Despite this widening, it is now unable to bear away the flood-waters yielded to it by the extensive tilled surfaces of its basin. In times of flood it rises higher than of old and spreads devastation over a wider area of the alluvial plains. In times of drought the stream shrinks within its waste of encumbering sands and becomes unnavigable.

In the present condition of the Mississippi Valley, these floods and droughts seriously affect the interests of man. There, as in all other civilized countries, the great seats of population tend to gather on the river-banks. The alluvial lands are in all cases singularly fertile; and the streams themselves afford natural ways of transportation, the value of which does not seem to become lessened by the great extension of railway systems. In the present condition of these

valleys, the fitness of these streams for navigation is progressively diminishing, for both in times of flood and in periods of drought they are unsuited to the uses of commerce. Moreover, in the flood periods, the streams are a very serious menace to all the towns which are gathered along the river-banks. As yet, we have only seen the beginning of these evils; for notwithstanding the extensive settlements in the Mississippi valleys, more than half their original forest covering remains. When, with the rapid increase of population, these river-basins become as thoroughly subjected to the uses of man as are those of Europe, we have yet greater ills to apprehend.

The problem of the Mississippi Valley is one of national importance. By far the greater part of the food-producing capacity of our continent lies in the basin of that great system of rivers. It is therefore worth our while to consider the method by which this area can best be brought to serve the needs of man without imposing a serious burden on his arts. Although it is impossible in these few pages to consider the way in which this great task may be accomplished, it is perhaps worth while to note the general conditions which have to be met in this and other great valleys if that end is to be secured.

In endeavoring to meet the evils which arise from the removal of forest-covering from the surface of a country, we find that the difficulties to be considered are as follows: First, those which arise from the diminished restraint put upon the movements of the water which comes to the earth's surface in times of heavy rain or of melting snow. Next, the evils due to the rapid wasting of the soil, which, in its unprotected condition, is readily washed into the stream-beds. The first of these evils gives rise to serious destruction of wealth and to the interruption of industries. The second threatens the loss of that precious soil-covering on which depends the relation of all land life, that of plants and man and beast, to the surface of the earth. It is clearly evident that we cannot hope to preserve any considerable portion of our forest lands from destruction. The need of subsistence such as is drawn from the soil is immediate and over-

whelming. During the last century, Europe has been able to preserve a portion of its forests, and indeed to win extensive areas back to the condition of woods, for the reason that it could draw supplies of food from this country ; but when our American soils are occupied, it does not seem likely that other parts of the world will afford any such opportunity for obtaining foreign grain. At most, we may expect that a small area, perhaps not exceeding one-tenth of our original forests, may be retained in their present shape, in order to afford supplies of timber. It is therefore necessary, if we have to control these flood-waters at all, to devise some means by which we may imitate the old natural system of water storage which the primeval woods afforded. There is but one method by which this end may be accomplished, viz.: by creating artificial reservoirs in which the waters may be for a time retained during the period of floods.

Some years ago a distinguished engineer, Mr. Charles Ellet, suggested a system of controlling the floods of the Mississippi Valley. He proposed to build certain dams in the upper waters of the Mississippi system, in which, during the times of flood, a considerable part of the flow might be impounded, to be discharged into the channels at such times as was needed to maintain a navigable depth of water. There are certain objections to the details of the system proposed by Mr. Ellet, the principal of which is that the existence of very large reservoirs would add another source of danger to those which the floods now inflict upon the valleys of these streams. It is difficult to build retaining dams so that they may be absolutely secure from the risks of giving way. The bursting of such a dam in time of flood might prove peculiarly disastrous.

It seems, however, possible that a slight modification of Mr. Ellet's plan would more effectively accomplish the end he had in view, without creating the risks above noted. For in place of half a dozen great artificial lakes, we should adopt the plan of having many thousands, or tens of thousands, of smaller reservoirs, so arranged that no one would, by its

bursting, lead to the destruction of any other. We could by this means retain on the surface of the land a very considerable part of the flood-waters which now prove disastrous to the valleys below. Computations, which it would be out of place to present in a writing of this nature, have shown me that it would apparently be possible, with an expenditure of less than fifty million dollars, to diminish the rise of floods at Cincinnati to the amount of at least twelve feet, and at the same time secure to that river a good degree of navigability during the whole of the dry summer season. To control in a similar manner the floods which ravage the valleys of the other large tributaries of the Mississippi, would perhaps require a total expenditure exceeding one hundred million dollars. The maintenance of this system would necessarily be costly ; it would perhaps amount to as much as ten million dollars a year. It seems, however, possible that for this cost we might obtain a substantial immunity from the worst destruction accomplished by our floods. Even if this system should be adopted, it would be necessary, decade by decade, as the process of forest removal advanced, to extend still further the area of the storage reservoirs.

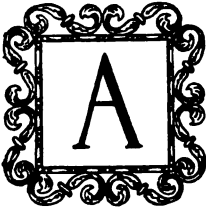
While the proper control of the Mississippi drainage system is of great importance to the nation at large ; to the States which border upon its waters it is a matter of vital necessity. Whether this great task is to be undertaken by the Federal Government or by associated Commonwealths, there can be no question that it should be at once entered upon. Every year increases the magnitude of the necessities and the difficulty of devising means to meet them.

Although the American theory of government looks to the initiative of the individual for the most of the acts which in other lands are accomplished by the state, it still has to confess that certain classes of work are only accomplishable by federal control. Our great river is fast becoming a common enemy of our people ; it is our duty to restrain its ravages as we would those of any other foe of the state.



# OTTO THE KNIGHT.

*By Octave Thanet.*



UNT BETSEY GRAHAM, who kept the plantation tavern, stood in her wide gallery-way, waiting for the mill whistle to send her boarders to supper.

There was not a kinder woman in Lawrence County, or, in a homely fashion, a better cook.

Look at her, now, in the shadow of the old-fashioned porch, built when bears were shot in the cypress brake; her portly form is clad in a red and black striped cotton gown and white apron; her gray hair is thick like a girl's, her little brown eyes twinkle jovially, the hardy late roses bloom on her tanned cheeks, and nobody on the plantation has such beautiful, white store teeth.

She sees the road, a broad, then a narrow, then a fading streak of yellow, cutting the cotton-fields and defining the borders of the brake. Some of the houses which she sees are trig and painted; some have crooked, dark roofs, and chimneys bulging sidewise against black-gray walls. It is the old South and the new. Looking obliquely to the right, she sees the smithy under its great "water oaks," and, almost at right angles, the carpenter shop and the gaunt black shape of the old mill. Further down the river bank is the new mill, which has men crawling over its roof and rings with the click of hammers.

But soon Aunt Betsey's eyes returned to Otto Knipple, splitting wood just in front of the porch. She thought, sorrowfully, that he would never make out with that hickory; but what could you expect of a boy raised in St. Louis and come down to the Black River with those ornery, trifling St. Louis carpenters?

Otto was a scrap of a lad, carrying a premature age in his sallow, care-worn, eager little features, that were the sallower and more eager for his mat of

sunburned white hair and his big, melancholy, blue eyes.

"An' so"—Aunt Betsey was pursuing a conversation already begun—"so you paw's dead, but you Uncle Bruno, he helps ye all?"

"I guess we'd be in the poor-house, if he didn't," said Otto. "He got me this chance. Mr. Bassett's a Knight, like my uncle."

"A witch?"

"A Knight of Labor, you know."

"Never heerd on 'em," said Aunt Betsey placidly.

Otto straightened himself, his eyes flashing and his narrow chest swelling.

"You aint!" he cried; "why they're jest the grandest order ever was! They're going to make all the bad rich people quit oppressing the poor and make all diffrent laws——"

"Oh, sorter like the Ku-Klux?"

"Oh no, mum, not a bit like the Ku-Klux. They are all good men and they shall make all the poor people own their own property and Uncle Bruno kin come home at four o'clock——"

"Sekrit soci'ty, hey?"

"They've got to be, mum; 'cause else them bloated capitalists would find out all their plans."

"That 'ar sounds powerful like Ku-Klux," said Aunt Betsey critically. "They all was mighty biggity, but I never seen nuthin' come er thar braggs 'cept folkses ketchin' cole, romancin' roun' nights, by the dark of the moon. I know all 'bout them sekrit soci'ties. I read a book 'bout 'em, oncet. Thar was a man taken a oath on a skull wilst two men hilt daggers over him iz was dleepin' with jore. Warn't that orful?"

"Yes, mum, please go on!" cried Otto, revelling in the lurid picture.

"By the fitful glem er a dyin' lamp," Aunt Betsey continued. "Must of ben one er them grease lamps, they're allers devil-in' someway. I disremember jes whut 'twas he swore, but I know his ha'r, iz was black like the ravin's wing, turned plum w'ite in a single night. His folks

didn't know him. But he hollers out (in a holler voice, the book said) 'I done kep' my vow!' an' he jes natchelly died er sorer right thar."

"Why for?" exclaimed Otto, rather startled.

"Kase he had ter do sich a sight er killin'; some on 'em the folks he set most store by. But he cudn't holp it. Kase he'd of ben false ter the fatil vow an' ben a fool traider. That's what the book said. My, my, my! I wisht I'd of kep' that book. 'T had a sorter purplish back an' right big print an—my word, Otter Kaynipple, how ye done bust them pants!" screamed Aunt Betsey as her eye got its first full view of Otto's figure, "its lucky I got a pa'r ready fur ye. You wait!"

She turned her broad back on the boy to reach into the gallery for something, which, presently shaken out, revealed itself as a pair of blue flannel trousers, decked with crimson streamers.

"Thar, store pants an' gallowses! Make haste an' putt 'em on!"

The boy, red with pleasure, could hardly stammer, "Oh, aint they beautiful! Who gave 'em to me?"

"Waal, he said not to tell."

All the glow faded out of the lad's radiant face. "I know. It was Mr. Dake," he said sullenly. "I'm much obliged to him, but I caynt take 'em."

His voice shook over the last words, while, apparently not daring to trust himself to look on the dazzling temptation, he flung his axe down and fled across the grass.

"A bustin' his pants at ev'ry lick!" was Aunt Betsey's comment, eying the wild little ragged shape; "an' he aint got nare nuther pa'r on earth nur nuthin' ter mend 'em with 'cept pins!"

She shook her head dolefully and carried the rejected gift into the house.

In a large, unplastered room a table was spread before an enormous fireplace, bare and black now, since the Arkansas spring sun is warm.

Marty Ann, Aunt Betsey's daughter, was placing the squirrel stew on the table, and Baby Boo, the one little orphan grandchild of the house, was already in the high chair which Dake the carpenter had made for her, reaching

perilously after the custard pie. Those sturdy little legs and arms of Boo's (or more properly Elizabeth North Carolina's) were only quiet when she was asleep; but no lover of children could see her restless, curly brown head and shining eyes and sweet little round face so dimpled and rosy, without wanting to kiss the pretty lump. Possibly, were the lover a man, he might feel a like inclination concerning her aunt, who also had curly brown hair with red gleams in it, and sparkling dark eyes; and whose thinner, oval face kept a childish and innocent charm in the soft, fine skin, pure coloring, and smooth curves. As her light figure moved about, she showed an artless kind of grace, such as these forest people often have. She wore a fresh white apron over her blue cotton frock, and had a bit of white lace and a knot of blue ribbon at her throat.

"Well, maw, what is it?" said Marty Ann, noticing a slight pucker at the corners of Aunt Betsey's eyelids. "Do you reckon that light bread is a little sad?"

"Law me, naw, Marty Ann, I was jis studyin' 'beout Dake an' that Dutch boy. He p'intedly wunt take them pants."

"Then I'd let him go bare," said Marty Ann carelessly.

"He are 'beout that a'ready," Aunt Betsey chuckled, recalling Otto's figure running. "Waal, I caynt cypher it out, nohow. Thar's Dake doin' oodles er things fur Otter, lettin' him sleep in his room t' the store, an' a sight more, but Otter wunt have no truck with Dake. Wonder w'y!"

"If I was Mr. Dake I'd find out or I'd quit fooling with Otto—one!"

"You mought, Marty Ann; but Dake, he are a patient, long suffrin' critter an' terrible kind tew childern. Look a' how he muches Boo!"

Marty Ann's pretty chin went up in a significant tilt, as she answered, "Other folks much Boo, too. Say, maw, did ye ever hear anything 'bout Mr. Dake's wife and child?"

"Nuthin', cept iz how they is dead."

"Well, I heard how he deserted his wife and ayfterwards he tried for to steal the child."

"Shucks!" retorted the old woman with disdain, "*you* heard from Bassett, I bet a bale er cotton. I wisht ye wudn't take up with that 'ar feller, honey. He kin w'ar store clozes an' juley an' mock plain folkses talkin'; but he aint got no real merits like Dake. Nur he dont set haff the store by ye. But ye jes toll 'em on. Ye got sorter mean turn with men persons, Marty Ann."

She shook a moralizing and reproofing head at her daughter; but, in so doing, she happened to look out of the window, and what she saw made her forget the lecture. "Marty Ann, come yere," she exclaimed; "thar's a turrible to-do at the new mill!"

Marty Ann, looking over her shoulder, could see the St. Louis carpenters standing around two horsemen, the owners of the plantation, Mr. Francis and young Caroll. Topping the crowd was Bassett's handsome black head. He gesticulated furiously, and Marty Ann, too far away to distinguish words, could hear the angry rumble of his voice.

A short, slim man looked on, a little apart; and impassively stroked his mustache.

"Dear, dear, dear!" ejaculated Aunt Betsey, "aint that Bassett a rarin' an' chargin'! An' look a' Dake, cam's a stone statchuary—my Lord!"

The old woman leaned out of the open window in her eagerness, when she saw Bassett fling the crowd to either side and aim a swinging blow at Dake. Dake dodged. Simultaneously, a thin line of light flashed in his hand. "He's droored 'is gun on him!" cried tender-hearted Aunt Betsey. "My Lord, I hope they wunt fight. Dodge ahind the winder with the baby, Marty Ann! I are so int'rested, someways I don't guess I'll git hit. Naw, ye needn't, Mist' Caroll's putt 'is hoos atween 'em. Good for *you*, boy! Now, they all goin' 'way. Do look a' that Otter tryin' ter take big steps like the men! Waal, fightin' or no fightin', they'll want t' eat; so less fotch in the coffee."

The four St. Louis men trooped noisily into the house, omitting their customary toilet at the pump. But Dake took his towel down from the nail and went out, there.

"Well, Mrs. Graham," said Bassett, who passed for a wag and a man of ready wit, "git out your handkerchief, the Sam Eller's rounding the Bend and we're going off on her."

"Reckon I better git out the *bill*," answered Aunt Betsey dryly. "Say, whut you all ben doin'?"

"We've given the old man the grand bounce," Bassett said, taking his place at the table; "we're not going to be bossed any longer by a d—— scab. If Francis wants us back he'll have to bounce Dake, that's all."

"What did Dake do tew ye?"

A quiet-looking man explained, "He aint done nothing to us, ma'am; but sold out a strike once, and he was a Knight of Labor and spoiled a boycott."

"Well, all I say is, just give me another chance at the d—— traitor," said Bassett. "Bet ye he dassent show his ugly mug 'round here."

The unexpected answer to this was Dake's entrance.

The head carpenter's mild blue eyes and thin brown face bore no marks of agitation. He sat down calmly, in his seat next to Boo, and began to cut up the child's food.

Bassett glowered at him across the table. To be defied by a man of such puny sinews was a blister on the giant's vanity. "I despise a scab, don't you, boys," said he, loudly.

But here Aunt Betsey lifted a fine round voice—"You hush, Mist' Bassett! I aint goin' have no sich fool talk afore Marty Ann an' the baby. Nur I won't have no men persons hollerin' an' fightin' in my heouse like a passle er wild heogs. Ef I hear ary nuther ill word, Marty Ann an me 'll git up an' light out—an' we'll cyar' the virtuals with us!"

"Give us a rest, Jim," said one of the men, "I want to eat my supper." And another added in a surly tone, "Don't you know there is a heap of fellows with guns and knives in this cussed swamp? You'll be having them all down on us!"

"Who's afraid?" sneered Bassett; but he said no more and the meal went on in a sulky truce. When the men rose he lingered in the gallery to settle the bill. Dake followed the St. Louis men out on the porch. He held Boo in his arms.

"Boys," said he, clearing his throat, "I daresay it aint no use for me to tell you there's been a lot of lies told to you——"

"No, it aint," said the surly man.

"All the same, have I ever treated a man among you mean in any way?"

The men had halted on the steps so that they faced the head carpenter; the quiet-looking man answered: "That aint the point; we aint got no use for a man that sides with the bosses against his friends. I don't believe in licking you, like Jim; but I don't want no truck with you, and that's the fact."

Dake made no reply; he stood on the porch holding Boo in his arms. The murmur of voices from the gallery reached him, soft bursts of laughter shaded by deeper tones.

Dake held Boo's small palm close to his cheek; now and then he would take it away to kiss it.

Suddenly, he put the baby down and strode into the gallery, where Bassett was holding Marty Ann while he kissed her hair in default of her face, which had dodged under the shelter of her shoulder.

"I won't! I won't!" shrieked Marty Ann, laughing and crying at once; "you're real mean! I told you I—hadn't—made up—my mind. Lemme go!"

"Let her go," said Dake.

"You dassent hit me," said Bassett, tightening his clasp.

The two men glared at each other for the briefest instant, a space of time to be contained within the flash of an eye or the click of the pistol trigger just behind Bassett's ear, before Dake's tone of concentrated fury seemed a part of that fine cold rim pressing on Bassett's brain:

"I don't mean to hit you. Let her go, you brute, or I'll *kill* you!"

Then Bassett did loosen his hold enough for Marty Ann to wriggle herself free, crying: "Oh, please don't hurt him, he was only fooling!"

"Get along, now," said Dake.

The carpenters, outside, ignorant of their comrade's plight, were bawling for him to hurry.

Bassett flung his clenched fist sideways, as he ran.

"I aint through with you yet, Bill

Dake," he shouted. "I'll git you where I want you, some day, and your d—— popgun won't help you, then!"

"Great Scott, Jim," yelled a voice, "the boat's whistling! Say, write your girl the rest."

Dake, who had advanced again to the porch, was in time to hear Bassett cry, "I will!" and to see him clear the steps with a jump which had nearly landed him on the grass head foremost, for he tumbled over Otto Knipple. Under the lad's arm was a bundle done up in a newspaper, too small to cover the contents.

"Hullo!" said Bassett, "you aint going?"

"Aint I?" cried the boy eagerly; "aint I going to strike?"

Bassett muttered something too low for Dake's ears. Then, "Yes, I'm coming, d—— you!" he shouted, and ran after the others.

Dake watched him, sombrely, until a sniff and a gurgle diverted his gaze to Otto, who was wiping his eyes with the knuckles of his forefingers and choking with sobs.

"Poor little fellow!" said Dake.

He walked towards the shabby little figure; but after looking at it intently he seemed to change his mind, and going back whispered a sentence in Boo's ears instead. Boo danced gayly off to the boy. And he, kissing her and drying his wet cheeks on her soft hair, felt a vague comfort which, perhaps, Dake missed as he walked down into the brake, alone.

After a while he sat down on a log, and in spite of his heavy heart, the beauty of the scene won his eye. In the later spring a cypress brake is a sumptuous revel of color. The fern-like cypress foliage and the short limbs above the high trunk make the tree seem more like a gigantic plant than a tree. The water in the brake is a mass of lily pads, and spattered with yellow cow lilies. The cypress roots are beautiful with moss. Even the hideous "knees" which spike the ground are transformed; painted by this magical brush of Spring a dull pink, with the texture and gloss of satin, they show like fairy tents among the lilies. Crimson blooms on the maple boughs, rich

tones of red on post-oak leaves, brilliant green leaves on the huge gum trees, a scarlet gleam from the "buck-eye" flowers, a flush of pink on a "red bud" tree, terraces of white dogwood blossoms against gray-green bark—the eye is lured by them through all the gamut of color; whether they dapple the clumps of cypress greenery or hatch the pale joints of the "elbow brush" or fleck the forest shadow with brightness.

Where Dake sat the brake climbed up into the higher ground, ceasing thereby to be the brake. The river makes a blunt and wide incision, variously named "The bay" and "The big bayou;" and the unwooded bank on the swamp side forms a kind of rude levee, which the ancient tradition of the bottom avers existed before the Spaniards or the French. Doubtless it is a relic of that mysterious, prehistoric race whose mounds are scattered through the Black River Valley.

The levee was green, the short-lived Arkansas grass covering it with velvet; only, it was not altogether green because the Spring had bespattered it with blue and yellow-white from violets, cinquefoil, and oxalis. The water of the bay glittered softly like an opal; for the sun was setting, and shifting hues, red and purple and gold, were burning in the river as in the sky.

Dake, who had learned to love this landscape, turned from it with a kind of groan. "Lord, I hate things to be so pretty when I'm so miserable," said he to himself. "I was a fool to dream she'd get to liking me. Soon's the mill's done I'll get out. I'll go"—he tried to laugh—"I'll go and get drunk!"

A sound which was not the echo of his laughter—though that was harsh enough—made him start. "Pshaw, it's nothing but a hog," he said aloud.

"Naw, 'taint a hoeg," answered a voice out of the brake, between grunts of exhaustion, "hit's me!"

With a mighty push Aunt Betsey rent a tangle of muscadine vine in twain and emerged, puffing and dishevelled but smiling, and bearing aloft a plate of custard pie. "Waal, suttinly this yere slash is pesky bad walkin'!" she panted. "I seen ye lightin' out an' ye hadn't teched you pie, so I jes gathered a

piece an' run ayfter ye. Thar," said the kind creature, who perhaps had noticed more than Dake's lack of appetite, "rest you plate on the log an' eat. T' night them St. Louis men et like their stumicks was a cotton baskit, faster ye throw hit in, the better. Bless the Lord fur victuals, I says, an' don' gredge the time t' eat em!"

She watched Dake eat, talking on cheerfully, yet with a wistful gleam in her eye. "I kin tell ye, I are plum glad ter get shet er they all, 'specially that Bassett. He war too biggetty; stepped 's high's a blin' hoss. An' how he wud lie! Lie iz easy iz ye kin bat you eye. What do ye reckon he tole 'bout you? I says ter Marty Ann I aimed tew tell ye, kase ye'd orter know."

Dake put his plate on the ground; luckily he had finished the pie, since he had no appetite for more now.

"I most wish I *had* shot him," he muttered.

"Aw naw, ye don't," said Aunt Betsey soothingly. "I ben 'lowin fur a right smart I'd jes' ax ye pintblank 'bout you wife and chile. Then I cud talk up to Marty Ann, ye understand."

Dake sometimes addressed Aunt Betsey as mother, in his English fashion. "I'd be glad to, mother," said he. The story that he told his sympathizing listener was not uncommon: a young English artisan coming to America to "better himself," and there marrying a pretty, ambitious, vulgar American, who has brought sufficient tawdry education from her high school to despise her plain husband but is quite helpless to understand his moral aspirations. Dake had never complained of her during their discordant married life; he said nothing now of her fretfulness, her hysterical impatience with poverty and perpetual nagging him for not earning more money. He showed Aunt Betsey the picture of their little one, a boy. "Elsie was a good mother," said he. After he had carefully replaced the photograph he went on: "Well, mother, we'd been married five years, and if married life wasn't jest all I'd looked for 'ard to, still we got on with the rest, and I daresay as much my fault as hers, if not; and we both thought the world of the boy. Then, this is 'ow the trouble



come. I'd always belonged to the union——"

"Sekrit soci'ty?" said Aunt Betsey, sternly, lifting up a fat forefinger in the manner of an exclamation point.

"Why, certainly, they all are. Well, I have a good friend, Bob Tomlin by name. Nobody was more interested in trades unions than we were, nor gave more money. That was one thing fretted poor Elsie. But we got disgruntled, after a while. A lot of hot-headed blow-hards got the upper hand and sent us on fool strikes till we were mad. It's kinder hard on a good workman who can always command good wages to stay idle a third of his time 'cause a few hot-heads are dissatisfied. By and by come the big strike over the boss taking on some non-union men. Bob and I did our best to prevent that strike; but when 'twas no use we went out peaceful. Tomlin had a lot of sickness in his family and his savings run low, so he went to the secretary for help. What do ye suppose they told him? Why, jest that he'd a cabinet organ and a Brussels carpet and the help must go to them as needed it. 'But,' says Bob, 'Cowles gits 'elp reg'lar!' You must know, mother, that this Cowles was a drunken rip and keen for the strike. Well, they said, Cowles needed it, he'd nothing laid by. At that, Bob, who's a bit 'asty though the best 'earted feller, he loses his temper and cussed 'em. 'And I'm to mortgage my house to pay for Hal Cowles' strikes am I?' says he. 'I'm d—— if I do!' says he. And he went back to work that very day, but before the week was out they fetched him 'ome on a shutter."

"I knowed hit," cried Aunt Betsey, "'twas the sekrit soci'ty. War he cut only whar with dadgers an' sich?"

"Oh no, only pommelled. He was 'round in a week; but that got my mad up, too, and—well, the strike failed and they laid it on us."

"Didn't they try fur to kill ye?"

"They talked putty rough, but I got a revolver and when a gang of them set on me, I shot one fellow in the leg. They didn't complain of me to the police; but after that they served me out other ways. You don't know it, of course, but those big strikes mostly end

the same way. The old men come back, beaten or not. And the bosses, after swearing by all that's holy to keep on the non-union men that have come in and helped them through, they begin to quietly weed the scabs out and get their old men back. You see, usually, the good workmen belong to the union and they won't work with the scabs, and the bosses find it cheapest to give in, on the sly like. And the unions promise big, and so the poor devil of a scab goes by the board. That's the way they treated me. I went to two or three cities, but I couldn't get work, having no union ticket; but I got a good job out in the country and went home for my wife to take her out. We'd been having words, she wanting me to make it up with the union; but still I didn't suspect nothing. Mother, she was gone. Her folks (her father and brothers) were union men, and they persuaded her to leave me. She went off and she got a bill of divorce—for desertion and non-support, though I'd sent her three-fourths of my money. And, next thing I knew, she was married to a walking delegate, a fellow that gets a big salary for bossing rows."

"Waal, the triffin', deceitful critter!" said Aunt Betsey.

"I expect Bassett told ye I stole my child. I tried to; but there was a hue and cry and they got him 'way from me. One policeman whacked me over the head and my poor boy cried. I never saw him again, mother. They kept so close I couldn't find them. But every Christmas and birthday I'd send a present for the lad, what I thought he'd like, to his grandfather, and I asked him very civilly if he'd only tell me if the boy was well. But I never got a word till he sent me a marked paper. My boy's death was in it."

"Oh ye pore, pore boy!" said the old woman, whose six tall sons were in their graves; "an' the only chile ye got."

Dake nodded, shivering a little. "Yes, ma'am, that's so. I guess I'd 'ave gone to the bad then but for Tomlin and his wife. I'd lost everything, and it's awful, mother, the loneliness when a man's own mates turn on him. I confess I took to the devil's comforter, drink. But they got me out of it, God bless

'em. Maybe I had ought to thank the Knights of Labor too, for we both joined them 'bout that time."

"Another sekrit soci'ty?" cried Aunt Betsey. "Aw, ye onfortunate boy!"

"Well, we pretty soon discovered that we'd got more fights on our hands than in the union; we'd everybody else's wrongs to right as well as our own. I'm blessed if we didn't strike once to help some cigar-makers, and the walking delegate that come on to attend to the matter was *him*—my wife's 'usband. He went white 's the wall when he saw me, and marched off. The next time I saw him he was bossing a boycott on a poor widow woman who wouldn't turn a scab carpenter out of her boarding-house. By that time I didn't want no more Knights of Labor in mine; and I took sides with the widow. So now the Knights are down on me."

"Aint ye never seen *her* agin?" said Aunt Betsey.

"Jest once. I run up against her on the street that same time. She looked most awful pale and wore mourning—for him. When I saw her that way, somehow I seemed to see her like she'd look nights when Willie was restless and we'd take turns walking him. She'd 'ave the baby's little 'ead on her shoulder, and her long black braids hanging down her nightgown; and she walking and singing. My God, mother, a man can't get over feeling *something* for the woman that's carried his baby in her arms! 'Elsie,' I says, 'don't look so frightened; you aint got nothing to fear from me.' Then the poor thing cried and coughed—for she was dying in consumption, she only lived three months after that—and she said she didn't know where I was or she'd 'ave told me 'bout Willie's sickness, and her father was mad and so on. Poor Elsie, I never felt so bitter 'bout her agin. I felt cruel hard before. She told me all 'bout our boy and sent me a bundle of his little things. Poor Elsie! Well, mother, there's the story. I come down here to get rid of the Knights; but you see I haven't." He laughed drearily, as he added, "They beat me, every way."

"Ye mean 'bout Marty Ann," said Aunt Betsey, who had no false delicacy; "but ye needn't feel so mightily down.

Marty Ann's kinder out o' fix, now, but she's got a heap er sense; an' she'll see; I'll be you mother in law, yit. So guv me a buss on that!"

Dake kissed his homely comforter with a will; and she leaning on his arm, as if he had been the son she hoped for, they went back to the house.

Mr. Francis took the strike very coolly. He found some Arkansas carpenters who worked well enough under Dake's supervision. Young Carroll made light of the whole affair. "That Bassett was a chump," said he; "he talked too much with his mouth; I'm glad he's gone—well, children?"

Otto said that he was only showing Boo the red wagons in the store.

But evidently Boo had her own intentions; she twitched the boy's sleeve. "Boo 'oves tandy," she observed with much sweetness of manner, "tandy wont make Boo sick!"

"Will you let her have *one* gumdrop, sir?" said Otto, "I shall pay you out of my wages." He flushed up to the eyes when Carroll tossed him a handful of candy, and he pushed the parti-colored heap back, excepting one piece, saying: "I'd like for to take more, sir, but I should send all my money home that I kin."

"Oh, take them," said the young man, "that's all right!"

Young Carroll had his clothes sent him from his tailor in the North, he rode a fine horse, he polished his finger nails, he never seemed in a hurry; Otto hated him.

Poor Otto, he deemed it his duty to hate everybody having very much money or very much land. Just as his talk had a little twist of German idiom, so that good anarchist, Uncle Bruno (in very truth, one of the best of men), had twisted his moral sense awry. He was confident that not only did the rich inflict hideous misery on the poor, they also gloated over their victims' humiliation. Tears of shame and anger burned his eyeballs as he picked up Boo (both fists full of sweets, but very loath to go) and hurried out of the store. "He laughed that I should not have enough to buy but one gumdrop!" he said between his teeth. And innocent young

Caroll was saying : "That's a nice little fellow ; do you reckon Aunt Betsey would make over my curduroys for him ?"

Otto passed by the new mill. He could hear Mr. Dake whistling over his work. The head carpenter had rigged up a workshop in the mill, and worked there until late every night, making a chest of drawers for Marty Ann. The chest was to be a birthday present. Otto was not above peeping through a crack, thereby seeing very plainly that Dake was smiling.

"He thinks he has conquered," was Otto's instant reflection, "and he shall have Bassett's shaatz, too. Ya wohl, will he ? Denn muss ich den Teufel anführen !"

He shook his fist at the store ; "I despise the scab, but the tyrant I hate !" said Otto, who admired the sounding phrases of his uncle's newspapers. "Yes, I was sorry, I hated to do it even to bring the boys back ; but now you have made me cry, look out !" He laughed fiercely, recalling a speech of Mr. Francis : "If the mill hadn't been so far along I should have been bothered ; for we *must* have the gin by October."

"I will do it," said Otto. "They thought I was a boy, I couldn't help the strike. They will see !"

Little did Dake, still smiling over the chest of drawers, imagine how important to him was this soliloquy of Otto's ; he only thought of Marty Ann and her possible pleasure. He laughed at himself, but he knelt down and kissed the handles which might be touched by her fingers.

"Dearest lass, sweetest lass," he murmured. "Oh, I'd take such care of you, I'd work so hard ! And we'd have the dear old mother and Boo with us, and, maybe——" His eyes were full of tears. "Oh, good Lord, can I be going to be happy, after all !" said he.

Yet surely Marty Ann's behavior had changed to him. She was so kind and gentle, not making excuses to get away from him as she used to do. And how pretty she would look up at him if there was a little joke to catch his eye ; and what a sweet, sweet laugh she had !

So a lover's hopes and fancies played a fairy game through his head, until

Mr. Francis's voice broke the spell. To-day was an unintentional holiday, owing to an accident to a saw ; and the planter meant to improve it by driving the head carpenter about the plantation to discuss future building.

The two men spent the day thus ; and did not return until evening. The supper-room looked bare to Dake without Marty Ann. Aunt Betsey explained that she had gone to see the new baby of a friend, "Cap'n Bulah Griffin, on the yon side the Creek."

"She laid out t' cyar' Boo, but she rode the claybank an' he's sicker ill hoss, she dassent. Boo begun tew beller when she seen 'er goin', but Mis' Francis come by an' she tolled the bad little trick off tew the new mill. An', by gum, she ben thar the enjurin ev'nin', playin' doll heous with the boards, she an' Otter 'n Lizzie Vict'ry an' Seerayphine Dake. She putt Seerayphine tew sleep an' leff her thar fur the night."

Seerayphine Dake, be it explained, was not a little live girl like Lizzie Victory, but a beautiful wax doll that could open and shut its eyes and cry in the most natural and affecting manner if you squeezed her stomach. Dake had bought her in St. Louis and put her on the Christmas tree for Boo.

"She didn't leave her," Otto spoke up with an unaccountable flush, "I brought her home."

But Boo had not heard, being absorbed in a new table pastime ; namely, tilting her spoon so that the milk should trickle gently over the point and form wee rivulets in the creases of her oil-cloth eating apron.

"Lammie," said her grandmother placidly, "quit that, or I'll have ter throw ye ter the big b'ar ! Marty Ann 'lowed she'd shore be back by sundown, knowin' iz I'd be skeered up, the hoss is so mean."

But the sun set, throwing no rays on the "claybank," or Marty Ann.

Aunt Betsey paced the gallery, declaring that she didn't know "what got the matter with her, she jes' taken the all overs." Gradually, as the west dimmed and the long shadows devoured the forest vistas, leaving only the vast dark bulk of the swamp, Dake's nerves felt the contagion.

"Like's not he've throwed 'er," said Aunt Betsey, "an' thar she lays in the road, hollerin' on us. I are goin' down a piece to look."

"And I guess I'll go by the other road," Dake said; "she might take that."

He borrowed a horse from young Carroll and rode all the way to the Griffins.

Marty Ann had left their house before dark. They were much concerned, and Jeff Griffin wanted to join the search, but Dake assured him that there was no need; if Marty Ann was not found before morning, he would send him word.

A sinister fear, very different from honest Jeff's anxiety, goaded him both into this refusal and his own feverish hunt.

That day one of the "renters" had told Mr. Francis a long story of seeing Bassett in a little town among the hills. "He sorter dodged outer my way, but I knowed by his favor\* twar him."

Now why had Bassett come back? Dake would not confess to himself that he feared that Marty Ann had gone secretly to meet him; but he rode madly through the brake, yelling her name, and being a poor horseman, might have broken his neck over a cypress knee had not the horse carried a cooler head than his rider.

Nobody answered his shouts until he came in sight of the lights of the hamlet, when he heard the peal of a horn, such as Aunt Betsey blew daily to summon her boarders and the stockmen use on their rounds.

Approaching, he perceived first a lantern swinging vigorously, then a ragged boy.

"Otto!" he called.

"She's come back," shouted Otto; "she lost her way!"

The relief which was Dake's first sensation was succeeded by a revulsion of suspicion so cold and biting that it turned him sick to the very heart.

"Go on back," said he; "tell Aunt Betsey I'm going to the mill and won't be up."

He would not be fooled by another false woman. A sentence that an old German, a former member of a religious community in Iowa, used to quote, kept running in his head: "Woman is a magic fire."

Well, he was burned. He returned his horse to the stable and tramped savagely over to the mill.

Lost in the swamp! she that was born there. Yet the dominant instinct of fairness which was in Dake's English blood would have its word. "She never told me she cared for me," he groaned. "I only imagined it. I aint got no right to blame her."

He tried to work, but the contrast between his frame of mind in the morning and now was too bitter—he threw his tools aside.

It may seem strange that Dake should decide against himself on such meagre evidence; but his hopes had no vitality, they were cowed by suffering. He sat a long while thinking, or rather trying to think, for only visions of past woe and betrayal would crowd into his brain. At last he rose and betook himself to the store where he lodged; Otto and he occupying a chamber in the second story together.

The store is a plantation's social centre. Dake found the office full of men. The stove gleaming in its summer coat of whitewash (which saves blacking) made a convenient shelf for divers heels. Otto's heels did not aspire to the stove; his legs dangled from the window-sill while he listened with a rapt air to Winter, the blacksmith's, eulogy of Bassett's strength.

"The ox, he ruled†"—thus the current of Winter's eloquence flowed on—"an' Jim jes' guv 'im one on the head; knocked 'im plum dead.† Tell ye I wudn't bunch rags§ with him, I'd cyar a gun handy if I was Dake."

"That Bassett caves a right smart," said a quiet, fair man, who looked like what he was, a prosperous farmer, "but he lets off too much steam to ever bust the b'iler. He was fixin' ter kill off Mist' Dake an' most er the Bend, mighty briefly. R'ared an' charged on the boat, I'm tole, all the way to Newport. But we're all movin', still."

"He'll do us a meanness yit, Mist' Shinault," said Winter gloomily.

Dake passed through the crowd, greeting them briefly, and went up to

† Jibed.

‡ Senseless.

§ Fight. Negro expression, but used in jest by the whites.

\* Favor—looks, appearance.

his room. Very soon he was followed by Otto. For a little time they could hear the laughter and creaking of chair legs and shuffling of heavy boots, then the gossips departed in a body, and a deep hush succeeded.

The river lapped the bank like a thirsty dog. Some wild creature of the swamp sent forth a quavering, melancholy cry. Dake lay still in his bed that he might not waken Otto. Otto was feigning sleep lest he should be suspected by Dake.

But the boy's flesh crept, his heart was thumping against his ribs: now, now at any minute—ach, Gott! what was that?

Hurried footsteps shook the wooden platform, and a clamor of blows and shrieks filled the air.

Dake sat up in bed. "Seems to want to get in," he observed coolly. "Say! you down there, don't beat the door down! We'll need it to-morrow."

A woman's voice screamed back: "Mist Dake, Dake, come an' help us! Boo done run away!"

It was Aunt Betsey's voice; and nobody was there except Aunt Betsey pounding on the door with a stick; and clad in a remarkable toilet of Marty Ann's gown slipped on by accident, therefore knotted round the wearer's ample waist by the sleeves; and a patch-work quilt for a shawl.

She panted out her story; how Marty Ann, awakening suddenly, had missed Boo.\* They had searched the yard in vain. Now Marty Ann had run to the river.

Otto interrupted the recital. "Her doll—the mill!" he cried hoarsely.

"She 'lowed she lef' it thar, fur a fact," Aunt Betsey said with a gurgle of relief. "I bet she's thar this minnit! Otter—will ye look at the critter split the mud! Dake—he are gone, too. Waal, quicker they all run less need er runnin' fur Betsey Graham. I ain't preecisely built fur the run neither." With which reflection, she followed at her own pace.

Otto flew across the green like a hare. He darted into the great black hollow structure, into the shadows

crouching under the rafters like beasts asleep. There by the chest, Boo was sitting, crooning to herself while she played with a trail of fire.

A yell tore Otto's dry throat.

"Run with the baby!" shouted Dake, "run for your life!"

He was jumping on the sparks; he gathered the mass attached to the fuse in his arms; he leaped through the door. Aunt Betsey, trotting ponderously along, saw Otto run from the mill holding Boo while Dake flew to the river bank, hurling his burden into the air; and simultaneously came the crash of a dozen claps of thunder rolled into one; a shower of dirt, branches, water, and boards whizzed about her ears, and Dake tumbled headlong against a tree.

The next second Boo shrieked with delight, "Did Boo hear the bang! Big bang!"

"Good Lord er earth an' heaven!" screamed Aunt Betsey, "whut's that?"

But she was not a woman to be deprived of her wits by any catastrophe. Instantly she grasped the child and felt her over, commenting: "Aint broke no-whar. Nur you, Otter, hay? Whar's Dake?"

"He—he's there!" Otto's chattering jaws managed to gasp, as he pointed a shaking hand at the cypress stump.

The black heap tumbled athwart the roots neither stirred nor moaned when the old woman touched it.

"Oh my boy! my boy!" she cried, but directly in a changed tone she said: "Naw, his heart beats strong. Jes' hit his head gin the tree an' knocked 'im dead. Hope the devil's trick, whut-ever 'tis, haint no more go off in 't. Otter, you 'n Boo don' come too nigh! Holler on Marty Ann, she'll be plum crazy hearin' the noise—Thar she comes—wild! Marty Ann, Boo aint hurt!"

Marty Ann turned once towards Boo, standing solidly on her own plump legs by this time, then she ran straight to Dake. Aunt Betsey's lantern struck out a ragged medallion from the intense darkness, wherein lay Dake's profile resting on the old woman's arm, and a ghastly, terrified face with staring eyes and panting lips, above. Blood was on Dake's hair and cheek and on the hand which Marty struck against her breast.

\* Doors of dwellings are rarely locked in this part of the country; so that anyone could go out, easily.



Otto's head reeled; he caught at Boo, tumbling down on the ground to hide his face in her little white nightgown.

"That's right, Otter," cried Aunt Betsey, "wrop er up! The pore little trick 'll be chillin' if—yere," flinging the quilt at him, "putt that on 'er. Now, holler right loud, all er ye. Are words come handy. *Murder! Fire! Holp! Holp! This a way! Whoop—ee—ee!* Git up the tree an' shake the lantern, boy! Marty Ann, w'y don' ye holler? Guv me that 'ar shawl; my gownd 'll kiver you all over, an' yourn wunt me. *Holler! holler!*"

Really, however, the settlement needed no rousing.

The explosion had startled them out of their slumbers for miles around. Lanterns began to twinkle like fireflies, in every direction. They poured out of their cabins, half dressed; while their shouts and calls woke the echoes in the swamp. First John, the watchman, emerged from the old mill, rubbing his eyes. Then Mr. and Mrs. Francis came and all the Carolls. Within five minutes a score of men, women, and children were on the spot and Dorrance Caroll was spurring his fastest horse down the lane after the doctor.

Mr. Francis and Winter took one of the heavy shutters off a store window and laid Duke on it, still senseless.

"Tote him ter we all's, in cose," said Aunt Betsey; "he savedid my gran'-chile this yere night, an' nobuddy else shill nuss 'im."

Every moment men on horseback came galloping up to the lanterns, having heard the noise. The crowd streamed after the shutter, buzzing like a hive of bees; with questions, ejaculations, surmises, threats.

"Whut war 't onyhow?" "Do you reckon 'twar a yearthquake?" "Naw, naw, brudder Sharon, dey didn't ben no 'quake! I done seen piece er dat 'ar trick done it, my black seff. Mist' Francis does low hit's dem *dynermite ca'tridges* dey does blow out de stumps wid. Reckon dey all aimed blow de whole settlement sp'ang up!"

A white man at Otto's elbow was explaining the operation very correctly. "Ye unnerstand we got a heap er them cartridges an' these yere vilyuns stole 'em an' hid 'em in the mill. Most like,

they set 'em off with a long fuse wud be a hour burnin'. Then, they jes' lights the fuse, lopes thar hosses, an' Mist' Francis may whistle fur 'em!"

"Dad gum thar ornery hides, I'm fur swingin' them up soon's we git 'em!"

"Fust we got ter *cotch* 'em. I'm trustin' t' thar gittin' mired up in the slashes!"

"Dad burn 'em, blow 'em up 'ith they all's dinnermite——"

"Twarnt they all's, 'twar we all's."

"Naw, sir, hangin's the best. Ye takes a waggin——"

"Say, bud, you was thar, tell us."

Wedged in the throng, Otto must answer unlimited questions.

At the house the talk veered appropriately to the merits of the injured man. A farmer told of a gate mended, for nothing; and a woman of a rocking chair made for her old mother. "Wudn't take a cent. Said we'd give 'im many a dinner when he was workin' out our way. I hadn't nare rocker but the one, an' I hated terrible not to rock."

"He was always so good to the little tricks, thats what I think on," said a young mother.

"Thar warn't a better cyarpenter in Arkansaw," almost sobbed Winter; "jes' hurted him to do a pore job, an' honest?—my Lord, the man that wud do Duke mean wud rob a dead man."

"We'll *make* 'em dead men!" howled the crowd. But they were hushed instantly by the doctor's approach. A bag hung over the medical arm, from which projected divers steel handles glittering ominously under the lanterns. A shudder ran through the crowd and Otto's next neighbor remarked in an awe-struck tone: "Reckon he got many's dozen knives in thar!"

"Must hurt turrible!" said another man.

"Say they all kin cyarve a buddy all t' bits, inside," pursued the first speaker with a kind of ghoulis enjoyment of his theme, "an' then putt 'em all back int' fix, like they was a clock. Fur my pyart, though, I'd be sorter jubious they'd fergit suthin' or turn some little trick er me wrong side up."

Otto sickened at this vision of the horrors which might be inflicted on Duke. Uncle Bruno had held a low

opinion of doctors ever since they insisted on vaccinating the family, and mamma Knipple sided with the board of health. Otto began to feel a painful sympathy with Dake. "Oh, I didn't go for to kill him or to hurt him neither," he was always saying to himself. "I wouldn't take the things 'cause he's a traitor, but he was good to me. I don't want him to die!" Mr. Francis's praises of his conduct were like a thorn pressing a raw wound; but he did not dare to repulse them. He longed to fly, but his anxiety for some word from Dake kept him passive. He waited, in his torture, until he saw Mrs. Francis's pretty, kind smile through the crowd of faces and the lights, and heard her declare that Dake's hurt was not serious; then he slunk away.

He crept under the shadow of the cypress trees, along the edge of the brake, to the new mill. He looked at it, not a beam shaken, not a stone of the chimney jarred.

He looked a little while, then he walked back to the store.

The door stood open, just as they had left it, in their flight. Otto walked up the dark stairs, feeling his way; but when he came to touch the door he recoiled. An uncontrollable, utterly irrational terror seemed to swoop down out of the night and clutch his soul. His knees knocked together and the chatter of his own teeth scared him, yet he could not for the life of him keep his jaws still.

"Oh Lord," gasped poor Otto, "how'll I ever live through this night? If only a rat 'ud come!"

But with a desperate effort he flung the door back and, running swiftly, he crossed the floor, jumped into bed, and cowered under the blankets. But the blankets are not woven that shall keep out Fear. Otto was not repentant, he was frightened.

His imagination had armed his nerves, beforehand, against one train of shocks; instead there came a horror for which he had not prepared and they were defenceless. The homesick boy loved Boo; over and over again he saw her laughing at that devil's plaything. He saw Dake's pallid face and the woman's wild eyes. He heard the oaths and

threats and curses. Somehow, Otto had expected that the poor people about would rather exult in the planter's misfortune; was he not, by rights, their oppressor? But now they raged against the man who had tried to kill Dake. They would kill Otto, if they knew. There was a step on the stair! No, it was nothing! The rustle of leaves was like voices. It was not the click of hammers, only the rattle of a sycamore bough in the wind. So the hideous hours wore on until, exhausted by his torment, the poor little lonely sinner slept.

Meanwhile, Dake was hardly less wretched. He uttered a deep groan in the middle of the night, startling Aunt Betsey, who was in the act of pouring some medicine into a spoon, and naturally shook the spoon. But she gave him the medicine just the same, conscientiously adding an extra half-spoonful. Then she looked down upon him with great tenderness and emotion.

"Mother," said Dake, "why do you cry?" for the tears were twinkling on Aunt Betsey's lashes and, holding the bottle of medicine in one hand, she was gently stroking his hair with the other—and the spoon.

"Law me, honey," she answered briskly (after a sniff), "I ain't cryin', my eyes is jes' weakly, like."

"Am I 'urt bad?" said Dake.

"Naw, boy, Lord be praised, you aint. Doctor says a board struck ye an' knocked ye 'gin the tree, an' ye got a *confusion* (that's what he calls hit), in you head; an' you leader unner you right knee got tore by suthin'; but no bones is broke, an' you'll be peart agin, in no time."

Dake sighed and turned his face to the wall.

"Talk er me cryin'!" the old woman went on, "aint I got good reason fur ter cry an' praise the Lord fur whut you done fur we all this night. Me cry! Ye had orte seen Marty Ann, she cried a haff hour studdy, when she warn't bussin' an' muchin' er Boo."

A quiver passed over Dake's face. Not a word did he say, being, truly, past speaking.

Drearily his memory had been plodding through the past evening. Bas-

sett? Of course it was Bassett. But how much had Marty Ann helped him? He acquitted her, promptly, of any guilty knowledge, but he suspected that unconsciously she had given Bassett all his information. Through her he had learned of Dake's habit of working in the mill at night. It was at him, William Dake, that the blow was aimed. His single glance that night had shown him the hiding place cunningly contrived in the hollow behind the chest of drawers and covered with boards. By what miracle had the baby, pulling it out, escaped firing the horrible thing?

The fuse, most likely, was burning all the while he was in the mill—had he remained his usual time—"By—, I wish I had!" thought the wretched man. Then it was that he had groaned. The desolate loneliness, the sense of being hated, the shadow of entailing misfortune upon whomsoever befriended him, which had poisoned life for him before, had in it now the venom of a woman's deceit.

"Woman is a magic fire," muttered Dake, with his face to the wall that he wished was his grave.

"Fire?" cried Aunt Betsey. "Be ye chillin', honey? Marty Ann fotch in the big blanket!"

Marty Ann appeared, the prettier for the violet shadows under her large eyes and the pale cheeks and tremulous mouth. She stammered a few words of gratitude, which Dake received gently and coldly. She could not understand him.

Neither could Aunt Betsey nor Mr. Francis.

He was the best of patients, quiet, morbidly cautious about giving trouble, joking, in a dry way, over his pain, and pathetically grateful for every kindness. "But someway, fur all his funnin', the critter's mightily down," declared Aunt Betsey.

"I wisht you'd go in sometimes, Marty Ann," she said once to her daughter, "you kin chirk him up better 'n ar un else."

"No, I caynt," answered Marty Ann quickly; "caynt you see yourself he don't want me 'round?"

"Hev ye ben ill ter the pore critter? I'll bet ye hev."

"No, I ain't, maw," said Marty Ann. "I don't know what's the matter. Nor I don't care neither."

Why, then, did Marty Ann go and cry over Boo until the child howled in sympathy?

Dake could not help noticing her changed looks. "She's fretting because her scoundrel sweetheart done such a mean trick," he thought dismally. Nevertheless his heart yearned over her. Bassett was a boaster, a coarse fellow, but may be he would be good to her, and he was Marty Ann's choice. "I'll not stand in the way," said Dake.

The next day he spoke to Mr. Francis. "They've downed me," he said. "What's the use? I'll go away. There's a good carpenter in Portia and he's a Knight of Labor, so they won't make a row. You can get Bassett back, then—"

"I don't want him," said Mr. Francis.

"He's not half a bad fellow," said Dake, "and a first-rate workman. I don't bear him no malice. I know how the decent workmen feel about scabs; I used to feel that way, myself. They're fellows that make a good bargain for themselves at the expense of their mates; the decent Knights or union men won't lift a hand against them, themselves, but they don't feel bad, I assure you, when the rough fellows do them a mischief. If I stay here, they'll do something to you. I'm going, that's all."

Mr. Francis's indignation, appeals, protestations were equally vain. The planter fumed, young Carol! swore, Aunt Betsey cried, Dake looked miserable, but his determination was not shaken one whit. Meanwhile, the swamp had been scoured, a couple of detectives were prowling about in disguise, and nobody was a pin's point the wiser.

Bassett rode defiantly to the store with a couple of witnesses, who swore (and he offered to bring a dozen more who would swear the same) that he spent the whole evening from seven until eleven of the night in question, at a certain saloon in Portia. "And I aint that kind of a fellow," said Bassett to the scowling faces, happily few, that day, which met his, "I fight fair, I do; and I'm ready to hold up my hands to anybody that doubts it! D—'em! D— you all!" he yelled. In fact, Bassett

had primed up his courage for the trip a little too heavily.

The planter, Shinault, and a few of the cooler heads got him off the place with all speed.

Otto, who was in the store buying quinine for Dake, witnessed the scene, in indescribable agitation. The lad was a creature to be pitied. He spent most of his spare time in Dake's room. At first he had shrunk from seeing Dake, but very soon the only relief that he could get was there. Against his will he grew fond of Dake. It is hard when a man's eyes brighten at the sight of you, when he likes the touch of your hand, when you lift his weak head, when you see him suffering but always with a smile for you—it is hard, even if you are a young anarchist, to properly hate that man. Before a week was over Otto surrendered, he knew that he could not hate Dake ever again.

"That 'ar boy 's plum changed up," Aunt Betsey declared, "ter my mind, now he sees how that 'ar sekrit socity done Dake, he are 'shamed an' he got a anxious notion er makin' up tew Dake fur bein' so mean. Got them blue pants on him, t' day, done so. Then, I made him h'ist his legs up on a chair so Dake wud shore see 'em. Dake smiled right pleasant when he seen them legs. But that boy, he looks so puny an' down, hits jes' *terrible*! Wunt eat a mite. Makes me feel right bad."

There was reason enough for Otto's looks. Harassed by the criminal's galley slave, Fear, which made him look askance at every new comer's face to see if it darkened at the sight of him; and strain his ears to catch the words of any voice roughened by anger, the unhappy little dynamiter cried out: "Am I *always* going to be scared like this?"

It never occurred to him to give up his job; his people needed his wages too much.

The threats which are always uttered, on such occasions, in primitive communities, kept his dread at fever heat. Apparently the least he had to expect was to be butchered with bowie knives, or strangled on a high limb of the great overcup oak facing the mill.

Neither was fear his only torturer. He was a frank lad with a sturdy self-

respect of his own, witness his declining Dake's gifts though his rags hardly covered his skin, yet now he must be praised on every side for snatching the baby up and running; he must be clapped on the back by a score of hands black and white, and receive a miscellaneous array of tributes ranging from Marty Ann's Waterbury watch (you can buy a very good one at the store for two dollars and sixty cents) to the package from a burly admirer which contained a bowie knife and a popcorn ball—it was intolerable!

But Otto remembered the threats and his heart failed him; he dared not attract suspicion by refusing.

"How they'd hate me if they knowed!" he thought. Neither had he any longer the poor comfort of being able to hate and despise the givers, because it is so difficult to hate and despise people who are kind to you.

Very worst of all, Otto was beginning to have ghastly doubts about the righteousness of the cause. He was so utterly solitary, poor little wretch. Winter, the blacksmith, voiced the universal opinion: "'Twar a skulkin' pusillanimous deed."

He addressed a crowd of farmers waiting their turn before his forge.

"Them fellers, them Knights er Labor done it, ter my mind," he continued. "Bassett when he war yere, he tole me er a heap er meanness they all done ter folks iz displeased 'em. 'Taint safe ter mad us,' says he."

"He tole me," said a red-haired youth, "that when the Knights got thar will, nobody had need ter work more'n eight hours a day. That's 'nuff, he says."

"An' how'd we all make a crap on eight hours a day, do ye reckon?" said Lum Shinault. "Shucks! ef ye want money an' truck ye got ter work fur it! Them knights is the durndes' fools! W'y that ar Bassett he 'lows land had orter be free like water. By gum, I got a good farm I paid for, my wife an' me workin' hard, does he reckon we all goin' ter sheer with any triflin' feller comes 'long?"

"Whut I caynt enjure," said an old farmer, "is the way he done we all. He didn't have no gredge agin we all, yit yere he tries fur ter cheat us outen

our gin when he knows the ole un aint big nuff!"

"Twar a mean trick on Mist' Francis," said Shinault, "tell ye he done a sight er good, yere. I kin remember when thar warnt nary sightly heouses an' the store didn't sell nuthin' much 'cept white whiskey, an' the whole settlement wud git 'rarin' chargin' drunk Saturday night. Yes, sir, they wud so. Look a' the place, now, look a' them fine painted heouses an' the heap er winders! Look a' the school'us that's a church heouse, too! An' aint the store the best all sorts store onywhar', an' don't sell a drop er lick. Aint we all's farms more valluble kase er j'inin' this yere estate with the gin an' the store an' the steamboat landin'? I tell ye, Francis an' Caroll done a sight er good."

"Dey's kin' gen'lemen fo' a fac'," agreed a tall negro, "dey did guv me credit to de sto' fo' meal an' po'k endurin' de winter w'en I ben down wid de antedelarious fever nur dey didn't know wedder I evah git up fo' to mek a crap fo' dem."

"Waal, ter my mind," said a big farmer, he of the bowie knife and popcorn ball, "ef a man got a gredge 'gin a yuther man let him go ter 'im an' have it out fair an' square. In co'se take 'is gun. This yere blowin' up mills—w'y, it's ondecient!"

A hollow-eyed man in butternut jeans was stirred to reminiscence, and told a long tale of how a Jew set fire to his brother's cotton gin in revenge for a bad debt.

"War ye shore 'twar him done it?" said Shinault.

"Shore?" cried the man indignantly, "didn't Dock most lick his hide offen him? Shore! Be you uns shore Jim Bassett an' they all done this yere meanness?"

"Waal, now, ef ye ax me," said Shinault, "I aint."

"Who did then?"

"That's what I dunno."

Otto, on the outskirts of the crowd, swallowed a lump in his throat.

"Waal, shore or no," said the big farmer, whacking his boot leg truculently with his ox whip, "thar's a right smart er good men an' true a goin' ter

pay Mist' James Bassett a visit—an' find out!"

"Leave 'im t' the law, boys. Ye better!" said Lum Shinault; he was Esquire Shinault now, a justice of the peace, and with a profound respect for legal methods.

"Oh we all aint goin'," said the farmer, and there must have been some occult pleasantries in the remark, since the crowd broke into a rough laugh.

Otto was afraid of their mirth; he hurried away—to think.

Now, as it happened, the farmer was merely bragging; and had he not been, Bassett was safe in St. Louis. But this Otto did not know. He said to himself that either he must confess or Bassett would be sacrificed. The idea of confession was not new; it had come to him once or twice before; and this morning he had felt a desperate longing to thus prevent Duke's going. For Duke was going that day. Otto overheard part of the conversation between him and Mr. Francis.

"Duke, I am sorrier than I can say," said the planter; "it's all nonsense, your notions about my being exposed to danger if you stay. A lot of trifling blowhards, I aint afraid of them. Why, confound it, I reckoned you'd stay and marry a pretty Arkansas girl and settle down."

Then Duke's voice came with a tremor in it: "I swear I wouldn't ask any girl to take a man for a 'usband that might be brought in dead to her, any day, or all crippled up and useless, worse than dead. I'd think too much of the girl I cared for, to ask *that*!"

And, directly, the voices having grown duller because Boo was drawing Seerayphine Duke and a new wagon through the gallery, Aunt Betsey appeared blowing her nose and wiping her eyes and slashing the air with her big red handkerchief, in a state of mingled wrath and woe.

"The critter's deestracted," she wailed, "fixin' t' go t' Porsy t' see the cyarpen-ter thar, ef he'll come—in co'se he'll come, dad burn him!—then, he are goin' fur good. An' he aint no whar nigh well. Aint sot up yit. Goin' off by his lone, pore boy. Declare, I wisht them sekrit socities was all sunk en the river!



They done hit, they done hit. Boo, you hush!"

She hurried away, crying.

Otto had wondered if he could not tell, but his heart failed him.

It is so seldom that we act from simple motives, in this world; we do in fiction, we do in the newspapers, and we are continually presuming that other people do; but we ourselves—how often can we even decide which one of our medley of motives cast the final vote?

Was it his remorse for the wrong which he had done Dake, or his disgust with his false position, or his still ardent loyalty to "the order," impelling him to protect Bassett at any cost? Otto did not try to decide. He only knew there was nothing left but to tell.

Was Uncle Bruno, who was so good, right? Or was Mr. Francis right? he was good, too. And Dake was good. But did good people oppress the poor? How could it all be? It did not matter, anyhow he had only done mischief; he, not Dake, was the traitor; he had disgraced the order. Yes, there was nothing left.

"They all think so kind of me," he thought with an ache in his throat, "and they trust me so. He will feel awful bad" (he meant Dake) "but it ain't no use, I'll tell Mr. Francis and beg him he shall not tell Mr. Dake, and they kin hang me to the blacksmith's tree, for his bed is the other way, or they kin wait till he is gone so he shall not know—but Oh, meine Mutter und die Kleine!"

His tears choked him, bitter,—like death.

Still he held to his course. There was nothing else left. He walked on to the store; but slowly, because his legs did not seem to belong to him and trembled and sprawled without his being able to control his steps. He could not eat this last week; and his sleep, when he slept at last, was a succession of nightmares. After all, he was only a child trying to sin like a man, and his strength, never robust, had snapped under the weight of fright, loneliness, and remorse. His head had been troubling him lately; it had a curious, empty feeling as though it were a mere shell. At the same time he continually heard false sounds.

Voices of anguish and terror, blunted by distance, sobs and moans and the hoarse murmur as of a frantic mob approaching; he heard them all more plainly than he heard the wind rising in the cypress brake. Did he stop and listen intently, such noises would cease, and he would realize that his imagination had feigned them, but they added to the constant strain on his nerves. Even now that the worst was come, that he ought to be absorbed in the moment (for he felt his feet stumbling against the steps), even now he caught himself wondering was it really Marty Ann weeping back in a dim corner of the empty store, or the same old noises of a dream.

No one was in the store.

He crawled down the long room, feeling his way, for he could not see.

Behind the gilt wire screen which protects the office proper from the small room in the rear of the store, Mr. Francis sat poring and frowning over the biggest ledger of all.

Otto did not see a head leaned against the wall of the safe, a head with haggard features and a white cheek, or a thin hand which clutched the safe door knob to hide its trembling. Neither did he perceive Aunt Betsey towering above the screen in a yellow sunbonnet, flapping with her motions, as she rocked her high stool by bracing her two hands against the desk. All Otto's dim eyes showed him was Mr. Francis's stern face.

He staggered into the office and steadied himself against the leg of the desk.

"Mister," said he, "I done it all. If they hang me you send my mother the wages. Don't let them hurt Jim, I done it all."

"What in the devil—" said Mr. Francis; he was not a profane man, but he had been sorely tried, to-day, losing Dake. He shut the ledger with a bang. "What do you mean?" said he.

"The explosion—that blowed up the mill," faltered Otto; this anger was the beginning, "I done it all; nobody else knowed nothin' 'bout it."

Aunt Betsey jumped from her stool with a thud.

"I don't believe you," cried Dake hoarsely.

"I done it," repeated Otto, "I done it to make you take the boys back. I stole the cartridges and hid them in the mill once, and ayfter Mr. Dake came in I ran quick and lighted the fuse. I done it, all, myself. Jim and the boys never knowed. They aint to blame. I didnt mean to hurt Mr. Dake. The boys aint to blame."

He spoke in a dull weak voice, repeating his ideas a little, and his knees were shaking. His skin had gone a kind of gray-white like tree bark in winter. His eyes were glassy.

"How did you know about making a fuse?" said Dake.

Otto lifted his head with a strange, forlorn expression of pride. "Oh, I've known that a long time. I seen lots of bombs and things."

"His uncle!" cried Mr. Francis under his breath to Dake, "of course he knows. Dear, dear, dear, I'm afraid he aint lying."

"Bassett put him up to it," said Dake doggedly.

"Otter," said the old woman solemnly, "did you do that thar wicked trick?"

"Yes, mum," said Otto.

"Boy fall down right—yere, an' bless the Lord. Ye war on the brink er a precept \* an' the Lord mussfully slewed ye off! Don't be too hard on the critter, Mist' Francis, twarnt his deed. Them thar owdacious, triffin' knights jes' tolled him on, pore, innercent chile."

"Nobody—nobody—but me," said Otto again, more faintly.

"Thar! jes' like the man in the book. He taken the fatil vow!" Aunt Betsey cried. "Oh, I wisht ye'd of read that thar book, you cud jedge proper, then—Otter! Otter!"

It was time to catch the swaying little figure in her strong arms, since Otto, making an ineffectual effort to say something about hanging and Bassett, had fainted.

Mr. Francis, like most planters in lonely regions, was a bit of a doctor; he hastily grasped Otto's wrist and felt his forehead; just as Marty Ann rushed in, hearing her mother's scream. Her eyes were swollen; even blind Dake could see that she had been crying.

\* Mrs. Graham had precipitoe in her mind.

"He is in for a fit of sickness," said Mr. Francis.

"Then take him straight ter we all's," said Aunt Betsey. "Law me, Mist' Francis, ye wunt let 'em take the pore chile t' the jail. Twarnt his deed."

Suddenly, she rose to the full significance of the moment. There was heard the crack of a whip and rattle of wheels, outside.

"Ef Otter done hit, an' not the sekrit soci'ty, fur w'y must Dake go?"

Dake looked at Marty Ann; he struck his lips together trying to speak and gasped.

Aunt Betsey remained mistress of the situation: "Marty Ann," said she, firmly, "tell him t' stay. Ye know ye ben cryin' fit ter kill kase he ben a goin'. Mist' Francis, help me h'ist this yere chile; an' we'll tote him 'cross the road. You all kin foller when you ready. Guv me Dake's bag, he wunt want it."

Mr. Francis bit his lip and obeyed. Marty Ann and Dake were alone; Marty Ann recovered herself first and commanded Dake to sit down, he wasn't fit to stand.

"No," said Dake, "not till I know if I'm to go or to stay."

"I aint telling you to go," said Marty Ann; and blushed furiously and tossed up the corner of her apron with a pettish movement.

Dake was trembling exceedingly. "I can't believe what I want to," he cried. "Say, Miss Martha, did you see—did you see—Jim Bassett, that night you was lost?"

Marty Ann laughed out sweet and clear: "It was that was it you were studying 'bout and fretting over? Yes, I did, Mr. Dake—when I went to the Griffins', on the way. And I come back through the swamp so I wouldn't meet up with him again. And, if you want to know, he said he come to Portia to see me. So there!"

"Martha," said Dake, taking both her hands, "you know what I think 'bout you. You know I love you. Say, didn't you—"

"No, I didn't," said Marty Ann, lifting her sweet eyes bravely to her lover's; "I didn't care for him, but I wasn't sure but I did, 'cause he was so lively and handsome, but when—when I seen you

lying on the ground—I *hate* him!” cried Marty Ann.

“But you don’t *hate me*,” stammered Dake in a daze of bliss; “may be, then, you—you could—”

“I reckon,” said Marty Ann, very low.

About five minutes later, Dake looking out of Paradise, saw Otto’s ragged hat.

“Poor Otto,” said he, “we must forgive him, dear lass.”

They did forgive him. How can one bear malice to a boy whom one has nursed through a brain fever?

Mr. Francis was merciful; he kept Otto’s secret. Perhaps his mercy was Otto’s punishment. The lad winces, to this day, when the talk at the store drifts into the subject of the still mysterious explosion. To this day, the tongues of the plantation orators belabor the Knights of Labor, around the store stove.

Mr. Francis, who is not a friend of the order, only laughs and remarks philosophically to young Caroll, “Oh, well, those Knights have done so many mean things I reckon one more doesn’t matter.”

Dake’s helper, strange to say, is Uncle Bruno. The widow Knipple is making a crop, just beyond the Grahams. Frau Bruno has an account at the store and money to her credit; but Uncle Bruno is not likely to have any such prosperous showing on the ledger; all his spare dollars go to needy comrades or to pay for those wild-looking German sheets which come to him through the mail.

Nevertheless he keeps on the best terms with Dake (whom the order has forgotten) and adores Mrs. Dake and Boo. Frau Bruno says: “Ach, du lieber Himmel! you tink Bruno talk fierce? Jest haf you heard him wunce ven ve in St. Louis been! But now—pshutt, he is like de sheeps!”

Aunt Betsey, however, is still seeking (vicariously in the person of the unfortunate Mr. Francis) for the book which gave her such lucid ideas on the subject of secret societies. It had a purplish back and a right pretty picture of a skull and crossed daggers outside; and, no doubt, when Mr. Francis shall find it, she will convert Herr Knipple.



## MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

*By A. Lampman.*

MOTHER of balms and soothings manifold,  
 Quiet-breathed night, whose brooding hours are seven,  
 To whom the voices of all rest are given,  
 And those few stars whose scattered names are told,  
 Far off beyond the westward hills outrolled,  
 Darker than thou, more still, more dreamy even,  
 The golden moon leans in the dusky heaven,  
 And under her one star, a point of gold;

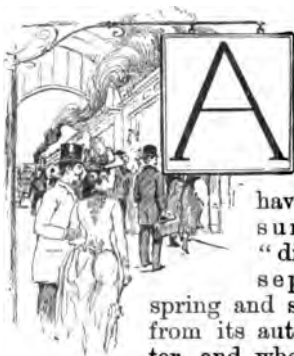
And all go slowly lingering toward the West,  
 As we go down forgetfully to our rest,  
 Weary of daytime, tired of noise and light.  
 Ah it was time that thou shouldst come, for we  
 Were sore athirst and had great need of thee,  
 Thou sweet physician, balmy bosomed night.



Boston and Worcester Railroad, 1835.

## AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES AND CARS.

By M. N. Forney.



**A**MONG the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE there will be some who have reached the summit of the "divide" which separates the spring and summer of life from its autumn and winter, and whose first information about railroads was received from Peter Parley's "First Book of History," which was used as a school-book forty or fifty years ago. In his chapter on Maryland, he says :

But the most curious thing at Baltimore is the railroad. I must tell you that there is a great trade between Baltimore and the States west of the Alleghany Mountains. The western people buy a great many goods at Baltimore, and send in return a great deal of western produce. There is, therefore, a vast deal of travelling back and forth, and hundreds of teams are constantly occupied in transporting goods and produce to and from market.\*

Now, in order to carry on all this business more easily, the people are building what is called a railroad. This consists of iron bars laid along the ground, and made fast, so that carriages with small wheels may run along upon them with facility. In this way, one horse will be able to draw as much as ten horses on a common road. A part of this railroad is already done, and if you choose to take a ride upon it, you can do so. You will mount a car some-

thing like a stage, and then you will be drawn along by two horses, at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

The picture reproduced herewith of a car drawn by horses was given with the above description of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The mutilated copy of the book from which the engraving and extract were copied does not give the date when it was written or published. It was probably some time between the years 1830 and 1835. That the car shown in the engraving was evolved from the Conestoga wagon is obvious from the illustrations.

This engraving and description, made for children, more than fifty years ago, will give some idea of the state of the art of railroading at that time ; and it is a remarkable fact that the wonderful development and the improvements which have been made in railroads and their equipments in this country have been made during the lives of persons still living.

In the latter part of 1827, the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company put the Carbondale Railroad under construction. The road extends from the head of the Delaware & Hudson Canal at Honesdale, Pa., to the coal mines belonging to the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company at Carbondale, a distance of about sixteen miles. This line was opened, probably in 1829, and was operated partly by stationary engines, and partly by horses. The line is noted chiefly for being the one on which a locomotive was first used in this country. This was the "Stour-

\* An engraving of a team and of a "Conestoga" wagon—which was used in this traffic—taken from a photograph of one which has survived to the present day, is given on the opposite page.

bridge Lion," which was built in England under the direction of Mr. Horatio Allen, who afterward was president of the Novelty Works in New York, and who is still living near New York at the ripe age of eighty-six. Before the road was opened, he had been a civil engineer on the Carbondale line. The engine was tried at Honesdale, Pa., on August 9, 1829. On its trial trip it was managed by Mr. Allen, to whom belongs the distinction of having run the first locomotive that was ever used in this country. In 1884 he wrote the following account of this trip:

When the time came, and the steam was of the right pressure, and all was ready, I took my position on the platform of the locomotive alone, and with my hand on the throttle-valve handle said: "If there is any danger in this ride it is not necessary that the life and limbs of more than one should be subjected to that danger."

The locomotive, having no train behind it, answered at once to the movement of the hand; . . . soon the straight line was run over, the curve was reached and passed before there was time to think as to its not being passed safely, and soon I was out of sight in the three miles' ride alone in the woods of Pennsylvania. I had never run a locomotive nor any other engine before; I have never run one since.

The first railroad which was undertaken for the transportation of freight

at the end of that year there were over a thousand miles of road in use.

Whether the motive power on these roads should be horses or steam was for



Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, 1830.

a long time an open question. The celebrated trial of locomotives on the Liverpool & Manchester Railway in England, was made in 1829. Reports of these trials, and of the use of locomotive engines on the Stockton & Darlington line, were published in this country, and, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams says, \* "the country, therefore, was not only ripe to accept the results of the Rainhill contest, but it was anticipating them with eager hope." In 1829 Mr. Horatio Allen, who had been in England the year before to learn all that could then

be learned about steam locomotion, reported to the South Carolina Railway Company in favor of steam instead of horse power for that line.



Conestoga Wagon and Team. (From a recent photograph.)

and passengers, in this country, on a comprehensive scale, was the Baltimore & Ohio. Its construction was begun in 1828. The laying of rails was commenced in 1829, and in May, 1830, the first section of fifteen miles from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills was opened. It was probably about this time that the animated sketch of the car given by Peter Parley was made. From 1830 to 1835 many lines were projected, and at

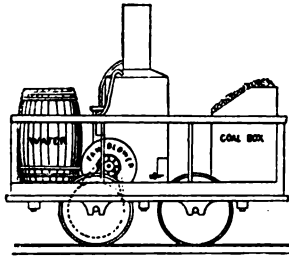
The basis of that report, he says, "was on the broad ground that in the future there was no reason to expect any material improvement in the breed of horses, while in my judgment, the man was not living who knew what the breed of locomotives was to place at command."

As early as 1829 and 1830, Peter Cooper experimented with a little locomotive on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail-

\* See "Railroads; their Origin & Problems."



road. At a meeting of the Master Mechanics' Association in New York, in



Peter Cooper's Locomotive, 1829.

The coincidence that one of Peter Parley's horses is a gray one might lead to the inference that it was the same horse that Peter Cooper beat, a deduction which perhaps has as sound a basis to rest on as many historical conclusions of more importance.

The undeveloped condition at that time of the art of machine construction is indicated by the fact that the flues of the boiler of this engine were made of gun-barrels, which were the only tubes that could then be obtained for the purpose. The boiler itself is described as about the size of a flour barrel. The whole machine was no larger than a hand-car of the present day.

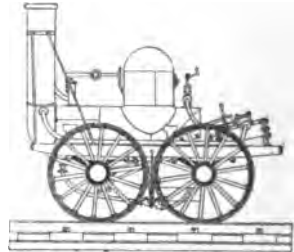
In the same year that Peter Cooper built his engine, the South Carolina Railway Company had a locomotive, called the "Best Friend," built at the West Point Foundry for its line. In 1831 this company had another engine, the "South Carolina," which was designed by Mr. Horatio Allen, built at the same shop. It was remarkable in having eight wheels, which were arranged in two trucks. One pair of driving-wheels, *DD* and *D'D'*, and a pair of leading-wheels, *LL* and *L'L'*, were attached to frames, *cdef* and *ghij*, which were connected to the boiler by king-bolts, *KK'*, about which the trucks could turn. Each truck had one cylinder, *C* and *C'*. These were in the middle of the engine and were connected to cranks on the axles *A* and *B*.

The "De Witt Clinton," was built for the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad, and was the third locomotive made by the West Point Foundry Association. The first excursion trip was made with

passengers from Albany to Schenectady, August 9, 1831. This is the engine shown in the silhouette engraving of the "first \* railroad train in America" which in recent years has been so widely distributed as an advertisement.

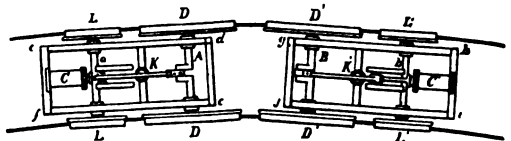
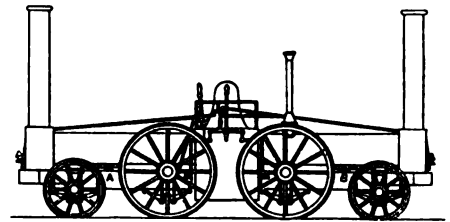
In 1831 the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company offered a premium of \$4,000 "for the most approved engine which shall be delivered for trial upon the road on or before the 1st of June, 1831; and \$3,500 for the engine which shall be adjudged the next best." The requirements were as follows:

The engine, when in operation, must not exceed three and one-half tons weight, and must, on a level road, be capable of drawing day by day fifteen tons, inclusive of the weight of wagons, fifteen miles per hour.



The "De Witt Clinton," 1831.

In pursuance of this call upon American genius, three locomotives were produced, but only one of these was made to answer any useful purpose. This engine, the "York," was built at York,



"South Carolina," 1831, and Plan of its Running Gear.

Pa., and was brought to Baltimore over the turnpike on wagons. It was built by Davis & Gartner, and was designed

\* It was not really the first train, as the Baltimore & Ohio and the South Carolina roads were in operation earlier.

by Phineas Davis, of that firm, whose trade and business was that of a watch and clock maker. After undergoing certain modifications, it was found capable of performing what was required by the company. After thoroughly testing this engine, Mr. Davis built others, which were the progenitors of the "grasshopper" engines [p. 182] which were used for so many years on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. It is a remarkable fact that some of these are still in use on that road, and have been in continuous service for over fifty years, which is probably the longest active life of all existing locomotives.

In August, 1831, the locomotive "John Bull," which was built by George & Robert Stephenson & Company, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was received in Philadelphia, for the Camden & Amboy Railroad & Transportation Company. This is the old engine which was exhibited by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. After the arrival of the "John Bull" a very considerable number of locomotives which were built by the Stephensons were imported from England. Most of them were probably of what was known as the "Planet" class, which was a form of engine that succeeded the famous "Rocket."

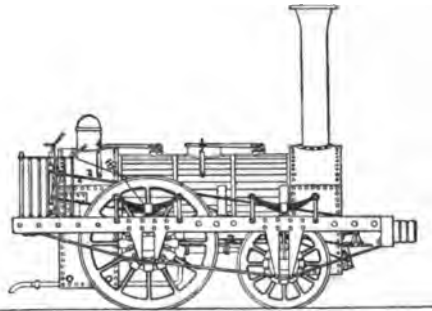
I quote from "The Early History of Locomotives in this Country," issued by the Rogers Locomotive & Machine Works :

These locomotives, which were imported from England, doubtless to a very considerable extent, furnished the types and patterns from which those which were afterward built here were fashioned. But American designs very soon began to depart from their British prototypes, and a process of adaptation to the existing conditions of the railroads in this country followed, which afterward "differentiated" the American locomotives more and more from those built in Great Britain. A marked feature of difference between American and English locomotives has been the use of a "truck" under the former.

In all of the locomotives which have been illustrated, excepting the "South Carolina," the axles were held by the frames so that they were always parallel to each other. In going around curves, therefore, there was somewhat the same

difficulty that there would be in turning a corner with an ordinary wagon if both its axles were held parallel, and the front one could not turn on the king-bolt. The plan of the wheels and running gear of the "South Carolina," shows the position that they assumed on a curved track. It will be seen that, by reason of their connection to the boiler by king-bolts, *K K*, the two pairs of wheels could adjust themselves to the curvature of the rails. This principle was afterward applied to cars, and nearly all the rolling-stock in this country is now constructed on this plan, which was proposed by Mr. Allen in a report dated May 16, 1831, made to the South Carolina Canal & Railroad Company, and an engine constructed on this principle was completed the same year.

In the latter part of the year 1831, the late John B. Jervis invented what he called "a new plan of frame, with a bearing-carriage for a locomotive engine," for the use of the Mohawk &



The "Planet."

Hudson Railroad. Jervis's engine is shown on page 178. In a letter published in the "American Railroad Journal" of July 27, 1833, he described the objects aimed at in the use of the truck as follows :

The leading objects I had in view, in the general arrangement of the plan of the engine, did not contemplate any improvement in the power over those heretofore constructed by Stephenson & Company,\* but to make an engine that would be better adapted to railroads of less strength than are common in England ; that would travel with more ease to itself and to the rail on curved roads ; that would be less

\* The truck was first applied by Mr. Jervis to an engine built by R. Stephenson & Co., of England.

affected by inequalities of the rail, than is attained by the arrangement in the most approved engines.

In Jervis's locomotive the main driving-axle, *A*, shown in the plan of the wheels and running gear, was rigidly attached to the engine-frame, *a b c d*, and only one truck, or "bearing-carriage," *e f g h*, consisting of the two pairs of small wheels attached to a frame, was used. This was connected to the main engine-frame by a king-bolt, *K*, as in Allen's engine.

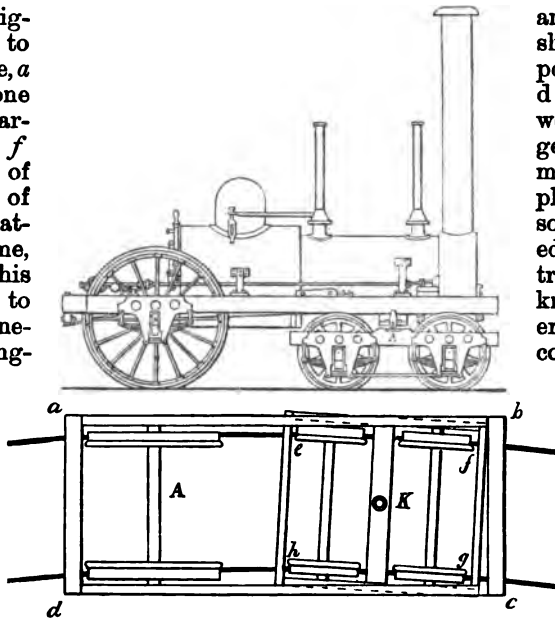
The position of its wheels on a curve, and the capacity of the truck, or "bearing-carriage," to adapt itself to the sinuosities of the track

are shown in the plan. The effectiveness of the single truck for locomotives, in accomplishing what Mr. Jervis intended it for, was at once recognized, and its almost general adoption on American locomotives followed.

In 1834, Ross Winans, of Baltimore, patented the application of the principle which Mr. Allen had adopted for locomotives "to passenger and other cars." He afterward brought a number of actions at law against railroads for infringement of his patent, which was a subject of legal controversy for twenty years. Winans claimed that his invention originated as far back as 1831, and was completed and reduced to practice in 1834. The dispute was finally carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, and was decided against the plaintiff, after an expenditure of as much as \$200,000 by both sides. It involved the principle on which nearly all cars in this country are now and were then built; and, as one of the counsel

for the defendants has said, "it was at one time a question of millions, to be assured by a verdict of a jury."

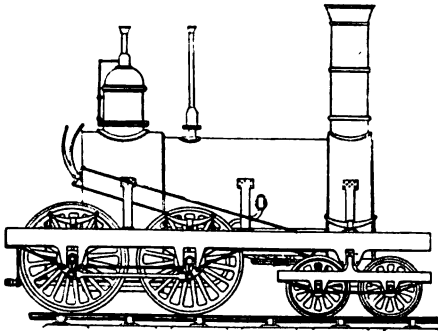
In 1836, Henry R. Campbell, of Philadelphia, patented the use of two pairs of driving-wheels and a truck, as shown on the opposite page. The driving-wheels were coupled together by rods, as may be seen. This plan has since been so generally adopted in this country that it is now known as the "American type" of locomotive, and is the one almost universally used here for passenger, and to a considerable extent for freight, service.



John B. Jervis's Locomotive, 1831, and Plan of its Running Gear.

From these comparatively small beginnings, the magnificent equipment of our railroad has grown. From Peter Cooper's locomotive, which weighed less than a ton, with a boiler the size of a flour barrel, and which had difficulty in beating a gray horse, we now have locomotives which will easily run sixty and can exceed seventy miles an hour, and others which weigh seventy-five tons and over. A comparison of the engraving of Peter Cooper's engine with that of the modern standard express passenger locomotive [p. 192] shows vividly the progress which has been made since that first experiment was tried—little more than half a century ago. In that period there have been many modifications in the design of locomotives to adapt them to the changed conditions of the various kinds of traffic of to-day. An express train travelling at a high rate of speed requires a locomotive very different from one which is designed for handling heavy freight trains up steep mountain grades. A special class of engines is built for

light trains making frequent stops, as on the elevated railroads in New York, and those provided for suburban traffic—and still others for street railroads, for switching cars at stations, etc. The process of differentiation has gone on until there are now as many different kinds of these machines as there are breeds of dogs or horses.



Campbell's Locomotive.

Nearly all the early locomotives had only four wheels. In some cases one pair alone was used to drive the engine, and in others the two pairs were coupled together, so that the adhesion of all four could be utilized to draw loads. The four-wheeled type [p. 183] is still used a great deal for moving cars at stations, and other purposes where the speed is comparatively slow. But to run around sharp curves the wheels of such engines must be placed near together, just as they are under an ordinary street car. This makes the wheel-base very short, and such engines are therefore very unsteady at high speeds, so that they are unsuited for any excepting slow service. They have the advantage, though, that the whole weight of the machine may be carried on the driving wheels, and can thus be useful for increasing their friction, or adhesion to the rails. This gives such engines an advantage for starting and moving heavy trains, at stations or elsewhere, which is the kind of service in which they are usually employed.

If the front end of the engine is carried on a truck, as in Campbell's plan—which is the one that has been very generally adopted in this country—the wheel-base can be extended and at the

same time the front wheels can adjust themselves to the curvature of the track. This gives the running gear lateral flexibility. But as the tractive power of a locomotive is dependent upon the friction, or adhesion of the wheels to the rails, it is of the utmost importance that the pressure of the wheels on the rails should be uniform. For this reason the wheels must be able to adjust themselves to the vertical as well as the horizontal inequalities of the track.

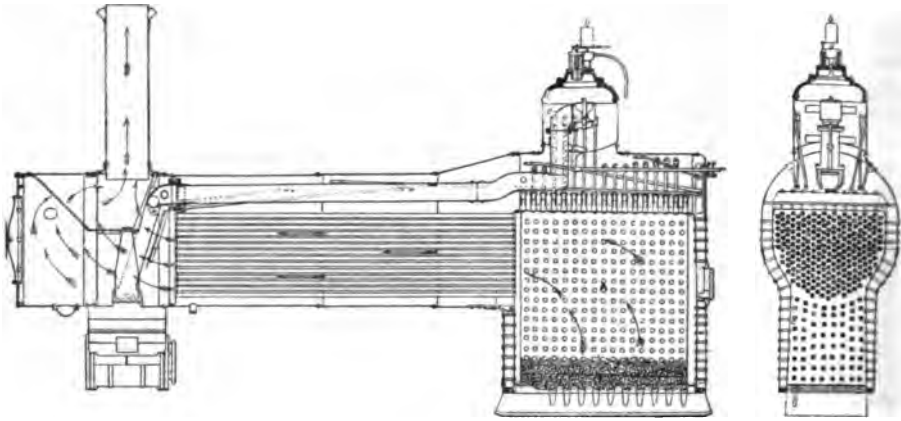
The axles are therefore arranged so that they can move up and down in the frames, and the weight of the engine rests on springs which bear on the axles. The ends of the springs are connected together by levers, so that the weight on one of them is transferred to the other. The front end of the locomotive rests on the centre of the truck, and the back end on the fulcrums of the equalizing levers, and it therefore is in the condition of a three-legged stool, which will stand firm on any surface, no matter how irregular, though if it has four or more legs it will not.

When more than four driving-wheels are used the springs are connected together by equalizing levers, as shown in the illustration on p. 186, which represents a consolidation engine as it appears before the wheels are put under it.

Having a vehicle which is adapted to running on a railroad track, it remains to supply the motive power. This, in all but some very few exceptional cases, is the expansive power of steam. What the infant electricity has in store for us it would be rash to predict, but for locomotives its steps have been thus far weak and uncertain, and when we want a giant of steel or a race-horse of iron our only sure reliance is steam. This is the breath of life to the locomotive, which is inhaled and exhaled to and from the cylinders, which act as lungs, while the boiler fulfils functions analogous to the digestive organs of an animal. A locomotive is as dependent on the action of its boiler for its capacity for doing work as a human being on that of his stomach. The mechanical appliances of the one and the mental and physical equipment of the other are nugatory without a good digestive apparatus.

A locomotive boiler consists of a rectangular fire-place or fire-box with double sides. The spaces between the sides

count of the large amount of water which must be evaporated in such boilers. To create a strong draught, the steam which



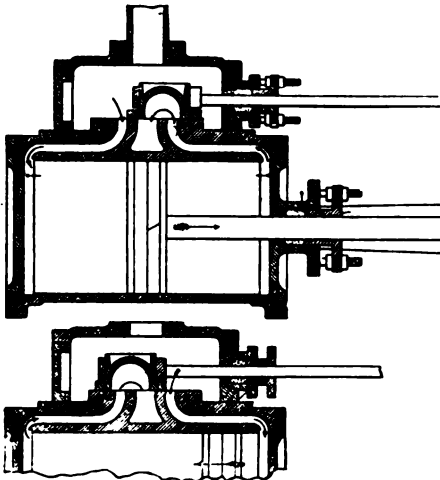
Longitudinal and Transverse Sections of a Locomotive Boiler.

and over the top are filled with water. The front end of the boiler has another chamber called the smoke-box. The fire-box is connected with the smoke-box by a large number of small tubes, through which the smoke and products of combustion pass from the fire-box to the smoke-box; and from the latter they escape up the chimney. The tubes are all

is exhausted from the cylinders is discharged up the chimney. This produces a partial vacuum in the smoke-box, which causes a current of air to flow through the fire on the grate, into the fire-box, through the tubes, and thence to the smoke-box and up the chimney. Probably many readers have noticed that in late years the smoke-boxes of locomotives have been extended forward in front of the chimneys. This has been done to give room for deflectors and wire netting inside of the smoke-boxes to arrest sparks and cinders, which are collected in the extended front and are removed by a door or spout below.

Formerly force-pumps were used to get water into the boiler against the pressure of steam, but now a very curious instrument called an injector is used for that purpose. In it a jet of steam acts on a current of water and imparts sufficient momentum to it to force it into the boiler.

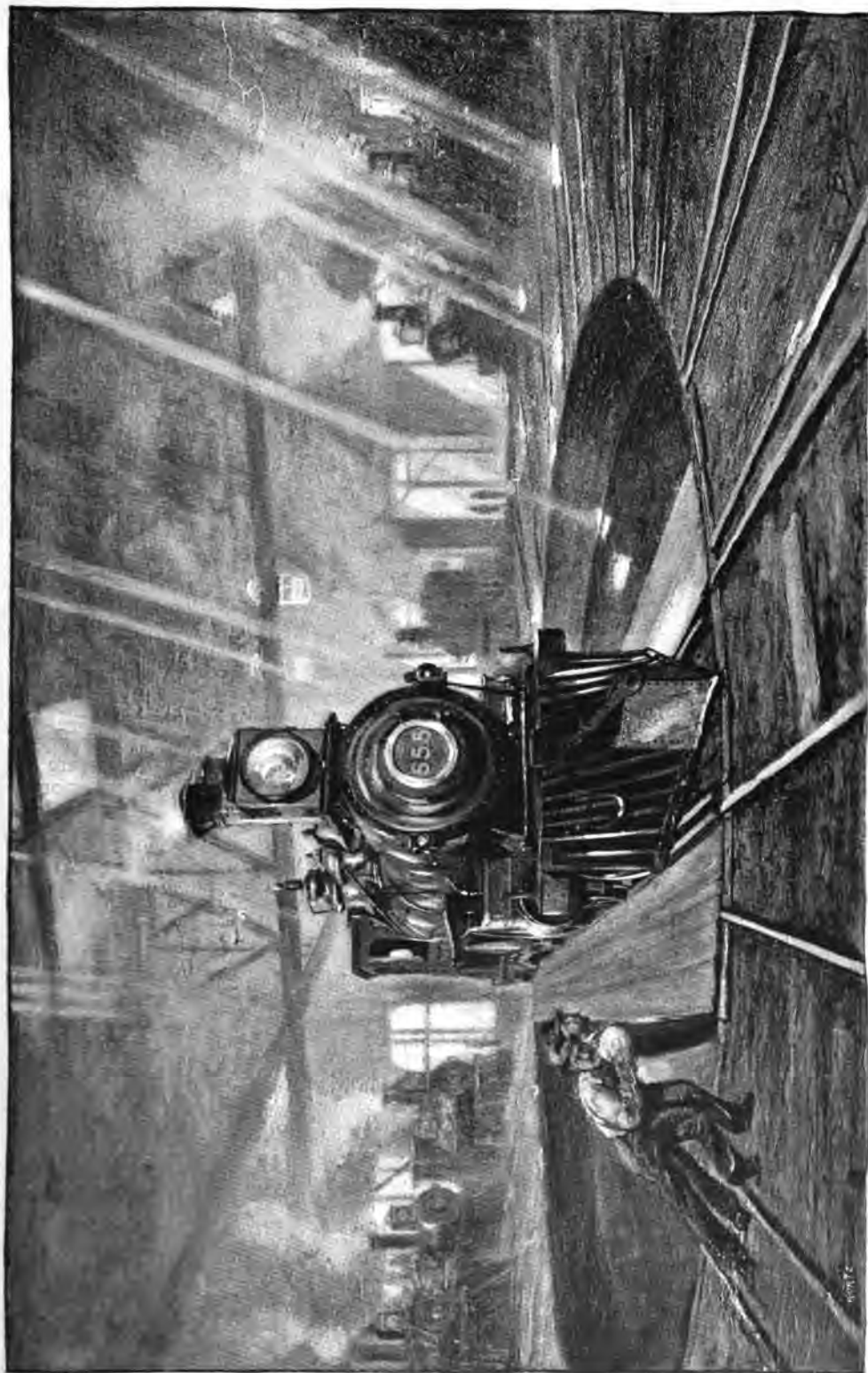
Having explained how the steam is generated, it remains to explain how it propels a locomotive. It does this very much as a person on a bicycle propels it—that is, by means of two cranks the driving-wheels are made to revolve, and either the latter must then slip or the vehicle will move. In a locomotive the wheels are turned by means of two cylinders and pistons, which are connected



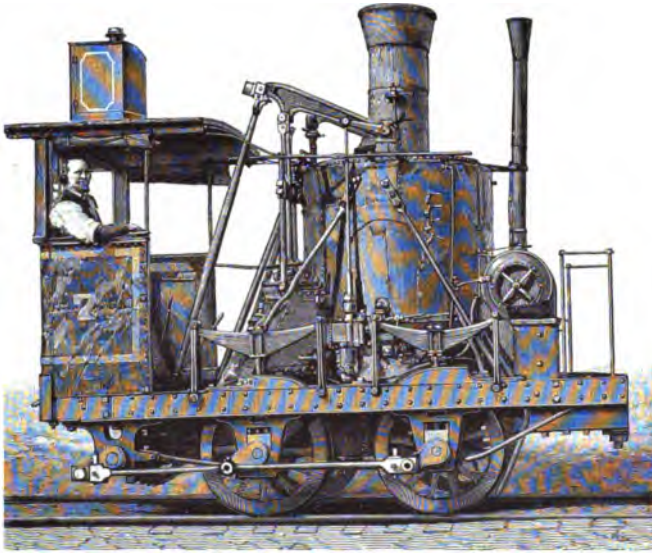
Section of a Locomotive Cylinder.

surrounded with water, so that as much surface as possible is exposed to the action of the fire. This is essential on ac-





Interior of a Round-house.



"Grasshopper" Locomotive. (From an old photograph.)

by rods with the cranks attached to the driving-wheels or axles. These cranks are placed at right angles to each other, so that when one of them is at the "dead-point" the piston connected with the other can exert its maximum power to rotate the wheels. This enables the locomotive to start with the pistons in any position; whereas if one cylinder only were used it would be impossible to turn the wheels if the crank should stop at one of its dead-points.

If steam is admitted to the cylinders and the wheels are turned, one of two results must follow,—either the locomotive will move backward or forward according to the direction of revolution, or the wheels will slip, as they often do, on the rails. That is, if the resistance of the cars or train is less than the friction, or "adhesion" of the driving-wheels on the rails, the engine and train will be moved; if the adhesion is less than the resistance the wheels will turn without moving the train.

The capacity of a locomotive to draw loads is therefore dependent on the adhesion, and this is in proportion to the weight or pressure of the driving-wheels on the rails. The adhesion also varies somewhat with the weather and the condition of the wheels and rails. In ordinary weather it is equal to about

one-fifth of the weight which bears on the track; when perfectly dry, if the rails are clean, it is about one-fourth, and with the rails sanded about one-third. In damp or frosty weather the adhesion is often considerably less than a fifth.

It would, then, seem as though all that is needed to increase the capacity of a locomotive to draw loads would be to add to the weight on its driving-wheels, and provide engine power sufficient to turn them—which is true. But it has been found

that if the weight on the wheels is excessive both the wheels and rails will be injured. Even when they are all made of steel, they are crushed out of shape or are rapidly worn if the loads are too great. The weight which rails will carry without being injured depends somewhat on their size, but ordinarily from 12,000 to 16,000 pounds



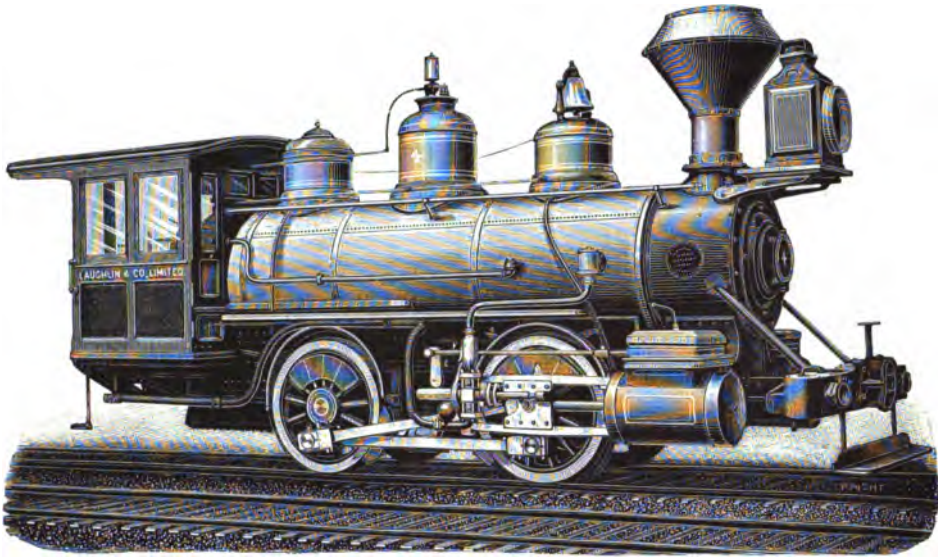
Horatio Allen.

per wheel is about the greatest load which they should carry.

For these reasons, when the capacity of a locomotive must be increased be-

yond a limit indicated by these data, one or more additional pairs of driving-wheels must be used. Thus, if a more

The weight of rails has also been very much increased since they were first made of steel. Twenty or twenty-five



Four-wheeled Switching Locomotive. By the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

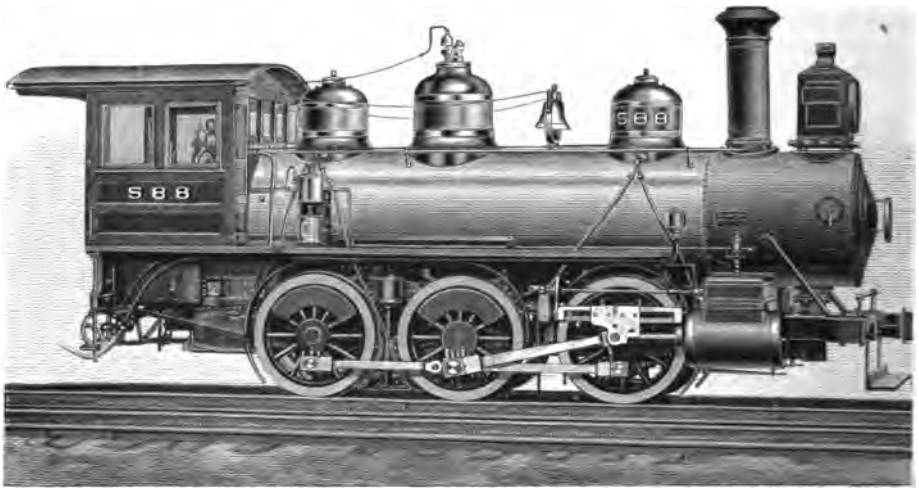
powerful engine was required than that shown above, another pair of wheels would be added, as shown on page 184 and *c* 185. Or, if you wanted a still more powerful engine than these, another pair of driving-wheels would be added, as shown in *d* [p. 185]. In this way the ten-wheeled and the mogul engines have been developed from that shown on page 183. The mogul locomotive [p. 184, *b*] has three pairs of driving-wheels, but only one pair of truck-wheels. The engravings *d* and *f* [pp. 185 and 187], represent consolidation and decapod types of engines, which have four and five pairs of driving-wheels.

From the last three illustrations it will be seen that when so many wheels are used, even if they are of small diameter, the wheel-base must necessarily be long, so that a limit is very soon reached beyond which the number of driving-wheels cannot be increased.

Improvements in the processes of manufacturing steel, which resulted in the general use of that material for rails and tires, have made it possible to nearly double the weight which was carried on each wheel when they were made of iron.

years ago iron rails weighing 56 pounds per yard were about the heaviest that were laid in this country. Now steel rails weighing 72 pounds are commonly used, and some weighing 85 pounds have been laid on roads in this country, and others weighing 100 pounds have been laid on the continent of Europe.

Of late years urban and suburban traffic has created a demand for a class of locomotives especially adapted to that kind of service. One of the conditions of that traffic is that trains must stop and start often, and therefore, to "make fast time," it is essential to start quickly. Few persons realize the great amount of force which must be exerted to start any object suddenly. A cannon-ball, for example, will fall through 16 feet in a second with no other resistance than the atmosphere. The impelling force in that case is the weight of the ball. If we want it to fall 32 feet during the first second, the force exerted on it must be equal to double its weight, and for higher speeds the increase of force must be in the same proportion. This law applies to the movement of trains. To start in half the time, double the

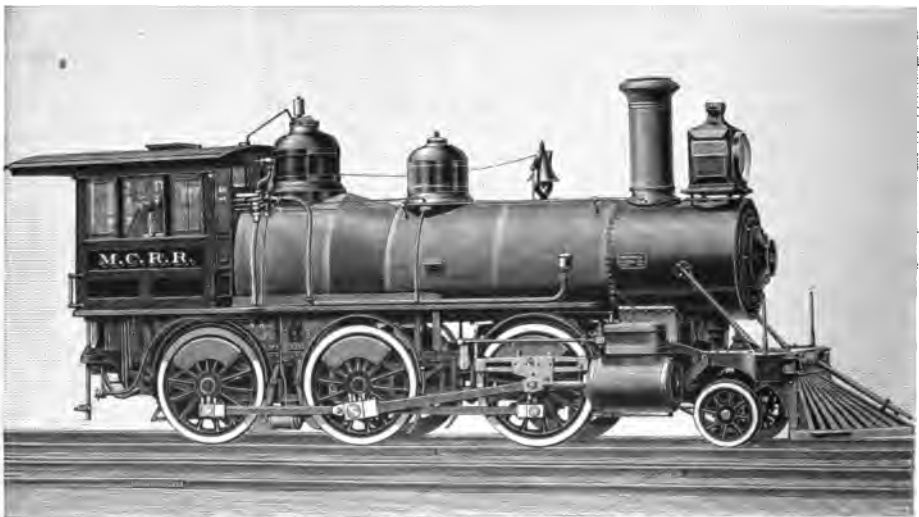


Six-wheeled Switching Locomotive. (a) By the Schenectady Locomotive Works.

force must be exerted. For this reason trains which start and stop often, require engines with a great deal of weight on the driving-wheels. In accordance with these conditions a class of engines has been designed which carry all, or nearly all, the weight of the boiler and

for steadiness, as well as considerable weight on the wheels for adhesion. Four-wheeled engines [p. 183], have all their weight on the driving-wheels, but the wheel-base is short.

To combine the two features, engines have been built with the driving-wheels

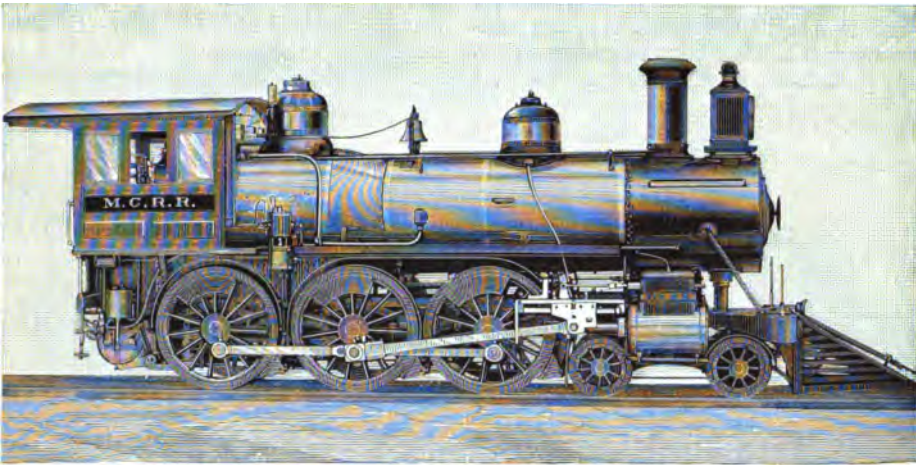


Megul Locomotive. (b) By the Schenectady Locomotive Works.

machinery, and sometimes the water and fuel, on the driving-wheels. For suburban traffic, the speed between stops must often be quite rapid, and consequently the engine must have a long wheel-base

and axles arranged as in *i* [p. 188]. The frames are then extended backward, and the water-tank and fuel are placed on top of the frames, and their weight is carried by a truck underneath. This ar-

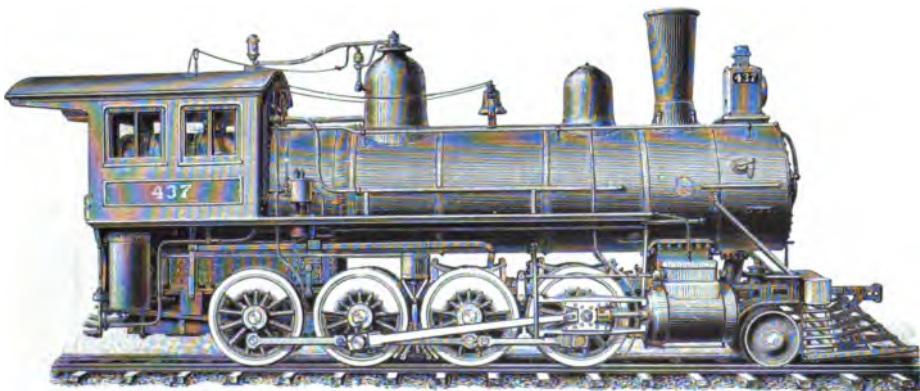




Ten-wheeled Passenger Locomotive. (c) By the Schenectady Locomotive Works.

rangement leaves the whole weight of the boiler and machinery on the driving-wheels, and at the same time gives a long wheel-base for steadiness. This plan of engine was patented by the author of this article in 1866, and has come into very general use—since the expiration of the patent. In some cases a two-wheeled truck is added at the opposite end, as shown in *g* [p. 187]. For street railroads, in which the speed is necessarily slow, engines such as *j* [p. 189] are used. To hide the machine

have steadily been increased ever since they were first used, and there is little reason for thinking that they have yet reached a limit, although it seems probable that some material change of design is impending which will permit of better proportions of the parts or organs of the larger sizes. The decapod engines built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia, for the Northern Pacific Railroad, weigh in working order 148,000 pounds. This gives a weight of 13,300 pounds on each driving-wheel. Some



Consolidation Locomotive. (d) By the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

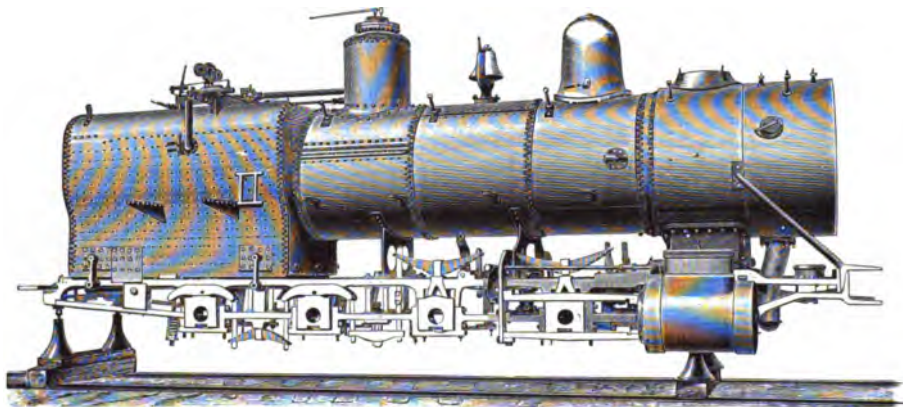
from view, and also to give sufficient room inside, they are enclosed in a cab large enough to cover the whole machine.

The size and weight of locomotives

ten-wheeled passenger engines built at the Schenectady Locomotive Works for the Michigan Central Railroad, weigh 118,000 pounds, and have 15,666 pounds on each driving-wheel. Some recent

eight-wheeled passenger locomotives for the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad weigh 115,000 pounds, and have 19,500 pounds on each driving-wheel. At

hesion, and consequent capacity for drawing loads, is also doubled. Reasoning in an analogous way, it might be said that if we double the circumference



Consolidation Locomotive (unfinished). (e)

the Baldwin Works, some consolidation engines are now in progress which, it is expected, will be still heavier than the decapod engines.

The following table gives dimensions, weight, price, and price per pound of locomotives at the present time. If we were to quote them at 8 to 8½ cents per pound for heavy engines and 9 to 22½ for smaller sizes, it would not be much out of the way :

of the wheels the distance that they will travel in one revolution, and consequently the speed of the engine, will be in like proportion. But, if this be done, it will require twice as much power to turn the large wheels as was needed for the small ones ; and we then encounter the natural law that the resistance increases as the square of the speed, and probably at even a greater ratio at very high velocities. At 60 miles an hour the resist-

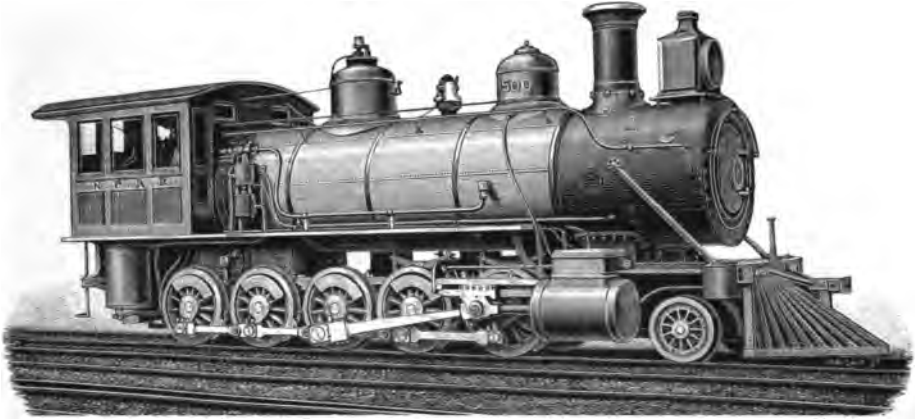
*Dimensions, Weight, and Approximate Prices of Locomotives.*

Type.	Cylinders.		Diameter of driving-wheel.	Weight of engine in working order, exclusive of tender.	Weight of engine and tender without water or fuel.	Approximate price.	Price per pound.
	Diam.	Stroke.	Inches.	Pounds.	Pounds.		Cents.
"American" Passenger.....	18	24	62 to 68	92,000	110,000	\$8,750	7.95
"Mogul" Freight.....	19	24	50 to 56	96,000	116,000	9,500	8.19
"Ten-wheel" Freight.....	19	24	50 to 58	100,000	118,000	9,750	8.26
"Consolidation" Freight.....	20	24	50	120,000	132,000	10,500	7.96
"Decapod" Freight.....	22	26	46	150,000	165,000	13,250	8.03
Four-wheel Tank Switching..	15	24	50	58,000	47,000	5,500	11.70
Six-wheel Switching, with tender.....	18	24	50	84,000	98,000	8,500	8.89
"Forney" N. Y. Elevated...	11	16	42	42,000	34,000	4,500	13.23
Street-car Motor Locomotive	10	14	35	22,000	18,000	\$3,500 to \$4,000, according to design.	19.44 to 22.22

The speed of locomotives, however, has not increased with their weight and size. There is a natural law which stands in the way of this. If we double the weight on the driving-wheels, the ad-

ance of a train is four times as great as it is at 30 miles. That is, the pull on the draw-bar of the engine must be four times as great in the one case as it is in the other. But at 60 miles an hour this



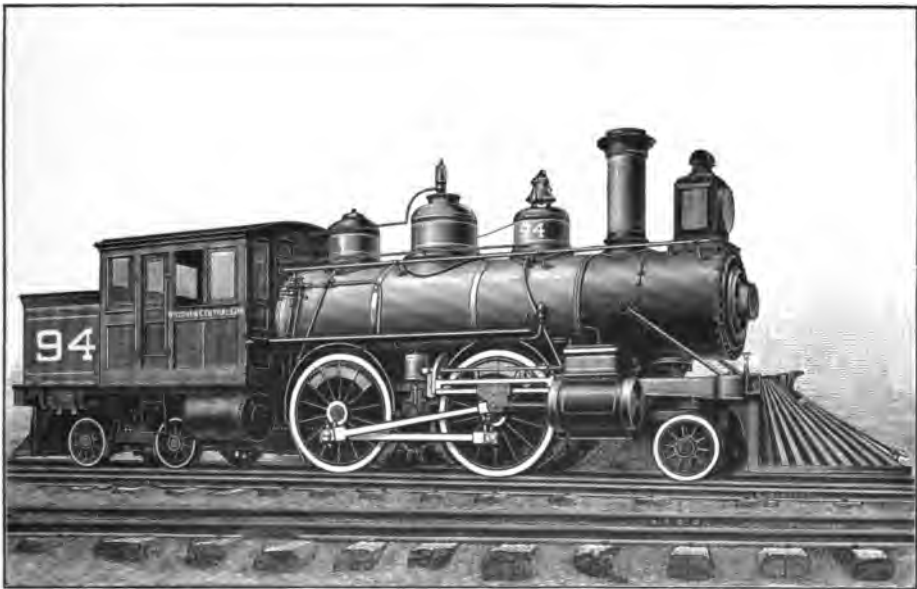


Decapod Locomotive. (f) By the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

pull must be exerted for a given distance in half the time that it is at 30 miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a given period of time must be eight times as great in the one case as in the other. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders, and the other parts must be greater, with a corresponding addition to the weight

wheels and other parts cannot be enlarged ; which means that there is a certain proportion of wheels, cylinders, and boiler which will give a maximum speed.

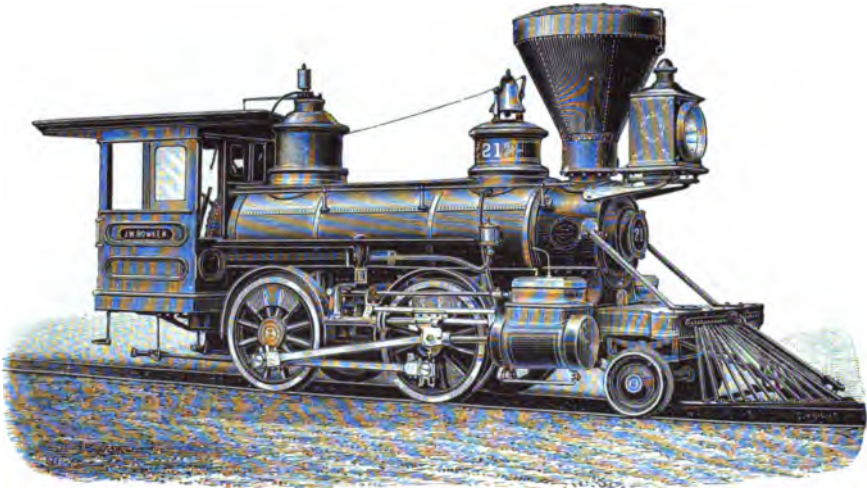
The relative speed of trains here and in Europe has been the subject of a good deal of discussion and controversy recently. There appears to be very little



"Hudson" Tank Locomotive. (g) By the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

of the machine. Obviously, if the weight per wheel is limited, we soon reach a point at which the size of the driving-

difference in the speed of the fastest trains here and there ; but there are more of them there than we have. From



Locomotive for Suburban Traffic. (A) By the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

48 to 53 miles an hour, including stops, is about the fastest time made by any regular trains on the summer time-tables.

When this rate of speed is compared with that of sixty or seventy miles an hour, which is not infrequent for short distances, there seems to be a great discrepancy. It must be kept in mind, though, that these high rates of speed are attained under very favorable conditions. That is, the track is straight and level, or perhaps descending, and unobstructed. In ordinary traffic it is never certain that the line is clear. A locomotive runner must always be on the look-out for obstructions. Trains, ordinary vehicles, a fallen tree or rock, cows and people may be in the way at any moment. Let anyone imagine himself in responsible charge of a locomotive and he will readily understand that, with the slightest suspicion that the line is not clear, he would slacken the speed as a precautionary measure.

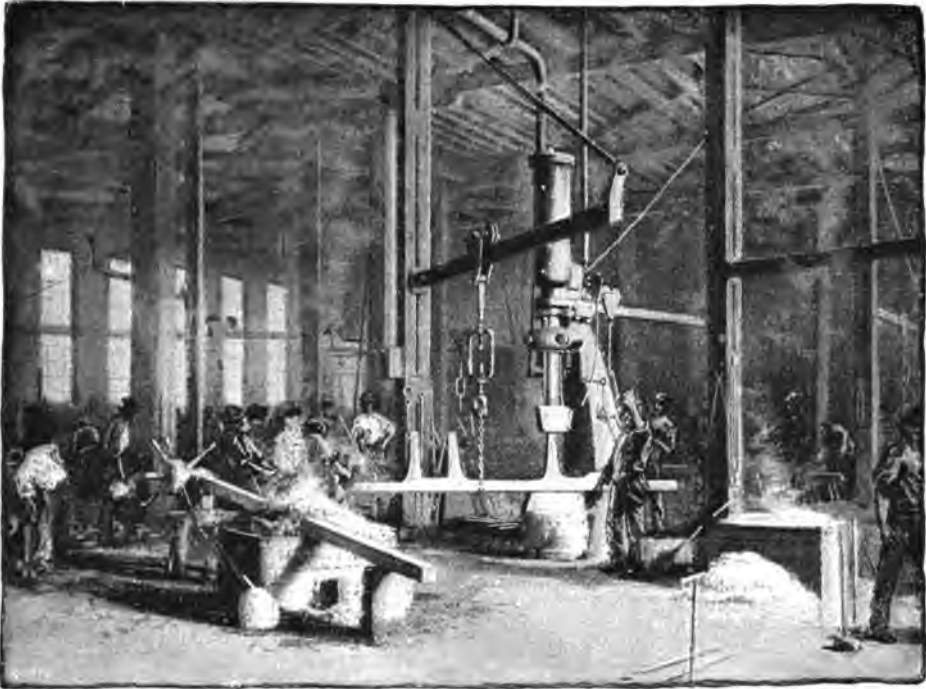
For this reason fast time on a railroad depends as much on having a good signal system to assure the locomotive runners

that the line is clear, as it does on the locomotives. If he is always liable to encounter, and must be on the look-out for obstructions at frequent grade crossings of common roads, or if he is not certain whether the train in front of him is out of his way or not, the locomotive runner will be nervous and be almost sure to lose time. If the speed is to be increased on American railroads, the first steps should be to carry all streets and common roads either over or under the lines, have the lines well fenced, provide abundant side-tracks



"Forney" Tank Locomotive. (1) By the Rogers Locomotive and Machine Works, Paterson, N. J.

for trains, and adopt efficient systems of signals so that locomotive runners can know whether the line is clear or not.



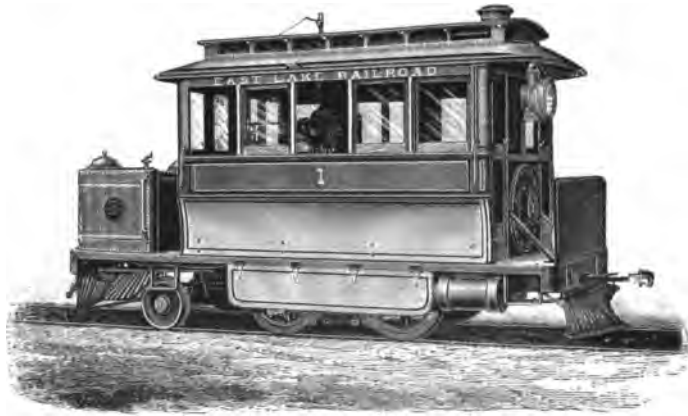
Forging a Locomotive Frame.

The engraving on page 191 represents the cab end of a locomotive of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, looking forward from the tender, and shows the attachments by which the engineer works the engine.\* This gives an idea of the number of keys on which he has to play in running such a machine. There is room for little more than an enumeration of the parts which are numbered:

1. Engine-bell rope.
2. Train-bell rope. 3. Train-bell or gong.
4. Lever for blowing whistle. 5. Steam-gauge to indicate pressure in boiler. 6. Steam-gauge lamp to illuminate

\* It should be mentioned that this is not one of the most recent types of engines. The arrangement of parts in the cab has been a good deal simplified in later locomotives.

- face of gauge. 7. Pressure-gauge for air-brake; to show pressure in air reservoirs. 8. Valve to admit steam to air-brake pump. 9. Automatic lubricator for oiling main valves. 10. Cock for admitting steam to lubricator. 11. Handle



Locomotive for Street Railway. (J) By the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

- for opening valves in sand-box to sand the rails. 12. Handle for opening the cocks which drain the water from the cylinders. 13. Valve for admitting steam to the jets which force air into the fire-box. 14, 14'. Throttle-valve lever.

This is for opening the valve which admits steam to the cylinders. 15. Sector by which the throttle-lever is held in any desired position. 16. "Lazy-cock" handle. A valve which regulates the water supply to the pumps is worked by this handle. 17, 17'. Reverse lever. 18. Reverse-lever sector. 19, 19, 19. Gauge-cocks for showing the height of the water in the boiler; 19' is a pipe for carrying away the water which escapes when the gauge-cocks are opened. 20, 20. Oil cups for oiling the cylinders.\* 21. Handle for working steam-valve of injector. 22. Handle for controlling water-jet of the injector. 23. Handle for working water-valve of injector. 24. Oil can shelf. 25. Handle for air-brake valve. 26. Valve for controlling air-brake. 27. Pipe for conducting air to brakes under the cars. 28. Pipe connected with air reservoir. 29. Pipe connection to air pump. 30. Handle for working a valve which admits or shuts off the air for driving-wheel brakes. 31. Valve for driving-wheel brakes. 32, 32'. Lever for moving a diaphragm in smoke-box, by which the draught is regulated. 33. Handle for raising or lowering snow scrapers in front of truck wheels. 34. Handle for opening cock on pump to show whether it is forcing water into the boiler. 35. Lamp to light the water-gauge, 51, 51. 36. Air-hole for admitting air to fire-box. 37. Tallow can for oiling cylinders. 38. Oil can. 39. Shelf for warming oil cans. 40. Furnace door. 41. Chain for opening and closing the furnace door. 42. Handles for opening dampers on the ash-pan. 43. Lubricator for air-pump. 44. Valve for admitting steam to the chimney to blow the fire when the engine is standing still. 45. Valve for admitting steam to the train pipes for warming the cars. 46. Valve for reducing the pressure of the steam used for heating cars. 47. Cock which admits steam to the pressure-gauge, 48. 48. Pressure-gauge which indicates the steam pressure in heater pipes. 49. Pipe for conducting steam to the train to heat the cars. 50. Cock for water-gauge, 51, 51. 51. Glass water-gauge to indicate the height of water in the boiler. 52. Cock for blowing off impurities from the surface of the water in the boiler.

Besides being impressive as a triumph of human ingenuity, there is much about the construction and working of locomotives which is picturesque. A shop where they are constructed or repaired is always of interest. An engine-house at night is full of weird suggestions and food for the imagination.

On page 196 is an illustration from a photograph taken in the erecting shops of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia; and on page 193 is a view of a similar shop of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona, which suggests at

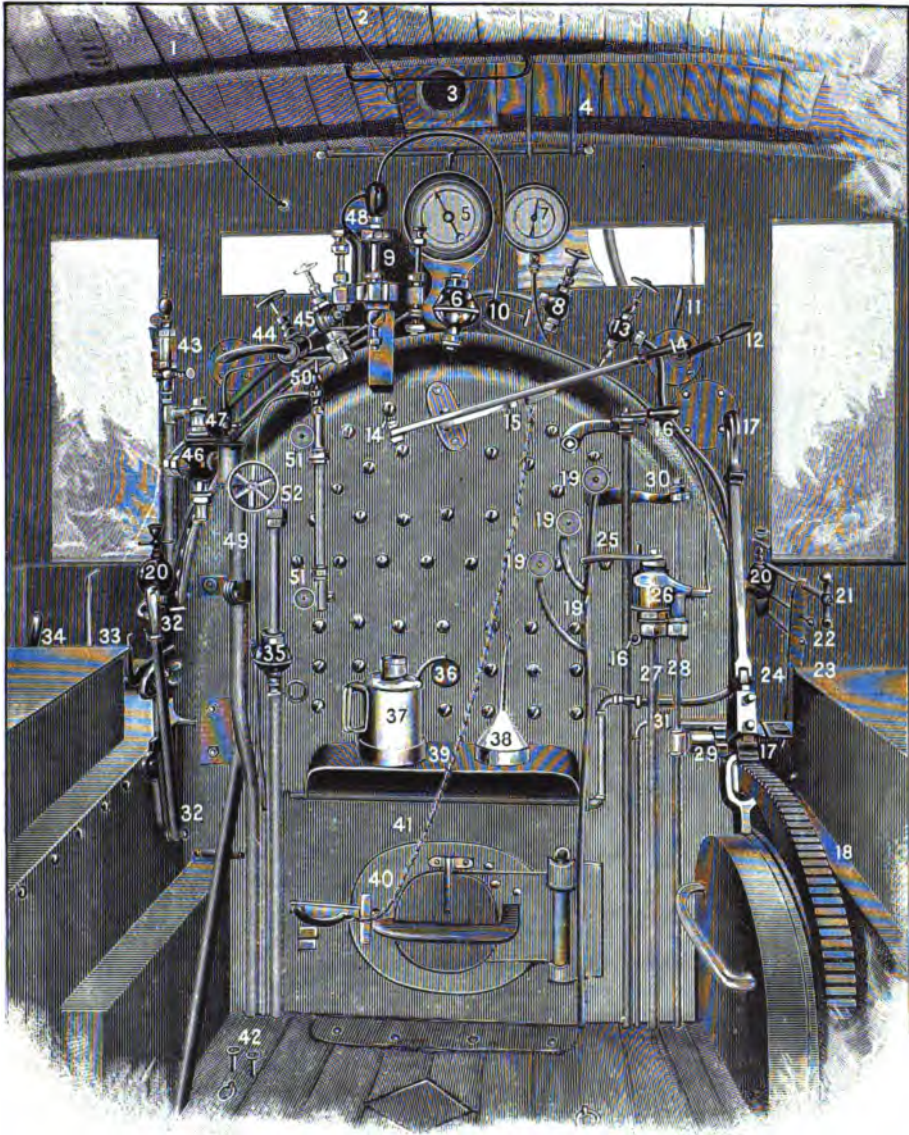
a glance many of the processes of construction which go on in these great works. At Altoona are immense travelling cranes resting on brick arches and spanning the shop from side to side. These are powerful enough to take hold of the largest locomotive and lift it bodily from the rails and transfer it laterally or longitudinally at will. On page 193 a large consolidation engine is shown, swung clear of the rails, and in the act of being moved laterally. The hooks of the crane are attached to heavy iron beams, from which the locomotive is suspended by strong bars. On page 189 is a view in the blacksmith's shop of the Baldwin Works, showing a steam hammer and the operation of forging a locomotive frame.

It is quite natural that the engineers, or "runners," as they generally call themselves, who have the care of locomotives should take a deep interest and acquire a sort of attachment for them. In the earlier days of railroading this was much more the case than it is now. Then each locomotive had an individuality of its own. It was rare that two engines were exactly alike. Nearly always there was some difference in their proportions, or one engine had some device in it which the other had not. Now, many locomotives are made exactly alike, or as nearly so as the most improved machinery will permit. There is nothing to distinguish the one from the other. Therefore Bony Smith can claim no superiority for his machine which Windy Brown has not the advantage of. In the old days, too, each engine had its own runner and fireman, and it seldom fell into the hands of any one else, and those in charge of it took as much pride in keeping it bright as the character in Pinafore did "in polishing up the handle of the big front door." On many roads—particularly the larger ones—engines are not assigned to special men. The system of "first in first out" has been adopted, that is, the engines are sent out in the order in which they come in, and the men take whichever machine happens to fall to their lot. This naturally results in a loss of personal attachment to special engines.

Every change in the construction,

\* This engine had two different appliances for oiling the cylinders, the pair of oil cups, 20, 20, and the automatic oiler, 9.





Cab End of a Locomotive and its Attachments.

alteration in the proportions, or addition to the attachments of locomotives is a subject of intense interest to the men and a topic of endless discussion at all times and places. The theories which are propounded, and the yarns which are spun while sitting around hot stoves, in round-houses, or waiting for passing trains on side tracks, would fill many books. Jack

never tires of telling what his engine did when "she was going up Rattlesnake Grade," and Smoky Bill grows excited when he describes how Ninety-six turned her wheels in making up forty-nine minutes time in the down run with the "electric express."

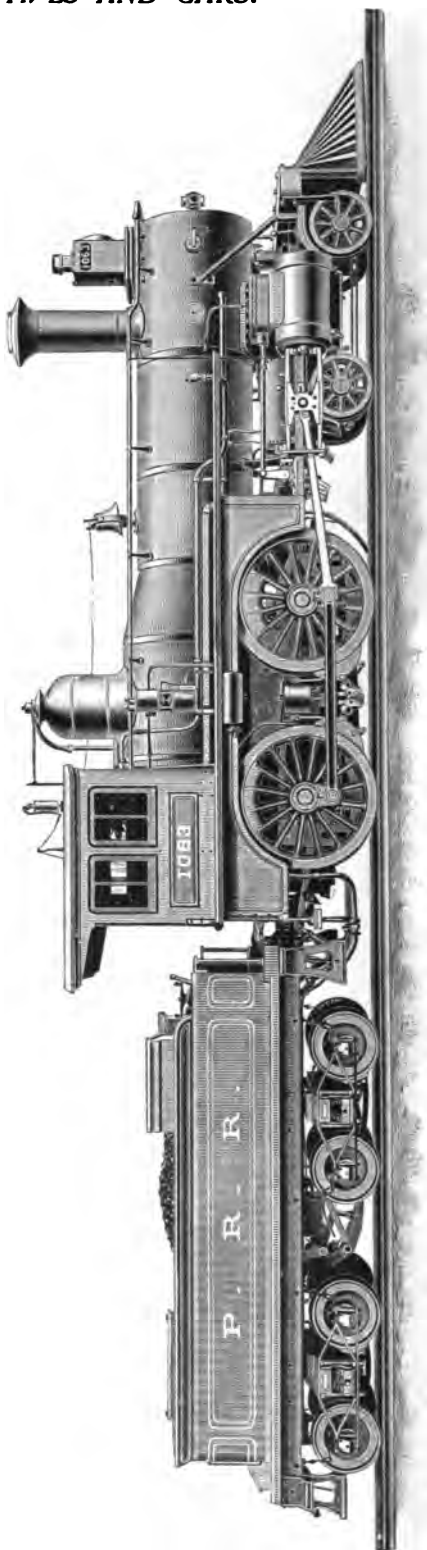
Locomotive engineers and firemen read with avidity everything which is explanatory of the construction or work-

ing of locomotives, but generally have a contempt for things which have no practical bearing. They demand "lucidity" in what they read with as much vehemence as Matthew Arnold did, and some editors and college professors, whose writing and thinking is foggy, would be greatly benefited by the criticisms of the Locomotive Brotherhood.

Much might be written about the duties of locomotive runners and firemen, and the qualifications required. It is the general opinion of locomotive superintendents that it is not essential that the men who run locomotives should be good mechanics. The best runners or engineers are those who have been trained while young as firemen on locomotives. Brunel, the distinguished civil engineer, said that he never would trust himself to run a locomotive because he was sure to think of some problem relating to his profession which would distract his attention from the engine. It is probably a similar reason which unfits good mechanics for being good locomotive runners.

It will perhaps interest some readers to know how much fuel a locomotive burns. This of course depends upon the quality of fuel, work done, speed, and character of the road. On freight trains an average consumption may be taken at about 1 to 1½ pound of coal consumed per car per mile. With passenger trains, the cars of which are heavier and the speed higher, the coal consumption is greater. A freight train of 30 cars, at a speed of 30 miles per hour, would therefore burn from 900 to 1,350 pounds of coal per hour.

Peter Parley's illustration of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is a representation of one of the earliest passenger-cars used in this country. The accuracy of the illustration may, however, be questioned. Probably the artist depended upon his imagination and memory somewhat when he drew it. The engraving at the top of page 197 is from an original drawing made by the resident engineer of the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad, and from which six coaches were made by James Goold for the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad in 1831, and is an authentic repre-

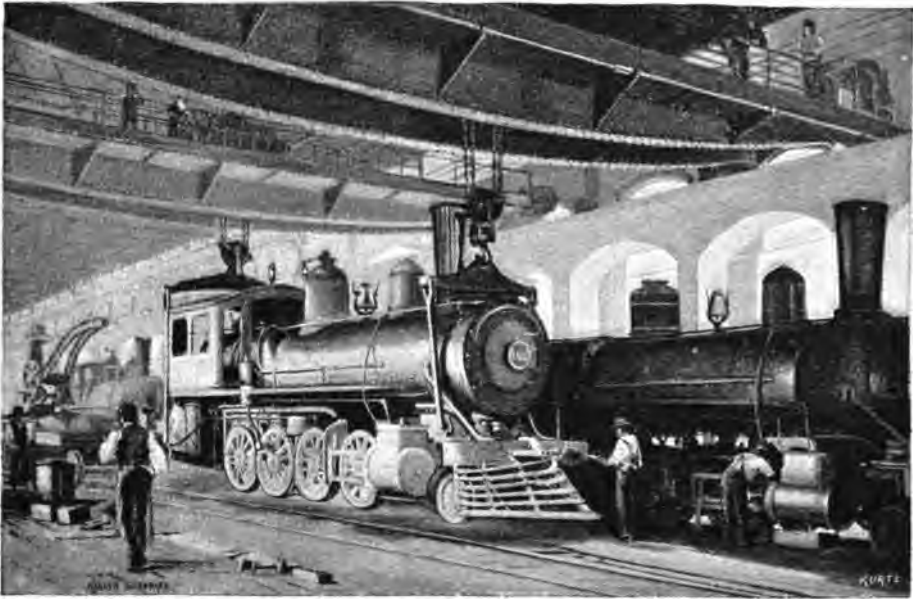


A Typical American Passenger Locomotive.



sentation of the cars as made at that time. Other old prints of railroad cars represent them as substantially stage-coach bodies mounted on four car-

198] which antedated Winans's patent and was used at the Quincy granite quarries for carrying large blocks of stone, was also introduced as evidence for the



Interior of Erecting Shop, Showing Locomotive Lifted by Travelling Crane.

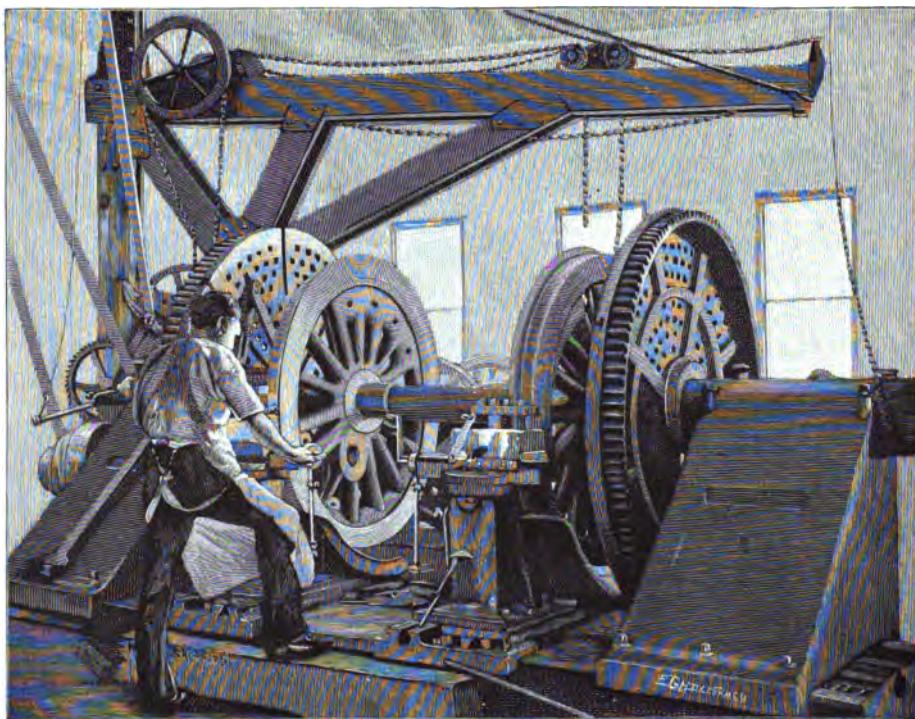
wheels, as B [p. 197]. The next step in the development of cars was that of joining together several coach-bodies. This form was continued after the double-truck system was adopted, as shown by A [p. 197], which represents an early Baltimore & Ohio Railroad car, having three sections united. It was soon displaced by the rectangular body, as shown in C [p. 198], which is a reproduction from an old print.

Fig. F [p. 198] is an illustration of a car used for the transportation of flour on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, while horses were still used as the motive power. To show how nearly all progress is a process of evolution, it was shown in one of the trials of the validity of Winans's patent on eight-wheeled cars with two trucks, that, before the date of his patent, it was a practice to load fire-wood by connecting two such cars with long timbers, which rested on bolsters attached by king-bolts to the cars. The wood was loaded on top of these timbers, as shown in D [p. 198]. An old car E [p.

defendants in that suit. Although Winans was not able to establish the validity of his patent on eight-wheeled cars with two trucks, he was undoubtedly one of the first to put it into practical form, and did a great deal to introduce the system.

The progress in the construction of cars has been fully as great as in that of locomotives. If the old stage-coach bodies on wheels are compared with a vestibule train of to-day the difference will be very striking. Most of us who are no longer young can recall the days when sleeping-cars were unknown, when a journey from an eastern city to Chicago meant 48 hours or more of sitting erect in a car with thirty or more passengers, and an atmosphere which was foetid. Happily those days are past, although the improvement in the ventilation of cars has been very slow, and is still very imperfect.

Any one who will stand close to a line of railroad when a train is rushing by at



Turning Locomotive Tires.

a speed of forty to sixty miles an hour must wonder how the engine and cars are kept on the track, and even those familiar with the construction of railroad machinery often express astonishment that the flanges of the wheels, which are merely projecting ribs about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick, are sufficient to resist the impetus and swaying of a locomotive or car at full speed. The problem of the manufacture of wheels which will resist this wear and not break, has occupied a great deal of the attention of railroad managers and manufacturers.

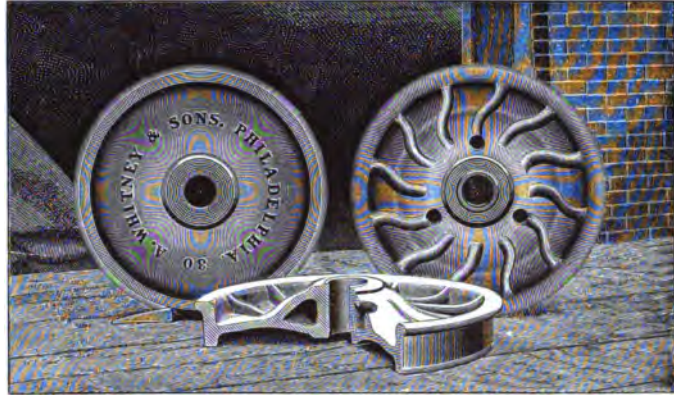
Locomotive driving-wheels in this country are always made of cast-iron, with steel tires, which are heated and put on the wheels and then cooled. The tires are thus contracted and "shrunk" on the wheels. The tread, that is the surface which bears on the rail, and the flange of the tire are then turned off in a lathe made especially for the purpose, shown in the above picture. For engine-trucks, tenders, and cars, until within a few years, "chilled" cast-iron wheels

have been used almost exclusively on American railroads. The tread and flange of a cast-iron wheel, if made without being "chilled," would soon be worn out in service, as such iron has ordinarily little capacity for resisting the wear to which wheels are subjected. Some cast-iron, however, has a singular property which causes it to assume a peculiar crystalline form if, when it is melted, it is allowed to cool and solidify in contact with a cold iron mould. The iron which is thus cooled quickly, or "chilled," becomes very hard, and resists wear very much better than iron which is not chilled.

The superior quality of certain kinds of cast-iron which seem to be found only in this country, and the cheapness of wheels made of it, has led to their general use here. In Europe, wheels are made of wrought-iron, with tires which were also made of the same material before the discovery of the improved processes of manufacturing steel, but since then they have been made of the latter ma-

terial. Owing to the breakage of a great many cast-iron wheels of poor quality, those with steel-tires are now coming into very general use on American roads under passenger-cars and engines. A great variety of such wheels is now made. The "centres," or parts inside the tires, of some of them are cast-iron, and others are wrought-iron constructed in various ways.

What is known as the Allen paper wheel is used a great deal in this country, especially under sleeping cars. A section and front view of one of these wheels is shown below. It consists of a cast-iron hub, A, which is bored out to fit the

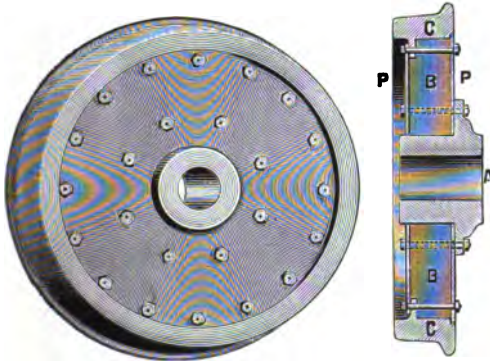


Cast-iron Car Wheels.

give even a brief description of the different kinds of cars which are now used. The following list could be increased considerably if all the different varieties were included :

Baggage-car, boarding-car, box-car, buffet-car, caboose or conductor's car, cattle or stock car, coal-car, derrick-car, drawing-room car, drop-bottom car, dump-car, express-car, flat or platform car, gondola-car, hand-car, hay-car, hopper-bottom car, horse-car, hotel-car, inspection-car, lodging-car, mail-car, milk-car, oil-car, ore-car, palace-car, passenger-car, post-office car, push-car, postal-car, refrigerator-car, restaurant-car, sleeping-car, sweeping-car, tank-car, tip-car, tool or wrecking car, three-wheeled hand-car.

The following table gives the size, weight, and price of cars at the present time. The length given is the length over the bodies not including the platforms.



Allen Paper Wheel.

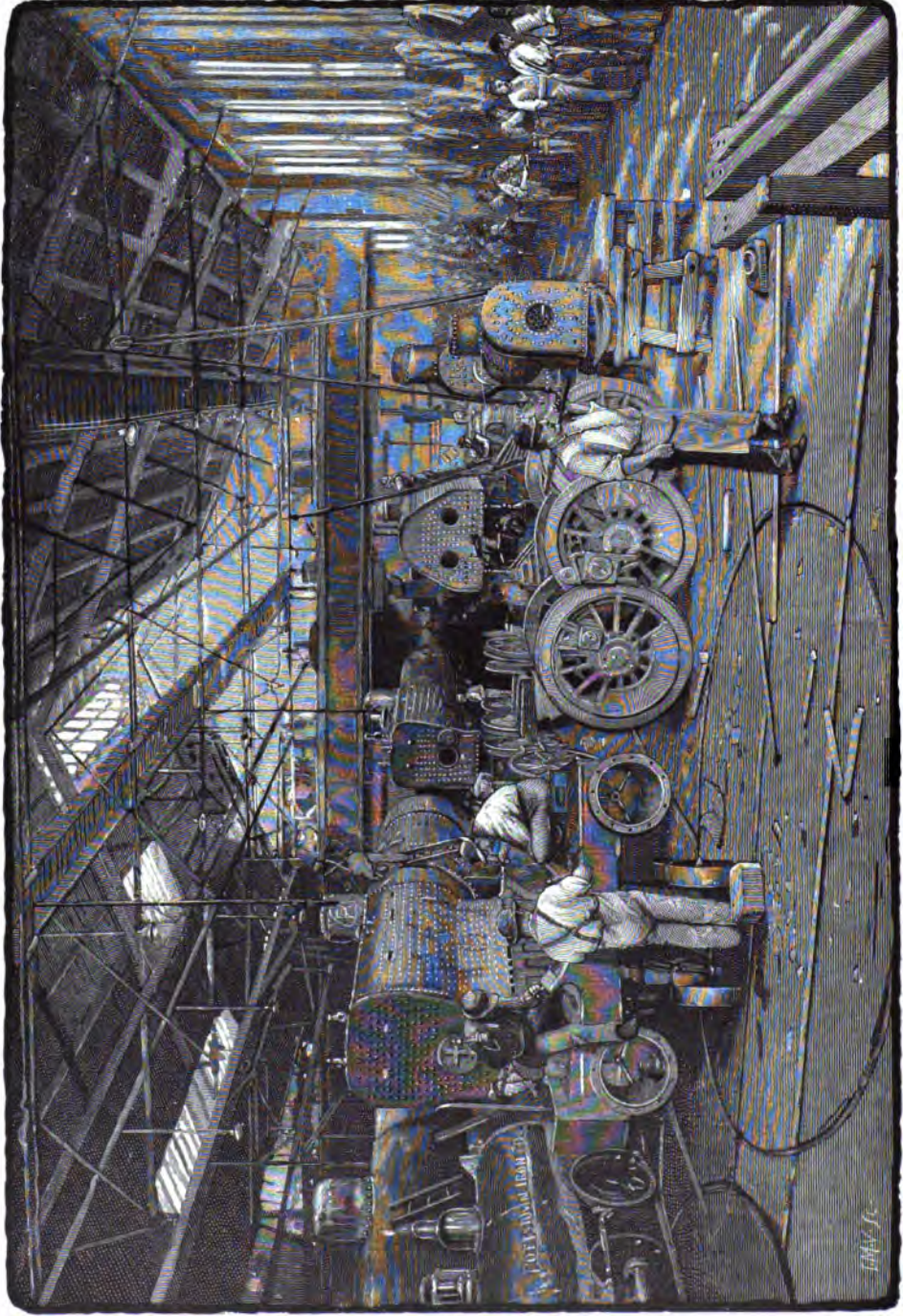
axle. An annular disc, *B B*, is made of layers of paper-board glued together and then subjected to an enormous pressure. The disc is then bored out to fit the hub, and its circumference is turned off and the tire, *C C*, is fitted to it. Two wrought-iron plates, *P P*, are then placed on either side of it, and the disc, plates, tire, and hub are all bolted together. The paper, it will be seen, bears the weight which rests on the hub of the axle and the hub of the wheel.

It would require a separate article to

	Length, feet.	Weight, lbs.	Price.
Flat-car .....	34	16,000 to 19,000	\$380
Box-car .....	34	22,000 to 27,000	\$550
Refrigerator-car .....	30 to 34	28,000 to 34,000	\$800 to 1,100
Passenger-car .....	50 to 52	45,000 to 60,000	\$4,400 to 5,000
Drawing-room Car ..	50 to 65	70,000 to 80,000	\$10,000 to 20,000
Sleeping-car .....	50 to 70	60,000 to 90,000	\$12,000 to 20,000
Street-car .....	16	5,000 to 6,000	\$800 to 1,200

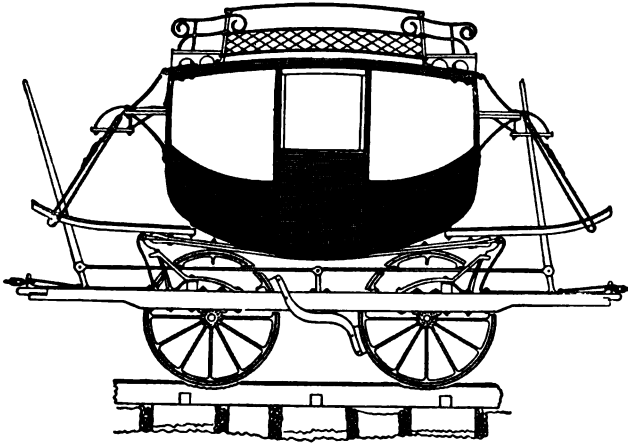
Some years ago the master car-builders of the different railroads experienced





View in Locomotive Erecting Shop.

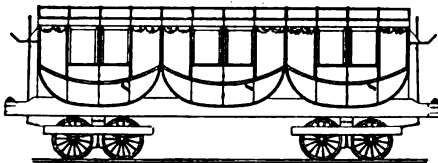
great difficulty in the transaction of their business, from the fact that there were no double dictionary is needed. Thus, supposing that a car-builder in Chicago



*From this drawing made by the Resident Engineer  
John Baldwin Esq were made in 1831 the six Coaches by the  
undesignated for the Mohawk & Hudson Rail Road  
May 20 March 1875 J. Baldwin Esq*

common names to designate the parts of cars in different places in the country. What was known by one name in Chicago had quite a different name in Pittsburg or Boston. A committee was therefore

received an order for a 'Journal-box'; by looking in an alphabetical list of words he could readily find that term and a description and definition of it. But suppose that he wanted to order such castings from the shop in Albany, and did not know their name; it would be impracticable for him to commence at A and look through to Z or until he found the proper term to designate that part." To meet this difficulty the dic-



Early Car on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. (A)

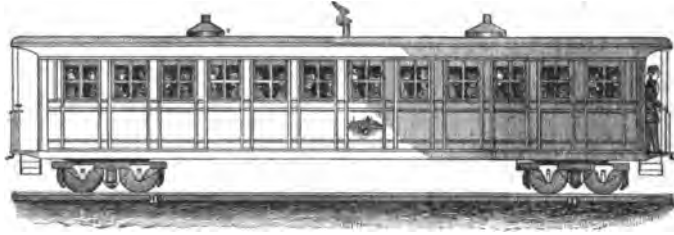
appointed by the Master Car-Builders' Association to make a dictionary of terms used in car-construction and repairs. Such a dictionary has been prepared, and is a book of 560 pages, and has over two thousand illustrations. It has some peculiar features, one of which is described as follows in the preface: "To supply the want which demanded such a vocabulary, what might be called a



Early Car. (B) (From an old print.)



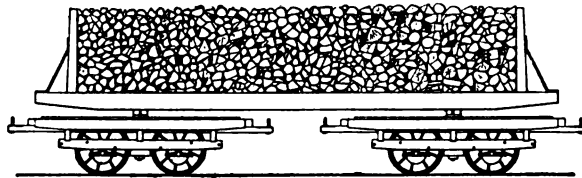
tionary has very copious illustrations are not far out of the way. If the average in which the different parts of cars age length of locomotives and tenders



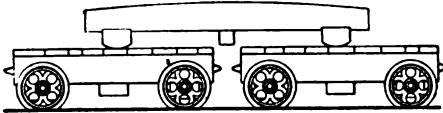
Early American Car, 1834. (C)

are represented and numbered, and the names of the parts designated by the numbers are then given in a list accompanying the engravings. An al-

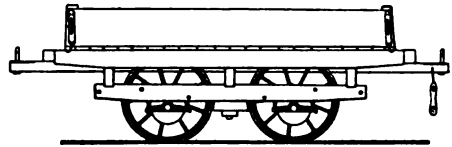
is taken at 50 feet, those now owned by the railroads would make a continuous train 280 miles long; and the 978,000 cars, if they average 35 feet in length,



Early Car for Carrying Firewood on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. (D)



Old Car on the Quincy Granite Railroad. (E)



Old Car for Carrying Flour on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. (F)

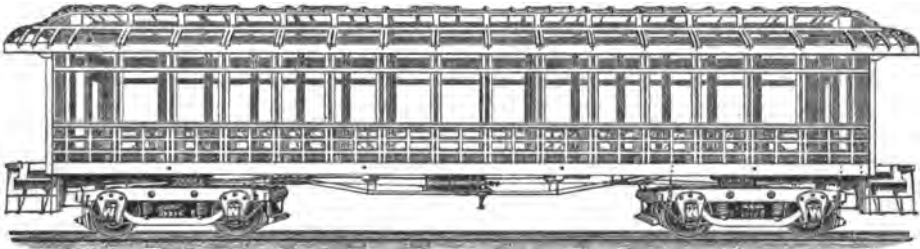
phabetical list of names and definitions is also given, as in an ordinary dictionary. The definition usually contains a reference to a number and a figure in which the object described is illustrated. In making the dictionary the compilers selected terms from those in use, where appropriate ones could be found. In other cases new names were devised. The book is a curious illustration of a more rapid growth of an art than of the language by which it is described.

The following table, compiled from Poor's Manual of Railroads, gives the number of locomotives and of different kinds of cars in this country, beginning with 1876 and for each year thereafter. The figures for 1888 are estimated, but

would form a train which would be nearly 6,500 miles long.

Year.	Miles of railroad.	Locomotives.	Passenger-train cars.			Freight cars.
			Passenger.	Baggage, mail, etc.	Total.	
1876..	72,623	14,562	.....	.....	13,059	353,101
1877..	74,658	15,689	.....	.....	14,065	376,713
1878..	79,208	15,911	12,053	8,854	15,907	392,175
1879..	80,832	16,446	11,683	4,413	16,096	423,013
1880..	84,715	17,084	12,009	4,519	16,528	480,190
1881..	93,670	17,949	12,789	4,786	17,575	539,355
1882..	104,325	20,116	14,548	4,976	19,524	648,295
1883..	112,412	22,114	15,551	5,866	20,917	710,451
1884..	120,552	23,623	16,899	5,948	22,847	748,687
1885..	125,153	24,587	17,303	6,411	23,714	798,399
1886..	127,729	25,937	17,290	6,544	23,834	805,519
1887..	133,607	26,415	19,253	6,525	25,577	845,914
1888*	150,600	29,500	21,000	7,000	28,000	860,000

\* Estimated.



Modern Passenger-car and Frame.

The number of cars, it will be seen, has more than doubled in ten years, so that if the same rate of increase continues for the next decade there will be over two millions of them on the railroads of this country alone. Beyond a certain point, numbers convey little idea

of magnitude. Our railroad system and its equipment seem to be rapidly outgrowing the capacity of the human imagination to realize their extent. What it will be with another half century of development it is impossible even to imagine.

## FAIR DAY.

*By Sarah Orne Jewett.*



WIDOW MERCY BASCOM came back alone into the empty kitchen and seated herself in her favorite splint-bottomed chair by the window, with a dreary look on her face.

"I s'pose I be an old woman, an' past goin' to cattle shows an' junketings, but folks needn't take it so for granted. I'm sure I don't want to be on my feet all day, trapesin' fair grounds an' swallowin' everybody's dust; not but what I'm as able as most, though I be seventy-three year old."

She folded her hands in her lap and

looked out across the deserted yard. There was not even a hen in sight; she was left alone for the day. "Tobias's folks," as she called her son's family with whom she made her home—Tobias's folks had just started for a day's pleasuring at the county fair, ten miles distant. She had not thought of going with them, nor expected any invitation; she had even helped them off with her famous energy; but there was an unexpected reluctance at being left behind, a sad little feeling that would rise suddenly in her throat as she stood in the door and saw them drive away in the shiny, two-seated wagon. Johnny, the youngest and favorite of her grandchildren,

had shouted back in his piping voice, "I wish you was goin', grandma."

"The only one on 'em that thought of me," said Mercy Bascom to herself, and then, not being a meditative person by nature, she went to work industriously and proceeded to the repairing of Tobias's work-day coat. It was sharp weather now in the early morning, and he would need the warmth of it. Tobias's placid wife never anticipated and always lived in a state of trying to catch up with her work. It never had been the elder woman's way, and Mercy reviewed her own active career with no mean pride. She had been left a widow at twenty-eight, with four children and a stony New Hampshire farm, but had bravely won her way, paid her debts, and provided the three girls and their brother Tobias with the best available schooling.

For a woman of such good judgment and high purpose in life, Mrs. Bascom had made a very unwise choice in marrying Tobias Bascom the elder. He was not even the owner of a good name, and led her a terrible life with his drunken shiftlessness, and hinderance of all her own better aims. Even while the children were babies, however, and life was at its busiest and most demanding stages, the determined soul would not be baffled by such damaging partnership. She showed the plainer what stuff she was made of, and simply worked the harder and went her ways more fiercely. If it was sometimes whispered that she was unamiable, her wiser neighbors understood the power of will that was needed to cope with circumstances that would have crushed a weaker woman. As for her children, they were very fond of her in the undemonstrative New England fashion. Only the two eldest could remember their father at all, and after he was removed from this world Tobias Bascom left but slight proofs of having ever existed at all, except in the stern lines and premature aging of his wife's face.

The years that followed were years of hard work on the little farm, but diligence and perseverance had their reward. When the three daughters came to womanhood they were already skilled farm-house keepers, and were despatched

for their own homes well equipped with feather-beds and homespun linen and woollen. Mercy Bascom was glad to have them well settled, if the truth were known. She did not like to have her own will and law questioned or opposed, and when she sat down to supper alone with her son Tobias, after the last daughter's wedding, she had a glorious feeling of peace and satisfaction.

"There's a sight o' work left yet in the old marm," she said to Tobias, in an unwontedly affectionate tone. "I guess we shall house keep together as comfortable as most folks." But Tobias grew very red in the face and bent over his plate.

"I don't know's I want the girls to get ahead of me," he said sheepishly. "I ain't meanin' to put you out with another wedding right away, but I've been a-lookin' round an' I guess I've found somebody to suit me."

Mercy Bascom turned cold with misery and disappointment. "Why T'bias," she said, anxiously, "folks always said that you was cut out for an old bachelor till I come to believe it, an' I've been lottin' on——"

"Course nobody's goin' to wrench me an' you apart," said Tobias gallantly. "I made up my mind long ago you an' me was yokemates, mother. An' I had it in mind to fetch you somebody that would ease you o' quite so much work now Liza's gone off."

"I don't want nobody," said the grieved woman, and she could eat no more supper; that festive supper for which she had cooked her very best. Tobias was sorry for her, but he had his rights, and now simply felt light-hearted because he had freed his mind of this unwelcome declaration. Tobias was slow and stolid to behold, but he was a man of sound ideas and great talent for farming. He had found it difficult to choose between his favorites among the marriageable girls, a bright young creature who was really too good for him, but penniless, and a weaker damsel who was heiress to the best farm in town. The farm won the day at last; and Mrs. Bascom felt a thrill of pride at her son's worldly success; then she asked to know her son's plans, and was wholly disappointed. Tobias meant to sell the old

place; he had no idea of leaving her alone as she wistfully complained; he meant to have her make her home at the Bassett place with him and his bride.

That she would never do; the old place which had given her a living never should be left or sold to strangers. Tobias was not prepared for her fierce outburst of reproach for the mere suggestion. She would live alone and pay her way as she always had done, and so it was for a few years of difficulties. Tobias was never ready to plough or plant when she needed him; his own great place was more than he could serve properly. It grew more and more difficult to hire workmen, and they were seldom worth their wages. At last Tobias's wife, who was a kindly soul, persuaded her reluctant mother-in-law to come and spend a winter; the old woman was tired and for once disheartened; she found herself deeply in love with her grandchildren, and so next spring she let the little hill farm on the halves to an impecunious but hard-working young couple.

To everybody's surprise the two women lived together harmoniously. Tobias's wife did everything to please her mother-in-law, except to be other than a Bassett. And Mercy, for the most part, ignored this misfortune, and rarely was provoked into calling it a fault. Now that the necessity for hard work and anxiety was past, she appeared to have come to an Indian summer shining-out of her natural amiability and tolerance. She was sometimes indirectly reproachful of her daughter's easy-going ways, and set an indignant example now and then by a famous onslaught of unnecessary work, and always dressed and behaved herself in plainest farm fashion, while Mrs. Tobias was given to undue worldliness and style. But they worked well together in the main, for, to use Mercy's own words, she "had seen enough of life not to want to go into other folks' houses and make trouble."

As people grow older their interests are apt to become fewer, and one of the thoughts that came oftenest to Mercy Bascom in her old age was a time-honored quarrel with one of her husband's sisters, who had been her neighbor many years before, and then moved to greater

prosperity at the other side of the county. It is not worth while to tell the long story of accusations and misunderstandings, but while the two women did not meet for almost half a lifetime the grievance was as fresh as if it were yesterday's. Wrongs of defrauded sums of money and contested rights in unproductive acres of land, wrongs of slighting remarks and contempt of equal claims; the remembrance of all these was treasured as a miser fingers his gold. Mercy Bascom freed herself from the wearisome detail of every-day life whenever she could find a patient listener to whom to tell the long story. She found it as interesting as a story of the Arabian Nights, or an exciting play at the theatre. She would have you believe that she was faultless in the matter, and would not acknowledge that her sister-in-law Ruth Bascom, now Mrs. Parlet, was also a hard-working woman with dependent little children at the time of the great fray.

Of late years her son had suspected that his mother regretted the alienation, but he knew better than to suggest a peace-making. "Let them work — let them work!" he told his wife, when she proposed one night to bring the warring sisters-in-law unexpectedly together. It may have been that old Mercy began to feel a little lonely and would be glad to have somebody of her own age with whom to talk over old times. She never had known the people much in this Bassett region, and there were few but young folks left at any rate.

As the pleasure-makers hastened toward the fair that bright October morning Mercy sat by the table sewing at a sufficient patch in the old coat. There was little else to do all day but to get herself a lunch at noon and have supper ready when the family came home cold and tired at night. The two cats came purring about her chair; one persuaded her to open the cellar door, and the other leaped to the top of the kitchen table unrebuked, and blinked herself to sleep there in the sun. This was a favored kitten brought from the old home, and seemed a link between the old days and these. Her mistress noticed with surprise that pussy was beginning to look

old, and she could not resist a little sigh. "Land! the next world may seem dreadful new too, and I've got to get used to that," she thought with a grim smile of foreboding. "How do folks live that wants always to be on the go? There was Ruth Parlet, that must be always a visitin' and goin'—well I won't say that there wasn't a time when I wished for the chance." Justice always won the day in such minor questions as this.

Ruth Parlet's name started the usual thoughts, but somehow or other Mercy could not find it in her heart to be as harsh as usual. She remembered one thing after another about their girlhood together. They had been great friends then and the animosity may have had its root in the fact that Ruth helped forward her brother's marriage. But there were years before that of friendly foregathering and girlish alliances and rivalries; spinning and herb gathering and quilting. It seemed, as Mercy thought about it, that Ruth was good company after all. But what did make her act so, and turn right round later on?

The morning grew warm, and at last Mrs. Bascom had to open the window to let out the buzzing flies and an imprisoned wild bee. The patch was finished and the elbow would serve Tobias as good as new. She laid the coat over a chair and put her bent brass thimble into the paper-collar box that served as work-basket. She used to have a queer splint basket at the old place, but it had been broken under something heavier when her household goods were moved. Some of the family had long been tired of hearing that basket regretted, and another had never been found to take its place. The thimble, the smooth mill-bobbin on which was wound black linen thread, the dingy lump of beeswax, and a smart leather needle-book, which Johnny had given her the Christmas before, all looked ready for use, but Mrs. Bascom pushed them farther back on the table and quickly rose to her feet. "'Tain't nine o'clock yet," she said, exultantly. "I'll just take a couple o' crackers in my pocket and step over to the old place. I'll take my time and be back soon enough to make 'em that pan o' my hot gingerbread they'll be counting on for supper."

Half an hour later one might have seen a bent figure lock the side door of the large farm-house carefully, trying the latch again and again to see if it were fast, putting the key in a safe hiding-place by the door, and then stepping away up the road with eager determination. "I ain't felt so like a jaunt this five year," said Mercy to herself, "an' if Tobias was here an' Ann, they'd take all the fun out fussin' and talkin', an' bein' afeard I'd tire myself, or wantin' me to ride over. I do like to be my own master once in a while."

The autumn day was glorious, with a fine flavor of fruit and ripeness in the air. The sun was warm, there was a cool breeze from the great hills, and far off across the wide valley the old woman could see her little gray house on its pleasant eastern slope; she could even trace the outline of the two small fields and larger pasture. "I done well with it, if I wasn't nothin' but a woman with four dependin' on me an' no means," said Mercy proudly as she came in full sight of the old place. It was a long drive from one farm to the other by roundabout highways, but there was a footpath known to the wayfarer which took a good piece off the distance. "Now, ain't this a sight better than them hustlin' fairs?" Mercy asked gleefully as she felt herself free and alone in the wide meadow-land. She had long been promising little Johnny to take him over to Gran'ma's house, as she loved to call it still. She could not help thinking longingly how much he would enjoy this escapade. "Why, I'm running away just like a young one, that's what I be," she exclaimed, and then laughed aloud for very pleasure.

The weather-beaten farm-house was deserted that day, as its former owner suspected. She boldly gathered some of her valued spice-apples, with an assuring sense of proprietorship as she crossed the last narrow field. The Browns, man and wife and little boy and baby, had hied them early to the fair with nearly the whole population of the countryside. The house and yard and out-buildings never had worn such an aspect of appealing pleasantness as when Mercy Bascom came near. She



felt as if she were going to cry for a minute, and then hurried to get inside the gate. She saw the outgoing track of horses' feet with delight, but went discreetly to the door and knocked, to make herself perfectly sure that there was no one left at home. Out of breath and tired as she was, she turned to look off at the view. Yes, there was Tobias's place, prosperous and white-painted; she could just get a glimpse of the upper roofs and gables. It was always a sorrow and complaint that a low hill kept her from looking up at this farm from any of the windows, but now she was at the farm itself she found herself regarding the Tobias's home with a good deal of affection. She looked sharply with an apprehension of fire, but there was no whiff of alarming smoke against the clear sky.

"Now I must git me a drink o' water first of anything," and she hastened to the creaking well-sweep and lowered the bucket. There was the same rusty, handleless tin dipper that she had left years before, standing on the shelf inside the well-curb. She was proud to find that the bucket was no heavier than ever, and was heartily thankful for the clear water. There never was such a well as that, and it seemed as if she had not been away a day. "What an old gal I be," said Mercy, with plaintive merriment. "Well, they ain't made no great changes since I was here last spring," and then she went over and held her face close against one of the kitchen windows, and took a hungry look of the familiar room. The bedroom door was open and a new sense of attachment to the place filled her heart. "It seems as if I was locked out o' my own home," she whispered as she looked in.

There were the same old spruce and pine boards that she had scrubbed so many times and trodden as she hurried to and fro about her work. It was very strange to see an unfamiliar chair or two, but the furnishings of a farm kitchen were much the same, and there was no great change. Even the cradle was like that cradle in which her own children had been rocked. She gazed and gazed, poor old Mother Bascom, and forgot the present as her early life came back in vivid memories. At last she

turned away from the window with a sigh.

The flowers that she had planted herself had bloomed all summer in the garden; there were still some ragged sailors and the snowberries and phlox and her favorite mallows, of which she picked herself a posy. "I'm glad the old place is so well took care of," she thought, gratefully. "An' they've new-silled the old barn I do declare, and battened the cracks to keep the dumb creaturs warm. 'Twas a sham-built barn anyways, but 'twas the best I could do when the child'n needed something every handturn o' the day. It put me to some expense every year, tinkering of it up where the poor lumber warped and split. There I enjoyed tryin' to cope with things and gettin' the better of my disadvantages! The ground's too rich for me over there to Tobias's; I don't want things too easy, for my part. I feel *most* as young as ever I did, and I ain't agoin' to play helpless, not for nobody.

"I declare for't, I mean to come up here by an' by a spell an' stop with the young folks, an' give 'em a good lift with their work. I ain't needed all the time to Tobias's now, and they can hire help, while these can't. I've been favoring myself till I'm as soft as an old hoss that's right out of pasture an' can't pull two wheels without wheezin'."

There was a sense of companionship in the very weather. The bees were abroad as if it were summer, and a flock of little birds came fluttering down close to Mrs. Bascom as she sat on the doorstep. She remembered the biscuit in her pocket and ate them with a hunger she had seldom known of late, but she threw the crumbs generously to her feathered neighbors. The soft air, the brilliant or fading colors of the wide landscape, the comfortable feeling of relationship to her surroundings all served to put good old Mercy into a most peaceful state. There was only one thought that would not let her be quite happy. She could not get her sister-in-law Ruth Parlet out of her mind. And strangely enough the old grudge did not present itself with the usual power of aggravation; it was of their early friendship and Ruth's good fellowship that memories would come.

"I declare for't, I wouldn't own up to the folks, but I should like to have a good visit with Ruth if so be that we could set aside the past," she said, resolutely, at last. "I never thought I should come to it, but if she offered to make peace I wouldn't do nothin' to hinder it. Not to say but what I should have to free my mind on one or two points before we could start fair. I've waited forty year to make one remark I have in mind for Ruthy Parlet. But there! we're gettin' to be old folks." Mercy rebuked herself gravely. "I don't want to go off with hard feelins to nobody." Whether this was the culmination of a long, slow process of reconciliation, or whether Mrs. Bascom's placid satisfaction helped to hasten it by many stages, nobody could say. As she sat there she thought of many things; her life spread itself out like a picture; perhaps never before had she been able to detach herself from her immediate occupation in this way. She never had been aware of her own character and exploits to such a degree, and the minutes sped by as she thought with deep interest along the course of her own history. There was nothing she was ashamed of to an uncomfortable degree but the long animosity between herself and the children's aunt. How harsh she had been sometimes; she had even tried to prejudice everybody who listened to these tales of an offender. "I war'n't more'n half right, now I come to look myself full in the face," said Mercy Bascom, "and I never owned it till this day."

The sun was already past noon, and the good woman dutifully rose and with instant consciousness of resource glanced in at the kitchen window to tell the time by a familiar mark on the floor. "I needn't start just yet," she muttered. "Oh my! how I do wish I could git in and poke round into every corner! 'Twould make this day just perfect."

"There now!" she continued, "p'raps they leave the key just where our folks used to." And in another minute the key lay in Mercy's worn old hand. She gave a shrewd look along the road, opened the door, which creaked what may have been a hearty welcome, and stood inside the dear old kitchen. She

had not been in the house alone since she left it, but now she was nobody's guest. It was like some shell-fish finding its own old shell again and settling comfortably into the convolutions. Even we must not follow Mother Bascom about from the dark cellar to the hot little attic. She was not curious about the Browns' worldly goods; indeed she was nearly unconscious of anything but the comfort of going up and down the short flight of stairs and looking out of the windows with nobody to watch.

"There's the place where Tobias scratched the door with a nail. Didn't I thrash him for it good?" she said once, with a proud remembrance of the time when she was lawgiver and proprietor and he dependent.

At length a creeping fear stole over her lest the family might return. She stopped one moment to look back into the little bedroom. "How good I did use to sleep here," she said. "I worked as stout as I could the day through, and there wasn't no wakin' up by two o'clock in the morning, and smellin' for fire and harkin' for thieves like I have to nowa-days."

Mercy stepped away down the long sloping field like a young woman. It was a long walk back to Tobias's, even if one followed the footpaths across country. She was heavy-footed, but she was still light-hearted when she came safely in at the gate of the Bassett place. "I've done extra for me," she said as she put away her old shawl and bonnet; "but I'm goin' to git the best supper Tobias's folks have eat for a year." And so she did.

"I've be'n over to the old place this day," she announced bravely to her son, who had finished his work and his supper and was now tipped back in his wooden arm-chair against the wall.

"You ain't, mother!" responded Tobias. "Next fall, then, I won't take no for an answer but what you'll go to the fair and see what's goin'. You *ain't* footed it way over there?"

Mother Bascom nodded. "I have," she answered solemnly, a minute later, as if the nod were not enough. "T'bias, son," she added, lowering her voice, "I ain't one to give in my rights, but I

was thinkin' it all over about y'r Aunt Ruth Parlet——"

"Now if that ain't curi's!" exclaimed Tobias, bringing his chair down hastily upon all four legs. "I didn't know just how you'd take it, mother, but I see Aunt Ruth to-day to the fair, and she made everything o' me and wanted to know how you was, and she got me off from the rest, an's ays she: 'I declare I should like to see your marm again. I wonder if she won't agree to let bygones be bygones.'"

"My sakes!" said Mercy, who was startled by this news. "'Tis the hand o' Providence! How did she look, son?"

"A sight older 'n you do, but kind of natural too. One o' her sons' wives that she's made her home with, has led her a dance, folks say."

"Poor old creatur! we'll have her over here if your folks don't find fault. I've had her in my mind——"

Tobias's folks, in the shape of his wife and little Johnny, appeared from the outer kitchen. "I haven't had such a supper I don't know when," repeated the younger woman for at least the fifth time. "You must have been busy all day, Mother Bascom."

But Mother Bascom and Tobias looked at each other and laughed.

"I ain't had such a good time I don't know when, but my feet are all of a fidget and I've got to git to bed now. I've be'n runnin' away since you've be'n gone, Ann!" said the pleased old soul, and then went away, still laughing, to her own room. She was strangely excited and satisfied, as if she had at last paid a long-standing debt. She could trudge across pastures as well as anybody, and the wearing old grudge was done with. Mercy hardly noticed how her fingers trembled as they unhooked the old gray gown. The odor of sweet fern shook out fresh and strong as she smoothed and laid it carefully over a chair. There was a little rent in the skirt, but she would mend it by daylight.

The great harvest moon was shining high in the sky, and she needed no other light in the bedroom. "I've be'n a smart woman to work in my day and I've airt a little pleasin'," said Mother Bascom sleepily to herself. "Pore Ruthy! so she looks old, does she? I'm goin' to tell her right out, 'twas I that spoke first to Tobias."

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## THE IMMORTAL WORD.

*By Helen Gray Cone.*

ONE soiled and shamed and foiled in this world's fight,  
 Deserter from the host of God, that here  
 Still darkly struggles,—waked from death in fear,  
 And strove to screen his forehead from the white  
 And blinding glory of the awful Light,  
 The revelation and reproach austere.  
 Then with strong hand outstretched a Shape drew near,  
 Bright-browed, majestic, armored like a knight.

"Great Angel, servant of the Highest, why  
 Stoop'st thou to me?" although his lips were mute,  
 His eyes inquired. The Shining One replied:  
 "Thy Book, thy birth, life of thy life am I,  
 Son of thy soul, thy youth's forgotten fruit.  
 We two go up to judgment side by side."

# FIRST HARVESTS.

*By F. J. Stimson.*

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### KITTY FARNUM TAKES THE PRIZE.



JOHN HAVILAND was in town that summer. Many things kept him there; he had his own business, and he had his schools, and he had his workmen's clubs.

And just now he had, more than all, the new young men's club he was founding on the Bowery. He would usually dine at his own club; and there the men he most commonly met were Derwent and Lucie Gower. There seemed to be a certain bond of sympathy between these men. Gower also was kept in town by his business; for Gower had his duties in life, and performed them punctiliously, too. Derwent—well, Derwent was kept there by much the same reasons that kept John at home. Furthermore, these men, not being pleasure-seekers, were all three unhappy—for the moment, only, let us hope.

Haviland lived most of the time on his little sloop, which he kept moored at Bay Ridge, and he took little cruises in her when the wind served. Derwent was apt to be with him on these; he was an enthusiast in everything, and just now was much interested in John's work in New York. Then there was politics; the primaries were already beginning, and John was at work over these; a most fascinating subject for Derwent, who was fond of saying that the most noticeable industries in all "property-democracies" had been plied by those who made a trade of patriotism; but John was not a trader. It was Derwent who called ours an age of coal; but machine civilization was his favorite term for the nineteenth century, and just now his notion was that property was the pasturage that gave life to the monster that he fought.

Certainly, it had been an evil year for

those who thought and hoped. That showed itself even in the primaries, where now the local leaders found it hard to keep their rank and file content. Still less could John get on, with his abstract talk of pure government and simple laws. Sovereign voters were showing a strange tendency to go in directly for abstract benefits, or what they conceived to be such. Even city workers were discontented; and there was said to be much misery in the mining districts. The coal magnates—Tamms, Duval, and Remington—finding that that ichor of our civilization was growing too plentiful, had laid their heads together and were "diminishing the output;" that is, they forbade that more than a certain number of tons should be mined per week. Thus did they not only cut off that draught of life from the general social fabric, but about one-third of the cupbearers thereof were thrown out of work. Upon this, many of the rest had struck. Their places in the mines had promptly been filled by other human energy in the shape of so many head of human beings, male and female, shipped from Poland; while the strikers and even some of the Poles, who had escaped and could read and write, were making trouble. But these themes are too heavy for our slight pen; except such outcome of it as even all the world might see and Mrs. Flossie Gower might feel.

And, if politics had thus all gone askew, John was just a shade discouraged with his social work as well. Many a talk did he and Derwent have about it, lying becalmed off the sullen Jersey coast, smoking their midnight cigars beneath the sky. "They will come to the club fast enough," he would say, "and read a newspaper or two, and smoke a pipe—when they have not money enough to pay for drinks at the bar-room. They will listen to what we tell them, politely enough. But what I find is the hardest thing to cope with is a sort of scoffing humor: as if we were all

muffs, and they knew it, and only put up with it so long as it suited their convenience."

"A curious thing this jeering habit in your democracy," muttered Derwent. "They have caught the trick of Voltaire's cynicism and turned it upwards. They are incredulous of excellence and of benevolence in high places—even of yours, old fellow, I am afraid," he added. "I never could see how there could be class-hatred in America; but class-hatred there certainly is."

"I talk to these boys of books and pictures, and the joys of art, and the delights of nature; and I fear, if they do not cry 'Oh, chestnuts' at me, or some other current slang, it is out of mere good-nature and because they like me. Their delight in nature is limited to the nearest base-ball field, the newspapers they take up are generally those printed on pink paper, and as for books—I doubt if many of them ever opened one, except he knew it was obscene."

"All literature has had but two sources—religious hymns and merry stories," said Derwent, gravely. "These boys must naturally begin with that one which is left them."

"But they are such finished positivists! As for fearing the Roman Church, it is but an old wives' tale to them."

"How much did our friends at *La Lisière* care for this higher side of life?" said Derwent. "It is true they substituted wine for whiskey, and straight-limbed horses for bow-legged bull-pups, and steeple-chases for sparring, and French novels for the pink newspaper. I fancy our two sets of friends would understand one another, Tony Duval and Birmingham and your boys, much better than you do after all. As for Mr. Van Kull, he would be a hero with either lot, and Caryl Wemyss a muff."

"There are plenty of rich people who are not like Mrs. Gower's set."

"True, but they do not advertise themselves, they do not make a show, they do not 'lead society'—suggestive phrase. And probably you are the first rich man of that class whom your Bowery friends have ever seen. No wonder that they set you down for a muff!"

"Of course a poor boy covets his neighbor's goods, if he sees that his

goods are the only thing the neighbor values," sighed John.

Thus did these two hold converse, and often Lucie Gower with them. Indeed Lucie Gower had got quite interested in John's plans, and if he did not feel that his personal assistance would be of much value, he helped John out with money, which was almost as much to the point. The simple fellow was not happy, and he did not quite know why; surely his wife, the admired leader of all their world, was all that he desired? At times he would seem on the point of confiding with John, and would turn his eyes to him with the troubled look of some not healthy animal; a look, alas! which John saw no way to answer.

But if John made little progress with his missionary work, James Starbuck made greatly more with his. The discontent on the line of the Allegheny Central Railroad and in the coal mines was certainly spreading; and Starbuck, in his capacity of travelling inspector, had much opportunity to see this and to work upon it. Now and then he would enter Haviland's club-room; he had had himself inscribed as a member thereof; and each time it was noticeable that he would take many of the young men away to some secret meeting of his own. John at first had welcomed him as an ally; he was much better educated than most of the young men, and his influence was certainly for sobriety, at least. But of late he had begun to doubt.

Meantime Tamms, the man who ruled the Allegheny Central, was continually at the office; for he was not without anxiety about all this. His clever manoeuvres of the previous summer had had one result of doubtful benefit; it had left him saddled with all the Starbuck Oil Works stock, and nearly all the Allegheny Central. A time of extreme prosperity had been expected by him that year; he had just made one great monopoly of all the neighboring coal interests; but the one thing even clever Tamms could not see and provide against was a general revolt among the men and women whose lives, as he thought, he had bought and paid for. Mrs. Tamms and the daughters had come back from



Europe, loaded with rich laces and new gowns, and paying a pretty figure there—for at the custom-house; but without any offers of marriage as yet, or at least without sufficiently brilliant ones.

Charlie, too, was at the office frequently, and when he was there, looked into things pretty closely; though Arthur was still revelling in the new delights of Newport. Old Mr. Townley would come in regularly once a month, and cut the coupons off the bonds of his trusts. Thence he would drive up to his club—he was the oldest member now—and wag his white head sagely among his friends, financiers *emeriti* like himself, and tell them what a treasure he had in his clever young man Tamms.

Gracie came back to her aunt's house early in October; but she came back alone. Mamie had been quite taken up by Mrs. Gower; why it should be esteemed an honor by young girls to be taken up by Mrs. Gower, I leave unsaid; but such it was. She translated them to that higher sphere which she had so completely made her own. Before such promotion a maiden was simply a pretty girl, nothing more; after it she became "the thing," for married men to flirt with, for young men to pay attention to, and perhaps, finally, for one of them to marry. So Mamie Livingstone was staying with her at *La Lisière*.

It is needless to say that Charlie Townley was there too. If Flossie was somewhat sceptical of other worlds, she was quick to recognize an eternal fitness of things in this. And what more fit than that fashion should wed wealth, and a young man who had so well proved his taste in spending money should be given a pretty helpmeet and with her the wherewithal to shine? Mrs. Gower had a good-natured custom of pensioning off, in this pleasant manner, her old adorers; for all her loves had been platonic, affairs of fashion and make-believe, like the Bronx hounds' fox-hunting. For Flossie had never been in love in her life; I question if she could be; though hoping always much to be the cause that love should be in others.

Charlie, then, found a strong ally in his old friend, and we may be sure he pushed his advantage to the utmost.

Caryl Wemyss was happy too to have him there; for Charlie's pursuit was obvious, and the pack of tongues will often follow only one such scent at a time. And though ready enough to startle the world when the proper time came, Wemyss did not wish to diminish the effect of his *coup* by anticipation. Moreover he had not quite made up his mind.

As for old Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, they only knew that Mamie was off enjoying herself; which our parents now have learned to be also part of pre-established harmony. Gracie was their comfort now; they were fonder of her than of their own daughter, I think. But Gracie was more troubled. She had taken pretty little Mamie to her heart. Down-stairs, with the old people, she was a sweet presence, like still sunlight after rain; she read to them, and talked, and smiled, and helped. But up-stairs, I wonder, in the temple of her maiden's chamber? What shall we do for Gracie, I beseech you, reader? We can find all their happinesses, in this world, for Charlie, for Flossie Gower and Mr. Tamms, and even, through his vanity, for Wemyss—but how for her? And Gracie was—she was very lovely and contented, and she had the sunniest of smiles; she was one for some of us to love perhaps—but she was not exactly happy, you see. But what can we do? We cannot go with her to her own room, when she is alone; we may not dare to console her; we may not venture in, but stand awestruck, hand upon the door. I wonder what happens there, when the light figure is bent down, and the face forgets to smile, and the dark eyes look out, unrestrained by other's presence, on the four mute walls?

Why did Haviland—yes, and Derwent too—go to the house so often? When Mamie came home, Charlie Townley came often, too; and Gracie, beginning her winter work, would have left them all to her, but that they rather sought herself. And, as if by some strange chemistry, she began to feel that these two had some understanding with her, of things both human and divine.

See, there she is, standing in the shadow; John is talking to her. At a

distance sits Derwent, pulling his tawny long moustache, his blue eyes fixed simply on her, like a young child's. Here is Mamie Livingstone, prettier, some would say, than Gracie, with her nameless touch of style, and girlish distinction; she ripples and flashes like a summer brook, as Charlie bends over her, so that the rosebud in his coat is just beneath her eyes, and he says something to her about it.

But Mamie was not the only girl who gave trouble to her friends that autumn. In another street—the Fifty-Something—sits the Beauty, Kitty Farnum, lounging back lazily in her chair, her perfect arms clasped behind her head, a sort of democratic Cleopatra, looking, with her silent idle scorn, at her mother, who is chiding her. Her mother is carefully dressed, well-educated, worldly enough in all conscience sake; and yet there is something about her, about her or about her voice, that makes the haughty beauty sicken with a consciousness of difference between them. Kitty has the pride of a coronet, if not the taste for one.

"I heard you positively discouraged him at Lenox." The mother is speaking of Lord Birmingham; and the daughter is thinking that, when a girl, her mother must have been admired of "gentlemen friends" and have worn gold ornaments about her neck. For Kitty has that intense appreciation of small differences of social habit that a clever child inherits when parents are acutely conscious of their lack of social position. If the factory and railroads and exchanges be the all-in-all of life, these things are trifles; but our economists who ignore them forget how much of life is left besides mere work, how great a part in life is played by self-esteem. Your baron of the middle ages scorned them, for he had his horse and battle-axe and coat-of-mail; and perhaps had you given these to his hind, the churl might have made as good a baron, and the baron would have been like any other soldier, in his eating and his thinking and his lying down. But to-day you put these two together, and they speak two words, and each knows—and much more their wives and daughters, that they "move in different spheres." But why then, in

this democracy, does the one sphere, in successive stages as you ascend, hate, envy, imitate, and seek to enter the other? Mrs. Gower's set are false and foolish; but they are quite modest enough to recognize that they are no models for a people's imitation. Greatness is thrust upon them. Jem Starbuck may hate them, and Jenny his sister envy; but how long, think you, the Duvals, and now this Mrs. Farnum, have striven to be like them? Alas! if they were better men, even, as our mediæval baron was the better man than his churl, the folly of the imitation would be gone. But *amour-propre* still rules humanity, although democracy apportion out its goods, and when *amour-propre* shall turn from show of affluence to proof of excellence, we shall see great things. And love it may be yet that makes the world go round; but, alas! in so many marriages, one side loves the other and the other loves—itsself.

"It was reported even in the *Herald*, that it was to be a match," said Mrs. Farnum, plaintively. "And now, he has gone off on his yacht, and they will say that he has jilted you."

"Mother, I will marry whom I like—and when I like," said Kitty.

"But tell me, my darling—you do not like anyone else?" said Mrs. Farnum, coaxingly.

"My dear mother——"

"I do wish you would say 'mamma,' and not insist on calling me mother." And she thought hastily over the men she knew her child had seen that summer. "I hope it is not Van Kull—or that young Holyoke," she added, in increasing terror.

Kitty turned her back and intimated so plainly a dismissal that the obedient mother felt constrained to go.

"It is young Holyoke," she thought, with a sigh that was meant to soften her obdurate daughter's heart.

She poured her troubles in her tired husband's ear that night: "Kate shall marry whom she likes," said that unimaginative person. "I guess her half million will be worth any beggarly marriage of them all. You weren't a countess, when I married you." And Mrs. Farnum had to cry in silence.

Poor humanity! How much trouble

do you give yourselves. As for Kitty Farnum, she had been asked in marriage by the Earl already; and had refused him twice.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### FLOSSIE ENJOYS HERSELF.

FLOSSIE GOWER lay idly upon her couch; it was her reception-day. She was waiting for the monotonous round of callers; and, while she waited, she gave herself to reminiscences. It was not usual for her to ply her memory so hard; but to-day, thinking of her whole life, and planning her campaign to Russia, all the events of her career passed in review before her. Her dainty morning dress curled away from the throat, and rippled gracefully, in a cascade of laces, over to the ground; simple and pure as any Endymion might clothe his dream in. The neck was white as ever; but the face had a wearied look the world had never seen, a pout of unheroic discontent, like any other woman's who was old and out of humor. And yet our heroine was telling to herself her triumphs, like beads.

She had early learned that she was rich, and thus had quickly found that riches were, alone, unsatisfying. No pedant moralist was more sure of this than she. But there they parted; while the moralist might prate of other worlds, or the love of humanity, Flossie was a positivist. No unknown world should drag her, Saturn-like, from her chosen orbit, and bid her leave her balls, her troops of male admirers, for nunneries or the domestic fireside. Unknownables might be disregarded: she knew no other world than this; and as for the love of humanity, she sought it for herself.

Of course we men do not understand the keen delight that Flossie took in swaying from his balance every man she met. We are not pleased when a pretty woman shows her sensibility to us. It may even rather shock us; we do not expect that sort of thing; moreover, if obvious to us, it is perhaps seen by others, and that cheapens the conquest.

But it is a woman's *carrière* to work her will and worth through men. And

what else is her whole training, her education, the lessons we read to her of history? You may talk, and raise statues, in your female colleges, of Princess Idas and Corinnes; but it is Helen, Cleopatra, Heloise, who have left their woman's mark upon the world; and they are women enough, yet, these Vassar girls, to know it.

Still, it was some years before Flossie took her natural course and found in men's admiration her own highest reward. She had seen so much of men, her brother and his friends, in her early youth, that perhaps she had a little contempt for an animal so easily tamed, so soon domesticated. Whether she had yet found the king of the forest in her Boston Paris, we must leave to the reader.

Perhaps the earlier battles and campaigns, the Italys and Marengos, were the best, after all. Yet they were so easy! Poor Lucie had been such easy prey, even to a Nantucket neophyte! And to conquer the world of New York scarce justified a Corsican lieutenant's triumph. To trample on the patrician matron, and dazzle the jewels from Cornelia herself, was hardly harder. Then she even, in her wealthy way, had tried to serve the Lord; but found that fruitless, too. A fashionable ritual was all she had retained.

Then she had led, and they had followed. Thorough ditch, thorough briar, from fad to folly. Was she not the high priestess of that circle *debonair*, known as well in Boston or in Philadelphia as in New York, as the "married women's set?" They pretended to be in love with one another's husbands, and they dazzled young girls; and led their Pauls away from such Virginias as were "coming out."

But all this was not the tithe of her triumph. Some had tumbled in the ditches, or been torn and spotted in the briars. Surely the glory of these was hers also? She set the pace; and some had failed, and some had fled, and some had forged, and some had fallen through. But she had always stayed at the head, indifferent, frivolous, successful. Then was she not a patroness of art and literature? She dabbled in politics, too, and went to Washington, and corrupted sim-

ple Congressmen, and made herself a model to their wives.

Mrs. Gower was at home, this afternoon; and she rose and swept her robes to the adjoining dressing-room for another gown; in this one she was visible only to her maids, her maker, and her husband. It was five or ten minutes when she came back; her pout was gone, and in its place a smile—her *pas de fascination* as it were. She graciously beamed upon the two young girls who had come to make their dinner-call upon her, and was graciously pleased even to apologize for keeping them waiting. And their hearts were won by her at once—they were the very poor descendants of one of the very oldest pre-revolutionary families—and they talked enthusiastically about her, going home, and wondered if it could really be true what the world said about her and that Mr. Wemyss from Boston. They were stylishly dressed and poor, and waiting to be married too.

Then came in Mrs. James De Witt, *née* Duval, just made a matron and fresh from a wedding-journey which had proved somewhat slow to her; Strephon and Chloe did not go on wedding journeys, I suppose; it was Helen and Paris began the fashion. Then Mrs. Malgam came in; and Flossie had her usual velvet battle with her dear enemy and rival friend. Mrs. Gower envied her her stupid youth, and silly red cheeks. Shall I go and leave the field with her? she thought. But the field would be hers, anyhow, in a few years.

Then there came in two prying matrons, of those whom Flossie had defeated in the world's esteem, so many years ago. They had lived to see their fiats disregarded, and their reception-rooms depleted, and their daughters put out and their sons dazzled, all by this little Flossie Starbuck; and they loved her accordingly. Would their hour of triumph never come again? Flossie wondered why they came to-day; they had not been to see her, save in the most symbolical of paste-board calls, since three months after her marriage. But they had never, since that first triumphant season, dared to question her divine right, by wit and beauty and style, to rule. Could it be that they really meant

to bury the hatchet and surrender unconditionally? Or did they scent, like envious ravens, her coming overthrow? She was indifferently polite to them; but made little effort to conceal that she was bored.

Dear me, will a man never come? Mrs. Gower rose, when they had gone, and pressed her feverish brow against the mirror. How marked the wrinkles were beneath the eyes! Men's voices were heard at last, and Flossie turned her back to the window. It was only a silly fellow, an artist, whom Mrs. Gower had made, and who now presumed upon it; and with him a dancing boy. The boy was nice enough at Germans; and was at least a gentleman, but the other was only a swell, which even Flossie Gower realized to be a different thing. Genius soars above birth, so Van Smeer disowned his mother; but he preferred to be known as a gentleman rather than as an artist, and only painted the portraits of his rich fair friends carelessly, *à la* Congreve, and by way of flirtation, as it were. Moreover, he was a Jew.

It was fun for Flossie to snub this man, and see his color change. Mrs. Wilton Hay had come in, the woman to whom Flossie had suspected Van Smeer of transferring his incense. "I have been thinking for some time of setting up an establishment in England," said he to Mrs. Hay, who was going back. "My friend Lord Footlight is by way of having a sort of historical pageant in his theatre at his place in Surrey, and is very keen to have me come." To which Mrs. Hay made no reply, but Mrs. Gower did. "Do, Mr. Van Smeer," she said; "I should think her native air would do your poor mother so much good."

Van Smeer turned livid and ugly, but had to turn and smile to Kitty Farnum, who entered then, for Kitty was said to be that season's card. "Who was his mother?" whispered Mrs. Hay. "A Jewish ballet-girl," said Flossie in reply, and Van Smeer knew she did, and had to leave her unavenged. But I know not what he said to Mrs. Hay, when those two left together.

Mahlon Blewitt came in. He represented yet another period in Mrs. Gower's life, and she had been his Beatrice. But this Dante had been born in West-

ern Ohio, and she had taught him a profound disbelief in all divine comedies, the *Inferno* even with the rest. He had come from his father's vast wheat-fields and the infinite prairies to New York, full of dreams of Shelley and of Chatterton; and Mrs. Gower had taken him up. Then he had gone back from her to his dreams. But he had really fancied him in love with her, and somehow her presence had remained with him and made his dreams absurd. Now he was a man of fashion, and turned his white ties more carefully than the sonnets he still peddled in large quantities to all the magazines; and he cynically talked about his country's decadence like any Caryl Wemyss, whom he chiefly envied, and of whose verses he wrote bitter reviews upon the sly. Had he really loved his clever patroness, the *Inferno* at least might have been left him to do; but he knew now that he had not loved her—only his dreams had seemed a poorer thing since Flossie Gower had shared them. The Polish minister came in; he knew his Flossie well and liked her much; he had seen women something like her in continental courts, but known none so bright, so good-natured, or half so free from danger. With him was young Harvey Washburn, a civil-service-reformer who had been sent to Congress to reform the world, and whom Von Hillersdorf was forming for it. Flossie would have liked to go to Washington, and have political power, and vulgarize that too; but there the mighty middle class control, who did not understand her; by the time they do, perhaps, the myriads who make no play of life will have their say, and break her, with other butterflies. Poor Flossie! she does not amount to much, after all, in all America; and is angrily conscious of it.

And now comes in our hero, Arthur Holyoke; no one, even Von Hillersdorf, is more perfect a man of the world than he. Well he places his bow and smile, his outspoken compliment here, his whispered word of adoration there; his coat is as well cut as Jimmy De Witt's, who has also come, some time later than his bride. But no one of these is earnest, thinks Flossie, and is bored again, and glad when they all go, and Mr. Kil-

lian Van Kull appears. Here at last is her peer, one who can understand her. Van Kull is a frank libertine; and she likes him for it; he does not play with foils; he is a *viveur*, like the puissant Guy Livingstone who was the hero that her youth adored. Mamie Livingstone, by the way, has come in too, and gone out with Charlie Townley. Charlie has lately had to present to Flossie his partner's lady, Mrs. Tamms, and her marriageable daughters; and Mrs. Gower will have a new pleasure to-morrow, when she meets and cuts them, driving in the Park.

Killian stays some time; there is a dark devil in his eye to-day, and Mrs. Gower thinks his pale face never looked so handsome. When Mr. Wemyss is announced, he rises with a slight smile, and he too goes away.

Mrs. Gower is rude to Wemyss; she throws herself upon a sofa, and has the migraine; he assumes his devotional manner and makes bold to take her hand. She draws it away impatiently.

"Have you a headache?" says he. "I hoped you would let me go to drive with you."

The carriage is ordered; the pony carriage that Mrs. Gower drives herself. He gets into it, and she after him and takes the reins. It is her whim to have no footman behind them; and Caryl does not dare remonstrate, though he thinks of it. He supposes she is going to the Park; but she turns down Thirty-fourth Street and drives toward the East River. They come to the ferry; and she sends Wemyss out to get the ticket. "Wherever are you going?" says he, returning.

"Why? Do you think I am going to elope with you?" She says it with a slight smile; and he is silent.

They come to the Long Island shore; and she rattles up the hill and drives familiarly through some narrow, squalid streets, where the air is not pleasant to breathe and the dank entries of the close brick houses swarm with half naked children.

Ahead of them now is the group of high chimneys and great tanks of rusty iron; the scorching sky is a veil of brick-red smoke, chemical, unnatural in color. The stench of oil is almost overpowering; but Flossie drives rapidly into the



gate as if it were her own park avenue at *La Lisière*.

"Why have you come in here?" says Caryl Wemyss at last, looking, for the once, surprised. Mrs. Gower has dropped the reins, and seems suddenly listless.

"It was my favorite playground when I was a girl," she answers, finally. "It was a whim of mine to see the place again. Perhaps you did not know that here we made our money?"

Wemyss struggles with some speech about his indifference to the birthplace of the rose he wears; but Flossie is not hearing him; her eyes wander over the arid, unsightly factory-yard, the blue pyramids of barrels, and up to the tramways high in the air, and the masts of the iron ships.

"Come," she says; "give the reins to that man there."

Wemyss does as he is bid, and leaves the man with a silver dollar, wondering; and, wondering no less himself, he follows Flossie through the iron maze she seems to know so well.

They go up the foul ladder to the summit of the great storage tank, Wemyss caring for his fine overcoat, and almost sickened with the heavy smell of the crude petroleum, while Flossie's delicate nostrils dilate as she breathes it in once more. She guides him to the "tail-house," where the first run of naphtha has just begun, mobile, metallic, with its evil shine. Flossie looks at it closely, and notes, with an adept's eye, the hour of the run. A few hours more and it will be standard, water-white, as she has made herself, but with gold, and not with fire. Then she takes him to the spraying-house where the tested oil lies lazily, girdled by the sun with brilliant rings, fair to look upon as any sylvan spring.

Mrs. Gower was obstinately silent, going home, while Mr. Wemyss still wondered. They dined together and went to the play; and it was after midnight when he got to his rooms.

He had his valet pull his boots off and bring his smoking-jacket; and then, dismissing him, began to cut the pages of the last French novel.

"She is capable of anything," he said to himself, before he had read the first page of his book.

"She is a devil," he added, under his breath, somewhat flattered, somewhat frightened, at the thought.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### JEM STARBUCK AMUSES HIMSELF.

JAMES STARBUCK'S breach with his sister had been a permanent one. He probably had as little affection in his nature as any man you could well find; but what he had was centred in pretty Jenny, and he was both grieved and annoyed by this. He said to himself that his love was given to his brethren, and his work the cause of labor; and certainly he had no love for his master, the great double monopoly of a corporation that employed him, and his maker he deemed a cleverly contrived boggy of the rich. Perhaps it was more his hate of these than even love of his fellow-laborers that really ruled his actions; he recognized no difference among men but riches, and put on these the burden of all their miseries.

One hot morning in the autumn he returned from his periodic journey over the Allegheny Central Railroad. There had been trouble that week on the line of the road; trouble with a strike among the coal miners, and Starbuck had had much ado to keep their own men in order. It was a Saturday and his work was over for the week. James was never idle from preference; but he saw no work to which he could turn his hand that day. He visited the bar-room in the lower Bowery which formed his club, and found that even this was silent and deserted. One fellow only he met—a silly, drinking workman named Simpson—and he asked him to go to the races. "Everybody has gone," said he, "and I've got the tip on Ballet-girl." And James remembered that all the penny papers had been crammed for days with talk and bets and naming favorites for the great sweepstakes. He cared little for such things himself, and had a sort of contemptuous wonder at the interest they aroused among his acquaintance; but after some beer, to which Simpson insisted on treating him, they took their tickets by the railway, and paid their

dollars at the gate; dollars which, as Starbuck reflected, were more rare to Simpson than to him.

The day had grown intensely hot; not a breath was stirring on the track, and the air, impregnated with dust, seemed lifeless, overbreathed. But the grand stand was packed with humanity; poor people from his own neighborhood, dingy men, fat mothers of families, gasping for breath, young men with their girls, in soiled white dresses and gay ribbons, many wearing the colors of their favorite jockey. He could see that they were all intensely eager about the race; often they had even little betting-books, or cards upon which they marked the winners. James had never been at a race before, and was amazed at all the crowd, at the money they spent for this, at the amount of betting, at the interest they showed in all the horses. Above them, in the private boxes, was a similar crowd, but more finely dressed; Starbuck recognized some of the people he had seen driving in the Park; for he was fond of frequenting such places and having the rich men's wives pointed out to him. There even was his employer, Mr. Tamms, and his wife and daughters in crisp bright dresses, with snowy throats that made one cool to look at; and there in the shade was Mrs. Gower, whom he also knew by sight. They, too, seemed to be betting; but with less excitement than the common people (as he said to himself) below.

"Come to the paddock," said his friend; and they walked out there and saw the horses unclothed and the trial paces of the jockeys. "Isn't she a daisy?" said Simpson, pointing to a slender mare as Ballet-girl; and Starbuck looked at her. Just then her jockey dropped his whip, which Simpson obsequiously picked up and handed to him. If this numberless crowd were the working classes, they were little better than "their betters," said Starbuck to himself, grimly.

The bell rang for the first race; and Simpson hurried him back to the lawn. A false start, a cloud of dust, and they were off, amid the wild cries of the multitude. He watched the little knot of gay colors bobbing around the track. How little they meant to him, and how

much to all the throng around him! Starbuck turned and watched the mass of people with all the cynicism of a Caryl Wemyss. Close by him was a rather pretty, pale-faced girl; she was evidently very poor; a black jersey was all she wore and a lilac-twigged cotton skirt; but she rose to her feet, and shouted and clapped her gloveless hands.

Between the races nothing would do but they must have some more beer; and they went behind the grand stand where the pool-booths were, and men, and women too, were drinking it. At the booths was a great press of disreputable men, crying hoarsely and waving rolls of dingy bank-bills at the gamblers. James saw that his friend had had too much to drink already; and he insisted on putting another "fiver" on his favorite. Above them in the stalls James could see the ladies drinking iced champagne and fanning themselves after the excitement of the race. He walked out upon the lawn again, where the well-dressed gentlemen were also making up their books; and went along to the sacred place reserved for private carriages. Here they had hampers; and young men in fawn-colored coats were leaning over the shoulders of pretty young women, having flirtations with them, which he, perhaps, interpreted too simply. "Really," said one pretty face's owner, "this is more like Longchamps than I had supposed possible!"

"We are improving, Mrs. Malgam," said the man. "New York will no longer be provincial, one of these days. And it is getting like Longchamps in more respects than one," he added. "Have you seen that pretty woman just ahead of us with the cream-colored ponies?"

"Dear me, how interesting!" cried the lady, levelling her opera-glasses in the direction indicated; and James Starbuck followed her look with his eyes, as he stood beside the carriage. "It seems just like being abroad to see such people! She is handsome—and she's awfully well-dressed," added the lady, candidly. "I never can get my woman to cut a dress for me like that. Who is she, Mr. Van Kull?"

"You had better ask Mr. Townley," said the other.

"Ask Lucie Gower, you mean," said a gentleman who had not yet spoken.

"You know very well that that is not true of poor Lucie," answered the first; "and my cousin would not thank you."

"Well, they call her Rose Marie, that's all I know," said the other, sulkily; but James did not hear the end of the altercation, for he pressed forward among the drags and carriages to the person indicated. As he did so, one of her cream-colored ponies reared and turned, and was about to crowd him against a dog-cart that was standing next in the row. Starbuck grasped the bridle and gave its mouth a savage wrench. "So it's you, is it?" said he, facing his sister.

Jenny gave a half-suppressed scream, as the pony still reared and plunged; and a gentleman who was beside her grasped the reins. "Who is it?" said he.

"I do not know," said Jenny, looking full at James. "Some drunken fellow, I suppose."

Starbuck turned away, dropping the pony's bridle. He walked back to the lawn, where he found Simpson, much the worse for liquor. The great race had been run, while Starbuck was not looking; and the favorite had lost. Simpson was quarrelsome and angry; and ended by begging James for the loan of a dollar, which he gave, and hurried back to the city. As he passed up Broadway, he looked curiously at the bulletin-boards before the newspaper-offices. A dense crowd was standing about each one; but Starbuck gathered the purport of the news from such messages as were passed out from the centre of the crowd. He stopped at his rooms but for a moment, to get a small hand-bag; then he took a cab to the Jersey City ferry; here he boarded the Pennsylvania train.

Starbuck had a pass, and he rode in the parlor car; but his sleep was troubled, and his dreams seemed full of strange noise and glare. He woke up once and found a reason for the latter; the train was running by a long row of flaming coke-furnaces, which lit the whole valley with a sullen red. The dawn broke as they rolled through a long tunnel, choking with coal-gas, and

came to Pittsburg. The forest of chimneys stood smokeless, now that a subtler agent than the coal was found, and the ringing of bells was in the Sunday morning air, which now lay clear above the city; and the steep river hills were visible, and the red brick town, heaping up to its apex in the bold mediæval castle that is its modern city hall.

James had little cause to dally here; but noticed, in the hour or two he had to wait, an unusual, unquiet expression on the faces of the people who were swarming from the tenement doors into the street, like ants from some huge ant-hill. By mid-day he found a freight train that would take him to his destination. His journey lay up a river valley, its sloping mountains clothed in reds and yellows of autumn woodland. For many miles everything was silent with a Sunday stillness; then the crests of the hills were lost, and the blue sky shaded into yellowish brown, at the touch of a few tall iron towers. These were pouring forth black cinders, as they had for seven years past; for the iron smelter may never say, "it is good," and rest, upon the seventh day. James watched the carload of ore climbing up along the outside of the furnace, until the great tower's top was opened, as the tons of ore fell in; then the prisoned flame burst forth and the lower surface of the sulphurous brown cloud that filled the valley was dyed a vivid crimson with the pouring flame.

This river basin had been lovely once; but now its soil was coal-dust, and the soft swelling of the hillsides, all up and down the stream, was spotted with huge red tanks, of rusting brick-red iron, large as ancient forts, the storage fountains of the pipe-lines. And the whole country bristled with the abandoned scaffoldings of old oil-wells, like a scanty fur.

James talked with the brakeman and found that his accustomed engineer was disabled. Bill, he said, was a non-union man, and had been given many a hint; but he stuck it out and wouldn't join, and so they had deputed Ned O'Neal, the engineer of the local freight that ran just ahead, to chose the steepest down grade and "drop upon" Bill's time.

O'Neal had "dropped" accordingly, lagging behind under pretext that his engine would not fire, and finally getting his long train of fifty coal-cars just at the bottom of a curving trestle. Bill had gone into him and scattered the last dozen coal-cars, doing some injury to his locomotive; but his head was badly cut open, and his brakeman had broken his neck. Starbuck was too well used to the tyranny of laboring men to pay much attention to this; and he asked about the riots. Yes, said the brakeman, he believed they had had quite a time at Steam City for several days past. A few men had been hurt, some of them Hungarians at the mines or such-like. But they had smashed up a terrible deal of rolling-stock.

It was night when Starbuck reached Steam City. The streets were jammed with people, but the town was very still. Only, just in front of the station, was a piece of vacant land that might have contained two or three acres; this was closely strewn with the wreck of cars, machinery, and engines; nothing but the trucks, wheels, and other iron work remaining, all twisted in a wild confusion of iron arms and limbs.

He found that most of the people were going in but one direction, so he followed them. It was a strange country; the soil was coal-dust, the very streams were still with oil, and through every crevice in the earth poured the gas, flaring with wild fire that flamed there night and day. The night was very dark; and at every street-corner waved these torches, never quenched, belching fire from the iron tubes stuck anywhere, carelessly, into the ground. A strange country, fitter place for northern runes than modern men; where Loki still lurks in the mountains and the smitten rock gives forth petroleum; and, where the spear or pickaxe strike the earth, gush still the mythic rills of fire.

The crowd went on, to a wild and open hillside above the town. Here perhaps a dozen lengths of pipe were flaring with the natural gas, glowing ruddily and fitfully upon the upturned faces of some dozen thousand men; and at the highest point, below a flaming well of the gas that had been but lately

and rudely piped (for the volume of the fire still shot up straight some hundred feet or so, pillaring, like a groined roof, its canopy of smoke), was a sort of rostrum. From this a man was speaking; but his words were hard to hear above the roaring of the burning well. Starbuck knew the man; he was a certain Moses Jablonawski, a Polish Jew.

The man was pale and narrow-chested, with a reddish beard; his strongest notes varied from a low hiss to a sort of thin shriek; this last he employed in climaxes, and managed barely to carry his words across the great multitude. But Starbuck knew well what he was saying; he preached simple anarchy, nihilism, resistance to any government or force, destruction of all industrial system, annihilation of all wealth and works. Starbuck had never, even in his secret meetings, gone wholly with the man—(openly, of course, he was a "boss" and on the side of the employers)—for secretly James had rather a greed for the wealth of others than a desire to do without the material things of civilization. But to-night there was something in the cold, logical, merciless reasoning of the Pole that went with his mood. Why dally with the pitch at all? Undoubtedly, if they too got their part of this corruption, they would be just as bad. *Destroy, destroy*, was the burden of the orator's speech; *then ask what new thing there shall be, when all is gone. And if it be but suicide, society's suicide, better that than humanity in misery. The slave must break his chains before he ploughs and sows.* But the most part of the speech was a clever rousing of the passions, among his audience, of hate and envy. He brought their own woe home to them; and painted brilliantly the pleasures of the idle remnant. And always came the refrain, *Kill, kill, destroy, resist all office and authority—till mankind be as the beasts of the forest once more, lawless, unrestrained; then may they build anew and better, freed from superstition of another world, from tainted lessons of the past of this, from silly lessons of a priest's self-sacrifice, from fashions of a feudal aristocracy.* He showed them that their government was but a tyranny more formidable, more insidious, than the

Czar's ; that their rich masters were worse than kings ; that commercial *bourgeois* (he used the word) were more blood-sucking than military dukes, and common schools and priests, policemen, laws and soldiers, their implements of selfish wrong. All these must go ; and labor, the primal curse, go with them too.

He stopped ; and the crowd murmured ; and another man got up. This speaker was tall and muscular, and his clear voice rang deeply to the farthest corners of the crowd. "Some of you know me," he said, "some of you have heard me speak before ; and some Englishmen among you have heard of me in England. My name is Lionel Derwent." There was a shout or two at this ; but most of the crowd remained expectant.

"You know why I have come ; I heard that there was trouble here and I came down to see what little thing I could do to help you. You must know me as the son of a working-man who has leisure, and who tries to see the truth for workmen. You know, too, that I have no interest against you ; every penny of property my father left I gave to the workmen's schools in England ; and I support myself by writing for the papers.

"Now I must tell you that the man who spoke to you just now is wrong ; and he is not only wrong, but he means to be wrong ; in other words, he lies. He would have you behave like a child who has just been given a gold watch, and smash it because he does not know how to use it. You have all got your gold watches. You have got your roads and your mills and your schools and your votes. When he tells you to destroy the government, he tells you to undo what your hands have created. Bad as things may be, they are bad because you voters are not wise enough ; but he would destroy all wisdom, do away with schools and votes, and then the first big general would be a czar over you again.

"I say you are not wise enough. If things are wrong, whose fault is it ? It is you who make them. Do you trust to the best men ? Do you try to see who is wise and what is excellent ? or do you give the power to him whom you justly

hate—the rich monopolist, the selfish trader, who says he is a coarse, plain man like you, and then buys your sovereignty with the sweat of your own brows and a sop of the very mess of pottage you have sold your birthright for ?

"If you care more for a glass of beer than your welfare, whose fault that selfish men have found the beer comes cheaper than your family's comfort in their dividends ?

"Your foreign friend—who is no wise leader for American workmen, and if you chose him, you will chose wrong—your foreign friend has told you to destroy. Suppose you tore up these railroads and wrecked these mills and furnaces and flooded all the mines and burned the oil—you know what farmers' wages are ; would you be better off ? And if you all went out and wanted work in the fields, where would the wages go to ? You say you would not want wages, but would take the land ; very good, there is the land now : will any of you like to change your work and earnings for a freehold farmer's life ? 'No, we want the mills and railroads, but we do not want the rich,' you say. And if we wiped away the rich, who would build your railroads ? Can you do it alone, and feed and pay yourselves ? But if the rich must do it, what shall be their reward ? They give you money—what will you pay them in ? Money, or money's worth, and human bodies, are the only values that the world has ever known. Will you pay them in your bodies, in your slavery ? If no, why, then, object that they have money ?

"Because they have more than we, you say. Well, that may be mended. But if people are to use money to help you build your railroads, they must have the money to start with.

"Because they have more money than we have, you say again. And now be honest. Will you promise me one thing : that you will try not to think the world all wrong until it has no justice ? They say there is no justice in the country of our friend here, and that is why he had to fly to us. If you can say there is no justice here ; when you can honestly say, 'I have not got what I deserve'—then we will take it, though we wade through



seas of blood, and I go with you. But tell me honestly, now—do you think you want money so much as some of the rich? Do you think it so needful to you? Do you think, each one of you, your know-how is so valuable? Do you think, to-day, if you had a million apiece, you would use the money on the whole so well? You all know Coal-Oil Patsy—he got five millions, and he kept a bad circus, and a bad hotel, and a bad baseball nine, and bad women, and took to drinking himself blind and bribed himself a seat in Congress, and killed his wife or broke her heart, and at last he lost his money, and now he gets a dollar and a quarter a day, when he is sober enough—and he is worth no more—and what cent of his money ever did you any good? It is now all gone, and he built no single furnace, nor mill, nor railroad, nor worked a mine, nor gave any one of you a day's work while his money lasted. And one thing more: do you think you are better, or as fit to spend this money that your railroad or your coal mine makes—I do not mean, whether you may be so in a short time—but fairly now, as you stand, to-day, are you kinder, wiser, nobler; have you higher tastes, more learning, better knowledge of all the things that take money to buy? For remember, beer and beef and clothes and tobacco and rum are cheap enough—you know you get all of them you need to-day—it is fine learning, and clean manners, and great pictures, and new sciences, and poets, and high music, that come expensive. Even are you *quite* as good? Are your boys *quite* as well-bred and sober and respectful, and your little girls *quite* as generous and gentle? I do not say that all these things are so for ever—that you may not all become so—and believe me, the first young man or woman that comes along and says, 'Look here, I am fit to be a gentleman,' and the world does not admit him such; the first old man who has knowledge to make and spend money, and has not got it—and I will let him say, like our friend here, 'Away with learning and effort and order and wisdom and their universal works, and let us burn and kill! for behold, I have not my deserts.'"

The great mass of men had begun to

hear Derwent speak with some attention; but the crowd thinned rapidly. Probably the greater part of it did not understand English at all; and toward the end several Huns and Poles collected little groups about them and began themselves to speak in the corners. But as the Englishman closed, James Starbuck took the place; he was known to be one of the masters in sympathy with them, and the multitude pressed eagerly back.

Starbuck looked slowly around the great multitude; and you might have heard the murmur of a child, so silent was their expectation. Then he began; and his words dropped hissing, one by one, like drops of molten iron falling into water.

"What has this fine gentleman to do down here, with us rough workmen?" he began. "Do you think he would let one of you marry his sister?" Starbuck uttered each word staccato, by itself; and his frame seemed to quiver with malice; and he paused again, as if to recover his control. "I saw him riding, many times last winter, in a carriage with footmen, with servants in livery, and a lady wearing diamonds, whose dress would buy a house for you and me. She is a fashionable belle, in the newspapers, and they say she is no better than she should be; but she would not touch our wives and daughters with the glove upon her hand.

"This aristocrat may have lost his money—as many of them do, by gambling, as well as poor old Coal-Oil Patsy—and he may have other ways of getting it, for all I know. Perhaps he was paid for his speech to-night. But are you such flats as to think he really cares for the likes of us?" The crowd already had begun to murmur angrily.

"The rich are better than we, he has the cheek to tell you. Yes, their dresses are better, and their food is finer, and they have learned how to lie and swindle with a soft tongue. They drink champagne instead of beer, and bet bigger money on their horses, and smoke cigars, and take their girls to ride in fine turnouts with a span of horses; but they don't mean honestly by their girls, and they turn them out upon the streets at last. And they don't have to

work in the dirt, and they can take a hot bath every day, and their wives and daughters can keep their bodies clean and their faces fair, and so they go to the theatre and show themselves in dresses you'd be ashamed to see your wife in.

"But in all the rest, he's gassin' you. I think my girls could wear their diamonds as well as them, and flirt and show their dresses; and I could drive my span, and take my fancy drinks, and bribe the judges and the lawyers. Do you suppose if they couldn't steal from us, they could earn even so much as Coal-Oil Patsy? And as for books and pictures, they leave all that to the long-haired fellers at the colleges; they don't care a damn for art an' all that stuff any more 'n we do.

"Do you suppose if any boy o' yourn studied to be a gentleman, and was as good, and as clever, and as gifted with the gab as our fine friend here, and went to him, he'd take him to his clubs and balls and parties? He'd say, 'Your hands are coarse and rough, and you don't talk enough like a dude'—and what he'd really mean all the time would be, 'You ain't got money enough.' I tell you all this talk is guff, and it just comes down to the money. All we want is money, and they've got it.

"Then he says we aren't smart enough. Of course we aren't smart enough. This world has been run for the smart fellers about long enough, and it's about time it was run for the honest men. It's the rich fellers on top that are the smart ones, and we are the fools who let 'em make all the money. It's they who are the judges and make the laws and run the legislatures, and then they have the cheek to come to us and say, 'Oh lord, don't break the law!' And they bring you men over by the shipload, and give you seventy cents a day, and rent one room of their houses to your families at their own price, and herd your girls and boys together naked in the coal-mines, and then say, 'See how much cleaner we are! how much more virtuous we are!' And if you strike, you starve, and they know it; and if in your despair you give a kick or two to their damned machinery, they cry like cowards as they are, 'Oh lord, that's my property—don't break the law!' And

the law is theirs, too, not ours, nor God Almighty's whom they talk so much about.

"I tell you, friends, you can never touch these people but through their pockets. The law's a fraud, and when they don't find it suit, they laugh at it. And they don't care a damn for you or your wives or children or your souls or your bodies or the lives of your boys or the virtue of your daughters—but only for what they can make out of you. And they talk about the freedom of the country, and the Declaration of Independence, and ballots and that; and all the time they ape their swell English friends and marry their girls off to rotten foreign princes and would have a king here if they could—except that it's easier to throw the dust in our eyes under what they call a republic.

"And now I say, don't you care a damn for their laws, either. And if they hire their damned spies who are paid to shoot you down, you shoot them too. They won't care much for that; but then when you burn a big works, and blow up a mine or two, they'll see their money going and squeal fast enough. That's all I've got to say."

Derwent had listened to his speech intently, none the less so that threatening glances were cast at him from time to time. As he finished, a score or more of orators leaped to the platform; and many of them began to speak at once. Starbuck, having done his work, disappeared; the crowd was beginning to thin; the speakers spoke in Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Sicilian, each in the dialect of his own audience. Many were waving their hands violently and making threatening gestures in the direction of the city, which lurked, black and sullen, below them in the valley, shrouded in the thick smoke itself had made, bright-pointed here and there with many torches; and now and again from the bowels of the thing would burst a blaze of white-hot metal, like the opening of the monster's fiery eye, ending in a wide red glare and a hissing shower of sparks; and all was dark again.

Hardly any men of the English race were by this time left upon the ground. Derwent noticed it, as he stood watch-

ing, in one corner of the throng ; and thought how un-American a scene it was. At last the anarchist who had first begun stood up again, as if to close the meeting. This time his voice seemed stronger or more sibilant ; his speech was but a string of curses, of tales of crime, full of a savage's lust of ruin. *Let it end ! Let them suffer, too ; let them die, as we have died. If they mean to starve us now, let these mills and machines, these tools of wrong, these mines, these gaols of wretchedness, let them all burn or blast—what care we—we who are to be burned or hanged ourselves ? Let their towns be gutted, and their homes be razed and their factories be burned—aye, let them burn, burn, burn, as this shall, burn, from now on, day and night, winter and summer, for all time !*

And as the orator closed, with a group of men he threw himself upon the structure of the piping of the flaming well. The wooden tower swayed and rocked and fell ; and with a roar like the ocean the gas, freed from its casing, flooded the sky with its flare of fire. A great mass of pebbles and timbers rose with the first outburst, and fell flaming on the shouting crowd below ; then, igniting close to the earth, and even below its surface, running rapidly around the rock, leaping and tossing in liquid tongues, the red rills seemed to spring

from every crevice in the earth, until the place that had been the rostrum was sunken in a sea of flame.

The Pole had kept his arm extended, as one who invokes a spell, until the shock of the explosion had gone by, and all the flaming timbers fell ; then, when the fire was steady, reddening the valley even to the distant mountain-tops, he swept his arm in a gesture not without some dignity toward the silent city. With a hoarse cry the multitude seemed to take his meaning ; and the sea of swarthy faces, red-sashed men and olive-cheeked women, with their motley dresses, and their odd diversity of foreign cries, swept downward to the city's rolling mills.

Of all the crowd who spoke that night not one American except James Starbuck ; of all the thoughts in those ten thousand heads, scarce one the fathers of the republic could have owned with honor ; of all these men indeed, not one who understood the principles which gave his country birth.—Derwent was reflecting. Where were the true Americans ? Where were the descendants of the colonies, and Virginia and old New England ? What had been Starbuck's training, that he talked like that ?

But, you will remember, old uncle Samuel Wolcott had hanged himself, now long years since, to the rafter from the barn in his hillside homestead.

## SEAWARD.

*By Thomas P. Conant.*

THE sight of ships, the rolling sea,  
The changing wind to sing for me ;  
The moon-bound tide, a crimson west,  
Wherein the royal sun at rest  
Rides like a golden argosy

With mastlike rays in cloud-sails dressed—  
A voyager on an endless quest,  
Whose farewell fills with majesty  
The sight of ships.

Like prisoner struggling to be free,  
Out of the mountain land I flee.  
Again I see the heaving breast  
Of ocean, where the petrel nest,  
And there across the sandy lea  
The sight of ships.



## THE FATE OF THE GEORGIANA

By Maria Blunt

CONANICUT is a pleasant place to spend a summer. Of late years, indeed, so many people have thought so that its pleasantness has been diminished and, for some shy spirits, destroyed.

But if its favored and advertised localities have been improved to their ruin, there are tracts along the rugged line of shore, among the "Dumplings" and the huckleberry bushes, as yet unspoiled. Here

the land is broken into steep, sugar-loaf hills whose ribs of rock are covered with wiry grass slippery to unaccustomed feet; and, extending into the water, these hills form a fringe of small conical islands displaying more rock and less grass than they show on shore.

They are the Dumplings seething in the giants' caldron of soup when the storms descend from the ocean.

If this is not a pleasing simile I am not responsible, for such is the local tradition, embodied in the local name. Whatever else they are, they are picturesque: in tempests, when the waves are flung upon them in spray; or in calms, when each "floats double," looking down upon its shadow.

To the left is Newport Harbor, its breakwater and Fort Adams: to the right, the slim point of Beaver Tail and the open ocean.

Here blows the salt breath of the Atlantic, untainted by drainage; here break foam-tipped billows, unvexed by bathing-ropes; here, below the tapering hills and bristling, pointed rocks, the gulls still watch for fish, as above them the few, ancient farm-houses, gray, storm-beaten, and lonely, watch their bleak sheep-ranges and the wide sea. Here man may come—though we selfishly hope he will not—and close to Newport and its pageants, its social splendor, its naval pomp, its military parade, with all the dash and glitter of a gay world before his eyes, may live the life of a hermit or a savage.

By which of these names the owners of two or three jaunty little cottages, perched high upon the cliffs, would wish to be described, I do not know, but I do know that when one of the quaintly-fashioned, soft-toned, peaked and gabled structures was offered to Dick Kimball, he felt himself an unexpectedly lucky man.

Dick had been for some years chief buyer for a prominent jobbing house and was considered a man of push and energy. These qualities had lately led him to start in business for himself, and he was spoken of as "rising." Now, as one seldom rises with a bound, but advances, like history, along a slow spiral, Dick found, as others have done, that if there is more glory in independent transactions there is more safety in an assured salary.

For a time there seemed to be nothing very certain about his business except its bad debts.

So he and Julia economized, wore their old clothes, and hopefully indulged in more or less expensive experiments in marketing on co-operative principles. During the winter they talked very bravely of staying in the city all summer, and Julia said she could take the children to the Park for air and exercise.

But when the heats came and the sun on the pavements began to look white, and the breath from the streets was such that no one knew which was worse, the hot, foul air outside, or the close, foul air inside, Julia weakened and declared the baby could never stand it. They must go somewhere to open fields and trees—anywhere—details could be arranged afterward. But details, when they pressed for arrangement, did not prove so manageable and she was still worrying, undecided, when one warm evening Dick came home to dinner with a letter in his pocket.

"There, Julia," he said, throwing it down by her plate. "There's luck. The Browns are going to Europe."

"Yes, if they like it," Julia answered languidly, for the weather was oppressive and her luck had seemed small.

"Well, Brown's as good a fellow as he always was when he was foot of our class and I had to help him scrape through. Success doesn't spoil him a bit. He knows I've been hard up this year. Read the letter. He wants us to take his cottage near Newport for the summer."

"A cottage near Newport!" cried Julia, breathless. "Why, Dick, you are dreaming! If we can't afford Bayshore, or the Catskills—! You know I haven't a dress; and as for the children—"

"But it isn't that. Nothing of the sort. Flannel dresses and gingham— or sackcloth and ashes if you choose. I lived in a tennis shirt and knickerbockers when I was there that summer before we were married, don't you remember? Lovely place, lots of sailing and fishing. We both said, when we got rich we would build there. Brown got rich faster than I did, and you see he has done it. He and Sidney—that's his wife's brother, you know—each have cottages. They spend the summers there, painting. But this year, as you see, Brown says he's going abroad."

"Dear me!" said Dick's pretty sister Georgie, looking over Julia's shoulder, "American art must be flourishing. Why aren't you an artist, Dick? Pictures must sell better than wool if Mr. Brown and Mr. Sidney get seaside cottages and trips to Europe out of theirs."

"They don't," said Dick, promptly.

"Not a bit of it. Brown's pictures sell very well, but they never built that cottage. Just wait till you hear him on the grossness of the American public! No, it was more likely wool, for when old Henry Sidney died he stood at the head of the trade. He left a big pile and there were only Mrs. Brown and her brother to share it. They can do what they like. Perhaps," Dick added, with a half-pathetic glance at his own curly-headed heir, "Bobby can be a painter too, some day, if I stick to wool."

Julia jumped up and ran to his end of the table, regardless of etiquette, or oven of the example she set to Master Bobby.

"I don't care how nice Mr. Brown is, I won't take his cottage. And leave you! Why, Dick, I could not do it."

But she finally did. The offer was really too good to be refused, and of course Dick protested that he longed to be left, and talked jocosely of bachelor freedom, Coney Island, and the peanut galleries. Besides, he would often run up to see them.

A hot wave came on. One of the children fell ill. Georgie packed the trunks with the thermometer at 90°, and after an uncomfortable night on the Newport boat, Mrs. and Miss Kimball, two children, and the very important personage who had been induced to come with them as cook, stood among their bags and bundles on the high cottage balcony and turned their bleached faces seaward to the strong salt air.

They knew at once that they had done wisely and well, and began to put things to rights with enthusiasm. In this task they were much assisted, and their enthusiasm was sustained, by the kindness of their neighbor, Mr. Sidney, who promptly came over from the adjoining cottage, initiated them into the ways of the island—and the islanders—engaged a boy for them, placed his boats and man at their disposal, and introduced his friend Jack Horner, who was spending a vacation with him.

"Another artist," Georgie wrote to Dick. "They do thrive surprisingly out here. But I believe Mr. Horner is not rich. He might as well be in wool. He can paint, though. At least Mr. Sidney says so, and that he is truly a genius."

I hope he is, but I know he can swim magnificently, and they are teaching Julia and me to row. We should be perfectly happy if only you could come. We hate to think of you in the hot city while we——" etc., etc.

Dick did come, when he could, to spend the Sundays, sometimes adding a Saturday or Monday, when the three men would go out in Sidney's boats and fish all day, coming back sunburned and

to put Miss Georgie's shapely head upon it, and after that she sat quite regularly. Horner looked on and criticised. Julia suggested effects of costume and drapery.

It was all very cosey and intimate.

## II.

"ANYHOW, I can paint a boat. She's as dainty as a shell. Who'd know her



"By and by Sidney, with some diffidence, set up his easel and begged permission to put Miss Georgie's shapely head upon it."

happy, whether they caught anything or not.

Julia established a small table and an urn upon the balcony and made coffee there in the summer evenings, and Sidney and Horner testified their approval by coming over very regularly to drink it.

Georgie found them delightful companions. She was bright and active, and could play tennis and handle a pair of oars to admiration. On hot mornings when a land breeze made these sports unattractive, the balcony was still the coolest place, and the two men formed a habit of loitering there.

There would be needlework and talk; they even were not above reading aloud. By and by Sidney, with some diffidence, set up his easel and begged permission

for the old tub we pried off the rocks yonder?"

A fresh breeze blew briskly from the sea. The crisp waves ran before it, tossing their foamy crests. The wet rocks glistened; the water glanced and sparkled; the radiant sunlight gave the air a metallic glitter like tiny points of diamond dust. White breakers chased each other on Agassiz's Point, and across the bay a few reefed sails were scudding with the swift-winged gulls. One felt the rush of the world through space.

Below the cottages wooden stairs led from ledge to ledge, down the steep sides of a basin-shaped cove where Sidney's various pleasure craft were rocking at their moorings. A tiny sloop was laid up on this sheltered beach, and, paint-pot in hand, Horner wriggled out





"She looked brightly up a moment to challenge criticism, but then leaned back against the boat unable to conceal her exhaustion."

from under it. He stopped half-way and, lying on his back, put some extra touches to the stern, where the name, "Georgiana," shone resplendent in gold on a buff ground.

"You've made those letters big enough," said Sidney.

"Tis to be read afar," retorted Horner. "The meteor of the seas. If you give a month to the lady's portrait, shall I take less pains with her name?"

"She says it is not her name," murmured Sidney, maliciously, but the wind blew his words away. He was crouching, for protection against this wind, behind a big boulder and was painting a jutting point of rocks over which the waves were dashing. With his pocket box of colors and a handful of fine brushes, he had managed to catch the spirit of the breezy morning, the wide sea and brilliant sky, upon a foot, or so, of paper.

Horner came up and leaned over the boulder, rubbing his daubed fingers.

"Your perspective tilts a good deal, seems to me," he said, but presently he burst out, "By Jove, I don't see how you do it. It's more wonderful than ge-

nius—of which, you know, you haven't a spark—— Or, no, it *is* genius, the genius of manipulation."

"Well," said Sidney, serenely, "what is all genius but the power to do?"

"Now if I had been doing that," pursued Horner, still stretching over the rock, "I should have wanted a canvas as big as the side of a church, something huge and inspiring like the ocean out there. But here you have it on an insignificant scrap, as if you had seen it through the small end of a spy-glass. It is positively immoral. You belittle nature."

"My dear fellow," said Sidney, smiling, "what value has size in art?"

"But how can you see in such a light?" Horner grumbled. "This intolerable dazzle would put my eyes out."

"If I waited till everything suited me, how much would I ever do?" asked Sidney, going over his shadows with a careful hand.

The relationship between these two, though close, was peculiar. It dated from their school-days, when Horner, as the more experienced and muscular, had stood Sidney's friend with aggressive

classmates, and although Sidney had since repaid this kindness many times, their relative positions had never greatly altered. Horner was still the better man, in his own eyes and in those of his friend.

Yet Sidney was rich and Horner poor. More than this, Sidney's family connections opened to him literary and artistic circles—we will not call them rings—that Horner could scarcely have entered alone. His was a sporadic genius springing from meagre soil, and he might have struggled uselessly his life long, but for the lucky chance that united him to Sidney. Yet it was he who seemed to give. A certain obtuseness is often part of the endowment of rich and simple natures, and Horner's affection for Sidney had never quite lost the slight tinge of patronage with which it started—an attitude easily made ridiculous, had it not been so unconscious and sincere. Its justification was his greater power, a fact, although it must be said that as yet he had not done very much to prove it. Sidney, working with method and precision, unswayed by wayward impulses, quietly increased in artistic stature and in favor with critics and hanging-committees. He was, in short, successful, and we all know that only the disappointed care to sift too carefully the causes of success. Horner, at times, came perilously near this latter class.

He made his daily bread—with condiments—by illustrations for various periodicals, but although this is honorable employment, it failed to satisfy him. His ambitions were vast and vague, and filled him with their restlessness. He was forever planning largely and working furiously, until he dropped exhausted and was obliged to lie by and gather strength for another onset.

One of these forced recruiting seasons was upon him now, and he was defending himself against its depression as best he could, fretting secretly at his idleness, but rowing, fishing, and swimming as if such pastimes were the end and aim of his being. He walked all over the island and sailed all over the bay, and finally wreaked his reviving energies upon an old boat that he found stranded on the rocks. Having repaired her, he painted her, and regarded his work with much satisfaction, as we have seen.

As, less contentedly, he watched Sidney's nimble fingers, a riotous gust struck him and whirled his cap from his head. When he caught and replaced it, his eyes travelled round the little harbor with its boats.

"Where's the skiff?" he asked, abruptly.

"Miss Kimball has it," Sidney answered, without looking up from his work.

"Why didn't you make Bates take a heavier boat such a day? By the way, Bates went, I hope, and not Frank."

"I—why, really, I don't know." Sidney put down his brushes and looked troubled. "I meant to go with her myself, but she got off before we were down. But I suppose so. She would not want a boy with the sea like this."

"Heaven knows what she'd want; I don't," Horner muttered, half under his breath. "Whatever it is, it's likely to be more than I can fathom. But I know what I want—that she should not pass the Point in a cockle-shell to-day."

Sidney looked gravely at the racing breakers, then resumed his painting, as with an effort, saying only:

"I think we may trust Bates."

Horner sat idly gazing at the *Georgiana*, whistling softly to himself, when a cry from Sidney startled him.

"By Jove! It can't be."

"What—where?"

"Look there!"

"Good——!"

A little skiff, wave-tossed, was slowly rounding the Point, and in it, toiling in rowing, sat Georgie, alone. Her hat was blown back and lay upon her shoulders; a strand of her loosened hair curled over it; and her veil and fluttering ends of ribbon whipped about her head. They were picturesque, but made her look as if she were flying signals of distress.

Both men sprang up and ran down to the shore—one had turned white.

They could see that she looked often over her shoulder, as if anxious, and, although she pulled stoutly, she was evidently tired. The skiff made little progress; the oars scarce held the water; the white-caps danced about her mockingly, and the two men watched her in a tense silence. Horner had even started back to get another boat when Georgie,

barely clearing the outlying rocks, turned sharp round under the temporary shelter of a big Dumpling and headed directly for the shore. The wind was now at her back, and the little boat, borne by an incoming wave, sped to land. They could see her trying to guide it to the cove, and she showed both skill and courage, but it was quickly beyond her control.

As it rushed up, Sidney and Horner splashed into the water and caught the prow. Georgie shipped her oars quickly, a curling sea broke over them all, nearly sweeping the men from their feet, filling the boat with water, and flinging them all forward, breathless from the shock, upon the beach. Georgie clung desperately to her seat; Horner, struggling for a foothold, lifted the skiff by main force and ran it out of reach of the pursuing waves. As the last one broke ineffectually behind them, Sidney held out his hand to Georgie, who rose with an affectation of ease and a panting attempt to laugh.

She shook out her drenched skirt, tossed the hair from her forehead, looked brightly up a moment to challenge criticism, but then leaned back against the boat unable to conceal her exhaustion.

She was very pretty. The graceful outlines of her figure, showing here and there through the folds of her wet and clinging garments, and the soft color of her charming face were well set off against the tilted skiff and a background of blue sea.

But if the color-loving eyes that saw her took involuntary note of these harmonies, it was in no tone of admiration that Horner began, excitedly:

"Of all the crazy things I ever heard of, this exceeds. I did not think even you could be guilty of such folly."

"Oh—thank you," Georgie struggled to say lightly. "How nice to exceed the expectations of one's friends!"

"You never should have done it. Where was Bates? Or Frank?"

"I do not know. Busy, no doubt."

"You mean to say you have been all the way to the Landing—alone—in that shell—in this gale? And back? Why didn't you send for me? Great Powers of Heaven! It makes me cold to think of it."

He seemed so. He was pale, almost as breathless as she, looking at her with a curious mixture of anger and entreaty.

She returned the look with a hint of defiance, as if his tone incensed her.

"Why did you do it? What made you? Promise me never to do such a thing again."

"You make too much of it," Georgie answered, very quickly. "Nonsense. I went because I liked. It was—exhilarating. Good-bye."

She turned lightly off. Sidney, who had been busy about the boat and silent, now came forward and, still silent, offered his arm to lead her up the stairway. She shook her head—perhaps because she could not speak—and sprang up the steps; then turned and laughingly waved her hand back to them—a bit of bravado that did no good, for it only showed how white she had become, and neither of the men smiled.

Sidney presently gathered up his sketching paraphernalia and prepared to leave the cove. "Are you coming?" he asked, as Horner made no motion to follow.

"I'm going for a stroll," Horner strove to say, indifferently. "The day is too fine for the house."

"I am going to get into something dry," said Sidney, in an odd tone. "I advise you to do the same."

"I'm not wet," said Horner, impatiently. "At least—" for he was soaked—"I don't care. I'm not going in just now."

Georgie's smile died away long before she reached the top of the bluff, and she was very glad to sink down under the lee of the cottage walls, where Julia was watching the children at play. Mrs. Kimball had thriftily tied the children's hats over their little ears for safety from the romping wind, but of what other mischief that wind might be doing she was happily ignorant. Happily too, as Julia's own beach hat limited her field of vision like a tunnel, Georgie could keep her bare head and dripping dress out of focus and recover breath unmolested. When Julia remarked that she had not seen either of their neighbors that morning, Georgie refrained from answering that she had, but then,

woman-like, nearly betrayed herself by breaking out, petulantly, "I should think you'd be glad of it. We see enough of them, I'm sure. And Mr. Horner is a perfect bear."

"Oh, if you compare him to Mr. Sidney——" said Julia, laughing at this ungrateful burst. "What can you expect? But he is very polite. He has even named his boat for you."

"For me?" retorted the girl, indignantly. "You know better, Julia. At least you know that my name is not Georgiana."

### III.

A SLEEPY sea with a few idle sails upon it. Hazy distances melting into a sky full of hot sunshine. Subdued murmurs from the beach, where lazy waves lapped gently in and went out again with a low swish, like a sigh.

Such are the changes of the seaside.

Who would take that calm expanse for the boisterous main? Or that sedate and white-robed maiden for the rash rower of yesterday? Aphrodite, born of spray and landing from a sea-shell, is a convenient metaphor, but Georgie had probably resembled her less when really coming out of the raging deep, all wet flannel and blowing locks, than she did now when seated in a low wicker chair, safe and dry on the shaded balcony, with her soft, billowy draperies piled about her like foam.

She was doing nothing—that is, she was gazing dreamily upon the dreamy sea and sitting for her portrait, that Sidney was industriously, and at the moment silently, painting.

Julia, who could seldom afford to do nothing, had taken her work-basket to the other end of the balcony, where she said there was more breeze. As there seemed to be none anywhere, it was clever of her to find this out, but possibly her cleverness had suggested other reasons for going there. At all events she fastened her attention upon her sewing, until Horner's restlessness diverted it.

He had come up after Sidney's easel had been placed, and for a little while lounged about, making comments, as was his wont. But he had soon grown

abstracted, then silent, until he suddenly went over and joined Julia. There he sat upon the rail and swung his feet, looking off to sea, making an aimless remark or two, or letting Julia's lively talk ripple over him unregarded, until she said he made her nervous and asked him why he did not read to her. The book they had begun was on the library table; would he get it? How nice! He went obediently, but he did not come back.

All over the house the windows were open, the shutters bowed, and the rooms in that cool twilight beloved of good housekeepers—if not artists—in garish summer. Coming from the outer glare, Horner's eyes were dazzled and he saw only what he brought with him—the image of a white dress projected upon a square of blue.

He went mechanically to the table as directed, and being there forgot book—Julia—himself—and all the world. He stood between two windows; near to one was Sidney's easel, and through the half-closed blinds the low talk drifted in.

"I have something to ask you," he heard, in Sidney's quiet voice. "Do you know—I am sure you do not—how much you frightened—a—us all yesterday? It still seems a miracle that you are here now. If you knew how cruel such rashness can be——"

"It was foolish," Georgie answered, without a trace of resentment. "In fact, it was very wrong. I know I owe you an apology for the wetting I gave you."

"No," he said, "not for that."

"Well, for the fright too," she assented, and Horner could tell that she smiled. "To tell the truth, I was frightened myself."

"Promise me never to do such a thing again."

They were the same words that Horner had used the day before, but with what a difference! He in his excitement had slapped them at her rudely. He could see this himself now. Sidney's tone was deferential, soothing—it was more, it was maddeningly caressing. Would she suffer it? Would she not assert her independence?

No. She was answering with the utmost meekness and docility.

Horner felt the blood rush to his temples, then woke to the fact that he was listening, eavesdropping, spying upon—with how sharp a stab the knowledge came!—his rival's privacy.

He went blindly out.

He did not hear a chair pushed back, nor know that Georgie had risen and was coming into the house, so when he met her in the hall the surprise overcame him.

"Do you mean it?" he said, savagely, barring her way, "or are you only fooling—him, and me, and all of us?"

"Do I mean what?" asked Georgie, bewildered, then more indignantly, "I don't understand you, Mr. Horner."

"That is not true," he answered, harshly. "A woman always understands."

"I do not understand how you, or anyone, can speak to me like this," she said, coloring angrily. "What do you mean?"

Truly what did he mean? To make a fool of himself? He turned with a short laugh of self-derision and strode out of the opposite door.

The sun was hot upon the hills and on the bare, unshaded rocks, as Horner plunged down among them to the shore; so hot, indeed, that although he felt a fierce desire for motion he sank down presently in the stinging shadow of a cliff, panting and oppressed. He tossed off his hat and tore his collar open, and longed for a storm, for a rushing, mighty wind, for something to struggle with and overcome. For this deadly calm seemed typical of Sidney's suavity and underlying fervor.

"He seems soft enough, but I know him," he said, with clinched hands. "Nothing can move him when he is once set."

And wave after wave of passion surged through him as he gauged the depth of meaning in Sidney's tone and manner.

Before him was the dazzling, glassy water; behind him sunny uplands slumbered; far off drowsy earth and heaven met. Quiet? Peace? Why, in his breast a scorching sirocco seemed to blow, drying up the springs of life and spreading ruin and desolation.

He took his head in his hands, digging his nails into the scalp, and went

back over his life, thinking of what Sidney had been to him. When his mother died; when his father wished him to give up art and go into business; when he had won his first prize; when orders began to come in for his illustrations—at every turn, in hours of trouble, in hours of rejoicing, it was always Sidney—Sidney. It was Sidney whose generous admiration he had so loftily received; it was Sidney whose help he had not scrupled to take; and it was Sidney—could it be Sidney?—who was to crush him at last.

"Curse him—curse him! I owe him everything I have," he groaned. "I never can repay him. He has been ahead of me all my life. Money, standing, talent—no, I swear, I've more than he. But he has success—success in art, in life, in——" He could not bring himself to say "in love," but ground his heel into the sand and set his teeth and cried:

"He shall not have her. He shall not have her. I'll kill him first."

The shadow of the rock shifted slowly with the advancing day, and Horner shifted his place mechanically to be out of the unbearable sun. The tide had crept away, leaving a stretch of stones and shells covered with languishing seaweed. Here and there a stranded crab, or other water creature, crawled about forlornly. Horner noted the analogy with a dull rage. Had the vigor of his life ebbed away from him? What had happened in these few hours to change the world? A girl had looked him in the face. A girl! There were hecatombs of girls. But his heart answered instantly, "One only—one—out of ten hundred thousand only one for me. Not for me. Never for me."

It seemed as if that blighting moment of sudden knowledge had indeed changed his whole nature. Where were his will, his energy, his certainty of power? Stripped from him! And he saw himself a failure and a fool.

Out of the salt waste before him all his past disappointments rose and confronted him. He had had many, as all ardent, striving souls must have, but he had said to himself that he accepted them, overcame them, or went on in spite of them, patiently pursuing his

ideal and letting that be in itself his success.

Now he saw that this had been only his vanity. His ideal was worthless, or miles out of reach, and he a futile idiot, posing with fatuous conceit for Sidney's admiration.

And Sidney, who beat him always, in every way, could very well afford to be condescending and helpful and magnanimous.

"I will not have it so. It shall not be. I'll beat him yet," he cried aloud, wrestling with his anguish, and starting up to go—anywhere.

A breeze was ruffling the water and the few sails were filling. Horner was too far under the cliff to see that a black cloud was rapidly rising in the west, but when he reached the cove and saw the Georgiana gently swaying on her line, a longing to escape took possession of him.

On the land was bondage, intolerable humiliation and despair; on the sea was freedom, at least, and air. He broke into a run and bounded down the floating dock to the sloop.

"What are you up to?" called Sidney's voice from the shore. "You're not going out?"

Horner paid no attention, but hauled at the sail. Sidney now appeared, hastening along the dock.

"Can't you see the sky?" he cried. "We're going to have the worst kind of a storm in half an hour."

Horner still took no notice, but pulled the mainsail to position with a vicious jerk and turned his attention to the jib. Sidney came alongside, and laid his hand on the mast.

"Horner," he said, seriously, "be rational. Look there, man. You can never do it."

"Get out of my way," cried Horner, furiously. "D'ye think there's nothing I can do? If I go to the devil, what's that to you?"

He seized the tiller and, obedient to his will, the Georgiana, with a graceful dip, began to glide from the dock. A strange look of comprehension, half incredulous, half resentful, flashed over Sidney's face; the next instant he leaped the widening streak of water and alighted in the boat. Turning his back to Horner

he gazed seriously ahead, keeping his thoughts, whatever they might be, to himself.

The dense cloud that had piled itself up in the west now rolled a long arm across the sun. From under its curled edges a sickly light fell, causing the caps of the rising waves to show lurid against the horizon. Each rock and headland, every house and tree, stood out in sharp relief; the landscape looked ghastly and unnatural. All the little craft had scurried home in haste, but here and there a schooner lay under bare poles, her men working briskly to stow every rag of canvas.

As the Georgiana emerged from the shelter of the cliff, the wind swooped down upon her, seizing and shaking her violently, but after a moment's shivering pause she tore on with her boom ploughing the water. A fisherman running along the shore shouted to her. Another, high on the rocks, made a trumpet of his hands, and when his words were whisked away by the wind, pointed vehemently to the sky.

Horner noticed with savage joy that Sidney was quite pale and sat with eyes intent and tight lips. He himself seemed mad. The whistling wind, the dash through the waves, the straining sail and cordage, filled him with fierce delight. But suddenly Sidney turned and looked him in the face, a long, silent look of questioning; then sprang up, whipped out his knife, and cut a rope. The mainsail fell and Horner woke from his delirium, too late.

The focus of the storm had reached them. A shrieking gust tore off the jib and whirling it away let them see it fluttering like a white bird far over the dark bay. The wet sail hung low; the trembling Georgiana, careening, shipping sea after sea, yielded to another blast and went over.

Horner had barely time to kick off his shoes when he flew out into space, and his thought as he struck the churning water was that Sidney could not swim.

What happened next he never distinctly remembered. He found himself, panting and bruised, hanging to the Georgiana with one hand and desperately clutching Sidney's coat with the other.



They scrambled up and laid hold of the centre-board.

#### IV.

THE bottom of a capsized boat, rolling and tossing on a stormy sea, is at best a slippery perch. As the two men clung to it, Horner felt instinctively—for neither could speak—that Sidney's strength could not keep him there unaided, and he threw his body forward as well as he could to support part of Sidney's weight and serve him as a bulwark. This greatly increased the strain on his own arms, but he was strong. He had need to be.

The rain fell in heavy sheets, beating them down and nearly drowning them. It beat down the waves too, somewhat, until at last, when almost exhausted between the tumultuous floods below and the pouring floods above, they felt themselves drifting into calmer water. They were under the lee of a sea-girt Dumpling, whose sombre bulk, indistinctly seen above them, broke the force of the storm. Some portion of the Georgiana's submerged rigging caught upon the rocks below the surface, and here she stayed, rocking back and forth, perilously near the island cliff where she would dash her slight frame to pieces, but never quite reaching it, held by her chance moorings, whose strength none could gauge.

As night came on, the rain ceased and the wind with it, but land, sea, and sky, were all alike of ink. Even the Dumpling, at once their protector and their most dreaded enemy, was but a deeper black upon the blackness that surrounded them. The men breathed more easily, but dared not relax their hold, for without warning, out of the darkness, some huge breaker would every now and then roll over them. Horner had managed to get his companion's head upon his breast, and as Sidney rested so, Horner felt sure that it was because of inability to move. Probably the mast, or other part of the boat had dealt him a disabling blow as they upset.

Lying thus, through painful, speechless hours, did Horner feel that he held

his fate in his arms, and ask himself why he spent his strength and lessened his chances of life for this man, the thought of whom, so short a time ago, had filled him with frenzy? Who shall say? Men are both worse and better than they know.

If he had acted with blind impulse when they were struggling in the water, he had ample time to think now. If he should let the next wave sweep them from the boat—he could swim. Or, if he simply opened his arms—they were cramped and stiff—what would happen? Who could blame him? Who would know?

Once safe on land with Georgie, and Sidney and all his intolerable benefactions at the bottom of the sea—Where is the man who is not sure a girl could readily be made to love him if only that other man were out of the way?

The surging of the waves about them and the echo from the rocks; the sound of the storm-bell's faint and monotonous clang; the groaning of the tortured Georgiana as she seemed to swing through a fathomless abyss of night and darkness; and all the hundred, indefinite, dismal noises of the deep—it needs something more than these to drown the voice of the tempter in a man's ear.

Horner's grasp had not loosened, but it tightened quickly as Sidney's voice broke weakly through these dreary cadences.

"I don't know what keeps us here. If it is a rope, it will soon fray and then nothing can save us. Horner—you can swim—make your way to the rock while you can. Why should both die?"

It seemed a long time to Horner before he managed to answer:

"You can't swim."

"I might make shift," Sidney answered; "I do swim a little. But I think this arm is broken, I cannot move it."

Horner heard himself reply:

"While the rope holds, we'll stay."

By and by the night grew lighter. But as the sullen clouds parted and through narrow rifts a few stars threw long, broken reflections upon the heaving waves, they brought no cheer with them. They rather served to emphasize

the gloomy gulfs, the drear immensities of space, among which two men and a little boat were so incalculably insignificant. Horner was the first to speak again.

"Sidney, we have been friends a long time."

"Yes." Sidney was in pain and very tired.

"You have laid me under many obligations," Horner went on, with growing steadiness. "I had no right to take them. I've been a fool. This upset is my fault, but you had no business to come. Now answer me one question. Do you love her, or not?" Sidney tried to lift his head from Horner's shoulder and sit up; he tried to free himself from Horner's supporting arm. Failing, he turned his widely opened eyes up to the haggard face close above him, and said, simply:

"If you let go of me, Horner, I shall drown."

"I did not ask you that," said Horner, sharply; "I know it. And if that rope breaks we may both be dead in half an hour. Now answer me. Do you love her, or not?"

"You know that too," said Sidney.

"Does she love you?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me the truth—in the face of death."

"It is the truth. I do not know."

He stopped, then said quite steadily:

"I have thought—at times—she cared for you."

"Oh, no." Horner's answer was a bitter laugh. He had forgotten for the moment where he was, and saw only Georgie's indignant face when he left her that afternoon. A rolling swell recalled him, and when it had passed Sidney spoke.

"I did not know until I saw you in the boat that you cared. I suppose the thought had come to me, but I turned from it. Then I knew. For a moment I hoped you would go out. That is why I came. I've done no good, but I couldn't stop you and—I dared not let you go alone. I want you to know that if I get back I mean to ask her to marry me."

"If I thought you wouldn't," Horner cried, "I'd drown you now. Man—she loves you."

It was evidently very hard for Sidney to speak at all. His voice grew feebler, but he went on with resolution.

"I want you to know this, and I want you to know that if I won't take any decision but hers, I'll abide by that. If— if she doesn't care for me, I'll go away and give you a chance."

"I've got no chance," said Horner. "You can't give it to me. I tell you she loves you,"—how he turned the knife in his own wound! "If I distrusted you—but I don't. I know you are true. And if I get to land, so help me God, you shall—for her. But if ever you change, if you're not good to her, I'll come back, I'll come back, if it's from the ends of the earth, and I'll kill you."

Sidney made no reply. Horner could not tell if he had heard.

The clouds had broken, drawing off in shadowy masses as a pale yellow light stole upward in the east. Against its growing flush the cold waves rose and fell, and with them the boat and the two benumbed men. Gradually the grim face of the cliff softened until it shone with reflected glows of morning.

Out of the darkest hour of his life, calm had come to Horner's breast. As Sidney's helpless head lay pillowed there, a something he could not name, nor fully understand, filled his struggling, torn, exhausted soul with peace.

He had seen the vision of a fair garden that he was not to enter; he had helped to push another in and to shut the gates upon himself. Yet the strife and turmoil of the night had dropped away. A dawn was breaking whose radiance he had never known before.

## V.

"I NEVER would ha' b'lieved it if I hadn't a seen it. The cloud then was a-comin' up like a racer. I run along the rocks an' yelled, but I knowed they couldn' hear me."

Two cowering women listened to the oracle and started, shivering, as each whip-lash of lightning, sharper than the last, cracked across the sky.

They were in the cottage dining-room, where, through the immense window

that filled its whole sea-ward wall, they saw much more than they liked of the tempest's fury.

Dick was looked for that evening, and Julia had sent in much anxiety for Bates, to confer upon the best means of getting him up from the Landing. The usual way, by boat, was quite impracticable, for even should the storm cease, the waves would run high until morning. Bates came, in evident excitement.

His emotions were all so deeply subterranean and any hint of them upon the surface was so unusual, that Julia vaguely took the alarm, thinking only of her husband. But Georgie looked into the boatman's rugged face and cried, "What is it, Bates? What has happened?"

Then they heard it in a burst of feeling. The *Georgiana* was out, the two men in her. The Lord only knew what would come of it.

Georgie's face grew suddenly as gray as the solid wall of rain that now shut out all the world save one rocky Dumping, where foam and spray were leaping. It was Julia who exclaimed:

"But what will they do? How dreadful!"

"I dunno what they *will* do. They ain't had time to make the breakwater. I've been a-sailin' Mr. Sidney for five years and more, an' I ain't never knowed him do no sech fool trick before. An' that there Mr. Horner, he 'peared useter the water. I give him credit for more sense. He kin sail a boat tolerbul, for a amatoor. But they can't ne'er a one of 'em run the *Georgiana*—an old patched-up thing like she be—in this blow. She'll sink, sure's I say it."

A clap of thunder covered the cry that Georgie uttered, but she started to the door with such unmistakable intention that Julia caught her arm. "You can't do anything, Georgie," she cried, aghast at the girl's face. "Don't be crazy."

"Oh, Julia, how can you hold me? Let me go. I will go, I tell you! They will drown. I can save him. I can row."

She pulled open the door, and the entering blast took away her breath. She struggled with it vainly a moment, then dropped upon a chair. Bates shut the door and turned to Julia.

"I kin take a boat an' go out an' row round. But it won't help them none for me to git spilt, an' there ain't no boat built could live while this racket lasts. No. They're either run in behind the fort, or gone up the bay, or—" he left the sentence unfinished for a suggestive moment, then added, "I'll see to gittin' Mr. Kimball with the wagon all right. An' I'll ask roun' at the Landin'—maybe they put in there. Don't you fret, Mis' Kimball."

"There, Georgie," cried Julia, catching at straws, "it's all right. They are at the Landing. We are worrying for nothing."

"Anyway we can't help 'em now," muttered Bates, as he walked away. "But they wasn't aheadin' that way when I see 'em."

Georgie said nothing. She sank slowly upon her knees in the wide window and watched the sweeping gale. Julia felt herself growing hysterical. Why was the girl so moved?

The children and their early tea and bedtime created a diversion. Julia was glad to busy herself with them, and as the storm frightened them she sat upstairs a long time, until they fell asleep.

But when she went down Georgie still knelt where she had left her, her white dress gleaming in the darkness, her face framed in her hands against the pane, and her eyes straining into the black night, over the waste of tumbling waters dimly discerned below.

It was an unspeakable relief to hear the sounds of Dick's arrival, but when she ran to let him in, the boom of surf upon the shore entered with him, so loud and angry that, although the wind had ceased, she trembled and was silent. Dick came in as if nothing had happened, but he looked amazed when he saw Georgie. She had risen and turned to him in mute appeal. He watched her furtively, but spoke with resolute cheerfulness. Yes, Bates had told him. High old storm, wasn't it? Poor little woman, scared almost to death? No, they were not at the Landing; why should they be? They would go to Newport, of course, and get a good supper and be vastly amused to-morrow when they heard how frightened— But Dick stopped there. The good fellow could not keep it up.



"Against its growing flush the cold waves rose and fell, and with them the boat and the two benumbed men."

Bates had told him too much. He went up to Georgie and took her cold hands.

"My dear little girl," he said, affectionately, "you are very much overwrought. The storm has upset you——"

But she shook her head.

"No—no," she whispered. "You don't know——"

"What!" he said, gravely. "Do you care so much?"

"I love him, Dick," her white lips framed noiselessly; "I love him and he——"

She hid her face, and Dick, drawing her to his shoulder, had no heart to ask more. He soothed her gently, though perplexed enough. By and by he found a chance to murmur aside to Julia, "Which?" But Julia only looked at him reproachfully, and he was none the wiser.

It was curious how, although they said over and over that the men were safe in Newport, at Fort Adams, up the bay; that there was no reason to be alarmed; yet at the first hint of light they were down upon the beach with a dozen others, boatmen and fishermen, all anxious to give advice and have someone else

act on it. To take boats and go out and row up and down—what was the good? Yet it seemed better to do that than to do nothing, and they waited only for more daylight before starting. Bates's years of service had made him really fond of Sidney, and he wandered anxiously along the shore, scanning the water with practised eyes. Suddenly he turned and came tearing back. Dick ran to meet him.

"What? Where?" he cried. But Bates would not stop to answer.

"I dunno. I dunno. I'm goin' out. I want two strong fellers with me."

Two were promptly ready, and Dick jumped in too, as the boat pushed off.

What Bates had seen was the hull of the Georgiana pounding about behind a corner of the Dumpling, but he was not sure if there was anything on it, or not.

The men had to skirt all around the jagged islet to avoid its fringe of rocks and breakers. It seemed a long pull to them with its uncertainty, but longer to the two women who stood on shore and watched them slowly disappear. Longest of all was the time before the boat





"But Georgie looked into the boatman's rugged face and cried, 'What is it, Bates? What has happened?'"

came back, creeping from behind the rocks, turning landward, now seen, now hidden by some combing wave. The men were bending to their oars with a will, and Dick and Bates were bending too, over something heavy, dark, and motionless, in the stern.

"Are they alive? Is it one, or two?" were the questions Julia dared not utter, as she felt Georgie's hands clench convulsively upon her arm.

The boat came in, and the waiting group of men ran out through the waves to meet it.

Sidney was lifted out unconscious. Horner's eyes were closed, but as he was borne ashore they opened and roved eagerly from face to face. Finally, as he was laid upon the sand, they rested upon Georgie and filled with sudden light. He struggled to raise himself upon his elbow.

"Don't fear," he gasped, "I have saved him for you." The exertion was too much, and he sank again. Georgie stretched out her arms. She uttered a

sound between a laugh and a sob. Then she dropped upon her knees and hid her face.

## VI.

SIDNEY'S condition was thought critical for a day or two, and Horner would not leave him. Besides, Horner needed some little time to recover his own tone after such a strain. But at last, one morning when the early air was fresh and sweet, he stepped out upon the breezy hillside.

He wore what he was accustomed to call his town clothes, and he carried a bag in his hand. He walked across the grass to the Kimballs' cottage, but he did not go in. He did not even step upon the familiar balcony. He stood looking at it a moment, then turned and faced the sea.

Again that blue plain lay before him, dimpling as innocently as a smiling child. Doubt, storms, despair—none of these could exist in such a shining world.

Happiness was there, and peace—yes, and love.

His breast heaved. Something low and inarticulate escaped him. Then he caught up his bag, lifted his face once to the cottage windows, and strode heavily down the hill.

One of the window blinds shook ; it opened a little and a girl's face, wondering, pale, peeped out. Horner did not see it. He walked fast, then faster ; by and by he began to run.

A whistle sounded from the wharf, still distant. It was the early boat, warning her passengers that she was about to start. Horner could easily have let it go without him, but just as the plank was drawn in, he came down the bank full speed and leaped aboard.

Sidney found a note upon the hall table and read it when he came to breakfast. It was short, not more than a line, but he thought it over all the morning.

Late in the afternoon he managed, with some assistance, to dress himself in his usual clothes and went across to the other cottage. Entering unannounced, he came upon Georgie sitting idly in a window. She sprang up as he entered, and he suddenly found that he could not trust himself to speak. He had not regained his strength, and the walk had been more of an exertion than he knew, but what stirred him most was the change in Georgie.

The girl was very pale, and her eyes looked dark and sunken ; her lips, too,



The Dumplings.

He stood outside as the puffing little ferryboat rounded the tall, white light-house on the breakwater. The sun shone brightly on Conanicut, on the steep Dumplings, and the red roofs of the cottages, half hidden behind the grassy slopes. Then the boat swung round, and Horner saw nothing but the dancing sea.

A few hours later he was in his rooms in town.

were working nervously, as if she wished to speak, but could not.

It was evident that she had suffered, and Sidney felt that he had come expressly to ask her why ; but the answer to this question meant so much to him that he could not put it. Thus two agitated people faced each other for a brief moment, each striving for composure. Its outward semblance came first to Georgie, and she said, bravely :





"Longest of all was the time before the boat came back."

"I am glad to see you so much better, Mr. Sidney."

For an instant Sidney felt as if he had received another blow. Then he braced himself, looked straight at her, and said, directly :

"I came to ask you something. I hope you know what it is. But first, I must say this : Horner saved my life. But for him I should have drowned."

"Oh, what possessed you?" cried the girl, her composure vanishing ; "what made you go out in such a storm?"

Sidney looked down.

"I thought I could help him, but I did not. I was made helpless myself. He held me on the boat. I told him if I came to land I should tell you."

She did not ask him why, and when he noticed this he stopped. He felt that she was not thinking of him at all. And he was right. Horner's panting words upon the beach ; Horner's face raised mutely to her window ; these, and that rough question, "Are you fooling him—and me?" had haunted Georgie's thoughts all day, and now a feeling of being forced to the wall and turning at bay swept over her.

"I am to blame," she cried, abruptly. "It is my fault. If it had not been for me, he would not have gone out. But the time has come to speak the truth. He went away this morning. Why?"

Sidney looked at her without speaking.

"Was it sudden business?" she persevered.

Still looking at her, Sidney answered, "No."

"Then why—why," she exclaimed, "why did he go when he knew—" Her resolution failed her, and with a scarlet blush she turned quickly off.

At least Sidney knew.

The light from the window touched her hair and all the soft curves and outlines of her pretty figure. He could see her hands clasped tight against her breast, and without seeing could feel the tears that only her strong effort held from falling. Yet what he said was :

"He did not know. He went because he did not know."

His voice sounded low and even. It gave no hint of pain or passion. But suddenly, as if they had just leaped into sight, he saw every article in the room : each rug upon the floor, each picture on the walls, every commonplace chair and table, every defect, scratch, or disarrangement. As long as he lived he could recall every trivial detail. Then over all fell a mist in which Georgie's figure seemed to float away from him, and in a voice that seemed to himself strange and remote, he asked :

"Shall I write to him to come back?" and when she did not answer, he added, "to you?"

Then Georgie said, very low, but ah, how distinctly :

"Yes," and he did not need to look at her to know that she was happy.

This knowledge, that might have madened some men, softened him. He went up to her and held out his hand, and though he was pale, he spoke steadily, like a man.

"Will you say good-bye? I may not see you again."

"Oh!" cried the girl, turning quickly to remonstrate ; but when she saw him, she stopped and hung her head. She seemed about to speak, but finally gave him her hand in silence.

"I will write to him at once," he promised her. "Good-bye."

He held her hand a moment, said again, "Good-bye," and when she could see, he was gone.

Horner had made up his mind that the city was unendurable and that if he spent another night in his hot and stifling rooms he should shoot himself. He resolved on a run into the country somewhere, and started for any train he could catch.

At the street corner he met his postman and took from him this note :

"DEAR H——, I sail at noon on the Umbria. Let to-morrow find you in Conanicut. Bates has all necessary orders.

"Yours, H. S.

"P. S. I go to study for a year or two in Rome."

## A LONDON LIFE.

By Henry James.

### PART THIRD.

#### X.



"WHAT do you intend to do? You will grant that I have a right to ask you that."

"To do? I shall do as I have always done—not so badly, as it seems to me."

This colloquy took place in Mrs. Berrington's room, in the early morning hours, after Selina's return from the entertainment to which reference was last made. Her sister came home before her—she found herself incapable of "going on" when Selina quitted the house in Park Lane at which they had dined. Mrs. Berrington had the night still before her, and she stepped into her carriage with her usual air of graceful resignation to a brilliant lot. She had taken the precaution, however, to provide herself with a defence (against a little sister bristling with righteousness,) in the person of Mrs. Collingwood, to whom she offered a lift, as they were bent upon the same business and Mr. Collingwood had a use of his own for his brougham. The Collingwoods were a happy pair who could discuss such a divergence before their friends candidly, amicably, with a great many "My loves" and "Not for the worlds." Lionel Berrington disappeared after dinner, without holding any communication with his wife, and Laura expected to find that he had taken the carriage, to repay her in kind for her having driven off from Grosvenor Place without him. But it was not new to the girl that he really spared his wife more than she spared him; not so much perhaps because he wouldn't do the "nastiest" thing as because he couldn't. Selina could always be nastier. There was ever a whimsicality in her actions; if two or three hours before it had been her fancy to

keep a third person out of the carriage she had now her reasons for bringing such a person in. Laura knew that she would not only pretend, but would really believe, that her defence of her conduct on their way to dinner had been powerful and that she had won a brilliant victory. What need, therefore, to thresh out further a subject that she had chopped into atoms? Laura Wing, however, had needs of her own, and her remaining in the carriage when the footman next opened the door was intimately connected with them.

"I don't care to go in," she said to her sister. "If you will allow me to be driven home and send back the carriage for you, that's what I shall like best."

Selina stared, and Laura knew what she would have said if she could have spoken her thought. "Oh, you are furious that I haven't given you a chance to fly at me again, and you must take it out in sulks!" These were the ideas—ideas of "fury" and sulks—into which Selina could translate feelings that sprung from the depths of one's conscience. Mrs. Collingwood protested—she said it was a shame that Laura shouldn't go in and enjoy herself, when she looked so lovely. "Doesn't she look lovely?" She appealed to Mrs. Berrington. "Bless us, what's the use of being pretty? Now, if she had *my* face!"

"I think she looks rather cross," said Selina, getting out with her friend and leaving her sister to her own inventions. Laura had a vision, as the carriage drove away again, of what her situation would have been (for her peace of mind,) if Selina and Lionel had been good, attached people like the Collingwoods, and at the same time of the singularity of a good woman being willing to accept favors from a person as to whose behavior she had the lights that must have come to the lady in question in regard to Selina. She accepted favors herself and she

only wanted to be good : that was oppressively true ; but if she were not Selina's sister she wouldn't drive in her carriage. That conviction was strong in the girl as this vehicle conveyed her to Grosvenor Place ; but it was not in its nature consoling. The prevision of disgrace was now so vivid to her that it seemed to her that if it had not already overtaken them she had only to thank the loose, mysterious, rather ignoble tolerance of people like Mrs. Collingwood. There were plenty of that species, even among the good ; perhaps indeed exposure and dishonor would begin only when the bad had got hold of the facts. Would the bad be most horrified and do most to spread the scandal ? There were, in any event, plenty of them too.

Laura sat up for her sister that night, with that nice question to help her to torment herself—whether if she were hard and merciless in judging Selina it would be with the bad, too, that she would associate herself. Was she all wrong, after all—was she cruel by being too rigid ? Was Mrs. Collingwood's attitude the right one, and ought she only to propose to herself to "allow" more and more, and to allow ever, and to smooth things down by gentleness, by sympathy, by not looking at them too hard ? It was not the first time that the just measure of things seemed to slip from her hands, as she became conscious of possible, or rather of very actual, differences of standard and usage. On this occasion Geordie and Ferdy asserted themselves, by the mere force of lying asleep upstairs in their little cribs, as on the whole the proper measure. Laura went into the nursery to look at them when she came home—it was her habit almost any night—and yearned over them as mothers and maids do alike over the pillow of rosy childhood. They were an antidote to all casuistry ; for Selina to forget *them*—that was the beginning and the end of shame. She came back to the library, where she should best hear the sound of her sister's return ; the hours passed as she sat there, without bringing round this event. Carriages came and went all night ; the soft shock of swift hoofs was on the wooden roadway long after the summer dawn peeped in—till it was merged in

the rumble of the awakening day. Lionel had not come in when she returned, and he continued absent, to Laura's satisfaction ; for if she wanted not to miss Selina she had no desire at present to have to tell her brother-in-law why she was sitting up. She prayed Selina might arrive first : then she would have more time to think of something that harassed her particularly—the question of whether she ought to tell Lionel that she had seen her in a far-away corner of the town with Captain Crispin. Almost impossible as she found it now to feel any tenderness for her, she yet detested the idea of bearing witness against her ; notwithstanding which it appeared to her that she could make up her mind to do this if there were a chance of its preventing the last scandal—a catastrophe to which she saw her sister rushing straight. That Selina was capable at a given moment of going off with her lover, and capable of it precisely because it was the greatest folly as well as the greatest wickedness—there was a voice of prophecy, of warning, to this effect in the silent, empty house. If repeating to Lionel what she had seen would contribute to prevent anything, or to stave off the danger, was it not her duty to denounce his wife, flesh and blood of her own as she was, to his further reprobation ? This point was not intolerably difficult to determine, as she sat there waiting, only because even what was righteous in that reprobation could not present itself to her as fruitful or efficient. What could Lionel frustrate, after all, and what intelligent or authoritative step was he capable of taking ? Mixed with all that now haunted her was her consciousness of what his own absence (at such an hour) represented in the way of the unedifying. He might be at some sporting club or he might be anywhere else ; at any rate he was not where he ought to be at three o'clock in the morning. Such the husband such the wife, she said to herself ; and she felt that Selina would have a kind of advantage (which she grudged her,) if she should come in and say : "And where is *he*, please—where is *he*, the exalted being on whose behalf you have undertaken to preach so much better than he himself practises ?"

But still Selina didn't come in—even to take that advantage; yet in proportion as her waiting was useless did the girl find it impossible to go to bed. A new fear had seized her, the fear that she would never come back at all—that they were already in the presence of the dreaded catastrophe. This made her so nervous that she paced about the lower rooms, listening to every sound, roaming till she was tired. She knew it was absurd, the image of Selina taking flight in a ball-dress; but she said to herself that she might very well have sent other clothes away, in advance, somewhere—and at any rate, for herself, that was the fate she had to expect, if not that night then some other one soon, and it was all the same: to sit counting the hours till a hope was given up and a hideous certainty remained. She had fallen into such a state of apprehension that when at last she heard a carriage stop at the door she was almost happy, in spite of her prevision of how disgusted her sister would be to find her. They met in the hall—Laura went out when she heard the opening of the door. Selina stopped short when she saw her, but said nothing—on account, apparently, of the presence of the sleepy footman. Then she moved straight to the stairs, where she paused again, asking the footman if Mr. Berrington had come in.

"Not yet, ma'am," the footman answered.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Berrington, and ascended the stairs.

"I have sat up on purpose—I want particularly to speak to you," Laura remarked, following her.

"Ah!" Selina repeated, still more dryly. She went fast, almost as if she wished to get to her room before her sister could overtake her. But the girl was close behind her, she passed into the room with her. Laura closed the door; then she told her that she had found it impossible to go to bed without asking her what she intended to do.

"Your behavior is too monstrous!" Selina flashed out. "What on earth do you wish to make the servants suppose?"

"Oh, the servants—in *this* house; as if one could put any idea into their heads

that is not there already!" Laura thought. But she said nothing of this—she only repeated her question: aware that she was exasperating to her sister but also aware that she couldn't be anything else. Mrs. Berrington, whose maid had gone to rest, began to divest herself of some of her ornaments, and it was not till after a moment, during which she stood before the glass, that she made that answer about doing as she had always done. To this Laura rejoined that she ought to put herself in her place enough to feel how important it was to her to know what was likely to happen, so that she might take time by the forelock and think of her own situation. If anything should happen she would infinitely rather be out of it—be as far away as possible. Therefore she must take her measures.

It was in the mirror that they looked at each other—in the strange, candle-lighted duplication of the scene that their eyes met. Selina drew the diamonds out of her hair, and in this occupation, for a minute, she was silent. Presently she asked: "What are you talking about—what do you allude to as happening?"

"Why, it seems to me that there is nothing left for you but to go away with him. If there is a prospect of that insanity—" But here Laura stopped; something so unexpected was taking place in Selina's countenance—the movement that precedes a sudden gush of tears. Mrs. Berrington dashed down the glittering pins she had detached from her tresses, and the next moment she had flung herself into an armchair and was weeping with a kind of fury. Laura didn't go to her; she made no motion to soothe or reassure her, she only stood and watched her tears and wondered what they signified. Somehow even the slight refreshment she felt at having affected her in that particular and (as it had lately come to seem) improbable way did not suggest to her that they were precious symptoms. Since she had come to disbelieve her word so completely there was nothing precious about Selina any more. But she continued for some moments to cry passionately, and while this lasted Laura remained silent. At last, from the midst

of her sobs, Selina broke out, "Go away, go away—leave me alone!"

"Of course I infuriate you," said the girl; "but how can I see you rush to your ruin—to that of all of us—without holding on to you and dragging you back?"

"Oh, you don't understand anything about anything!" Selina wailed, with her beautiful hair tumbling all over her.

"I certainly don't understand how you can give such a tremendous handle to Lionel."

At the mention of her husband's name Selina always gave a bound, and she sprang up now, shaking back her dense braids. "I give him no handle, and you don't know what you are talking about! I know what I am doing and what becomes me, and I don't care if I do. He is welcome to all the handles in the world, for all that he can do with them!"

"In the name of common pity think of your children!" said Laura.

"Have I ever thought of anything else? Have you sat up all night to have the pleasure of accusing me of cruelty? Are there sweeter or more delightful children in the world, and isn't that a little *my* merit, pray?" Selina went on sweeping away her tears. "Who has made them what they are, pray?—is it their lovely father? Perhaps you'll say it's you! Certainly you have been nice to them, but you must remember that you only came here the other day. Isn't it only for them that I am trying to keep myself alive?"

This formula struck Laura Wing as grotesque, and she replied, with a laugh which betrayed too much her impression, "Die for them—that would be better!"

Her sister, at this, looked at her with an extraordinary cold gravity. "Don't interfere between me and my children. And for God's sake cease to harry me!"

Laura turned away: she said to herself that, given that amount of imbecility, of course the worst would come. She felt sick and helpless, and, practically, she had got the certitude she both wanted and dreaded. "I don't know what has become of your mind," she murmured; and she went to the door. But before she reached it Selina had flung herself upon her in one of her strange

but, as she felt, really not encouraging revulsions. Her arms were about her, she clung to her, she covered Laura with the tears that had again begun to flow. She besought her to save her, to stay with her, to help her against herself, against *him*, against Lionel, against everything—to forgive her also all the horrid things she had said to her. Mrs. Berrington melted, liquefied, and the room was deluged with her repentance, her desolation, her confession, her promises, and the articles of apparel of which, in her streaming agitation, she successively divested herself. Laura remained with her for an hour, and before they separated the culpable woman had taken a tremendous vow—kneeling before her sister with her head in her lap—never again, as long as she lived, to consent to see Captain Crispin or to address a word to him, spoken or written. The girl went terribly tired to bed.

A month afterwards she lunched with Lady Davenant, whom she had not seen since the day she took Mr. Wendover to call upon her. The old woman had found herself obliged to entertain a small company, and as she disliked set parties she sent Laura a request for sympathy and assistance. She had disencumbered herself, at the end of so many years, of the burden of hospitality; but every now and then she invited people, in order to prove that she wasn't too old. Laura suspected her of choosing stupid ones on purpose to prove it better—to show that she could submit not only to the extraordinary but, what was much more difficult, to the usual. But when they had been properly fed she didn't detain them; on this occasion, as the party broke up, Laura was the only person she asked to stay. She wished to know in the first place why she had not been to see her for so long, and in the second how that young man had behaved—the one she had brought that Sunday. Lady Davenant didn't remember his name, though he had been so good-natured, as she said, since then, as to leave a card. If he had behaved well that was a very good reason for the girl's neglect and Laura needn't give another. Laura herself wouldn't have behaved well if at such a time she had been running after old women. There



was nothing, in general, that the girl liked less than being spoken of, off-hand, as a marriageable article—being planned and arranged for in this particular. It made too light of her independence, and though in general such inventions passed for benevolence they had always seemed to her to contain at bottom an impertinence—as if people could be moved about like a game of chequers. There was a liberty in the way Lady Davenant's imagination disposed of her (with such an *insouciance* of her own preferences), but she forgave that, because after all this old friend was not obliged to think of her at all.

"I knew that you were almost always out of town now, on Sundays—and so have we been," Laura said. "And then I have been a great deal with my sister—more than before."

"More than before what?"

"Well, a kind of estrangement we had, about a certain matter."

"And now you have made it all up?"

"Well, we have been able to talk of it (we couldn't before—without painful scenes), and that has cleared the air. We have gone about together a good deal," Laura went on. "She has wanted me constantly with her."

"That's very nice. And where has she taken you?" asked the old lady.

"Oh, it's I who have taken her, rather." And Laura hesitated.

"Where do you mean?—to say her prayers?"

"Well, to some concerts—and to the National Gallery."

Lady Davenant laughed, disrespectfully, at this, and the girl watched her with a mournful face. "My dear child, you are too delightful! You are trying to reform her—by Beethoven and Bach, and by Rubens and Titian?"

"She is very intelligent, about music and pictures—she has excellent ideas," said Laura.

"And you have been trying to draw them out? that is very commendable."

"I think you are laughing at me, but I don't care," the girl declared, smiling faintly.

"Because you have a consciousness of success?—in what do they call it?—the attempt to raise her tone? You have

been trying to bring her up and you have raised her tone?"

"Oh, Lady Davenant, I don't know and I don't understand!" Laura broke out. "I don't understand anything any more, and I have given up trying."

"That's what I recommended you to do last winter. Don't you remember that day at Plash?"

"You told me to let her go," said Laura.

"And evidently you haven't taken my advice."

"How can I—how can I?"

"Of course, how can you? And meanwhile if she doesn't go it's so much gained. But even if she should, won't that nice young man remain?" Lady Davenant inquired. "I hope very much Selina hasn't taken you altogether away from him."

Laura was silent a moment; then she returned: "What nice young man would ever look at me, if anything bad should happen?"

"I would never look at *him* if he should let that prevent him!" the old woman cried. "It isn't for your sister he loves you, I suppose; is it?"

"He doesn't love me at all."

"Ah, then he does?" Lady Davenant demanded, with some eagerness, laying her hand on the girl's arm. Laura sat near her on her sofa and looked at her, for all answer to this, with an expression of which the sadness appeared to strike the old woman freshly. "Doesn't he come to the house—doesn't he say anything?" she continued, with a voice full of kindness.

"He comes to the house—very often."

"And don't you like him?"

"Yes, very much—more than I did at first."

"Well, as you liked him at first well enough to bring him straight to see me, I suppose that means that now you are immensely pleased with him."

"He's a gentleman," said Laura.

"So he seems to me. But why then doesn't he speak out?"

"Perhaps that's the very reason! Seriously," the girl added, "I don't know what he comes to the house for."

"Is he in love with your sister?"

"I sometimes think so."

"And does she encourage him?"

"She detests him."

"Oh, then, I like him! I shall immediately write to him to come and see me; I shall appoint an hour and give him a piece of my mind."

"If I believed that, I should kill myself," said Laura.

"You may believe what you like; but I wish you didn't show your feelings so in your eyes. They might be those of a poor widow with fifteen children. When I was young I managed to be happy, whatever occurred; and I am sure I looked so."

"Oh yes, Lady Davenant—for you it was different. You were safe, in so many ways," Laura said. "And you were surrounded with consideration."

"I don't know; some of us were very wild, and exceedingly ill thought of, and I didn't cry about it. However, there are natures and natures. If you will come and stay with me to-morrow I will take you in."

"You know how kind I think you, but I have promised Selina not to leave her."

"Well then, if she keeps you she must at least go straight!" cried the old woman, with some asperity. Laura made no answer to this, and Lady Davenant asked, after a moment: "And what is Lionel doing?"

"I don't know—he is very quiet."

"Doesn't it please him—his wife's improvement?" The girl got up; apparently she was made uncomfortable by the ironical effect, if not by the ironical intention, of this question. Her old friend was kind but she was penetrating; her very next words pierced further. "Of course if you are really protecting her I can't count upon you:" a remark not adapted to enliven Laura, who would have liked immensely to transfer herself to Queen's Gate and had her very private ideas as to the efficacy of her protection. Lady Davenant kissed her and then suddenly said—"Oh, by the way, his address; you must tell me that."

"His address?"

"The young man's whom you brought here. But it's no matter," the old woman added; "the butler will have entered it—from his card."

"Lady Davenant, you won't do any-

thing so loathsome!" the girl cried, seizing her hand.

"Why is it loathsome, if he comes so often? It's rubbish, his caring for Selina—a married woman—when you are there."

"Why is it rubbish—when so many other people do?"

"Oh, well, he is different—I could see that; or if he isn't he ought to be!"

"He likes to observe—he came here to take notes," said the girl. "And he thinks Selina a very interesting London specimen."

"In spite of her dislike of him?"

"Oh, he doesn't know that!" Laura exclaimed.

"Why not? he isn't a fool."

"Oh, I have made it seem——" But here Laura stopped; her color had risen.

Lady Davenant stared an instant. "Made it seem that she delighted in him? Mercy, to do that how fond of him you must be!" An observation which had the effect of driving the girl straight out of the house.

## XI.

On one of the last days of June Mrs. Berrington showed her sister a note she had received from "your dear friend," as she called him, Mr. Wendover. This was the manner in which she usually designated him, but she had naturally, in the present phase of her relations with Laura, never indulged in any renewal of the eminently perverse insinuations by means of which she had attempted, after the incident at the Soane Museum, to throw dust in her eyes. Mr. Wendover proposed to Mrs. Berrington that she and her sister should honor with their presence a box he had obtained for the opera three nights later—an occasion of curiosity, the first appearance of a young American singer of whom considerable things were expected. Laura left it to Selina to decide whether they should accept this invitation, and Selina proved to be of two or three differing minds. First she said it wouldn't be convenient to her to go, and she wrote to the young man to this effect. Then, on second thoughts, she considered she might very well go, and tele-

graphed an acceptance. Later she saw reason to regret her acceptance, and communicated this circumstance to her sister, who remarked that it was still not too late to change. Selina left her in ignorance till the next day as to whether she had retracted; then she told her that she had let the matter stand—they would go. To this Laura replied that she was glad—for Mr. Wendover. "And for yourself," Selina said, leaving the girl to wonder why every one (this universality was represented by Mrs. Lionel Berrington and Lady Davenant,) had taken up the idea that she entertained a passion for her compatriot. She was clearly conscious that this was not the case; though she was glad her esteem for him had not yet suffered the disturbance of her seeing reason to believe that Lady Davenant had already meddled, according to her terrible threat. Laura was surprised to learn afterwards that Selina had, in London parlance, "thrown over" a dinner in order to make the evening at the opera fit in. The dinner would have made her too late, and she didn't care about it: she wanted to hear the whole opera.

The sisters dined together alone, without any question of Lionel, and on alighting at Covent Garden found Mr. Wendover awaiting them in the portico. His box proved a commodious, comfortable one, and Selina was gracious to him; she thanked him for his consideration in not stuffing it full of people. He assured her that he expected but one other inmate—a gentleman of a shrinking disposition, who would take up no room. The gentleman came in after the first act; he was introduced to the ladies as Mr. Booker, of Baltimore. He knew a great deal about the young lady they had come to listen to, and he was not so shrinking but that he attempted to impart a portion of his knowledge even while she was singing. Before the second act was over Laura perceived Lady Ringrose in a box on the other side of the house, accompanied by a lady she didn't know. There was apparently another person in the box behind the two ladies, whom they turned round from time to time to talk with. Laura made no observation about Lady Ringrose to her sister, and she noticed that Selina

made no use of the glass to look at her. That Mrs. Berrington had not failed to see her, however, was proved by the fact that at the end of the second act (the opera was Meyerbeer's "Huguenots,") she suddenly said, turning to Mr. Wendover: "I hope you won't mind very much if I go for a short time to sit with a friend on the other side of the house." She smiled with all her sweetness as she announced this intention, and had the benefit of the fact that an apologetic expression is highly becoming to a pretty woman. But she didn't look at her sister, and the latter, after a wondering glance at her, looked at Mr. Wendover. She saw that he was disappointed—even slightly wounded; he had taken some trouble to get his box and it had been no small pleasure to him to see it graced by the presence of a celebrated beauty. But his situation collapsed if the celebrated beauty were going to transfer her light to another quarter. Laura couldn't imagine what had come into her sister's head—to make her so inconsiderate, so rude. Selina tried to perform her act of defection in a soothing, conciliating way, so far as appealing eyebeams went; but she gave no particular reason for her escapade, didn't name the friends in question, and betrayed no consciousness that it was not usual for ladies to roam about the lobbies. Laura asked her no question, but she said to her, after an hesitation: "You won't be long, surely. You know you oughtn't to leave me here." Selina took no notice of this—didn't excuse herself in any way to the girl. Mr. Wendover only exclaimed, smiling in reference to Laura's last remark: "Oh, so far as leaving you here goes——!" In spite of his great defect (and it was his only one, that she could see,) of having only an ascending scale of seriousness, she judged him interestedly enough to feel a real pleasure in noticing that though he was annoyed at Selina's going away and not saying that she would come back soon, he conducted himself as a gentleman should, submitted respectfully, gallantly, to her wish. He suggested that her friends might perhaps, instead, be induced to come to his box, but when she had objected, "Oh, you see, there are too many," he put her shawl on her shoulders, opened the box,

offered her his arm. While this was going on Laura saw Lady Ringrose studying them with her glass. Selina refused Mr. Wendover's arm; she said, "Oh no, you stay with *her*—I dare say *he'll* take me;" and she gazed inspiringly at Mr. Booker. Selina never mentioned a name when the pronoun would do. Mr. Booker of course sprang to the service required and led her away, with an injunction from his friend to bring her back promptly. As they went off Laura heard Selina say to her companion—and she knew Mr. Wendover could also hear it—"Nothing would have induced me to leave her alone with *you*!" She thought this a most extraordinary speech—she thought it even vulgar; especially considering that she had never seen the young man till half an hour before and since then had not exchanged twenty words with him. It came to their ears so distinctly that Laura was moved to notice it by exclaiming, with a laugh: "Poor Mr. Booker, what does she suppose I would do to him?"

"Oh, it's for you she is afraid," said Mr. Wendover.

Laura went on, after a moment: "She oughtn't to have left me alone with you, either."

"Oh, yes, she ought—after all!" the young man returned.

The girl had uttered these words from no desire to say something flirtatious, but because they simply expressed a part of the judgment she passed, mentally, on Selina's behavior. She had a sense of wrong—of being made light of; for Mrs. Berrington certainly knew that honorable women didn't (for the appearance of the thing,) arrange to leave their unmarried sister sitting alone, publicly, at the playhouse, with a couple of young men—the couple that there would be as soon as Mr. Booker should come back. It displeased her that the people in the opposite box, the people Selina had joined, should sit there and see her exhibited in this light. She drew the curtain of the box a little, she moved a little more behind it, and she heard her companion utter a vague appealing, protecting sigh, which seemed to express his sense (her own corresponded with it,) that the glory of the occasion had somehow suddenly de-

parted. At the end of some minutes she perceived among Lady Ringrose and her companions a movement which appeared to denote that Selina had come in. The two ladies in front turned round, and something went on at the back of the box. "She's there," Laura said, indicating the place; but Mrs. Berrington didn't show herself—she remained masked by the others. Neither was Mr. Booker visible; he had not, seemingly, been persuaded to remain, and indeed Laura could see that there would not have been room for him. Mr. Wendover observed, ruefully, that as Mrs. Berrington evidently could see nothing at all from where she had gone she had exchanged a very good place for a very bad one. "I can't imagine—I can't imagine—" said the girl; but she paused, losing herself in reflections and wonderments, in conjectures that soon became anxieties. Suspicion of Selina was now so rooted in her heart that it could make her unhappy even where it pointed nowhere, and by the end of half an hour she felt how little her fears had really been lulled since that scene of dishevelment and contrition in the early dawn.

The opera resumed its course, but Mr. Booker didn't come back. The American singer trilled and warbled, executed remarkable flights, and there was much applause, every symptom of success; but Laura became more and more unaware of the music—she had no eyes but for Lady Ringrose and her friend. She watched them earnestly—she tried to sound with her glass the curtained dimness behind them. Their attention was all for the stage, and they gave no present sign of having any fellow-listeners. These others had either gone away or were leaving them very much to themselves. Laura was unable to guess any particular motive on her sister's part, but the conviction grew within her that she had not inflicted such a snub on Mr. Wendover simply in order to have a little chat with Lady Ringrose. There was something else, there was some one else, in the affair; and when once the girl's idea had become as definite as that it took but little longer to associate itself with the image of Captain Crispin. This image made

her draw back further behind her curtain, because it brought the blood to her face; and if she colored for shame she colored also for anger. Captain Crispin was there, in the opposite box; those horrible women concealed him (she forgot how harmless and well-read Lady Ringrose had appeared to her that time at Mellows); they had lent themselves to this abominable proceeding. Selina was nestling there in safety with him, by their favor, and she had had the baseness to lay an honest girl, the most loyal, the most unselfish of sisters, under contribution to the same end. Laura crimsoned with the sense that she had been, unsuspectingly, part of a scheme, that she was being used as the two women opposite were used but that she had been outraged into the bargain, inasmuch as she was not, like them, a conscious accomplice, and not a person to be given away in that manner before hundreds of people. It came back to her how bad Selina had been the day of that business in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and how in spite of intervening comedies the woman who had then found such words of injury would be sure to break out in a new spot with a new weapon. Accordingly, while the pure music filled the place and the rich picture of the stage glowed beneath it, Laura found herself face to face with the strange inference that the evil of Selina's nature made her wish—since she had given herself to it—to bring her sister to her own color by putting an appearance of "fastness" upon her. The girl said to herself that she would have succeeded, in the cynical view of London; and to her troubled spirit the immense theatre had a myriad eyes, eyes that she knew, eyes that would know her, that would see her sitting there with a strange young man. She had recognized many faces already, and her imagination quickly multiplied them. However, after she had burned awhile with this particular revolt she ceased to think of herself and of what, as regarded herself, Selina had intended; all her thought went to the mere calculation of Mrs. Berrington's return. As she didn't return, and still didn't, Laura felt a sort of constriction of the heart. She didn't know what she feared—she didn't know

what she supposed. She was so nervous (as she had been the night she waited, till morning, for her sister to re-enter the house in Grosvenor Place,) that when Mr. Wendover occasionally made a remark to her she failed to understand him, couldn't answer him. Fortunately he made very few; he was preoccupied—either wondering also what Selina was "up to" or, more probably, simply absorbed in the music. What she *had* comprehended, however, was that when at three different moments she had said, restlessly, "Why doesn't Mr. Booker come back?" he replied, "Oh, there's plenty of time—we are very comfortable." These words she was conscious of; she particularly noted them and they interwove themselves with her restlessness. She also noted, in her tension, that after her third inquiry Mr. Wendover said something about looking up his friend, if she didn't mind being left alone a moment. He quitted the box, and during this interval Laura tried more than ever to see with her glass what had become of her sister. But it was as if the ladies opposite had arranged themselves, had arranged their curtains, on purpose to frustrate such an attempt: she couldn't even assure herself of what she had begun to suspect, that Selina was now not with them. If she was not with them where in the world had she gone? As the moments elapsed, before Mr. Wendover's return, she went to the door of the box and stood watching the lobby, for the chance that he would bring back the absentee. Presently she saw him coming alone, and something in the expression of his face made her step out into the lobby to meet him. He was smiling, but he looked embarrassed and strange, especially when he saw her standing there as if she wished to leave the place.

"I hope you don't want to go," he said, holding the door for her to pass back into the box.

"Where are they—where are they?" she demanded, remaining in the corridor.

"I saw our friend—he has found a place in the stalls, near the door by which you go into them—just here under us."

"And does he like that better?"

Mr. Wendover's smile became intense as he looked down at her. "Mrs. Berlington has made such an amusing request of him."

"An amusing request?"

"She made him promise not to come back."

"Made him promise——?" Laura stared.

"She asked him—as a particular favor to her—not to join us again. And he said he wouldn't."

"Ah, the monster!" Laura exclaimed, blushing crimson.

"Do you mean poor Mr. Booker?"

Mr. Wendover asked. "Of course he had to assure her that the wish of so lovely a lady was law. But he doesn't understand!" laughed the young man.

"No more do I. And where is the lovely lady?" said Laura, trying to recover herself.

"He hasn't the least idea."

"Isn't she with Lady Ringrose?"

"If you like I will go and see."

Laura hesitated, looking down the curved lobby, where there was nothing to see but the little numbered doors of the boxes. They were alone in the lamp-lit bareness; the *finale* of the act was ringing and booming behind them. In a moment she said: "I'm afraid I must trouble you to put me in a cab."

"Ah, you won't see the rest? Do stay—what difference does it make?" And her companion still held open the door of the box. Her eyes met his, in which it seemed to her that as well as his voice there was conscious sympathy, entreaty, vindication, tenderness. Then she gazed into the vulgar corridor again; something said to her that if she should return she would be taking the most important step of her life. She considered this, and while she did so a great burst of applause filled the place as the curtain fell. "See what we are losing! And the last act is so fine," said Mr. Wendover. She returned to her seat and he closed the door of the box behind them.

Then, in this little upholstered receptacle which was so public and yet so private, Laura Wing passed through the strangest moments she had known. An indication of their strangeness is that when she presently perceived that while

she was in the lobby Lady Ringrose and her companion had quite disappeared, she observed the circumstance without an exclamation, holding herself silent. Their box was empty, but Laura looked at it without in the least feeling this to be a sign that Selina would now come round. She would never come round again, nor would she have gone home from the opera. That was by this time absolutely definite to the girl, who had first been hot and now was cold with the sense of what Selina's injunction to poor Mr. Booker exactly meant. It was worthy of her, for it was a kind of vicious little kick as she took her flight. Grosvenor Place would not shelter her that night, and would never shelter her more: that was the reason she tried to spatter her sister with the mud into which she herself had jumped. She wouldn't have dared to put such a hurt upon her if they had had a prospect of meeting again. The strangest part of this remarkable juncture was that what ministered most to our young lady's suppressed emotion was not the tremendous reflection that this time Selina had really "bolted" and that on the morrow all London would know it: all that had taken the color of certainty (and a very hideous tint it was), whereas the chill that had fallen upon the girl now was that of a mystery that waited to be cleared up. Her heart was full of suspense—suspense of which she returned the pressure, trying to twist it into expectation. There was a certain chance in life that sat there beside her, but it would go forever if it didn't move nearer that night; and she listened, she watched, for it to move. I needn't inform the reader that this chance presented itself in the person of Mr. Wendover, who more than anyone she knew had it in his hand to transmute her detestable position. To-morrow he would know, and would think sufficiently little of a young person of *that* breed: therefore it could only be a question of his speaking on the spot. That was what she had come back into the box for—to give him his opportunity. It was open to her to think he had asked for it—adding everything together.

The poor girl added, added, deep in her heart, while she said nothing. The



music was not there now, to keep them silent; yet he remained quiet, even as she did, and that for some minutes was a part of her addition. She felt as if she were running a race with failure and shame; she would get in first if she should get in before the glare of the morrow. But this was not very far off, and every minute brought it nearer. It would be there in fact, virtually, that night, if Mr. Wendover should begin to appreciate the strangeness of Selina's not turning up at all. The comfort had been, hitherto, that he didn't appreciate strangenesses. There were certain violins that emitted tentative sounds in the orchestra; they shortened the time and made her uneasier—fixed her idea that he could lift her out of her mire if he would. It didn't appear to prove that he would, his also observing Lady Ringrose's empty box without making an encouraging comment upon it. Laura waited for him to remark that her sister obviously would turn up now; but no such words fell from his lips. He must either like Selina's being away or judge it damningly, and in either case why didn't he speak? If he had nothing to say, why *had* he said, why *had* he done, what did he mean? But the girl's inward challenge to him lost itself in a mist of faintness; she was screwing herself up to a purpose of her own, and it hurt almost to anguish, and the whole place, around her, was a blur and swim, through which she heard the tuning of fiddles. Before she knew it she had said to him, "Why have you come so often?"

"So often? To see you, do you mean?"

"To see *me*—it was for that? Why have you come?" she went on. He was evidently surprised, and his surprise gave her a kind of anger, a desire almost that her words should hurt him, lash him. She spoke low, but she heard herself, and she thought that if what she said sounded to *him* in the same way—! "You have come very often—too often, too often!"

He colored, he looked frightened, he was, clearly, extremely startled. "Why, you have been so kind, so delightful," he stammered.

"Yes, of course, and so have you!

Did you come for Selina? She is married, you know, and devoted to her husband." A single minute had sufficed to show the girl that her companion was quite unprepared for her question, that he was distinctly not in love with her and was face to face with a situation entirely new. The effect of this perception was to make her say wilder things.

"Why, what is more natural, when one likes people, than to come often? Perhaps I have bored you—with our American way," said Mr. Wendover.

"And is it because you like me that you have kept me here?" Laura asked. She got up, leaning against the side of the box; she had pulled the curtain far forward and was out of sight of the house.

He rose, but more slowly; he had got over his first confusion. He smiled at her, but his smile was dreadful. "Can you have any doubt as to what I have come for? It's a pleasure to me that you have liked me well enough to ask."

For an instant she thought he was coming nearer to her, but he didn't; he stood there twirling his gloves. Then an unspeakable shame and horror—horror of herself, of him, of everything—came over her, and she sank into a chair at the back of the box, with averted eyes, trying to get further into her corner. "Leave me, leave me, go away!" she said, in the lowest tone that he could hear. The whole house seemed to her to be listening to her, pressing into the box.

"Leave you alone—in this place—when I love you? I can't do that—indeed I can't!"

"You don't love me—and you torture me by staying!" Laura went on, in a convulsed voice. "For God's sake go away and don't speak to me, don't let me see you or hear of you again!"

Mr. Wendover still stood there, exceedingly agitated, as well he might be, by this inconceivable scene. Unaccustomed feelings possessed him and they moved him in different directions. Her command that he should take himself off was passionate, yet he attempted to resist—to speak. How would she get home—would she see him to-morrow—would she let him wait for her outside? To this Laura only replied: "Oh dear,

oh dear, if you would only go!" and at the same instant she sprang up, gathering her cloak around her as if to escape from him, to rush away herself. He checked this movement, however, clapping on his hat and holding the door. One moment more he looked at her—her own eyes were closed; then he exclaimed, pitifully, "Oh Miss Wing, oh Miss Wing!" and stepped out of the box.

When he had gone she collapsed into one of the chairs again, and sat there with her face buried in a fold of her mantle. For many minutes she was perfectly still—she was ashamed even to move. The one thing that could have justified her, blown away the dishonor of her monstrous overture, would have been, on his side, the quick response of unmistakable passion. It hadn't come, and she had nothing left but to loathe herself. She did so, violently, for a long time, in the dark corner of the box, and she felt that he loathed her too. "I love you!"—how pitifully the poor little perfunctory words had quavered out and how much disgust they must have represented! "Poor man—poor man!" Laura Wing suddenly found herself murmuring; compassion filled her mind at the sense of the way she had used him. At the same moment a flare of music broke out; the last act of the opera had begun and she had sprung up and quitted the box.

The passages were empty and she made her way without trouble. She descended to the vestibule; there was no one to stare at her, and her only fear was that Mr. Wendover would be there. But he was not, apparently, and she saw that she should be able to go away quickly. Selina would have taken the carriage—she could be sure of that; or

if she hadn't it wouldn't have come back yet; besides it would be too long to wait there while it was called. She was in the act of asking one of the attendants, in the portico, to get her a cab, when someone hurried up to her from behind, overtaking her—a gentleman in whom, turning round, she recognized Mr. Booker. He looked almost as bewildered as Mr. Wendover, and his appearance disconcerted her almost as much as that of his friend would have done. "Oh, are you going away, alone? What must you think of me?" this young man exclaimed; and he began to tell her something about her sister and to ask her at the same time if he mightn't go with her—help her in some way. He made no inquiry about Mr. Wendover, and she afterwards judged that that distracted gentleman had sought him out and sent him to her assistance; also that he himself was at that moment watching them from behind some column. He would have been hateful if he had shown himself; yet (in this later meditation,) there was a voice in her heart which commended his delicacy. He effaced himself to look after her, and provided for her departure by proxy.

"A cab, a cab—that's all I want!" she said to Mr. Booker; and she almost pushed him out of the place with the wave of the hand with which she indicated her need. He rushed off to call one, and a minute afterwards the messenger whom she had already despatched rattled up in a hansom. She quickly got into it, and as she rolled away she saw Mr. Booker returning in all haste with another. She gave a passionate moan—this common confusion seemed to add a grotesqueness to her predicament.

[To be concluded in September.]





## EPILOGUE TO "AN INLAND VOYAGE."

*By Robert Louis Stevenson.*



THE country where they journeyed, that green, breezy valley of the Loing, is one very attractive to cheerful and solitary people. The weather was superb; all night it thundered and lightened, and the rain fell in sheets; by day, the heavens were cloudless, the sun fervent, the air vigorous and pure. They walked separate: the Cigarette plodding behind with some philosophy, the lean Arethusa posting on ahead. Thus each enjoyed his own reflections by the way; each had perhaps time to tire of them before he met his comrade at the designated inn; and the pleasures of society and solitude combined to fill the day. The Arethusa carried in his knapsack the works of Charles of Orleans, and employed some of the hours of travel in the concoction of English roundels. In this path, he must thus have preceded Mr. Lang, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Henley, and all contemporary roundeleers; but for good reasons, he will be the last to publish the result. The Cigarette walked burthened with a volume of Michelet. And both these books, it will be seen, played a part in the subsequent adventure.

The Arethusa was unwisely dressed. He is no precisian in attire; but by all accounts, he was never so ill inspired as on that tramp; having set forth indeed, upon a moment's notice, from the most unfashionable spot in Europe, Barbizon.

On his head, he wore a smoking cap of Indian work, the gold lace pitifully frayed and tarnished. A flannel shirt of an agreeable dark hue, which the satirical called black; a light tweed coat, made by a good English tailor; ready-made cheap linen trousers and leathern gaiters completed his array. In person, he is exceptionally lean; and his face is not, like those of happier mortals, a certificate. For years he could not pass a frontier or visit a bank without suspicion; the police, everywhere but in his native city, looked askance upon him; and (though I am sure it will not be credited) he is actually denied admittance to the casino of Monte Carlo. If you will imagine him, dressed as above, stooping under his knapsack, walking nearly five miles an hour with the folds of the ready-made trousers fluttering about his spindle shanks, and still looking eagerly round him as if in terror of pursuit—the figure, when realized, is far from reassuring. When Villon journeyed (perhaps by the same pleasant valley) to his exile at Roussillon, I wonder if he had not something of the same appearance. Something of the same preoccupation he had beyond a doubt, for he too must have tinkered verses as he walked, with more success than his successor. And if he had anything like the same inspiring weather, the same nights of uproar, men in armor rolling and resounding down the stairs of heaven, the rain hissing on the village streets, the wild bull's-eye

of the storm flashing all night long into the bare inn-chamber—the same sweet return of day, the same unfathomable blue of noon, the same high-colored, halcyon eyes—and above all if he had anything like as good a comrade, anything like as keen a relish for what he saw, and what he ate, and the rivers that he bathed in, and the rubbish that he wrote, I would exchange estates to-day with the poor exile, and count myself a gainer.

But there was another point of similarity between the two journeys, for which the Arethusa was to pay dear: both were gone upon in days of incomplete security. It was not long after the Franco-Prussian war. Swiftly as men forget, that country-side was still alive with tales of uhlands, and outlying sentries, and hair-breadth 'scapes from the ignominious cord, and pleasant momentary friendships between invader and invaded. A year, at the most two years later, you might have tramped all that country over and not heard one anecdote. And a year or two later, you would—if you were a rather ill-looking young man in nondescript array—have gone your rounds in greater safety; for along with more interesting matter, the Prussian spy would have somewhat faded from men's imaginations.

For all that, our voyager had got beyond Château Renard before he was conscious of arousing wonder. On the road between that place and Châtillon-sur-Loing, however, he encountered a rural postman; they fell together in talk, and spoke of a variety of subjects; but through one and all, the postman was still visibly preoccupied, and his eyes were faithful to the Arethusa's knapsack. At last, with mysterious roguishness, he inquired what it contained, and on being answered, shook his head with kindly incredulity. "*Non*," said he, "*non, vous avez des portraits*." And then with a languishing appeal, "*Voyons, show me the portraits!*" It was some little while before the Arethusa, with a shout of laughter, recognized his drift. By portraits he meant indecent photographs; and in the Arethusa, an austere and rising author, he thought to have identified a pornographic colporteur. When country folk in France have made

up their minds as to a person's calling, argument is fruitless. Along all the rest of the way, the postman piped and fluted meltingly to get a sight of the collection; now he would upbraid, now he would reason—" *Voyons*, I will tell nobody;" then he tried corruption and insisted on paying for a glass of wine; and at last, when their ways separated—" *Non*," said he, "*ce n'est pas bien de votre part. O non, ce n'est pas bien*." And shaking his head with quite a sentimental sense of injury, he departed unrefreshed.

On certain little difficulties encountered by the Arethusa at Châtillon-sur-Loing, I have not space to dwell; another Châtillon, of grislier memory, looms too near at hand. But the next day, in a certain hamlet called La Jussière, he stopped to drink a glass of syrup in a very poor, bare drinking shop. The hostess, a comely woman, suckling a child, examined the traveller with kindly and pitying eyes. "You are not of this department?" she asked. The Arethusa told her he was English. "Ah!" she said, surprised. "We have no English. We have many Italians, however, and they do very well; they do not complain of the people of hereabouts. An Englishman may do very well also; it will be something new." Here was a dark saying, over which the Arethusa pondered as he drank his grenadine; but when he rose and asked what was to pay, the light came upon him in a flash. "*O, pour vous*," replied the landlady—"a half-penny!" *Pour vous?* By heaven, she took him for a beggar! He paid his half-penny, feeling it were ungracious to correct her. But when he was forth again upon the road, he became vexed in spirit. The conscience is no gentleman, he is a rabbinical fellow; and his conscience told him he had stolen the syrup.

That night the travellers slept in Gien; the next day they passed the river and set forth (severally, as their custom was) on a short stage through the green plain upon the Berry side, to Châtillon-sur-Loire. It was the first day of the shooting; and the air rang with the report of firearms and the admiring cries of sportsmen. Overhead the birds were in consternation, wheel-

ing in clouds, settling and re-arising. And yet with all this bustle on either hand, the road itself lay solitary. The Arethusa smoked a pipe beside a milestone, and I remember he laid down very exactly all he was to do at Châtillon: how he was to enjoy a cold plunge, to change his shirt, and to await the Cigarette's arrival, in sublime inaction, by the margin of the Loire. Fired by these ideas, he pushed the more rapidly forward, and came, early in the afternoon and in a breathing heat, to the entering-in of that ill-fated town. Childe Roland to the dark tower came.

A polite gendarme threw his shadow on the path.

"*Monsieur est voyageur?*" he asked.

And the Arethusa, strong in his innocence, forgetful of his vile attire, replied—I had almost said with gayety: "So it would appear."

"His papers are in order?" said the gendarme. And when the Arethusa, with a slight change of voice, admitted he had none, he was informed (politely enough) that he must appear before the Commissary.

The Commissary sat at a table in his bedroom, stripped to the shirt and trousers, but still copiously perspiring; and when he turned upon the prisoner a large meaningless countenance, that was (like Bardolph's) "all whelks and bubuckles," the dullest might have been prepared for grief. Here was a stupid man, sleepy with the heat and fretful at the interruption, whom neither appeal nor argument could reach.

THE COMMISSARY. You have no papers?

THE ARETHUSA. Not here.

THE COMMISSARY. Why?

THE ARETHUSA. I have left them behind in my valise.

THE COMMISSARY. You know, however, that it is forbidden to circulate without papers?

THE ARETHUSA. Pardon me: I am convinced of the contrary. I am here on my rights as an English subject by international treaty.

THE COMMISSARY (*with scorn*). You call yourself an Englishman?

THE ARETHUSA. I do.

THE COMMISSARY. Humph.—What is your trade?

THE ARETHUSA. I am a Scotch Advocate.

THE COMMISSARY (*with singular annoyance*). A Scotch advocate! Do you then pretend to support yourself by that in this department?

The Arethusa modestly disclaimed the pretension. The Commissary had scored a point.

THE COMMISSARY. Why, then, do you travel?

THE ARETHUSA. I travel for pleasure.

THE COMMISSARY (*pointing to the knapsack, and with sublime incredulity*). *Avec ça? Voyez-vous, je suis un homme intelligent!* (With that? Look here, I am a person of intelligence!)

The culprit remaining silent under this home thrust, the Commissary relished his triumph for a while, and then demanded (like the postman, but with what different expectations!) to see the contents of the knapsack. And here the Arethusa, not yet sufficiently awake to his position, fell into a grave mistake. There was little or no furniture in the room except the commissary's chair and table; and to facilitate matters, the Arethusa (with all the innocence on earth) leant the knapsack on a corner of the bed. The Commissary fairly bounded from his seat; his face and neck flushed past purple, almost into blue; and he screamed to lay the desecrating object on the floor.

The knapsack proved to contain a change of shirts, of shoes, of socks and of linen trousers, a small dressing-case, a piece of soap in one of the shoes, two volumes of the *Collection Jannet* lettered *Poésies de Charles d'Orléans*, a map, and a version book containing divers notes in prose and the remarkable English roundels of the voyager, still to this day unpublished: The Commissary of Châtillon is the only living man who has clapped an eye on these artistic trifles. He turned the assortment over with a contumelious finger; it was plain from his daintiness that he regarded the Arethusa and all his belongings as the very temple of infection. Still there was nothing suspicious but the map, nothing really criminal except the roundels; as for Charles of Orleans, to the ignorant mind of the prisoner, he seemed as good as a certificate; and

it was supposed the farce was nearly over.

The inquisitor resumed his seat.

THE COMMISSARY (*after a pause*). *Eh bien, je vais vous dire ce que vous êtes. Vous êtes allemand et vous venez chanter à la foire.* (Well, then, I will tell you what you are. You are a German and have come to sing at the fair.)

THE ARETHUSA. Would you like to hear me sing? I believe I could convince you of the contrary.

THE COMMISSARY. *Pas de plaisanterie, monsieur!*

THE ARETHUSA. Well, sir, oblige me at least by looking at this book. Here, I open it with my eyes shut. Read one of these songs—read this one—and tell me, you who are a man of intelligence, if it would be possible to sing it at a fair?

THE COMMISSARY (*critically*). *Mais oui. Très bien.*

THE ARETHUSA. *Comment, monsieur!* What! But do you not observe it is antique. It is difficult to understand, even for you and me; but for the audience at a fair, it would be meaningless.

THE COMMISSARY (*taking a pen*). *Enfin, il faut en finir.* What is your name?

THE ARETHUSA (*speaking with the swallowing vivacity of the English*). Robert-Louis-Stev'n's'n.

THE COMMISSARY (*aghast*). *Hé! Quoi?*

THE ARETHUSA (*perceiving and improving his advantage*). Rob't-Lou's-Stev'n's'n.

THE COMMISSARY (*after several conflicts with his pen*). *Eh bien, il faut se passer du nom. Ça ne s'écrit pas.* (Well, we must do without the name: it is unspellable.)

The above is a rough summary of this momentous conversation, in which I have been chiefly careful to preserve the plums of the Commissary; but the remainder of the scene, perhaps because of his rising anger, has left but little definite in the memory of the Arethusa. The Commissary was not, I think, a practised literary man; no sooner, at least, had he taken pen in hand and embarked on the composition of the *procès-verbal*, than he became distinctly more uncivil and began to show a predilection for that simplest of all forms of repartee: "You lie!" Several times the Arethusa let it pass, and then suddenly flared up, refused to accept more insults or to an-

swer further questions, defied the Commissary to do his worst and promised him, if he did, that he should bitterly repent it. Perhaps if he had worn this proud front from the first, instead of beginning with a sense of entertainment and then going on to argue, the thing might have turned otherwise; for even at this eleventh hour, the Commissary was visibly staggered. But it was too late; he had been challenged; the *procès-verbal* was begun; and he again squared his elbows over his writing, and the Arethusa was led forth a prisoner.

A step or two down the hot road stood the gendarmerie. Thither was our unfortunate conducted, and there he was bidden to empty forth the contents of his pockets. A handkerchief, a pen, a pencil, a pipe and tobacco, matches, and some ten francs of change: that was all. Not a file, not a cipher, not a scrap of writing whether to identify or to condemn. The very gendarme was appalled before such destitution.

"I regret," he said, "that I arrested you, for I see that you are no *voyou*." And he promised him every indulgence.

The Arethusa, thus encouraged, asked for his pipe. That he was told was impossible, but if he chewed, he might have some tobacco. He did not chew, however, and asked instead to have his handkerchief.

"Non," said the gendarme. "*Nous avons eu des histoires de gens qui se sont pendus.*" (No, we have had histories of people who hanged themselves.)

"What!" cried the Arethusa. "And is it for that you refuse me my handkerchief? But see how much more easily I could hang myself in my trousers!"

The man was struck by the novelty of the idea; but he stuck to his colors, and only continued to repeat vague offers of service.

"At least," said the Arethusa, "be sure that you arrest my comrade; he will follow me ere long on the same road, and you can tell him by the sack upon his shoulders."

This promised, the prisoner was led round into the back court of the building, a cellar door was opened, he was motioned down the stair, and bolts grated and chains clanged behind his descending person.



The philosophic and still more the imaginative mind is apt to suppose itself prepared for any mortal accident. Prison, among other ills, was one that had been often faced by the undaunted Arethusa. Even as he went down the stairs, he was telling himself that here was a famous occasion for a roundel, and that like the committed linnets of the tuneful cavalier, he too would make his prison musical. I will tell the truth at once: the roundel was never written, or it should be printed in this place, to raise a smile. Two reasons interfered: the first moral, the second physical.

It is one of the curiosities of human nature, that although all men are liars, they can none of them bear to be told so of themselves. To get and take the lie with equanimity is a stretch beyond the stoic; and the Arethusa, who had been surfeited upon that insult, was blazing inwardly with a white heat of smothered wrath. But the physical also had its part. The cellar in which he was confined was some feet underground, and it was only lighted by an unglazed, narrow aperture high up in the wall and smothered in the leaves of a green vine. The walls were of naked masonry, the floor of bare earth; by way of furniture there was an earthenware basin, a water jug, and a wooden bedstead with a blue-gray cloak for bedding. To be taken from the hot air of a summer's afternoon, the reverberation of the road and the stir of rapid exercise, and plunged into the gloom and damp of this receptacle for vagabonds, struck an instant chill upon the Arethusa's blood. Now see in how small a matter a hardship may consist: the floor was exceedingly uneven underfoot, with the very spade-marks, I suppose, of the laborers who dug the foundations of the barrack; and what with the poor twilight and the irregular surface, walking was impossible. The caged author resisted for a good while; but the chill of the place struck deeper and deeper; and at length, with such reluctance as you may fancy, he was driven to climb upon the bed and wrap himself in the public covering. There, then, he lay upon the verge of shivering, plunged in semi-darkness, wound in a garment whose touch he dreaded like the plague,

and (in a spirit far removed from resignation) telling the roll of the insults he had just received. These are not circumstances favorable to the muse.

Meantime (to look at the upper surface where the sun was still shining and the guns of sportsmen were still noisy through the tufted plain) the Cigarette was drawing near at his more philosophic pace. In those days of liberty and health he was the constant partner of the Arethusa, and had ample opportunity to share in that gentleman's disfavor with the police. Many a bitter bowl had he partaken of with that disastrous comrade. He was himself a man born to float easily through life, his face and manner artfully recommending him to all. There was but one suspicious circumstance he could not carry off, and that was his companion. He will not readily forget the Commissary in what is ironically called the free town of Frankfort-on-the-Main; nor the Franco-Belgian frontier; nor the inn at La Fère; last, but not least, he is pretty certain to remember Châtillon-sur-Loire.

At the town entry, the gendarme culled him like a wayside flower; and a moment later, two persons, in a high state of surprise, were confronted in the Commissary's office. For if the Cigarette was surprised to be arrested, the Commissary was no less taken aback by the appearance and appointments of his captive. Here was a man about whom there could be no mistake: a man of an unquestionable and unassailable manner, in apple-pie order, dressed not with neatness merely but elegance, ready with his passport, at a word, and well supplied with money: a man the Commissary would have doffed his hat to on chance upon the highway; and this *beau cavalier* unblushingly claimed the Arethusa for his comrade! The conclusion of the interview was foregone; of its humors, I remember only one. "Baronet?" demanded the magistrate, glancing up from the passport. "*Alors, monsieur, vous êtes le fils d'un baron?*" And when the Cigarette (his one mistake throughout the interview) denied the soft impeachment, "*Alors,*" from the Commissary, "*ce n'est pas votre passeport!*" But these were ineffectual thunders; he never dreamed

of laying hands upon the Cigarette; presently he fell into a mood of unrestrained admiration, gloating over the contents of the knapsack, commending our friend's tailor. Ah, what an honored guest was the Commissary entertaining! what suitable clothes he wore for the warm weather! what beautiful maps, what an attractive work of history, he carried in his knapsack! You are to understand there was now but one point of difference between them: what was to be done with the Arethusa? the Cigarette demanding his release, the Commissary still claiming him as the dungeon's own. Now it chanced that the Cigarette had passed some years of his life in Egypt, where he had made acquaintance with two very bad things, cholera morbus and pashas; and in the eye of the Commissary, as he fingered the volume of Michelet, it seemed to our traveller there was something Turkish. I pass over this lightly; it is highly possible there was some misunderstanding, highly possible that the Commissary (charmed with his visitor) supposed the attraction to be mutual and took for an act of growing friendship what the Cigarette himself regarded as a bribe. And at any rate, was there ever a bribe more singular than an odd volume of Michelet's history? The work was promised him for the morrow, before our departure; and presently after, either because he had his price, or to show that he was not the man to be behind in friendly offices—"Eh bien," he said, "*je suppose qu'il faut lâcher votre camarade.*" And he tore up that feast of humor, the unfinished *procès-verbal*. Ah, if he had only torn up instead the Arethusa's roundels! There were many works burnt at Alexandria, there are many treasured in the British Museum, that I could better spare than the *procès-verbal* of Châtillon. Poor bubuckled Commissary! I begin to be sorry that he never had his Michelet: perceiving in him fine human traits, a broad-based stupidity, a gusto in his magisterial functions, a taste for letters, a ready admiration for the admirable. And if he did not admire the Arethusa, he was not alone in that.

To the imprisoned one, shivering under the public covering, there came sud-

denly a noise of bolts and chains. He sprang to his feet, ready to welcome a companion in calamity; and instead of that, the door was flung wide, the friendly gendarme appeared above in the strong daylight, and with a magnificent gesture (being probably a student of the drama)—"*Vous êtes libre!*" he said. None too soon for the Arethusa. I doubt if he had been half an hour imprisoned; but by the watch in a man's brain (which was the only watch he carried) he should have been eight times longer; and he passed forth with ecstasy up the cellar stairs into the healing warmth of the afternoon sun; and the breath of the earth came as sweet as a cow's into his nostril; and he heard again (and could have laughed for pleasure) the concord of delicate noises that we call the hum of life.

And here it might be thought my history ended; but not so, this was an act-drop and not the curtain. Upon what followed in front of the barrack, since there was a lady in the case, I scruple to expatiate. The wife of the Maréchal-des-logis was a handsome woman, and yet the Arethusa was not sorry to be gone from her society. Something of her image, cool as a peach on that hot afternoon, still lingers in his memory: yet more of her conversation. "You have there a very fine parlor," said the poor gentleman.—"Ah," said Madame la Maréchale (des-logis), "you are very well acquainted with such parlors!" And you should have seen with what a hard and scornful eye she measured the vagabond before her! I do not think he ever hated the Commissary; but before that interview was at an end, he hated Madame la Maréchale. His passion (as I am led to understand by one who was present) stood confessed in a burning eye, a pale cheek and a trembling utterance; Madame meanwhile tasting the joys of the matador, goading him with barbed words and staring him coldly down.

It was certainly good to be away from this lady, and better still to sit down to an excellent dinner in the inn. Here, too, the despised travellers scraped acquaintance with their next neighbor, a gentleman of these parts, returned from the day's sport, who had the good taste

to find pleasure in their society. The dinner at an end, the gentleman proposed the acquaintance should be ripened in the café.

The café was crowded with sportsmen, conclamantly explaining to each other and the world the smallness of their bags. About the centre of the room, the Cigarette and the Arethusa sat with their new acquaintance; a trio very well pleased, for the travellers (after their late experience) were greedy of consideration, and their sportsman rejoiced in a pair of patient listeners. Suddenly the glass door flew open with a crash; the Maréchal-des-logis appeared in the interval, gorgeously belted and be-frogged, entered without salutation, strode up the room with a clang of spurs and weapons, and disappeared through a door at the far end. Close at his heels followed the Arethusa's gendarme of the afternoon, imitating, with a nice shade of difference, the imperial bearing of his chief; only, as he passed, he struck lightly with his open hand on the shoulder of his late captive, and with that ringing, dramatic utterance of which he had the secret—"Suivez!" said he.

The arrest of the members, the oath of the Tennis Court, the signing of the declaration of independence, Mark Antony's oration, all the brave scenes of history, I conceive as having been not un-

like that evening in the café at Châtillon. Terror breathed upon the assembly. A moment later, when the Arethusa had followed his recaptors into the further part of the house, the Cigarette found himself alone with his coffee in a ring of empty chairs and tables, all the lusty sportsmen huddled into corners, all their clamorous voices hushed in whispering, all their eyes shooting at him furtively as at a leper.

And the Arethusa? Well, he had a long, sometimes a trying, interview in the back kitchen. The Maréchal-des-logis, who was a very handsome man, and I believe both intelligent and honest, had no clear opinion on the case. He thought the Commissary had done wrong, but he did not wish to get his subordinates into trouble; and he proposed this, that, and the other, to all of which the Arethusa (with a growing sense of his position) demurred.

"In short," suggested the Arethusa, "you want to wash your hands of further responsibility? Well, then, let me go to Paris."

The Maréchal-des-logis looked at his watch.

"You may leave," said he, "by the ten o'clock train for Paris."

And at noon the next day the travellers were telling their misadventure in the dining-room at Siron's.







"SHOW YOUR TICKETS!"  
(Passenger Station, Philadelphia.)

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

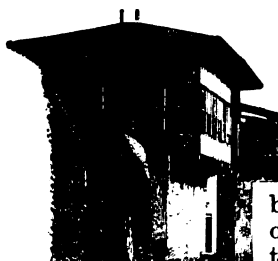
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## SCENES IN CYPRUS.

*By W. H. Mallock.*



CYPRUS is a country which in my early youth always excited my curiosity and imagination; and several years before the British occupation was thought of, I had, being then an undergraduate at Oxford, entertained a project of spending one of my vacations there. That project, however, eventually came to nothing; and it had long ceased to occupy a place even among my fancies when it was revived last autumn in a very unromantic way. I was given to believe that there was certain property in the island which might possibly prove a profitable investment; and I started at Christmas for the region of my forgotten dreams, with the dull, practical object of ascertaining if this were so. I calculated that a fortnight's visit would be amply sufficient for what I wanted; and as I intended to finish the winter in Italy, was looking forward, during the first part of my journey, less to the visit itself than to the day when I should be able to end it.

Gradually, however, as I drifted southward and eastward, as I left behind me the squalid skies of England, the snows that down to Brindisi made Italy hideous, and the deluge of gray rain that obscured and chilled Alexandria; as the air grew clearer, the breeze warmer, and at last the blue dome opened and ex-

panded over me; as the British tourist utterly disappeared—for the time of tourists in Syria was not yet; as the deck of the steamer, which, touching first at Jaffa, was presently from Beyrout to take me across to Larnaka, showed me nothing but veiled or turbaned figures, some crouching in prayer, others babbling unintelligibly; as waking one morning I saw that a mile away from me were the brown sands and the tufted palms of Palestine, and inland the violet lines of the hills about Jerusalem;—as I underwent this gradual change of experience, a corresponding change took place in the color of my own expectations. Something began to stir in me of my former sentiment and curiosity; and I found myself once more looking forward to my destination as a land of romance and wonder rather than of profitable investments. Nor was this change transient: on my arrival it developed and completed itself. With regard to investments, I made all inquiries that were necessary—with what result it is needless here to mention; but having made these, and indeed whilst I was making them, the imaginative interest of the scenes and the life surrounding me threw more and more the material interests into the background, and made me feel, like Saul and like Wilhelm Meister, that having gone out to seek for my father's asses I had found a kingdom.

Many books have been written about Cyprus, historical, archaeological, statistical, political, and scientific; and some of





General View of Nicosia.

them are full of accurate and valuable information : but in no single one is there any adequate tribute to its general charm and fascination, or apart from its specialized interests. A distinguished savant, whom I met there engaged in excavating, and who grubbed for his antiquities as eagerly as a pig for truffles, let fall in my hearing that he was daily longing for the time when the tale of his treasures should be completed, and he might quit the soil which yielded them. There is a specimen of the temper in which Cyprus has been studied and visited ! What wonder then that it has never had justice done to it ? Countries are like women. Any careful observer may take stock of their ornaments, worm out their history, and even arrive at the amount of their debts and income ; but those only can do them justice in some ways who, in addition to observing them, end by falling in love with them. This process, equally delightful and unexpected, I myself underwent with reference to Cyprus ; and I gradually began to contemplate a short book about it, in which the wrongs done to its beauty might be atoned for. Meanwhile I am glad to have an opportunity of describing a few of its chief scenes and characteristics, especially as it gives me the privilege of committing some photographs taken by me to the permanent keeping of the unrivalled wood engraving of America.

Cyprus is, in some ways, unique among historical countries, not indeed in the antiquity of its earliest civilization, though even in this point it yields only to Egypt, but in the strange variety of races, of rulers, of religions, and famous

names, which have made or colored its past, which its own name still calls back to us, and whose influences still linger in its aspect and in its life to-day. Egypt and Tyre, Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, feudal England, Jerusalem, feudal France, Genoa, Venice, and Stamboul—the mere recital of the empires and powers connected with it comes to the ear like a passage out of *Paradise Lost*. Other names, too, it claims, which are even more suggestive—Aphrodite and Adonis, who met on its sleeping hillsides, Balaam and Ezekiel who sang of its power and riches, Solomon, Solon, and Alexander, St. Paul, St. George, Richard Cœur de Lion of England—again, Othello and Desdemona, the Sultans Selim and Mustapha—time would fail to fill in half the catalogue, or do more than allude to the pageant of images evoked by it. Further it must be added that this land of unnumbered memories has been also a world's proverb for its own unrivalled loveliness, for its groves and fountains, for its plains of fabulous fertility, and the magic of its enchanting air.

So many interests almost confuse the imagination ; but the interest which, if not the greatest, is at least the most peculiar is to be found in its history during the Middle Ages. In Cyprus it was that with the most enduring results the armed chivalry of the West wedded the luxury of the East, and gave birth to an entirely strange civilization. The Gothic doorway, native to France and England, and crowned with the very shields peculiar to Western heraldry, there gave access not to the stern courtyard, but to gardens of palms and oranges, and murmuring marble fountains. The

towns were thronged with nobles as well as burghers; the narrow streets were bright with the movement of gorgeous retinues; the markets were filled with rare and costly delicacies, with choice wines, with ice in the heats of summer, and with fish and game from a distance; in the merchants' shops were jewels, unrivalled in the world. Castles assumed the aspect of country houses, embowered in verdure and watered by long drawn aqueducts; or even where, perched on some lonely mountain pinnacles, they still retained the air and the reality of fortresses, the courts were filled with a pomp of slaves and camels, and silken hangings flickered at the carved windows. And what is Cyprus now? What traces are left in it of all this storied past? And how does it justify the old renown of its beauty?

I will speak of the last point first—of the character and disposition of its scenery. Oblong in shape, the island may be said, roughly speaking, to consist of an immense plain which runs lengthways through the middle of it and is bounded on the north by a continuous range of mountains, and on the southwest by an entire mountainous district. In former ages mountain and plain alike were covered with luxuriant vegetation. Forests of pines and processions of spire-like cypresses climbed literally into the clouds; while the level roads below wandered through one great garden, by lines of poplars, olive groves, and clusters of date palms. This is no fancy picture: what has been is at once

evident. But the Cyprus of to-day is greatly changed from this. For centuries and centuries the axe has been at work upon its timber; and its forests



Street Scene in Nicosia.

in most places have now utterly disappeared. Not only is this an incalculable loss in itself; there has in consequence of it been a great diminution in the rainfall. The extraordinary qualities still possessed by the soil, far and wide, are imprisoned in it simply for want of water; and the lower lands like the mountains have been comparatively treeless.

But though the ruthless improvidence

of man has accomplished this metamorphosis, nature here has refused to suffer disfigurement. She has been stripped of one set of beauties only to reveal others, and even of the old beauties she has by no means lost all. There are districts even now where the forests still survive; there are valleys tremulous with acacia trees, and gorges thronged with oleanders. Whenever on the plain a stream of water is constant, the ground surrounding it shows as a blot of the deepest green; the dwellings sure to be near it are all embowered in branches; and a towering sycamore will be seen standing over it serene like a sentinel. But there, it is true, are exceptions; let me speak of the landscape in general. The mountains denuded of their foliage have been clothed by the sun and air with a living garment of constantly changing colors, which sometimes hides their loss, sometimes more than atones for it. The plains, in spite of a certain general bareness, are checkered with tracts of asphodel, and in February glitter with wildflowers. But here, as on the mountains, it is the air which is the great enchantress. It is fresh as the moving sea; it is clear as crystal; in a special and emphatic sense it must be described as liquid. It brightens and softens what it touches, just as water does; rocks and plants seen in it are like the rocks and plants in an aquarium. In the distances, mirage and bars of violet mist are constantly floating in it, low over the level land, so that the

land seems to mix with them and melt into something sea-like. I have felt the charm of the air in many places, but nowhere a charm equal to what it holds in Cyprus.

A general idea of the aspect of the barer scenery may be easily conveyed

to anyone who is acquainted with the Scotch Highlands. Standing on one of the elevations which are to be found in the plains about Nicosia, and looking round one at the wide encircling panorama, one might for a moment fancy one's self in parts of Sutherland or Inverness-shire. But then, such a fancy would inevitably, as it was in my own case, be succeeded by a sense of difference. It would be seen that everything was on a more extended scale, that the crests of the mountains were more various and fantastic, the levels immeasurably



Scene in Nicosia. From a window overlooking an old garden.

vaster, and the tints more gorgeous. The long ranges would reach away into the distance in undulating lines, ultramarine and rose color, while here and there a summit would glitter like frosted silver. And then another peculiar feature would be noticed—enormous isolated rocks, with steep sides and entirely flat tops, rising far off out of the dead level, like so many huge fortresses: and these, if the day were declining, would seem to be half transparent, as if, with all their scars, they were cut out of solid amethyst, and might almost pass for the beauties of the New Jerusalem. Meanwhile the breeze would be breathing with a suavity alien to northern regions;

even if it freshened it would touch the cheek like a caress; and a soothing southern softness would be felt to pervade everything. Farther strange impressions also would not be wanting. Over the ground below, which had just been suggesting a grouse moor, gillies, shooting lodges, kilts, whiskey, and bagpipes, there would suddenly be discovered moving a long caravan of camels—in other quarters

parties of white veiled women, and travelling groups curiously like the Flight into Egypt—so many pictures that might have stepped out of a family Bible. A new sentiment is thus borne into the landscape, and the consciousness of the East mixes itself with a consciousness of the South.

It is true that in making these last remarks I am straying from the consideration of mere natural scenery, and beginning to enter the region of human interests. But indeed the scenery itself, as it affects the mind, cannot be understood apart from these; and what I have just said about air and plain and mountain will acquire a clearer meaning when I have given a few pictures of the life that is connected with them to-day, and the traces of the life that has been.

Speaking, however, of what has been, it will be well to say at once, that of classical and preclassical times though innumerable traces remain, very few are above ground or affect the aspect of the surroundings. For the traveller, as distinct from the student, Phœnicia has left next to nothing; and what Greece and Rome have left consists principally of traditions and memories, and certain most singular customs and beliefs among the people. The case is very different when we come to a period a little later.

One of the first objects visible as Larnaka is approached from the sea is a



General View of the Abbey of Bella Pais.

mountain crowned by a monastery that was founded by the mother of Constantine, and whose chapel every year is still crowded with pilgrims. Indeed from the times of the Empress Helena onwards, every age has left buildings, which yet exist, behind it: and some of these not only recall the past, but are also parts of the actual life of the present.

The completest illustration of this is to be found in the city of Nicosia, which of all towns in the world is perhaps the most composite in its character, and surprises the mind with the strangest medley of impressions. We just now imagined ourselves to be standing not far from it, surveying the plain in which it lies, and the mountains which stretch along its horizons. From the same sort of position let us now look at it itself. What we see is a girdle of walls, enclosing flat roofed houses, above which rise a forest of palms and minarets, with here and there a dome like a white soap-bubble; and in the middle of all there is one enormous structure which looms over all the others, as if only knee deep in them. The spectacle is entirely oriental; it has often been compared to Damascus: indeed the picture of Damascus in Baedeker's Guide to Syria might almost do duty as a picture of Nicosia.





General View of the Castle of St. Hilarion.

But when we come to examine this alien looking place more nearly, facts reveal themselves of the most incongruous kind. The walls that enclose it were built by the Republic of Venice; the great structure in the middle of it is a mediæval Gothic cathedral; and the palace, dating from the days of Byzantine dukes, altered and occupied by a line of crusading kings, and eventually submitting to receive the lion of St. Mark above its gateway, contained till yesterday the offices of the Turkish government. These particular points would be apprehended in an afternoon's ramble; but there are others, even more curious, of which one only grows aware gradually, and after days of exploration. They are not the less interesting because they come upon him one by one.

In shape the town is very nearly a circle, something over a mile in diameter; and its plan is as intricate a maze as an old French garden. The houses, which rarely have more than two stories, are mostly built of wood, resting on stone foundations; and their prevailing color is a monotonous dusty brown. Except in the quarter of the bazaars, there are

no shops or places of business; and everywhere else in the streets there is an almost cloistral quiet. Near the ground hardly any windows are visible; and the blind wall is only broken by doors at considerable intervals. Above, there is more variety. There are windows there in plenty, many of them projecting, hanging over the head of the passenger, and protected with quaint lattice work; while the roofs on either side, which project still farther, sometimes nearly touch each other. In many places, however, there are no houses at all—nothing but reaches of wall, from ten to fifteen feet in height.

The description thus far may not sound very attractive; but these streets in reality are full of fascination. They have innumerable turns and windings, which amuse and perplex the wanderer; and for days, even for weeks, they seem to him to be themselves innumerable. Wheeled vehicles rarely pass along them, nor are they ever crowded in any way; but isolated groups and figures glide to and fro continually. An old Turk, with a turban and flowing robe, goes slowly by, seemingly in deep meditation; a

brisk Armenian passes him, in a fez and a black frock coat; while a bronzed shepherd, with a shaggy capote upon his shoulders, casting a wild, half civilized glance at both of them, brings a breath with him of the open plains and mountains. These disappear down side alleys or into doorways, and their place is taken by a new set of apparitions—a Greek priest surrounded by a group of neophytes, a slow camel with its attendant, a small cavalcade of mules, meeting or succeeding one another at leisurely intervals; while more frequent than any of these are the muffled forms of women, some a ghostly white, some purple and scarlet, showing above their veils glimpses of their dark eyes. Watching all this, one is constantly reminded of the Arabian Nights. Nor are other things wanting to stimulate the imagi-

bazaars, which are a labyrinth in themselves. The change is singular. The throng and the bustle in which one finds one's self is as remarkable as the quiet one has left: and the elements of the scene are even more picturesque and various. The buildings are of one story only. The streets are nearly all of them covered, some by arches, some by battered awnings, some by a trellis-work of vines; and the light that filters in from the luminous sky above is subdued and brown, like an interior of Teniers or Van Ostade. Certain of the shops are little more than booths; but most of them are of stone with roofs of pointed vaulting, so that they look like a series of chapels with an end wall wanting. Other oriental bazaars—that of Cairo, for instance, or even Beyrout, are incomparably richer and more interesting



The Cloisters—Abbey of Bella Pais.

nation. The doors in the blind walls, often half open, reveal visions of pillars, arcades, and gardens—a mysterious world of green and shadow and sunlight; and the lower walls themselves allow one to see occasionally the feathery fronds of palms, or boughs laden with oranges.

Threading one's way through this world of hush and mystery one arrives at last at the nucleus of the labyrinth—the

in the wares offered for sale in them: but not Cairo itself, as a picture of unfamiliar life, and a curious survival of the past, is equal to this bazaar of Nicosia. There is hardly a spot in it which would not be a study for an artist; and every time I wended through it I felt I had been passing through a gallery of Dutch pictures. In one quarter one passes a row of silversmiths each at work at the door of his open cell, with





Court-yard of a Greek Monastery.

a grimy box before him, containing his stock in trade. Then turning a corner one looks down the street of drapers, fluttering with handkerchiefs, scarves, and brilliant stuffs, as if it were hung with flags, the shops being caverns of shadow filled with half-seen bales. Before some of them are small raised platforms, which project a little into the roadway. On one of these a Nubian is quilting a stuffed coverlet, lying almost flat as he does so. On another an old Turk is squatting, superbly calm ; and, as if customers had no existence for him, quietly sucks at the amber mouthpiece of his chibouk, or stretches his hands over a brazier of live charcoal. Farther on come glimpses of small shops of the barbers, as bare to the public eye as the rooms in a doll's house, then of cafés, with just as little privacy, where groups of men carousing at long tables are dimly visible under the obscurity of swarthy arches. A moment later we catch sight of an inky alley, which shows us the moving hands of a long succession of shoemakers. Another turn, and we are in the middle of fruits, vegetables, and groceries. Trays are on each side of us laden with oriental sweetmeats ; behind them are huge oil jars

and bulbous cheeses, like turnips ; everywhere are dangling bunches of yellow candles, ready for burning at shrines, tombs, or altars ; and often we came to a whole space made brilliant with pyramids of pale lemons, or wax-colored stacks of radishes. Again another turn, and we are in the smoke-blackened street of the iron workers, with forges far in the darkness, fizzing and spluttering fitfully : and at the end of this very likely we are back again at the point from which we started. And through all these streets, from morning till evening, the most motley throng keeps moving. Dark European costumes push and jostle their way amongst flowing robes of every imaginable color ; and the faces are of every shade from white to the glossiest ebony. Turbans, felt hats, yashmaks, and fez caps, pass and repass each other, till one becomes dizzy in watching them. Above them are seen moving tall earthenware pots, poised on undistinguishable heads, or a way is forced by a big plank-like tray, on which a baker carries a row of rolls ; while from time to time there is a sudden crush and movement, as a bullock cart advances slowly, with the animals' huge horns swaying.



In the Court of a Greek Monastery near Nicosia.

Let us quit this scene, and pass down a quiet street that leads from it. Turning a corner we suddenly find before us a narrow alley spanned by a succession of arches. We look up, and we suddenly find that they are neither more nor less than the flying buttresses of the cathedral. We have travelled 2,000 miles. The cathedral, it is true, is now used as a mosque, and in place of the original tower there are now two minarets: but the building still has its old Christian air about it, and it fills its precinct with suggestions of a quiet English town. Nor is the cathedral alone in doing this. Almost touching it is another mediæval church—a mass of exquisite carving; on the opposite side of a square is an old brown building that was once an archbishop's palace; and in every direction are western coats of arms, one of which I recognized as that of an extinct Devonshire family. I used always to expect every moment in this neighborhood to see a curate coming round the corner: but instead of a curate, the only black thing visible was a naked Soudanese fanatic who passed among the Mahometans for a saint, and who, I was told, would probably break

my camera, if ever he saw it directed toward the temple of Allah.

And now, with eyes grown more accustomed to such surroundings, let us go back to the hush of the other quarters—to the shadowy labyrinthine ways. We shall presently begin to discover many things which at first we had never noticed. We shall see that the lower stone work on which the mud superstructures rest is in many places ancient and beautifully pointed masonry, with here and there in it signs of a walled up crusader or fragments of broken moulding. We shall see that the doors one after another are arches of pointed Gothic; and their crumbling coats of arms are still surmounting some of them; and we shall gradually realize that these mysterious houses round us all stand on the foundations of mediæval Christian palaces. Inwardly, however, we shall notice Christian emblems or walls whose character is at once felt to be different; and here or still lower we are looking at the church of the Armenians; here at a Greek Basilica; or here into the long cloisters of a Greek or Maronite monastery.

Having strayed through the streets, let us now penetrate into the interiors. The houses are, roughly speaking, all of the same pattern. They are built round two, or sometimes three, sides of a garden, with open arcades from which the rooms are entered. The staircases sometimes rise through the inner parts of the building, sometimes in arches in the open air; and they terminate sometimes in a corridor with glazed windows, sometimes in a second arcade, or in a deep loggia. As a rule the wood work is rude, and the ceilings, unplastered, exhibit a row of rafters, backed by a kind

er considerable areas. One in which I spent several weeks, and which in comparative size was moderate—even small, had a frontage to the street of a hundred feet, and a depth of two hundred; while one, half in ruins, which I had to explore continually, must have enclosed within its walls something far more than an acre. Nothing can be imagined richer in quaint views than the garden thus secured, with the polished sky showing cloudless overhead, and a tall tower or minaret peering over the walls from a distance. I have said that the classical times have left little behind



Walls and Harbor of Famagosta.

of matting. Here and there, indeed, is a house where every lintel and door is carved, and the ceilings are arabesques of color; these, however, are exceptions. But the rooms are always numerous, large, and lofty; and they are constantly broken by graceful arches, which in the scarcity of good timber, help to support the roof. The arches, too, which surround the gardens, high, slim, and pointed, are a really beautiful feature, and stamp the scene with a peculiar architectural character. These houses cov-

them that was above ground; but they have left something. Here in these gardens, amongst the green gloom of the orange-trees, are fountains built out of blocks of antique carved marble; violets will be growing round a white Corinthian capital; or stuck into the ground as a careless border for a flower-bed will be a broken slab with the letters on it of an Hellenic inscription; and thus through all the later ages of history comes a faint echo from a past that is beyond the past.



And here, having mentioned history, let me recall, in the briefest manner, the main events which, since the classical times, have constituted the history of Cyprus, and have embodied themselves

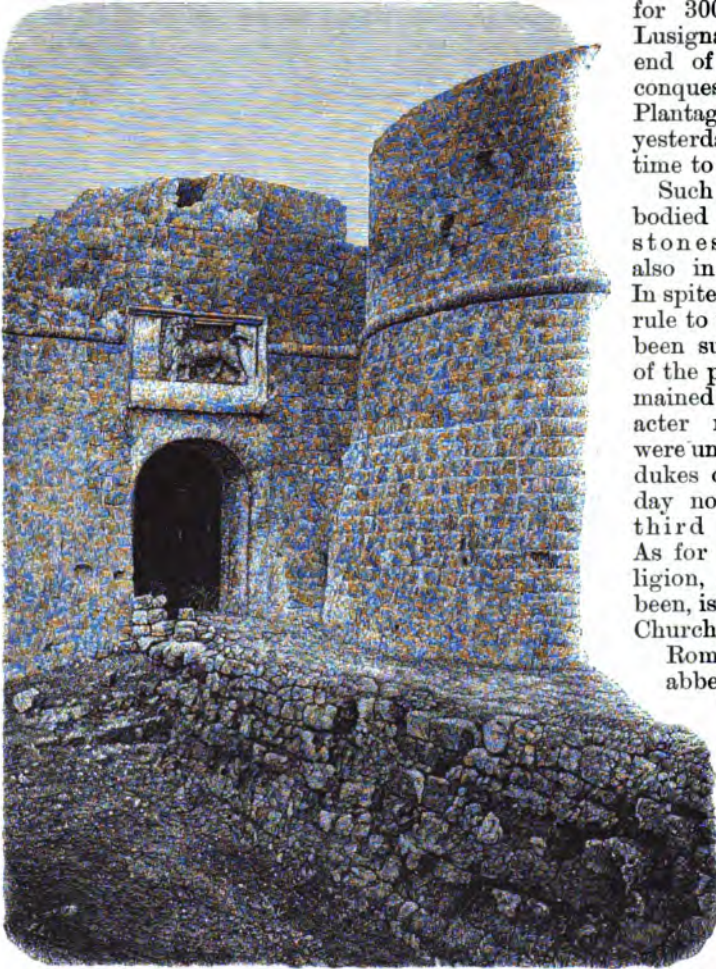
ard instantly disembarked all his forces, overran the island, routed and slew his opponent, and in a short time proclaimed himself King of Cyprus. The possession, however, was soon felt by



Land-gate of Famagosta—taken from the Great Ditch.

in the aspect of its capital. In the division of the Roman Empire, it was naturally included in the eastern portion; for as many centuries as lie between ourselves and William the Conqueror, it was under the sway of Byzantine emperors or their dependents. But about the year 1190, Richard I. of England, on his way to Palestine, was drawn aside to its shores, by a curious train of circumstances. Some ships of his fleet had been wrecked, during a storm, near Limasol; and those on board them, instead of receiving assistance, had been treated by the Cyprian governor with a studied and contemptuous cruelty. As luck would have it, amongst the sufferers was no less a person than the king's betrothed, Berengaria. The king therefore no sooner learned the news than he landed, full of fury and bent on vengeance or satisfaction. The governor, Isaac Comnenus, not only refused the last, but so aggravated his offence by the manner in which he did so, that Rich-

him to be an encumbrance; and having presently sold it for a large sum to the Templars, and having had it directly after returned on his hands by them, he eventually made it over to Guy de Lusignan—the younger son of a French country gentleman, who arriving in Palestine as a penniless young adventurer, married a queen of Jerusalem, was himself elected king of it, and after her death finding his position precarious, was glad to abandon it, and accept the principality of the neighboring island. Thus was founded a dynasty which flourished three hundred years, which rose to a splendor and opulence then almost unparalleled, and was surrounded by a feudal aristocracy, in its own degree equally splendid. In time, however, reverses began to come. About the end of the fourteenth century, the Genoese seized upon Famagosta, the principal port; and they held this, despite the efforts to oust them, as a kind of commercial Gibraltar, for ninety years. Mean-



Entrance to the Castle of Famagosta.

while, owing to various other causes, the power and authority of the Lusignan kings was waning. During the reign of the last of them, indeed, Famagosta was recovered; but he died prematurely, and left in his place a widow. This widow was the beautiful Catherine Cornaro, of Venice, whose eyes and lips in Florence still smile on us from the canvas of Titian, the most fascinating face in the whole Uffizi Gallery: and she, having lost her infant and only son, finally resigned her kingdom in favor of the Venetian Republic. The Venetians held the island for eighty years; and then were driven from it by the Turks under the sultan Selim. The Turks held it

for 300 years, like the Lusignans; and at the end of that period the conquest of the crusading Plantagenet passed but yesterday for the second time to England.

Such is the history embodied not only in the stones of Nicosia, but also in its existing life. In spite of the changes of rule to which Cyprus has been subjected, the bulk of the population have remained in race and character much what they were under the Byzantine dukes or emperors. To-day no more than one-third are Mahometans. As for the rest, their religion, as it always has been, is that of the Greek Church. The Church of

Rome, in spite of its abbeyes and its cathedrals, was the church of the ruling classes, never that of the people; and under the Catholic domination the two communions existed side by side, each with its own institutions. But the

crusading nobles are gone, and the muezzin cries from their cathedrals; oxen and mules or the wild doves are in their chapels, whilst from the Greek campanili the bells are still sounding, congregations kneel before screens of gorgeous gilding, and hardly a mountain side is without its inhabited monastery. On the other hand, what the Mahometans lack in numbers they make up for by the possession of important buildings and the character, which, during their rule, they have impressed upon things generally. They have orientalized in appearance a race that was half oriental always: and they and that race divide the island between



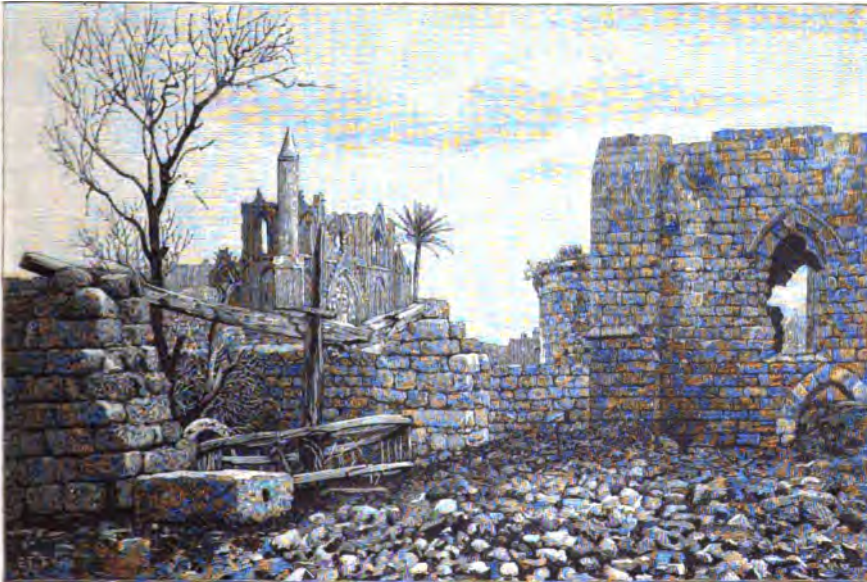


Exterior of a Greek Monastery near Nicosia.

them. They divide the present, that is ; but as for the monumental past—of that the lion's share belongs to the influences that have vanished—to the religion and the chivalry of the West, and the superb cupidity of its two princely republics.

We have seen something of how this

past survives in Nicosia, with its various elements in near neighborhood or almost confused. Elsewhere we shall find these elements separate, and shall be able to see them with more distinctness and detail. I have already alluded to the ancient castle of the island. Let us



Cathedral (now a Mosque) of Famagosta. Taken from an old garden.





In the Castle of St. Hilarion

take our stand on the northern ramparts of Nicosia, and look across the plain at the range of mountains opposite us. Here and there the eye will be at once arrested by some solitary peak, rising higher and more rugged than its neighbors; and on the highest of these we shall detect, if the day is clear, an odd white line that falters across the ways. This line is the outer rampart of Buffavento—a castle perched in mid air like a bird's nest, guarded by precipices except at a single point, and accessible only by hours of arduous climbing. East and west of it on two other peaks are two other castles, whose situation is nearly as extraordinary; and these three castles were renowned and ancient when they surrendered, for they could not be taken, to Richard Cœur de Lion. Buffavento, though the one most widely visible, has been left with less of its structure. The one which will best repay our attention is St. Hilarion, which is the most perfect, the largest, and also the most romantic in aspect.

Romantic indeed is the epithet which the sight of it first suggests to one. It looks less like a reality than a dream of Gustave Doré's. The isolated eminence on which it stands, itself like a huge tower, projects northwards from the main chain of the mountains. From the ground connecting it with these, it rises some hundreds of feet, and its northern face is a precipice of two thousand. Far down at its foot lies a belt of fertile country; and then, after a mile or two, comes the blue sheet of the sea, reaching away to the mountains of Asia Minor. On this eminence the castle is built at various levels. It crowns the summit, it projects on to rocky promontories; and its courts and guard rooms descend over the side which is less precipitous. Low down on this side we enter. We pass under an arch and through a cluster of ruinous towers, and find ourselves in an enclosure, strewn with rocks and masonry, which seems to slope upward at an angle of 45°. Beetling over us is a perpendicular crag, toward which, on our left, a wall with a series of turrets climbs up—in outline like a section of a flight of stairs. To the right, half way between the entrance and the summit, on a shoulder of rock

is an irregular pile of buildings, with its walls clinging to the ledges of the sheer northern precipice. It is pierced with windows and loopholes, and is plainly of considerable extent. Towards this instinctively one at once makes one's way: but it is a steep scramble to reach it, and one is also continually arrested by remains which at first were hidden by heather bushes and by a chaos of boulders. Close to the entrance one sees in the springing turf two black openings, perhaps two feet in diameter; and on peering into these one finds he is on the roof of a series of vaulted water tanks, of which one at least is perfect. The original red paint still tinges its cemented sides. Its shape is a perfect hexagon; and its graceful groining gives it the appearance of an oratory. Inwardly other and larger openings show themselves, some of which lead into subterranean vaults, some into chambers cut in the rock, partly constructed out of masonry; and one of these last, by the holes in the walls for rings, is seen to have been originally a long stable for camels. At length we reach a number of lofty walls—the remains of halls and passages, built against the perpendicular cliff: and picking our way along the passage that still exists, we reach the cluster of buildings a moment ago alluded to. Here we find ourselves in a labyrinth of vaulted chambers and vestibules—among them a chapel, with fragments of fresco on the walls, and a priest's room on either side of the chancel; also a loggia with large circular arches, which the opposite mountains fill like a living picture. After much climbing and descending of broken stairs, we emerge from these buildings on the farther side of the grotto, and find ourselves standing on a small grassy platform, with air below and with towering crags above. This small platform was apparently once a garden: and on every ledge of the dizzy rocks adjoining it are walls, windows, and even entire chambers. Of these last there is a suite of six, still almost perfect, except for the wooden floor, which has fallen in, leaving traces round the walls of the mosaic that originally covered it. Standing on the roof of these, which is flat and overgrown with grass, and looking up at the

heights above, one almost feels that they are pushing him from his narrow resting place. Nowhere can be seen any means of scaling them, except a shelving track, which seems hardly practicable for goats. Up this track, however, with hands and knees, and frequent clutching at twigs and projecting rocks, it is found possible to scramble; and arrived at the top, a fresh surprise awaits us, for there we pass through an archway into a large quadrangle, with a wall of rocks on two sides, and on the two others buildings—the buildings facing us being the ruins of a marble hall, seventy feet in length, with other chambers over it. The two ends of the hall still have the roof intact; and a flight of external steps with characteristic mouldings leads to the level of the floor above. There the ruin is complete: but deep mullioned windows here and there fret the sky with their tracery; and the stone seats in them are as perfect as in the days of the forgotten queens who once looked from them down at the world below. We have not, however, arrived at the top yet. Seated in one of these windows, we can see through a doorway near it the daylight glimmering on the remains of ascending steps; and looking up we realize that still there are heights above us, to which the steps lead, and that these are covered with yet loftier walls and watch-towers. The spectacle, as I saw it, was one to remain long in the memory. Looking from the sill of one of these aerial windows, far below me, like a submerged world, lay fields and olive gardens and glimmering villages and, jutting into the sea, the white town of Kerynia. Human voices and the tinkling of sheep bells rose up from the depths with a startling clearness, and far off, like a line of gigantic clouds, beyond the sea were the mountains of Asia Minor. And around me were the fantastic remains of strength, luxury, and dominance, which carried the imagination back into the dimmest recesses of history, till it peopled the courts and halls and towers with the silk-robed forms of women, the flashing of knightly armor, and a coming and going of dusky slaves and camels. Close at my feet lay the bleached bones of a kid, and overhead a vulture was wheeling in slow circles.

Such is a Cyprian castle, of the ideally mediæval type. Let us now look at another, in which the Western model has been completely changed by the climate and the conditions of the East. Aga Napa, as this building is now called, is at present used as a farm, and for some centuries it was a monastery; but it was originally the country house of one of the Frankish nobles, whose coat of arms remains untouched over the entrance. Though the upper rooms except two have disappeared, most of the lower part is in very good preservation, and as it may be considered a typical specimen of its kind, it throws considerable light on the life and civilization that produced it. It stands about a mile from the sea, in a wide, open country, and on one side of it is a cluster of magnificent trees, which are probably the remains of a wood that surrounded it. In plan it somewhat resembles the houses of Nicosia. It is built round a quadrangle; and, except where the upper walls remain, externally the windows are small—some of them mere loopholes. Above they were larger, as one that is left shows; and this is enriched by peculiar mouldings and pilasters. Of the quadrangle one side is occupied by a chapel, and one by stables. The two others are surrounded by deep cloisters, with high pointed arches of the kind already alluded to; and one of them faces a series of vaulted rooms. In the middle is a marble fountain, ornamented with carved festoons of flowers, which is approached by steps and covered by a slim cupola.

It is a significant fact, however, that though the domestic architecture of the West was thus transformed by the conditions of life in Cyprus, the religious architecture suffered but little change, except such as came from a larger and more liquid sunshine, and from the crisper shadows that emphasized its exotic arches. We must add also the change in scenery and surroundings, which, not a part of the architecture itself, yet curiously influences the effect produced by it on the observer. The finest example of this is the Abbey of Bella Pais—of Happy, or Lovely, Peace. This, like St. Hilarion, is situated on the northern range, facing the coast of

Asia Minor; hid, instead of being perched aloft on a rugged pinnacle, it lies on the lower slopes, where the banks are fledged with vegetation, where the mule-paths wander under the shade of branching olives or dark-leaved carob trees or slanting pine woods, and the deep gullies are almost hidden with leaves. One sees as one travels toward it, on either side of one, terraced vineyards, or fertile patches of plough land, or under the olives emerald grass flickering. The abbey itself stands on the brink of a steep rock, and overlooks a hollow filled with acacias and oleanders, among which, sharply distinguishable, are poplars and groups of date palms. Behind it a village rises, unusually clear and near, the white houses shining among a crowd of slender cypresses; cottage gardens, with vines and wells, creep up to its walls; and high overhead silvery crags look down on it, whose sides are dotted with dark trees and shrubs, like multitudes of green sheep. The main body of it was built round a cloistered quadrangle, and was arranged on pillars. On one side was the abbot's lodging; opposite to that was the kitchen, the chapter house, and above, the monks' dormitories; and the two other sides were respectively entirely occupied by the church and by the refectory. The abbot's lodging has wholly disappeared; but the church and the refectory are as perfect as on the day when they were built, though a row of upper chambers has since filled each. But perhaps the most striking and fascinating feature of the church is the cloisters. They remind one of those of Magdalen College, Oxford, except that through their tracery one looks at such a different scene—at oranges, lemons, cypresses, and the silvery summits of the mountains, and the sky, the like of which has never been seen in England. The Abbey of Happy Peace—it is indeed named appropriately. This magnificent pile was built during the thirteenth century: and its present condition is due to the barbarity of the Turks during the period of their conquest.

From this picture let us turn to what may be called its counterpart—a monastery of the Greeks. A good specimen is to be found not far from Nicosia; and

it presents a curious contrast to what we have just been considering. It stands in a fertile part of the great central plain, with a grove of trees close to it and a wooded village in its neighborhood. In appearance externally it is certainly picturesque, but suggests to our minds a farm rather than a monastery. The church alone has any architectural pretension, and this is bold and forbidding in its antique simplicity: while there is little but mud and whitewash. Now the life of the place is oddly in keeping with its aspect. Brown monks with long dangling hair, and faces kindly but altogether illiterate, hang about in desultory groups, ready to flock round a stranger with a curiosity that would be annoying if it were not so childlike. Mixed with these, too, in the most fraternal and sisterly way, are wrinkled old crones and farm laborers, all apparently a part of the establishment; one of which last will perhaps put a new life into the scene by suddenly leading from the stable a troop of unsuspected camels. The impression of a farm grows on one; the whole scene is redolent of the furrows. But we have not understood its full character until we enter the church. Then the religious element for the first time steals into the mind, in a scent of stale incense; and one of the monks who is sure to enter with us will softly accompany us to the screen at the east end. This, as in most Greek churches, is a mass of florid gilding, panelled with grotesque and gaudy pictures of saints. One panel amongst the rest will instantly catch the eye, which not only seems to be in itself peculiar, but is also signalized by tapers burning before it. On nearer inspection we shall see that this is not a picture at all but a relief in beaten gold of the Madonna and Child, studded with jewels and almost half concealed by a curtain of antique tapestry. We have here one of the most sacred relics of the East—an object of pilgrimage to the Orthodox from every quarter. For behind the gold—too precious to be exposed itself—is the picture of the Virgin Mother painted by St. Luke the Evangelist, and brought to Cyprus from Byzantium 900 years ago. As to its authenticity we

may each have our own opinion : but for 900 years, at all events, this treasure has a plausible history. It is kept usually not here, but in the parent monastery of Cicco, far among the mountains ; and it was brought down, last year, during a drought, to its present station among the plains in order to procure rain for the neighborhood, which was specially in need of it.

Such is a Cyprian monastery, which is in many ways typical. Outside is a farm-yard, swimming with puddles ; inside, hidden with gold and jewels, is one of the chief objects of the faith and the devotion of millions. But in Cyprus that faith and devotion have peculiar characteristics of their own. Though the Hellenic temples have fallen, and the earth covers their columns, the Hellenic religion still lives to-day—persistent through all these ages—in the religion of the Christian peasantry. The birth of Venus from the foam of the Cyprian sea is celebrated annually at Larnaka, under a thin disguise, by a marine festival, half fair and half regatta ; and one favorite name of the Madonna is Aphroditissa.

But space will not permit me to linger over the Greeks. I can introduce the reader to but one scene more, and that scene will be essentially Western. To me it was the most impressive and interesting thing in Cyprus. I am speaking of the city of Famagosta. Famagosta to most people is hardly so much as a name : to very few is it more. Those whose attention has been turned to these localities are aware that it was a place of importance from the days of the Ptolemies and of Augustus ; that it subsequently rose to a fresh importance under the Lusignans ; that under the Genoese it was one of the richest trading towns in the world ; that the Venetians recognized and treated it as the key to Cyprus ; that against it was directed the first Turkish attack, and that here the Turks encountered the most desperate and heroic resistance.

It is situated on the sea, on the eastern coast of the island, at one end of the great central plain. The harbor, which is now nearly filled up, was in former days capacious ; and by the ex-

penditure of no exorbitant sum it might be made capable of holding the entire Channel fleet. To the north and west it is surrounded by sand-swept wolds, which are bounded far off by a line of purple mountains. To the south the ground is more fertile. Approached from the land, it looks less like a town than like one enormous fort. Here and there at a distance we see a tower or an elevated battery ; but the long lines of the walls, brown and melancholy, only just peer over the slope that swells toward them. It is from the south side that one enters. My first visit was in the morning, and the day was soft and blue, with a beauty passing even that of the Riviera. The road ran through a deep-green meadow of asphodel, across which was moving a bevy of Turkish women, who, in their white yashmaks, shone like a bed of lilies. Before me the asphodel rose toward the length of the fortification, while the road lost itself in a cutting under a dark cluster of towers. Arrived at this cutting, one realized the character of the place better. One saw that it was surrounded by an enormous moat or trench cut in the solid rock ; and that the walls were really some fifty feet in height. The road crossed the ditch on a causeway of nine arches and entered a gate, before which a drawbridge once descended. What struck me most, at first, was the wonderful preservation of the masonry. The stains of the weather left a frown upon everything ; but there was no decay or crumbling. On entering, this impression deepened. Dark, unbroken arches were sharp and solid over my head, and the passage ended with an open vaulted space that seemed like a baron's hall. Close behind it, yawning and shadowy in the sunshine, was another open vault similar to it, facing the interior, and hollowed in the thickness of the ramparts ; and in the shadow of this were other vaulted openings leading away into black, mysterious passages.

And what of the town ? I had heard that it was ruinous, but I was quite unprepared for the peculiar aspect of its desolation. Immediately facing one on entering, was a dilapidated Turkish café, built against the fortifications ; to the left was a roofless Turkish hut,



and to the right a lane of cottages wandered away fortuitously; but through a wide gap was visible an open space beyond, and making my way to this, the whole of Famagosta burst upon me. I was in the midst of a desert. The great walls ran on unbroken on one side of me, but on the other were grassy expanses littered with huge heaps of stones and crowded with ancient churches. Many of them stood within fifty yards of one another, and my eye and my arithmetic were quite bewildered by their number. I made my way toward one, across a small field, climbing over a rude enclosure and stumbling now and again over some broken pieces of carving. I entered the door, and found myself in the hollow gloom of those vaulted isles, with sand and refuse strewn the uneven floor and everywhere on the walls around me the remains of gorgeous frescoes. I mounted the ramparts to obtain a wider view; and a wide desolation was before me with more churches standing in it.

The Turkish cottages, with their flat mud roofs, and one or two larger buildings used for government purposes hardly broke the impression of perfect solitude. The few figures to be seen and the few sounds to be heard only added to it. Here and there a shepherd was sitting under a palm tree; a group of children played on a ruined wall; sometimes a voice called; sometimes a sheep-bell tinkled; and ever and again over the heaps that once were palaces, faint yet crisp, came the long plash of the sea. As I examined the scene, three objects struck me specially. One was a cluster of low towers, at an angle of the town toward the sea. Another was a ruined chancel, whose tall, slender arches showed like a skeleton in the sky. The third was a church larger than all the others. I at once recognized it as the cathedral, which I knew existed there. I made my way toward this last through a network of sunken lanes, along which were built some of the poor habitations I have mentioned: and my first near view of it was through the wicket of an old woman's garden. In many ways it is like the cathedral of Lichfield, only more florid in carving; the stone is of a peculiar tawny color, something like

a lion's skin; and instead of its two towers it is spiked now with a tall minaret. I entered the garden. This, over half its little area, was rank with luxuriant green-stuff: but half was bare, for the simple reason that half was occupied by the stones of ruined mediæval buildings. In one corner of it was a dilapidated Persian water-wheel, for a wall on one side it had the ruin of a small church; the path at my feet was strewn with fragments of pottery; and above all these, itself no longer Christian, the forlorn cathedral lifted its English outlines. Before me, visibly and materially, were the very images that were in the mind of the preacher when he wrote the verses by which so many best remember him. The pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the wheel was broken at the cistern, and everything in the stillness seemed to be saying of man that he was gone to his long home. The sentiment was in the air; it breathed like "an unheard melody;" it was drawn out and repeated on all sides as if by some soundless orchestra.

I could not, however, remain there listening to this indefinitely; so presently made my way to the ruined chancel, through whose arches the brilliant sea was glimmering, and under whose shadow some Turkish children played. Thence across a perfect waste I passed to the solemn-looking castle, which stood like a bastion at the northeast angle of the walls, and projected partly into the sea. There was nothing beautiful in its appearance, but it was impressive for its antiquity, its preservation, and its forbidding strength. Externally there was not a single window—nothing but blind walls and huge bulging towers. But, for all that, it was in many ways interesting. Over the gate, let into the ancient stonework, was the lion of the Venetian Republic; and mounting to the battlements by an external stair, I saw, standing in the sea and approached by a neck of masonry, a circular building which is named *Torre del Moro*. There tradition says were the quarters of a Venetian governor, *Christoforo Moro*; and he was none other than the prototype of *Othello*. This made the remote and rarely visited walls at once seem

familiar, and peopled them with well-known figures; and I pleased myself by fancying that, in a sombre Gothic hall, with heavy pillars and vaulting of enormous thickness, I had discovered the place where Iago made the "cannakin clink."

And here I am compelled to end. Those who are acquainted with the writings and the discoveries of Di Cesnola will of course be aware that there are aspects of Cyprus and its history on

which I have not even glanced. I have written—if I may so express myself—as an impressionist, not as an antiquarian. The scenes and impressions I have described are few; but so far as they go they are typical: and if anyone finds a charm in remote and neglected beauty, and cares to bend over the face of the past rather than dissect its body, I hope I may have conveyed to him some idea of the charm which is still to be found in this famous but neglected island.

## A JAR OF ROSE-LEAVES.

*By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

1.

MYRIAD roses fade unheeded  
Yet no note of grief is needed;  
When the ruder breezes tear them,  
Sung or songless, we can spare them.  
But the choicest petals are  
Shrined in some deep orient jar,  
Rich without and sweet within,  
Where we cast the rose-leaves in.

3.

What the jar holds, that shall stay;  
Time steals all the rest away.  
Cast in love's first stolen word,  
Bliss when uttered, bliss when heard;  
Maiden's looks of shy surprise;  
Glances from a hero's eyes;  
Palms we risked our souls to win;  
Memory, fling the rose-leaves in!

2.

Life has jars of costlier price  
Framed to hold our memories.  
There we treasure baby smiles,  
Boyish exploits, girlish wiles,  
All that made our childish days  
Sweeter than these trodden ways  
Where the Fates our fortunes spin.  
Memory, toss the rose-leaves in!

4.

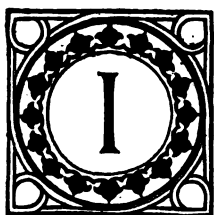
Now more sombre and more slow  
Let the incantation grow!  
Cast in shreds of rapture brief,  
Subtle links 'twixt hope and grief;  
Vagrant fancy's dangerous toys;  
Covert dreams, narcotic joys  
Flavored with the taste of sin;  
Memory, pour the rose-leaves in!

5.

Quit that borderland of pain!  
Cast in thoughts of nobler vein,  
Magic gifts of human breath,  
Mysteries of birth and death.  
What if all this web of change  
But prepare for scenes more strange;  
If to die be to begin?  
Memory, heap the rose-leaves in!

## MEMORIES OF SOME CONTEMPORARIES.

*By Hugh McCulloch.*



IN April, 1833, I left my New England home to make my start in life in the West. Fifty-four years are a long time to look forward to, but a short time to look back upon. Crowded as these years have been, in the United States, with events of surpassing interest and importance, they seem too wonderful to be real. What advances have they recorded in the extent of our cultivated lands, in manufactures, in mining, in facilities of social and commercial intercourse! What changes have they witnessed in our domestic institutions, in the character and in the political and religious sentiment of the people!

A reference to events that have left a lasting impression upon my mind, and to a few of the persons whom I have known in the course of a long life, and to others whom I did not know personally but who were conspicuous in my early days, may be interesting, and perhaps of some value as the recollections of a contemporary of many notable men in a critical period of our history.

I started for the great and (compared with what it is now) unsettled West, by railroad from Boston to Providence, thence by steamboat to New York, where I remained a couple of days to see something of what was rapidly becoming the great commercial city of the Union. Here I renewed my acquaintance with William Emerson, brother of Ralph Waldo, who, some years before, had been my teacher in Kennebunk. With him I went to the Battery, then in its old-time beauty, in the neighborhood of which were the fine residences of the aristocracy of the city; the City Hall, which still remains unchanged, and which in architectural design has not been surpassed by any public building in the country; St. Paul's, which had been built in the style of the Wren

churches of England, and was regarded by many as not being inferior to the finest of them in symmetry and grace. The long row of dwelling-houses in what was then upper New York, Lafayette Place, had just been completed. They were the show houses of the city; I was taken to them that I might see what elegant, commodious, and expensive houses the New Yorkers were building. My visit to New York was very agreeable—made so chiefly by the kindness of Mr. Emerson, who, less distinguished than his brother Ralph Waldo, possessed many of his admirable qualities, with simple manners and ripe scholarship. From New York I went by steamboat to Amboy, by railroad to Bordentown, and from Bordentown to Philadelphia by steamboat. The only thing in this part of my journey that I especially recollect was the beauty of the Delaware. The journey from Philadelphia to Baltimore was made by railroad and steamboat. I spent but a single day in either city, but long enough to see the charming parks in the former, and the monuments—the finest I had ever seen—in the latter. From Baltimore I went by rail to Frederick, in Maryland, and thence by stage-coach, two days and one night, over the Cumberland (National) road to Wheeling.

The Ohio was in good boating condition, and the journey down the river was charming. It then deserved the reputation it had, of being one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. There was nothing but a few straggling villages to mar its original beauty. The magnificent forest through which it flowed had been quite untouched by the great destroyer, the woodman's axe. The banks of the river had not then been stripped of their beauty, as they have been since, by the destruction of the magnificent trees that covered them, and disfigured by the inroads which, in consequence thereof, the waters have made upon them. For miles upon

miles nothing could be seen but the sky and the river and the grand old forest through which it ran. Occasionally we overtook flatboats loaded with coal or lumber, or met a high-pressure stern-wheel steambot, making slow progress against the stream. There was little else than these and the puffing of our own steamer to break the pervading solitude. On my way down the river I read with great interest a number of letters, just published in pamphlet form, by Thomas F. Marshall in advocacy of the gradual abolition of slavery in Kentucky. The injurious effects of slavery upon the industrial condition of the State were illustrated by comparison of the rapid growth of Ohio on the one side of the river with the slow growth of Kentucky on the other, and its injustice to the slave, and its depressing influence upon enterprise were presented with great independence and force.

I never saw Mr. Marshall but twice: once when he was in the meridian of his intellectual strength—the accomplished and magnetic orator; and again when he had fallen from his high estate to be the slave of intemperance—an object of painful commiseration. A few days after the unsuccessful efforts made in the House in 1837 to pass a resolution of censure against John Quincy Adams for his temerity in presenting a petition from slaves, in which effort Mr. Marshall took a leading part, I happened to be seated with some Southern members of Congress at the dinner-table of one of the Washington hotels, when Mr. Marshall came in. It seemed that Mr. Adams had said or done something that day which had irritated these gentlemen, and as Mr. Marshall was taking his seat at the table one of them exclaimed, "Well, Marshall, the old devil has been at work again; you must take him in hand." "Not I," replied Mr. Marshall, with a decisive shake of his head; "I have been gored once by the damned old bull, and have had enough of him. If there is to be any more of this kind of work it must be undertaken by somebody else. The old devil, as you call him, is a match for a score of such fellows as you and I."

Many years after I saw Mr. Marshall in Washington he was pointed out to

me in the Lake House, in Chicago, sitting upon a bench with the messenger boys, and talking to them incoherently—a mental and physical wreck. He had joined temperance societies, and made temperance speeches equal to the best of Gough's, for, like Gough, he spoke from his own experience. His description of the terrible next morning following the night's debauch was as truthful and touching as it was graphic. For months together he seemed to have conquered his enemy, a thirst for intoxicating drink, but its hold had become too strong to be overcome. He resolved, and re-resolved, and died the victim of alcohol. I have known many victims of intemperance, but none who have fallen from so distinguished a position, whose ruin was so lamentable and complete.

Soon after I reached Indiana I heard a good deal about Thomas Corwin, then a prominent Whig member of Congress from Ohio. Of Mr. Corwin it is not too much to say that in wit, in humor, and general knowledge; in a ready command of language; in voice, in mobility and expressiveness of features; in all the requisites for fascinating and effective stump oratory, he was without an equal. Men would travel twenty or thirty miles to listen to the matchless orator, and even his political opponents could not help joining in the applause which his speeches never failed to call forth. His memory was not only a perfect storehouse of historical facts, but also of anecdotes and stories. It was worth a "Sabbath day's journey" to hear "Tom" Corwin (as he was familiarly called) tell a story. No matter how frequently heard, it was always made fresh and racy by his variable and inimitable manner of telling it. While the attractiveness of his speeches was in no small degree attributable to his extraordinary control of the muscles of his face, which were always in accord with the sentiments he was expressing and the anecdotes he was relating, and to his charming voice, they were never lacking in eloquence or force. He had always something good to say, and he never failed to be instructive as well as fascinating. His power over popular and promiscuous assemblies was immense.

Plain farmers would not only travel long distances to hear him, but they would stand for hours under a burning sun, or in a pelting rain, seemingly oblivious of everything but the speeches by which their attention was absorbed. Nor was his fame as an orator confined to Ohio. By his speeches in Congress he acquired a national reputation. Made upon subjects which have long ceased to be interesting, no one can read them now without feeling that they place him in the front rank of American orators.

One of the earliest, and in many respects the pleasantest, of the acquaintances which I formed in Indiana was that of Henry Ward Beecher, who in 1839, on the invitation of Samuel Merrill, president of the State Bank, and a few other prominent citizens of Indianapolis, left Lawrenceburgh, where he had been preaching for two or three years, to become the first pastor of a New-School Presbyterian church at the capital of the State. There were not more than a dozen members when he took charge of it, but it grew rapidly in membership until 1847, when he accepted a call to Brooklyn.

Mr. Beecher was not only the most popular but the most influential preacher that this country has produced. He did more than any other man to liberalize religious sentiment—to lift orthodox theology out of the ruts in which it had been running from the days of the Puritans. His sermons were very rarely doctrinal. He was in no respect a theologian. He cared little for creeds. Belief with him was a matter of secondary importance; conduct was everything. He had a decided taste for horticulture, and one of his most intimate acquaintances was a man (Aldrich, I think his name was) who had a fine nursery and garden near Indianapolis. "I like him," said Mr. Beecher to me one day; "I like him because he loves flowers as I do, and I have a great admiration of him because he is one of the honestest men I have ever met. I have made him a study. He is always what he appears to be, a perfectly upright man. Nothing would induce him to swerve from the truth, and yet he is an infidel, a disbeliever in the Bible and a future

life. I wish that I and my church members were more like him."

I was very intimate with Mr. Beecher as long as he lived in Indianapolis. He was frequently at my house. I once travelled with him on horseback from Fort Wayne to Indianapolis, when it took full three days to make the trip; stopped with him at the same taverns, and slept in the same rooms with him. To me he was an open book. If there had been anything wrong about him I should have discovered it. He was incapable of disguise, and I never heard a sentiment from him that the strictest moralist could object to. His vitality was immense; his jollity at times irrepressible. He was physically very strong. His health was perfect, his buoyancy of spirits unflagging. I recollect how he sang and shouted as we rode through the woods together—how admirably he mimicked preachers who seemed to think that sanctimonious countenances and whining tones were the indications of zealous faith. To Mr. Beecher religion was joyousness—Christianity the agency by which men were to be made not only better but happier. "Some people," said he, "think that I am not solemn enough in the pulpit, nor staid or reverent enough out of it. I wonder what they would think if I should act just as I feel!"

Mr. Beecher gave proof of his pluck in his encounters with secessionists and sympathizers of the South in Liverpool and London. It was sometimes tested in a different way. The people of Indiana before the war, if not pro-slavery in sentiment, were, with few exceptions, opposed to all anti-slavery movements, and the negroes who came to the State were frequently the subjects of barbarous treatment. One day there was what was called a negro riot in Indianapolis, in which some inoffensive colored people were driven from their homes and treated with savage inhumanity. A leader of the rioters, whose behavior toward these people was especially infamous, was a constable. Mr. Beecher, upon being informed of his conduct, denounced it in his usual emphatic manner. This came to the ears of the constable, who expressed his determination to hold Mr. Beecher responsible.



"Beecher must take back what he has said about me, or I'll lick him within an inch of his life." The next day as Mr. Beecher was walking leisurely by the constable's office, the constable opened the door and asked Mr. Beecher to step in. The office was near the principal hotel of the city, and some young men who had heard of the constable's threats, and happened to be standing on the sidewalk, gathered around the door to see, as they said, the fun. The constable was a big, brawny fellow, and as Mr. Beecher entered, he advanced to meet him, and said in a rough voice: "I understand, Mr. Beecher, that you said so and so about me," repeating the offensive language. "Did you say that, sir?" "I don't think I said exactly that, but it was about what I meant to say," replied Mr. Beecher as he looked the constable steadily in the face. "You're a damned liar, sir; and if you weren't a preacher I'd lick you like a dog," said the constable. "Don't mind that; I ask no favor on that score," responded Mr. Beecher. The constable looked at the stoutly built, sturdy man that stood before him without flinching, and concluded that it was safer to threaten than to strike. Mr. Beecher listened for a moment to the constable's oaths, then left the office, saying, as he went out, "Good-bye, Mr. Constable; you will feel better when you cool off." The bystanders clapped their hands as Mr. Beecher stepped upon the sidewalk, and it was a long time before the constable heard the last of his interview with Mr. Beecher. "What would you have done," I asked Mr. Beecher, "if the constable had attempted to make good his threats?" "I should have warded off his blows and laid him upon his back in no time. I knew if I was not stronger than I was quicker and a better wrestler than he was, and I was sure that he could not have stood before me for an instant. I should have been sorry to have had a contest with such a fellow, but I could not stand and be whipped," was Mr. Beecher's reply.

Mr. Beecher wrote a great deal, and usually with great ability; but it is upon his talents and accomplishments as a preacher that his fame will most securely rest. Few of his sermons were

what might be called finished productions, but they abounded in eloquent passages and striking illustrations and original ideas. They were instructive as well as captivating. No man has ever been heard by so many people; no man of the present century has expressed so many loving thoughts, or touched so many hearts, or influenced so many lives, or done so much to soften theological austerities and liberalize religious sentiment as Henry Ward Beecher.

Although I had gone West with the full intention of practising law, and, indeed, met with gratifying success in my early efforts, I was diverted from my profession in 1835, when I was appointed cashier and manager of the Fort Wayne Branch of the State Bank of Indiana. I liked the business of banking so much that I had no disposition to resume the practice of law, and so it happened that when the new Bank of the State of Indiana was organized, in 1857, I was elected its president. In 1862 I went to Washington to oppose the passage of the bill to establish a National Banking System, which, if it passed, might be greatly prejudicial to the State Banks—the one of which I was president being among the largest of them. In March, 1863, I was again in Washington. I had left home with my wife, to be absent for a couple of weeks on a pleasure trip. I had been a hard worker without intermission for nearly a quarter of a century, and so we decided that we would make a flying visit to the Eastern cities, letting no one at home know where letters would reach us, in order that we might enjoy a few genuine holidays.

In the afternoon of the day before we left Washington we went through the Treasury Department. As I had no business to transact, and was not acquainted with Secretary Chase, I did not feel at liberty to call upon him, but as we passed by the door of his room I handed my card to his messenger. The next morning we were on our way to Baltimore, where we spent a day very pleasantly. Thence we went to Philadelphia, New York, and Plattsburgh, where we were married twenty-five years before, and were at home again within the time fixed for our return. Here, to my sur-

prise, I found a number of telegrams, some of which had followed me from place to place, requesting me to return to Washington, and a letter from Mr. Chase, offering to me the position of Controller of the Currency, and expressing an earnest wish that I should accept it. I had been forced to admit that there was a necessity for a National Banking System, and I felt that the Government had a right to any services that I might be able to render in the tremendous struggle in which it was engaged. Being in a strait, I did what all men who have sensible wives ought to do when important questions are to be considered and acted upon—I consulted my wife. The conclusion was that I should resign the presidency of the bank and go to Washington to organize the National Currency Bureau, with the understanding, however, that I should remain in Washington no longer than might be necessary to give the new banking system a successful start. As soon as this conclusion was reached, I informed Mr. Chase that I would accept the office which he had so kindly tendered to me.

Mr. Chase was one of the most extraordinary men that our country has produced. In 1837 he was pointed out to me in the Cincinnati court-house as the rising young lawyer at the bar, which was even then distinguished by the high character of its lawyers. Had he continued in the practice he would have been the peer of Henry Stansberry in legal accomplishments, and have come up to the standard of Thomas Ewing, the ablest lawyer who has appeared west of the Alleghanies. His mind was clear and logical, comprehensive in its grasp, and certain in its conclusions. He was a fine scholar, a master of the English tongue. He spoke with ease and distinctness. He was not what might be called a fluent, nor, according to the American idea (which is rapidly changing), an eloquent speaker; but he had few equals in analyzing difficult questions and making abstruse subjects intelligible. Inclined to be dogmatic and overbearing, he was, nevertheless, genial in social intercourse, and at times fascinating. In manners he was courtly without assumption; in opinion tenacious

without intolerance. He was strong in his convictions and steadfast in his principles. Hostile to slavery, and a strict constructionist, he was willing to grant to the slave power just what was granted by the Constitution, not an iota more.

The movements of the armies, the great battles that were fought with varying successes on both sides, so absorbed the public attention that comparatively little interest was felt in the measures that were adopted to provide the means to meet the enormous and daily increasing demands upon the treasury. It was the successful general who was the recipient of honors, not the man by whose agency the sinews of war (money) were supplied, and yet but for the successful administration of the Treasury Department during the war, the Union would have been riven asunder. If I were asked to designate the man whose services next to Mr. Lincoln's were of the greatest value to the country from March, 1861, to July, 1864, I should unhesitatingly name Salmon P. Chase.

When Mr. Chase was appointed Secretary, the public credit was lower than that of any other great nation. The Treasury was empty. The annual expenditures had for some years exceeded the revenues. To meet the deficiencies shifts were resorted to which, while they gave present relief to the Treasury, added to its embarrassment.

It is not necessary for me to speak of the various loans that were negotiated, the taxes that were imposed, to raise the immense sums that were needed in the prosecution of the most expensive war that the world has ever known. It is enough for me merely to refer to the extraordinary fact that the people were patient under very burdensome taxes—taxes to which they were entirely unaccustomed, taxes direct and indirect, taxes upon almost everything that they consumed, taxes which before the war it would have been considered impossible to collect; and to the still more extraordinary fact that the public credit steadily improved, notwithstanding the rapid increase of the public debt, and was higher when it reached the enormous sum of \$2,757,803,686, as it did in August, 1865, than it was when the Government did not owe a dollar.

Not alone to Mr. Chase is the honor due of the financial success of the Government in its desperate struggle for the maintenance of its integrity, but a very large share of it certainly belongs to him. It was by his advice that taxes were imposed and loans were authorized. It was by him that the most important negotiations were accomplished, and it was in accordance with his general financial policy that the department was administered after his resignation. He was the manager of the finances from March, 1861, to July, 1864, and by their successful management during that gloomy and momentous period he established a lasting claim upon the respect and gratitude of his countrymen.

Nothing is so captivating and yet so dangerous to our public men as the whisperings of the "siren" exciting aspirations for the presidency, which are never realized and which never die. In a conversation which I had with Mr. Chase in 1863, he remarked that there was only one office which he had heartily desired—the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. I dined with him a couple of weeks after the coveted honor had been conferred upon him, and I was pained by discovering that he was far from being satisfied. As a Justice of the Supreme Court, he had no favors to grant, no patronage to wield. High as the position was, it was not the one to which he had really aspired. To him it seemed like retirement from public life. There was another thing that was undoubtedly weighing upon him, although he did not suggest it. He had not been in the active practice of the law for twenty years, nor had he been able during that period to devote any time to legal studies. As an active politician, the leader of the anti-slavery party in Ohio, as Governor, United States Senator, and Secretary of the Treasury, he had been otherwise fully employed; so that when he went upon the bench he was unfamiliar with the work which he was called upon to perform. He perceived therefore that, unless he shrank from a proper share of the duties of the Court (and that he was not disposed to do), he would for a time labor under great disadvantages. He did have to work much harder in the investigation

of legal questions and in the preparation of opinions than either of his associates. It was undoubtedly this hard work and the disappointment of his political ambition that shortened his life.

Mr. Lincoln's high appreciation of Mr. Chase's ability and character was exhibited by his appointing him to be Chief Justice. He hesitated for some days, while the matter was under consideration, to send his name to the Senate, under the apprehension that he might be somewhat rigorous in his judgment of some of the executive acts, and especially those of the Secretary of War, if suit should be brought involving questions that could only be settled by the Supreme Court. Knowing that my relations with Mr. Chase were intimate, he sent for me one day, and after explaining the nature of his fears, asked me what I thought about them. "Why, Mr. President," I replied, "you have no reason for fears on that score. Mr. Chase is in the same box with you and Mr. Stanton. He favored and advised, as he has himself informed me, the dispersion by force of the Maryland Legislature, and if anything more illegal than that has been done, I have not heard of it." The President did not say that that reminded him of a story, but he laughed heartily, and the interview was ended.

It may be proper for me to remark here that the personal relations between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Chase were never cordial. They were about as unlike in appearance, in education, in manners, in taste, and in temperament, as two eminent men could be. Mr. Chase had received a classical education, and until he entered the political field and became the leader of the anti-slavery party of Ohio, he had been a student of general literature; in appearance he was impressive, in manners stately, in taste refined, in temperament cold. Although the larger part of his early life was passed in the West, he was not "westernized." He cracked no jokes, and he had no aptitude for story telling. He did not and could not appreciate those qualities which brought Mr. Lincoln so close to the hearts of the people. Self-reliant, rapid in conclusions, and prompt

in action, he would not, had he been President in the spring of 1861, have waited for South Carolina to strike the first blow: it was therefore fortunate that he was not in Mr. Lincoln's place.

Mr. Lincoln had no educational advantages in his early life. In appearance he was unprepossessing, in manners ungraceful, in taste unrefined, or at least peculiar, but he was warm-hearted and genial. In knowledge of men, in strong common sense, in sound judgment, in sagacity, Mr. Lincoln had no superior. He was unassuming, patient, hopeful, far-seeing. He was also one of the bravest of men. In saying this I do not refer to personal courage—in which he was by no means deficient, but to bravery of a higher and rarer kind, bravery which was steadfast under the criticism of his friends and the assaults of his enemies. His inaction for some weeks after his inauguration greatly disappointed many of his most devoted political adherents, who became fearful that it indicated indecision; and the feeling became widespread that he lacked nerve—one of the most essential qualities in a statesman who is called upon to act when danger is imminent and great interests are at stake. In these respects he was misjudged. He was anxious to prevent a decided rupture of the relations of the Government with the Southern States, and he was determined, if a rupture should occur, that the administration should not be responsible for it. It was his duty to enforce obedience to the Federal authority throughout the Union, but he hoped that this might be accomplished in the Southern States without a resort to arms. He knew how strong the opposition was in the West to what was called coercion, the coercion of sovereign States; and he foresaw that if a conflict should occur, and the government should be regarded as the aggressor, it would fail to command hearty support in that section, and how important it therefore was, if war was to be the result of attempts to execute the law, that the first blow should not be struck by the Government. His wisdom was vindicated by the manner in which the report of the cannonade upon Fort Sumter was received throughout

the loyal States. It was, as I have remarked, like an electric shock to a seemingly inanimate body, which, however, was full of life. It vitalized the dormant patriotism of the people, it hushed party strife, it united Republicans and Democrats in a common cause—the defence of the Union. Thenceforward many who had been the opponents of coercion were its strongest advocates. Some of them attained high distinction in the field.

Throughout his administration Mr. Lincoln was wiser than his assailants, wiser than his friends. Beside the attacks of his political enemies, to which he was indifferent, he was constantly charged by those who claimed to be friendly with hesitation, when hesitation was dangerous. They were, for instance, impatient at his tardiness in using his war power to free the slaves, and they censured him without stint. He was troubled by these censures, but his purposes were not shaken by them. Although one of the mildest of men, he was unyielding to efforts which were made to force him to acts which he considered erroneous in themselves, or erroneous because untimely. His aim was to keep abreast with the public sentiment, with which no man was better acquainted, and not to go too fast to avoid the charge of going too slow. He issued his celebrated Emancipation Proclamation when he thought the people were prepared for it and when the military condition of the country seemed to justify it. It came at the right time; it breathed the right spirit, and it was hailed with almost universal satisfaction in almost all the loyal States. I never think of the manner in which Mr. Lincoln fulfilled the most difficult and responsible duties which ever devolved upon mortal man, of the enormous labors which he performed, of his faith in the right, his constancy, his hopefulness, his sagacity, and his patience under unmerited and bitter criticism, without feelings of admiration akin to reverence.

When Mr. Chase resigned (as Secretary of the Treasury) the eyes of the people turned to Mr. Fessenden as the right man to be his successor. Mr.

Fessenden's acknowledged ability and high character, and the financial knowledge which he had displayed as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate were a sufficient guaranty that under his direction the business of the Treasury Department would be honestly and wisely conducted. He accepted the office with extreme reluctance. His business had been to assist in making laws, not in executing them. He was distrustful of his executive ability. The duties which he was required to perform were distasteful to him from the start, and the longer he remained in office, the more distasteful they became to him. If Mr. Fessenden had been strong in health, if his duties had been congenial, and he had been content to remain at the head of the great department, he would have been equal to his duties, however difficult and onerous they might have been. But his health was not good, and his heart was not in executive but in legislative work. It was as a senator that he had achieved renown. It was in the Senate Chamber that he was at home. There, in extent of knowledge, in command of language, in readiness and force in debate, he had no equal. Mr. Douglas was frequently compared with him, but he was more learned than Mr. Douglas, closer in reasoning, more easily followed, more accurate in statements, and altogether safer as a leader.

Mr. Fessenden was one of the very few men of his day that merited the name of statesman. He must have been a hard student in early days (he was not subsequently), or, great as was his aptitude for learning, he would not have possessed that wealth of knowledge which he frequently displayed in the Senate Chamber. He was not an orator, but a debater of the highest order—lucid, cogent, incisive. He did not regard the halls of Congress as fit places for oratorical display, for the delivery of orations, and he listened impatiently, when he listened at all, to Mr. Sumner's, which had been prepared with care and committed to memory. He was disposed to underrate abilities which differed from his own, and he therefore underrated those of Mr. Sumner. In devotion to what he considered

right, he was as inflexible as steel. This trait of character was exhibited in the impeachment trial of President Johnson. While this celebrated trial was going on, he received scores of letters threatening him with personal violence—some of them with death—if he voted for acquittal; but they did not disturb him in the least. No one knew how he would vote—he did not know himself until the testimony and the arguments on both sides had been heard; but it was well known that he had no sympathy with those who had determined how they would vote before the trial was commenced—who did not hesitate to pronounce the President guilty without waiting for the evidence. Therefore it was feared that his vote might not be unfavorable to the President, and hence the threats. Mr. Fessenden said to me as much, I am sure, as he said to anyone, which was simply this, that he would listen attentively to the testimony and to the arguments of counsel, and then, and not until then, make up his mind as to what his oath and his duty required of him. His vote and the votes of six others from the Republican side of the Senate, with the Democratic votes, saved the President from being adjudged a criminal, and the Republican party from disruption.

For some years before his death ill health prevented Mr. Fessenden from participating in Washington festivities, and on this account he was regarded by many as being of an unsocial disposition. In this he was misjudged. Before his health became impaired, he was eminently social; to those who were intimate with him he was always one of the most affable and agreeable of men. In appearance he was attractive; his face was handsome and strikingly intellectual; in deportment he was natural, in character upright, in all business transactions honorable. He was true to his principles and his friends, never unfaithful to the former or forgetful of the latter.

As a resident of Washington during the war and reconstruction periods, and as the occupant of an important official position, I met not only the most influential statesmen and financiers of the

country, but many of the most distinguished generals. At the Washington Scientific Club, of which I was a member, I became acquainted with General George H. Thomas. He was not a member, but he accepted invitations to its meetings, in which he seemed to be much interested. He frequently participated in the discussions, and always spoke with intelligence and to the point. I saw a good deal of him in the club and out of it, and the better I knew him the more highly I esteemed him. My acquaintance with him became close, and he spoke to me, I think, with as much freedom as he spoke to anyone, about his military services and the criticisms to which he was subjected just before the battle of Nashville. In the last conversation I ever had with him he referred to the annoying telegrams which he received from General Halleck at Washington and from General Grant at City Point. "I was on the ground," he said, "and hard at work in getting together and into fighting shape the scattered and undisciplined forces under my command, after General Sherman had commenced his march to the sea, in order that I might strike an effective blow against the superior forces of General Hood. I knew, or thought I knew, when the blow should be struck; and it was struck just as soon as it could be with reasonable prospects of success. Defeat at that time and at that place would have been a greater calamity than any which had befallen the Federal forces. It would have cleared the way for the triumphant march of Hood's army through Kentucky, and a successful invasion of Indiana and Illinois, in which there were no Federal troops. It was therefore of the last importance that the battle upon which so much depended should not be fought until I was ready for it. To one of General Grant's despatches, urging me to fight, I was strongly tempted (grossly improper as it would have been) to ask why he was not fighting himself."

The gallantry and military capacity of General Thomas were displayed in every one of the many battles in which he was engaged; and never was he charged with being slow, until he hesitated to strike at Hood before he was

prepared to make the battle of Nashville one of the most decisive battles of the war; but the complaint came from City Point, and hence the credence of its justice. In the history of the great Civil War, yet to be written by an impartial pen, no name will be more conspicuous, not for courage only, but for all the qualities required in a great commander, than that of George H. Thomas. Nor was it as a soldier only that he was renowned. He was no less distinguished by his modesty, his unselfishness, and his keen sense of justice. He was never his own trumpeter, nor with his approbation was anyone the trumpeter of his fame. Newspaper correspondents were never welcome in his camps. His supreme ambition was to do his duty, and he was content that his reputation should rest upon his acts. He declined honors when, by accepting them, he would have sanctioned injustice to others.

Having said so much about General Thomas, I cannot help giving the impressions made upon me by a few of the other distinguished generals and commanders with whom I became personally acquainted during the war, or soon after its close.

The evening of the day on which reports of General P. H. Sheridan's splendid victory in the Valley of Virginia were received in Washington I spent with the President at the Soldiers' Home. It was such a relief to have cheering news from that quarter that Mr. Lincoln threw off his cares and gave free rein to his humor. He had not been so happy, he said, since the capture of Vicksburg. I certainly never saw him during the war when he was so joyous. My desire to meet Sheridan was not gratified until I met him some years after in London, where we spent some pleasant hours together. Since then I have known him quite well, and he has grown steadily in my estimation and respect. To many of his countrymen General Sheridan has been known only as one of the bravest of the brave—the dashing cavalry commander, whose gallantry had been displayed on many battlefields; always foremost in the fight and seemingly courting danger



for the love of it. Such he had seemed to me until he was assigned to the command of the Army of the Shenandoah, in August, 1864. It was there that he found opportunity to display his qualities as a commander. It was the first command of an army that he had been entrusted with, and he had opposed to him one of the most skilful generals of the Confederacy. That the right man had at last been assigned to the command of the Union forces in that fertile valley, from which General Lee was obtaining a large part of his supplies in the defence of Richmond, was speedily proved by his great but dearly bought victory at Opequan Creek. It was the first battle in which he had led an army, and in his elation he indited the despatch, "We have sent the enemy whirling through Winchester. We are after them to-morrow." The battle at Fisher's Hill, which soon followed, in which the Confederate fortifications, well built and on a commanding position, were skilfully flanked and carried by storm, was scarcely less important than that of Opequan in the effect which it had upon both sections of the country. It was, however, in the battle of Cedar Creek that Sheridan obtained his greatest renown. When Sheridan reached the field from Winchester, about 11 o'clock, the largest part of the Union army was in retreat, some of it in utter confusion. To stop the retreat, to reform the broken lines, to compel the fugitives to face the enemy, and to win a great victory, was possible only to a general of great ability, who could inspire his troops with his own gallant spirit. In a few hours the lost ground was recovered, and before night the Confederates, beaten at all points, were flying for their lives. The annals of war reveal nothing grander than the conduct of Sheridan in this, the last great battle in the Shenandoah. Like General Thomas, he was the idol of the men whom he commanded. Since the war he has displayed executive ability and sound judgment in the performance of various important duties, and there are none to deny that he fills with credit the highest place in the army.

No other general in the army of the Civil War is known by as many peo-

ple as William Tecumseh Sherman, and none has warmer friends. Of great versatility of character, he has been soldier, teacher, banker, and again soldier. He has travelled much and been a close and accurate observer. His perception is rapid, and his comprehension of the topography of a country through which he merely travels is so extraordinary that he understands its general features better than they are understood by its residents. This faculty gave him great advantage in his Tennessee and Georgia campaign, and in his march from Savannah to Raleigh. He had been over a considerable part of these sections before, not as a student of their topography, but as a young lieutenant in the Seminole War, and he knew more about them than the Southern Generals seemed to know.

In the conduct of the Atlanta campaign, Sherman exhibited military genius of the highest order, supplemented by courage, hardihood, endurance; but the crowning victory was yet to be attained. His march to the sea was as grand in design as it was splendid in execution. To Sherman alone belongs the honor of the design; to him and to his army the honor of the achievement. It was in conception and accomplishment one of the grandest enterprises of which there is a record.

I met General Hancock for the first time a few days after the battle of Gettysburg. I had known something of his early history—that two years after he graduated at West Point he had been breveted first lieutenant for his bravery in the war with Mexico; and I was quite familiar with his military history from the commencement of the civil war. I knew that he had won distinguished honors on the Peninsula, at South Mountain and Antietam, and that his praise was in everybody's mouth for the excellent judgment and gallantry that he had displayed at Gettysburg. I was therefore desirous to know him personally, and I met him with the most favorable impressions of his merit as a soldier. From that time my acquaintance with him was as intimate as the difference in our pursuits and our places of abode would permit; and the

better I knew him, the higher did he rise in my estimation. In uprightness, in a keen sense of honor, in kindness of heart, in generosity, in genuine manliness, he had no superior in the army. To jealousy he was a stranger. If he thought, as many of his friends did, that his services were not properly appreciated, he never expressed or indicated it. In the field, in the management of the troops under his command, wherever valor came into full exercise, he was, in the language of one who fought with him and under him, "simply magnificent." Of his qualifications to command an army and conduct a campaign, there must have been some doubt in the mind of Mr. Lincoln, or he would have been tried in that capacity. It is not unlikely that these doubts were created by Secretary Stanton, with whom Hancock was not a favorite. There was apparently no good grounds for them. In all the battles in which he was engaged and that were unfavorable to the Union armies, his position was a subordinate one, and he was in no manner responsible for their results. On the contrary, his conduct in each was such as to justify the opinion that he possessed the qualities for absolute command;—that if he had succeeded McClellan in command, the battle of Fredericksburg would not have been fought, and no such disasters as those at Chancellorsville and Bull Run would have befallen the Grand Army of the Potomac, or of Virginia, as it was for a short time called. Burnside had rendered good service in North Carolina; Hooker was distinguished for his bravery, and Pope had won a high reputation in the West; but neither, outside of the War Department, was considered the equal, as a soldier or commander, of Hancock. Their preference to him was a surprise to me, as I think it was to others who were acquainted with their respective histories. It was by Hancock's advice that Lee was met at Gettysburg, and although General Meade was in command, to him more than to any other man, the nation was indebted for the most important victory of the war.

Next to being elected President, the worst thing that can happen to a suc-

cessful military general is to be a candidate for that high office. A stranger to the freedom of the press and the unfairness of politicians, in reading Republican newspapers and listening to Republican orators, when Hancock was a candidate for the Presidency, would have supposed that he was destitute of both intelligence and patriotism. Nothing could have been wider from the truth. Of his patriotism there could be no question. In general intelligence he was not inferior to any of the well-educated men of the army, except perhaps McClellan and Sherman and Thomas and Canby. He was a good deal ridiculed for speaking of the tariff as a local question. That the tariff, which had been specially the apple of discord from the foundation of the Government, and which at one time threatened the integrity of the Union, should be spoken of by a candidate for the Presidency as a local question, did seem to be absurd. But was it? The tariff was then, as it is now, one of the most interesting questions before the country; but it had always been to a considerable extent a sectional, and consequently a local, question.

It was well for Hancock that he was defeated. As President he might have been a failure. His fame now rests upon his military services, and there it rests securely. His record as a soldier is without a blemish. A gallant soldier he was, without fear and without reproach.

Upon General McClellan's career I have only space here for some brief reflections.

When McClellan was retired, what happened to the Army of the Potomac? Terrible slaughter under Burnside at Fredericksburg; crushing defeat at Chancellorsville under Hooker. The hold which McClellan had upon his men, their love for him and the confidence which they had in him, were displayed when he took his leave of them and turned over the command to Burnside, when it was difficult to say which predominated—sorrow or indignation; sorrow that they were to be separated from their beloved commander, indignation at the injustice with which he had been treated.

The prevalent opinion in regard to McClellan was that it was his habit to overrate the strength of the enemy and underrate his own; that he was too much of an engineer, too cautious, too prudent, for an efficient commander; that he was wanting in that self-confidence which, united with a clear head and military knowledge, has been a characteristic of successful generals. His position from the time he took command of the Army of the Potomac up to the close of his military career was such as to make him cautious and prudent, but I have looked in vain in his military history for the evidence of such defects as have been attributed to him. It is certainly not found in his first campaign in West Virginia; not in the Peninsula, where he had everything to contend with which was calculated to discourage him and his army, with no word of cheer from the headquarters in Washington; not in his willingness to take again the command of the army after it had been shattered and demoralized; not in the rapidity with which its discipline was restored and its spirit revived, so that it was able to meet and overcome the same foes by which it had been defeated a few days before. The evidence of General McClellan's deficiencies is found not in a correct history of his military career, but in the press and the despatches of the War Department. He was unfortunate in not comprehending the true cause of the Rebellion, and in his views upon the question of slavery. He was unfortunate in the use of his name by his political friends in connection with the Presidency while he was in the field. He was still more unfortunate in permitting his temper to get the better of his judgment, in attributing to the War Department indifference in regard to the result of the Peninsula campaign, in writing to the President a letter which would have been well enough in a political contest, but which was grossly improper when addressed by a general in the field to his superior. All this and more can be admitted without derogation to his merits as a soldier. He was permanently retired under a cloud within little more than a month from the time when with a recently beaten army he had achieved a

very important victory;—retired under circumstances that seemingly justified the opinion that there were influences at work in Washington which demanded his retirement as a political necessity. To doubt that the cloud that rested upon him when he was ordered to Trenton will be cleared away, that his high military character will be vindicated, would be to doubt the triumph of truth over jealousy and misrepresentation.

It is enough to say of General McClellan, in his private and social life, that he was in the truest sense a Christian gentleman. I had no sympathy with him in politics; I did what I could to prevent his election to the Presidency. What I have said about him has been prompted only by a sense of duty to one who imperilled his life in his country's service, and who merited lasting honor, instead of the ignominy to which he was subjected and the disrepute which still, to some extent, attaches to his name.

That fact is stranger than fiction, is illustrated in the life of General Ulysses S. Grant. Few men were ever subject to so great vicissitudes; none ever rose so rapidly from obscurity to fame, from a very low estate to the highest. In the spring of 1861 he was utterly unknown outside of a very limited circle. In 1868 he was elected President of the United States by an overwhelming majority over one of the most distinguished men of the day.

There have been and there will continue to be great differences of opinion in regard to General Grant's character and merits as a soldier. While many, and perhaps a majority, regard him as having been a great military genius, whose name will go down in history along with the names of the most renowned soldiers of modern times, others regard him as having been destitute of genius, entitled to no credit except for stubborn courage and unyielding resolution; as one whose rise was a chapter of accidents and luck. Neither of these opinions is correct. It was not by accident or luck that Donelson was taken, that the Mississippi was opened by the capture of Vicksburg, and that the misfortunes at Chickamauga were offset by

the achievements at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. It was not by luck that he rose from the captaincy of a company, in 1861, to the command of all the armies of the United States, in 1864. Accidents were in his favor, and lucky he certainly was, but if he had not possessed military qualities of a high degree, accidents would not have been favorable to him and good luck would not have been so constantly his attendant. His rise was rapid and with but a single interruption. For some weeks after the capture of Donelson he seemed to have reached the height of his military career, but after his success at Vicksburg his star was again in the ascendant, and it continued to shine with undiminished if not increasing brightness to the end of the war.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that he did not accomplish enough, nor give evidence of possessing all the qualities which were necessary to entitle him to a place by the side of the great captains of the world. If he had capacity for planning campaigns, he lacked the opportunities for exhibiting it. Before the expedition was commenced in which Fort Henry and Fort Donelson were captured and the line of Confederate fortifications was broken, the importance of such an expedition had been freely discussed. The successful movement against Vicksburg was not undertaken until all other plans for reaching the city had failed. The battles on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge were not fought according to any well-digested plan.

But while General Grant's abilities were not in the line of organizing troops or planning campaigns, it cannot be denied that in all the battles of which he had the direction he displayed indomitable resolution, perfect self-possession, dauntless courage. His conduct at Donelson and before Vicksburg, where he obtained his highest renown, was such as to entitle him to very high rank as a soldier, but in neither of these fields was there, nor could there be, a display of such ability as would sustain the claims of his extreme eulogists. His qualities were such as circumstances required. There was no sentiment in his mode of warfare. He was never seen on a field

after a battle had been fought, or in the hospitals, and he never counted the cost of a victory. His business was to fight. To persistently push the enemy at all points and at all sacrifices, was, in his opinion, the surest as well as the speediest way of terminating the war. It was, he thought, his duty to cripple him in every way. He was opposed therefore, for a time, to the exchange of prisoners, knowing, as he did, that owing to the difference of treatment in Northern and Southern prisons he would be receiving men who were not fit for duty in exchange for those that were, and that the government which he served had far less need of men than its enemies. This was considered by many as inhuman, but war is a business in which humanity is not often brought into lively exercise. He understood both the duties and responsibilities of a commander, and while insensible to fear, he never exposed himself unnecessarily to danger. He lacked personal magnetism. His presence among his troops was never hailed with enthusiastic shouts, as was McClellan's. He never breasted the storm of battle, as did Thomas at Chickamauga. He never personally rallied fleeing troops and led them back to victory, as Sheridan did at Cedar Creek. His soldiers were not strongly attached to him, but they had confidence in his generalship, and they admired him for his coolness and courage.

As I have said, he did not accomplish enough, nor exhibit all the qualities which were required to entitle him to a place by the side of the great captains of the world. What his rank is to be hereafter among the distinguished generals of his own country, cannot be safely predicted. It certainly will be among the highest. His name may not be second to any in the long line of American soldiers; but that it will be regarded by impartial historians as entitled to the pre-eminence that is now so generally accorded to it, is at least doubtful. He gained nothing in reputation after he became lieutenant-general. Sherman expressed the opinion that if General C. F. Smith had lived, Grant might not have been heard of after Donelson. He would not have been wide of the

mark if he had said that but for Donelson and Vicksburg Grant would not have been known in history. But Smith did not live to throw Grant into the background, and Donelson and Vicksburg are fixed facts in the annals of the war.

Naturally, some of my most interesting recollections are connected with two Presidents with whom I was intimately associated as Secretary of the Treasury. No public man in the United States has been so imperfectly understood as Andrew Johnson. None has been so difficult to understand. He had few personal friends; in no one did he entirely confide. He had many faults, but he abounded also in admirable qualities. His love of the Union was a passion intensified by the dangers to which it had been exposed and by his labors in its defence. It was his devotion to the Union which compelled him to oppose the reconstruction acts of Congress, which he thought would greatly retard, if they did not prevent, its perfect restoration. I differed from him upon some subjects, but I never had reason to doubt his patriotism or his personal or official integrity.

I was not present when Mr. Johnson took the oath of Vice-President, in the Senate Chamber, but the reports of his speech on that occasion amazed me. It was so different from what had been expected of him—so incoherent, so rambling, that those who listened to it thought that he was intoxicated. "It was not," said a Senator to me the next morning, "the speech of Andrew Johnson, but the speech of a drunken man," and such it undoubtedly was. He had been ill for some days before he left home, and on his way to Washington had taken brandy as an astringent. On the day of his inauguration as Vice-President he was really ill, and was so unwise as to resort to a stimulant before he went to the Senate Chamber.

Meeting Mr. Lincoln a day or two after, I said to him that the country, in view of the Vice-President's appearance on the 4th, had a deeper stake than ever in his life. He hesitated for a moment, and then remarked, with unusual seriousness, "I have known Andy Johnson

for many years; he made a bad slip the other day, but you need not be scared; Andy ain't a drunkard."

For nearly four years I had daily intercourse with him, frequently at night, and I never saw him under the influence of liquor. I have no hesitation in saying that whatever may have been his faults intemperance was not among them. There was a marked difference between his carefully prepared papers and his off-hand speeches. The former were well written and dignified; the latter were inconsiderate, retaliatory, and in a style which could be tolerated only in the heat of a political campaign. Hence the opinion that they were made when he was under the influence of liquor.

Mr. Johnson was a man of unblemished personal integrity. He was an honest man, and his administration was an honest and clean administration. In this respect it will bear comparison with any that have preceded or have followed. In appointments money was not potent. Offices were not merchandise. The President never permitted himself to be placed under personal obligations to anyone. He received no presents. The horses and carriages which were sent to him soon after he became President were promptly returned. When he was so unwise as to suppose that there might be a third party, of which he was to be the head, he did, under the advice of injudicious friends, make some official changes to accomplish this object, but there were fewer changes than are usually made, even when an administration follows one of the same party. There were more officers connected with the Treasury Department than with any other, and it is due to Mr. Johnson that I should say that his desire seemed always to be that it should be fairly and honestly administered, and, except for a very brief period, independently of political considerations. In no instance did he interfere with its management. In his bitter contest with Congress, although most of the employés of the department were politically opposed to him and his reconstruction policy, he never even suggested that changes should be made for that reason. If he did not

declare that public offices were public trusts, his actions proved that he so regarded them. In some matters I doubted the correctness of his judgment, but I never doubted his devotion to what he considered his duty to his country, and the whole country. He was a laborious, painstaking man. For him fashionable watering-places had no attractions. Neither by him nor by any member of his Cabinet was recuperation sought at the seaside or in the mountains. His administration had little popular and no distinctive party support, but, judged by its merits, as sooner or later it will be, it casts no discredit upon the national honor.

In his administration of the Government Mr. Johnson labored under great disadvantages. He had been a Democrat, but his connection with the Democratic Party was severed when he became the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency. He was disowned by the Republicans when he antagonized the reconstruction measures of Congress. For a good part of his term he was President without a party. The Democratic senators in a body stood by him in his impeachment trial, though they did not do so from personal regard, but because the trial was political, and because they approved of his reconstruction policy, which was in harmony with the Democratic doctrine in regard to the constitutional rights of the States; but they never gave to him or to his administration cordial support. By the Republican press, and by some members of Congress, he was denounced as a traitor, not only to his party, but to the country. His services during the war, in recognition of which he had been nominated for the Vice-Presidency; the bravery which he had displayed in his contests with the secessionists of Tennessee; the terrible trials to which his family were subjected by his fidelity to the Union, were all ignored, buried, forgotten. He was accused not only of political offences, but of personal misconduct of which there was not the slightest proof. Unfortunately for himself (such was his temperament), he could not restrain his disposition to repel by intemperate speeches the attacks that were made upon him. He

seemed to forget what was due to his station, to be unmindful that he had been lifted out of the political arena in which he had been so long a combatant. Silence in his case would have been wisdom; defence by retaliatory speeches was a blunder. He ought to have felt that his true defence existed in his public career and his official record, and that, sustained by them, the assaults of his enemies would be harmless.

No matter how unpopular or severely criticised a man occupying a high position may have been while in active life, there is usually a disposition, even on the part of those who were the most hostile to him, to be generous to his memory. This disposition has not been manifested in Mr. Johnson's case. It is not often that kindly mention is made of him upon the platform or in the press. Among those who have filled high places with ability or rendered distinguished services to their country his name is rarely classed; and yet when the history of the great events with which he was connected has been faithfully written, there will appear few names entitled to greater honor and respect than that of Andrew Johnson. His faults were patent: he was incapable of disguise. He was a combatant by temperament. If he did not court controversy, he enjoyed it. He rarely tried to accomplish his ends by policy; when he did, he subjected himself to the charge of demagogism. In fact he was utterly deficient, and he ran against snags which he might easily have avoided. Naturally distrustful, he gave his confidence reluctantly—never without reserve; he had, therefore, few constant friends. These peculiarities and defects in his character were manifest, and they were severe drawbacks upon his usefulness in public life. On the other hand, he never cherished animosity after a contest was over. He never failed in generosity toward a defeated foe. He was brave, honest, truthful. He never shrank from danger, disregarded an engagement, or was unfaithful to his pledges. His devotion to the Union was a passion. There was no sacrifice that he was not willing to make, no peril that he was not willing to encounter in its defence. It was not



mere emotion that prompted the direction that the flag of his country—the stripes and stars—should be his winding-sheet, but it was the expression of his devotion to the principles which it represented. He was a kind and helpful neighbor, a tender and indulgent father. He was proud of his daughters, and he had reason to be, for they were devoted to him ; and more sensible, unpretending women never occupied the Executive Mansion. In intellectual force he had few superiors. He had, as has been stated, no educational advantages, but he made such use of opportunities that he never failed to fill with credit the various places which he held in his way up to the highest position in the Government.

Of Mr. Johnson's patriotism there ought not to have been a question, for he had given the highest evidence of it. He believed that the Southern States which attempted to secede were never out of the Union, and that when they had laid down their arms, submitted to the authority of the Government, and given honest pledges of future loyalty, they should at once have been permitted to resume their places. In this he may have been wrong, but he was backed by what was understood to be Mr. Lincoln's opinion, and by a respectable minority of the people of the North. There was no indication of a want of patriotism in this, nor was there in any of his utterances or acts. No member of his Cabinet ever heard from him an expression which savored of unfaithfulness to the Constitution. Mr. Dennison, Mr. Harlan, and Mr. Speed resigned their places not because they distrusted him, but because they could not stand by him in his contest with Congress. Their successors and the rest of the members, including Mr. Evarts, who had been one of his counsel in the impeachment trial, and who became his Attorney-General, never had the slightest reason to doubt his personal or his political integrity, or his unselfish patriotism.

I had no desire to enter again into public life, even for a short period, but I was nevertheless gratified when President Arthur came out to my house in the country—a short distance from

Washington—one afternoon in October 1884, to inform me that Mr. Gresham had resigned the office of Secretary of the Treasury to become a Circuit Judge of the United States, and to request me to take his place and help him close up his administration. I was still more gratified by the favorable manner my appointment was spoken of by the press, as it seemed like an endorsement of my management of the Treasury from 1865 to 1869.

The highest pleasure that I had during the short period that I held the office of Secretary for the second time was in the intimate acquaintance which I formed with President Arthur. I had known him as Collector of Customs in New York, and as a sagacious politician, but I was not prepared for the ability and tact which he exhibited when he became President of the United States. That high office is a very difficult one to fill by men who have been elected to it ; it is much more difficult for one to fill who succeeds to it by being Vice-President. It was with great diffidence that he entered upon the discharge of his high duties ; but his self-distrust begot carefulness, and he was content to administer the government as he found it. Day by day his hold upon the situation became firmer, and in a few weeks he was master of it. His position was a trying one, not only for the reasons that have been named, but by the fact that he had been a very active politician in New York, and had used men for political purposes who expected to be rewarded for them by the patronage which was at his disposal. The claims of all such men were disregarded. They became very pressing, as I had good reason for knowing, toward the close of his administration, but Mr. Arthur paid none of his political debts in New York at the expense of the Federal Treasury or to the detriment of the public service. I did not know which most to admire, his firmness in resisting their importunities or his tact in retaining their good-will, notwithstanding his refusal to comply with their urgent requests.

Mr. Arthur during his administration attempted no feats of diplomacy. His recommendations to Congress had been

carefully considered, and they were presented in a manner that compelled the respect of Congress, although few of them were favorably acted upon. His administration throughout was characterized by a high order of ability and by devotion to the public welfare. If any one of our Presidents merited a second term, he did. Had he been nominated he would doubtless have been elected, as the opposition to him would have been less savage than it was against Mr. Blaine. He might have lost some votes that were given to Mr. Blaine, but he would have secured a great many that went to Mr. Cleveland.

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## A SUMMER EVENING.

*By James Herbert Morse.*

How softly the evening rose,  
 And the herald moon  
 Led up the wondering stars,  
 And the wind, with its faint last bars,  
 Sang out the twilight, then crept  
 To the west, and slept!  
 So the moon went down,  
 And all in the wilderness  
 On tiptoe step—  
 The fox and the wolf and the bear.

But the Northern Crown,  
 With the unnamed beauties that press  
 In the starry train,  
 Arose, and, silent and still,  
 As the moon went down,  
 Wide-eyed, and more and more,  
 Swam out of the under Main,  
 Swarmed up on the silver shore,  
 And stood on the heavenly hill.

In the wilderness the same,  
 Two centuries back,  
 The twilight came,  
 The new moon sank,  
 And rank on rank,  
 By the Milky Way and the Zodiac,  
 The evening beauties climbed the same,  
 And swarmed upon the heavenly hill,  
 And stood by the Northern Crown,  
 To see the moon go down.  
 They twinkled and shone  
 On lovers the same,  
 When the moon was gone  
 And the sweet cedar flame  
 Of the Sagamore's fire  
 Flashed out through the juniper shade,  
 To shimmer and shine in the dusky hair  
 Of the Indian maid.

# RAILWAY PASSENGER TRAVEL.

*By Horace Porter.*



**F**ROM the time when Puck was supposed to utter his boast to put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes to the time when Jules Verne's itinerant hero accomplished the task in twice that number of days, the restless ingenuity and energy of man have been unceasingly taxed to increase the speed, comfort, and safety of passenger travel. The first railway on which passengers were carried was the "Stockton and Darlington," of England, the distance being 12 miles. It was opened September 27, 1825, with a freight train, or, as it is called in England, a "goods" train, but which also carried a number of excursionists. An engine which was the result of many years of labor and experiment on the part of George Stephenson was used on this train. Stephenson mounted it and acted as driver; his bump of caution was evidently largely developed, for, to guard against accidents from the recklessness of the speed, he arranged to have a signalman on horseback ride in advance of the engine to warn the luckless trespasser of the fate which awaited him if he should get in the way of a train moving with such a startling velocity. The next month, October, it was decided that it would be worth while to attempt the carrying of passengers, and a daily "coach," modelled after the stage-coach and called the "Experiment," was put on, Monday, October 10th, 1825, which carried six passengers inside and from fifteen to twenty outside. The engine with this light load made the trip in about two hours. The fare from Stockton to Darlington was one shilling, and each passenger was allowed fourteen pounds of baggage. The limited amount of baggage will appear to the ladies of the present day as niggardly in the extreme, but they must recollect that the

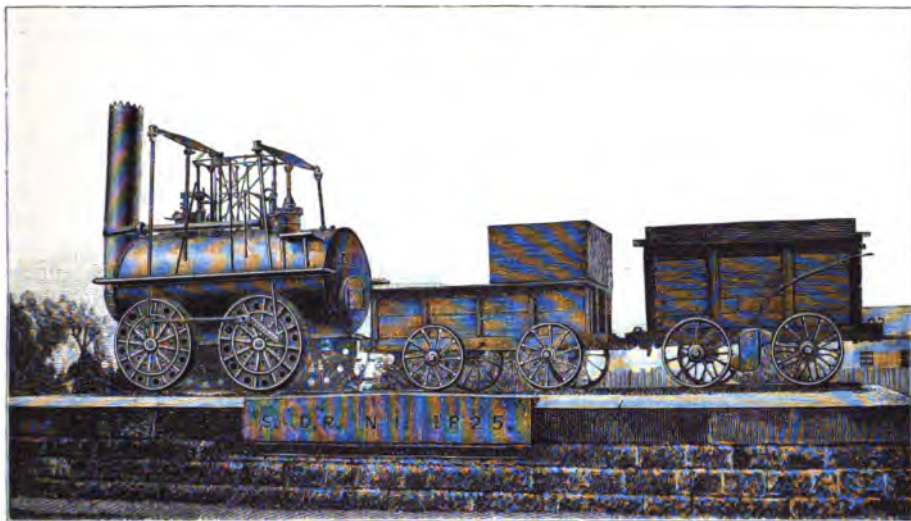
band-box was then the popular form of portmanteau for women, the Saratoga trunk had not been invented, and the muscular baggage-smasher of modern times had not yet set out upon his career of destruction.

The advertisement which was published in the newspapers of the day is here given, and is of peculiar interest as announcing the first successful attempt to carry passengers by rail.

**Stockton & Darlington**  
**Railway.**  
*— HICK AND —*  
**The Company's**  
**COACH**  
CALLED THE  
**EXPERIMENT.**

The Liverpool and Manchester road was opened in 1829. The first train was hauled by an improved engine called the "Rocket," which attained a speed of 25 miles an hour, and some records put it as high as 35 miles. This speed naturally attracted marked attention in the mechanical world, and first demonstrated the superior advantages of railways for passenger travel. Only four years before, so eminent a writer upon railways as Wood had said: "Nothing can do more harm to the adoption of railways than the promulgation of such nonsense as that we shall see locomotives travelling at the rate of 12 miles an hour."

America was quick to adopt the railway system which had had its origin in England. In 1827 a crude railway was opened between Quincy and Boston, but it was only for the purpose of transporting granite for the Bunker Hill Monument. It was not until August, 1829, that a locomotive engine was used upon an American railroad suitable for carry-



Stockton and Darlington Engine and Cars.

ing passengers. This road was constructed by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the experiment was made near Honesdale, Pennsylvania. The engine was imported from England and called the "Stourbridge Lion."

In May, 1830, the first division of the Baltimore and Ohio road was opened. It extended from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of 15 miles. There being a scarcity of cars, the regular passenger business did not begin till the 5th of July following, and then only horse-power was employed, which continued to be used till the road was finished to Frederick, in 1832. The term Relay House, the name of a well-known station, originated in the fact that the horses were changed at that place.

The following notice, which appeared in the Baltimore newspapers, was the first time-table for passenger railway trains published in this country.

## RAILROAD NOTICE.

A sufficient number of cars being now provided for the accommodation of passengers, notice is hereby given that the following arrangements for the arrival and departure of carriages have been adopted, and will take effect on and after Monday morning next the 5th instant viz. ;

A brigade of cars will leave the depot on Pratt St. at 6 and 10 o'clock A. M. and at 3 to 4 o'clock P. M., and will leave the depot at El-

licott's Mills at 6 and 8½ o'clock A. M., and at 12½ and 6 P. M.

Way passengers will provide themselves with tickets at the office of the Company in Baltimore, or at the depots at Pratt St. and Ellicott's Mills, or at the Relay House, near Elk Ridge Landing.

The evening way car for Ellicott's Mills will continue to leave the depot, Pratt St., at 6 o'clock P. M. as usual.

N. B. Positive orders have been issued to the drivers to receive no passengers into any of the cars without tickets.

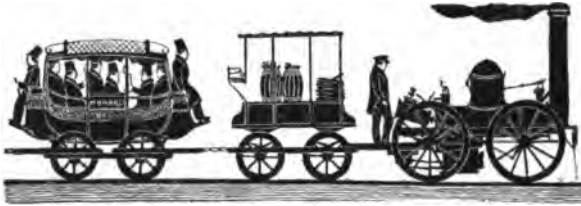
P. S. Parties desiring to engage a car for the day can be accommodated after July 5th.

It will be seen that the word train was not used, but instead the schedule spoke of a "brigade of cars."

The South Carolina Railroad was begun about the same time as the Baltimore and Ohio, and ran from Charleston to Hamburg, opposite Savannah. When the first division had been constructed, it was opened November 2d, 1830.

Peter Cooper, of New York, had before this constructed a locomotive and made a trial trip with it on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on the 28th of August, 1830, but not meeting the requirements of the company, it was not put into service. This trip incidentally brought out a demonstration of the Marylander's belief in the advantages of horse-flesh over all other means of locomotion, and to prove the superiority of this favorite animal, a gray roadster

was brought out and entered for a contest of speed with the boasted steam-power, and it is asserted that he beat the locomotive in a break-neck race which became as famous at the time as the ride of the renowned John Gilpin.



Mohawk and Hudson Train.

A passenger train of the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad which was put on in October, 1831, between Albany and Schenectady, attracted much attention. It was hauled by an English engine named the "John Bull," and driven by an English engineer named John Hampson. This is generally regarded as the first fully equipped passenger train hauled by a steam-power engine which ran in regular service in America. During 1832 it carried an average of 387 passengers daily. The accompanying engraving is from a sketch made at the time.

It was said by an advocate of mechanical evolution that the modern steam fire-engine was evolved from the ancient leathern fire-bucket; it might be said with greater truth that the modern railway car has been evolved from the old-fashioned English stage-coach.

England still retains the railway carriage divided into compartments that bear a close resemblance inside and outside to stage-coach bodies with the middle seat omitted. In fact the nomenclature of the stage-coach is in large measure still preserved in England.

The engineer is called the driver, the conductor the guard, the ticket office is the booking office, the cars are the carriages, and a rustic traveller may still be heard occasionally to object to sitting with his back to the horses. The earlier locomotives, like horses,

were given proper names, such as Lion, North Star, Fiery, and Rocket; the compartments in the round-houses for sheltering locomotives are termed the stalls, and the keeper of the round-house is called the hostler. The last two are the only items of equine

classification which the American railway system has permanently adopted.

America, at an early day, departed not only from the nomenclature of the turnpike, but from the stage-coach architecture, and adopted a long car in one compartment and containing a middle aisle which admitted of communication throughout the train. The car was carried on two trucks, or bogies, and was well adapted to the sharp curvature which prevailed upon our railways.

The first five years of experience showed marked progress in the prac-



English Railway Carriage, Midland Road. First and Third Class and Luggage Compartments.

tical operation of railway trains, but even after locomotives had demonstrated their capabilities and each improved engine had shown an encouraging increase in velocity, the wildest flights of fancy never pictured the speed attained in later years.

When the roads forming the line between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, were chartered in 1835,

and town meetings were held to discuss their practicability, the Honorable Simon Cameron, while making a speech in advocacy of the measure, was so far carried away by his enthusiasm as to make the rash prediction that there were persons within the sound of his voice who would live to see a passenger take his breakfast in Harrisburg and his supper in Philadelphia on the same day. A friend of his on the platform said to him after he had finished,

"That's all very well, Simon, to tell to the boys, but you and I are no such infernal fools as to believe it." They have both lived to travel the distance in a little over two hours.

The people were far from being unanimous in their advocacy of the railway system, and charters were not obtained without severe struggles. The topic was the universal subject of discussion in all popular assemblages. Colonel Blank, a well-known politician in Pennsylvania, had been loud in his opposition to the new means of transportation. When one of the first trains was running over the Harrisburg and

the on-coming locomotive, but his steam-breathing opponent proved the

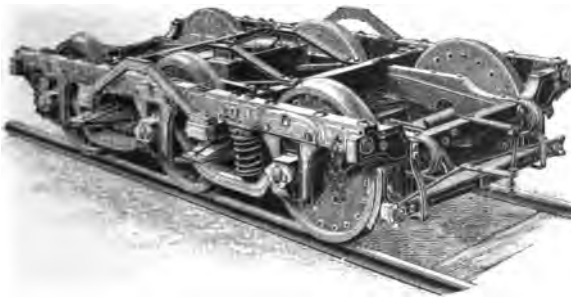


One of the Earliest Passenger Cars Built in this Country; used on the Western Railroad of Massachusetts (now the Boston & Albany).

better butter of the two and the bull was ignominiously defeated. At a public banquet held soon after in that part of the State, the toast-master proposed a toast to "Colonel Blank and Schultz's bull—both opposed to railroad trains." The joke was widely circulated and had much to do with completing the discomfiture of the opposition in the following elections.

The railroad was a decided step in advance, compared with the stage-coach and canal-boat, but when we picture the surroundings of the traveller upon railways during the first ten or fifteen years of their existence, we find his journey was not one to be envied.

He was jammed into a narrow seat with a stiff back, the deck of the car was low and flat, and ventilation in winter impossible. A stove at each end did little more than generate carbonic oxide. The passenger roasted if he sat at the end of the car, and froze if he sat in the middle. Tallow candles furnished a "dim religious light," but the accompanying odor did not savor of



Bogie Truck.

Lancaster road, a famous Durham bull belonging to a Mr. Schultz became seized with the enterprising spirit of Don Quixote, put his head down and tail up, and made a desperate charge at

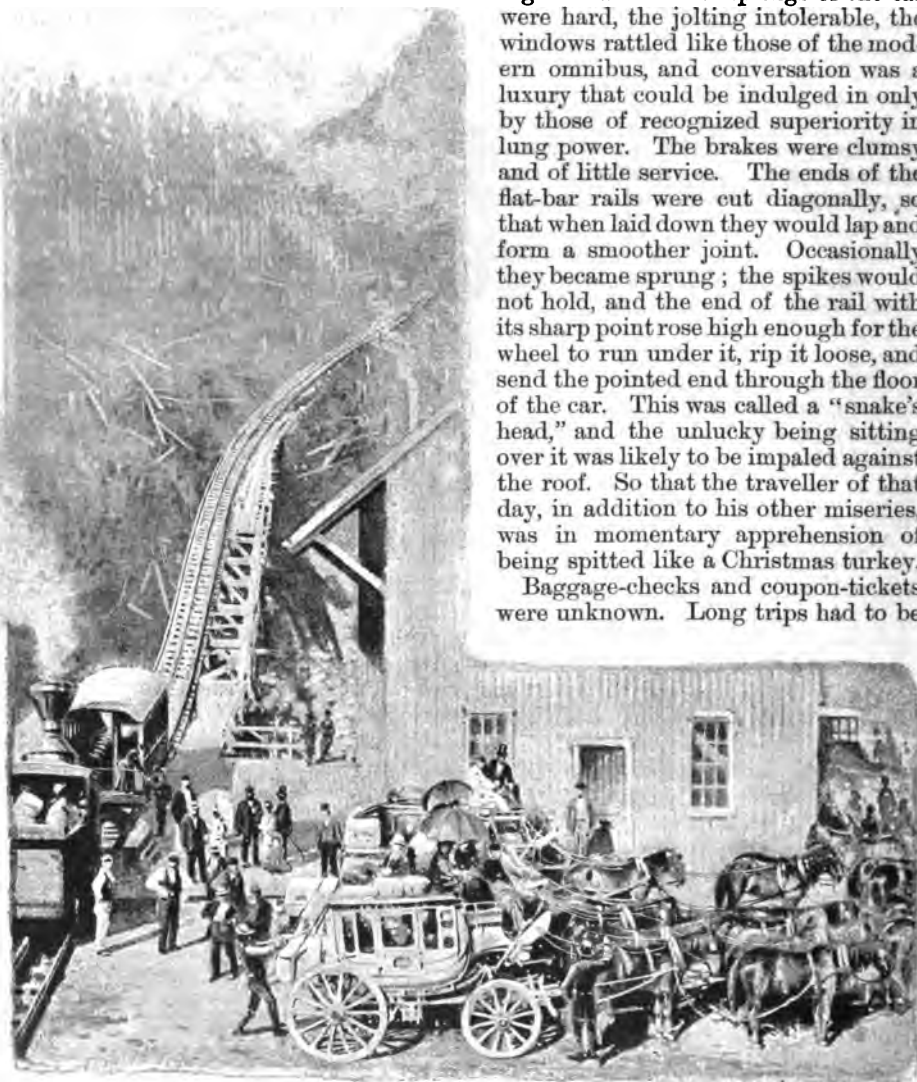
cathedral incense. The dust was suffocating in dry weather; there were no adequate spark-arresters on the engine, or screens at the windows, and the begrimed passenger at the end of his



journey looked as if he had spent the day in a blacksmith shop. Recent experiments in obtaining a spectrum analysis of the component parts of a quantity of dust collected in a railway car show that minute particles of iron form a large

ble matter is not especially recommended by medical practitioners, the sanitary surroundings of the primitive railway car cannot be commended. There were no double tracks, and no telegraph to facilitate the safe despatching of trains. The springs of the car were hard, the jolting intolerable, the windows rattled like those of the modern omnibus, and conversation was a luxury that could be indulged in only by those of recognized superiority in lung power. The brakes were clumsy and of little service. The ends of the flat-bar rails were cut diagonally, so that when laid down they would lap and form a smoother joint. Occasionally they became sprung; the spikes would not hold, and the end of the rail with its sharp point rose high enough for the wheel to run under it, rip it loose, and send the pointed end through the floor of the car. This was called a "snake's head," and the unlucky being sitting over it was likely to be impaled against the roof. So that the traveller of that day, in addition to his other miseries, was in momentary apprehension of being spitted like a Christmas turkey.

Baggage-checks and coupon-tickets were unknown. Long trips had to be



Rail and Coach Travel in the White Mountains.

proportion, and under the microscope present the appearance of a collection of tenpenny nails. As iron administered to the human system through the respiratory organs in the form of tenpenny nails mixed with other undesira-

made over lines composed of a number of short independent railways; and at the terminus of each the bedevilled passenger had to transfer, purchase another ticket, personally pick out his baggage, perhaps on an uncovered platform in a

rain-storm, and take his chances of securing a seat in the train in which he was to continue his weary journey.

After the principal companies had sent agents to Europe to gather all the information possible regarding the progress made there, they soon began to aim at perfecting what may justly be called the American System of railways. The road-bed, or what in England is called the "permanent way," was constructed in such a manner as to conform to the requirements of the new country, and the equipment was adapted to the wants of the people. In no branch of industry has the inventive genius of the race been more skilfully or more successfully employed than in the effort to bring railway travel to its present state of perfection.

Every year has shown progress in perfecting the comforts and safety of the railway car. In 1849 the Hodge hand-brake was introduced, and in 1851 the Stevens brake. These enabled the cars to be controlled in a manner which added much to the economy and safety of handling the trains. In 1869 George Westinghouse patented his air-brake, by which power from the engine was transmitted by compressed air carried through hose and acting upon the brakes of each car in the train. It was under the control of the engineer, and its action was so prompt and its power so effectual that a train could be stopped in an incredibly short time, and the brakes released in an instant. In 1871 the vacuum-brake was devised, by means of which the power was applied to the brakes by exhausting the air.

A difficulty under which railways suffered for many years was the method of coupling cars. The ordinary means consisted of coupling-pins inserted into

# 1843. RAIL-ROAD ROUTE 1843. BETWEEN Albany & Buffalo.



FARE REDUCED—ARRANGEMENT TO COMMENCE JULY 10, 1843.

Those who pay through between Albany and Buffalo, - \$10. in the best cars.  
do. do. do. which have been re-arranged, cushioned and lighted.  
Those who pay through between Albany & Rochester, \$8. in the best cars.  
do. do. do. 6.50 in accommodation cars.

**THREE DAILY LINES.**  
**Through in 25 hours.**

GOING WEST.				GOING EAST.			
Leave	Albany.	At Buffalo.	At Buffalo.	Leave	Buffalo.	At Buffalo.	At Buffalo.
Pass	Schenectady.	6 A. M.	3 P. M.	Pass	Rochester.	6 A. M.	3 P. M.
Pass	Utica.	7 A. M.	4 A. M.	Pass	Albany.	7 A. M.	4 A. M.
Pass	Syracuse.	8 P. M.	5 P. M.	Pass	Syracuse.	8 P. M.	5 P. M.
Pass	Albany.	7 P. M.	4 A. M.	Pass	Utica.	9 P. M.	6 A. M.
Pass	Rochester.	8 A. M.	5 A. M.	Pass	Schenectady.	10 A. M.	7 P. M.
Arrive	at Buffalo.	7 A. M.	3 P. M.	Arrive	at Albany.	8 A. M.	4 P. M.

**EMIGRANTS WILL BE CARRIED ONLY BY SPECIAL CONTRACT.**

Passengers will procure tickets at the offices at Albany, Buffalo or Rochester through to be entitled to seats at the reduced rates.

Fare will be received at each of the above places to any other places named on the route.

From an Old Time-table (furnished by the "A B C Pathfinder Railway Guide.")

links attached to the cars. There was a great deal of "slack," the jerking of the train in consequence was very objectionable, and the distance between the platforms of the cars made the crossing of them dangerous. In collisions one platform was likely to rise above that of the adjoining car, and "telescoping" was not an uncommon occurrence.

The means of warning passengers against standing on the platforms were characteristic of the dangers which threatened, and were often ingenious in the devices for attracting attention. On a New Jersey road there was painted on the car door a picture of a new-made grave, with a formidable tombstone, on which was an inscription announcing to a terrified public that it was "Sacred to the memory of the man who had stood on a platform."

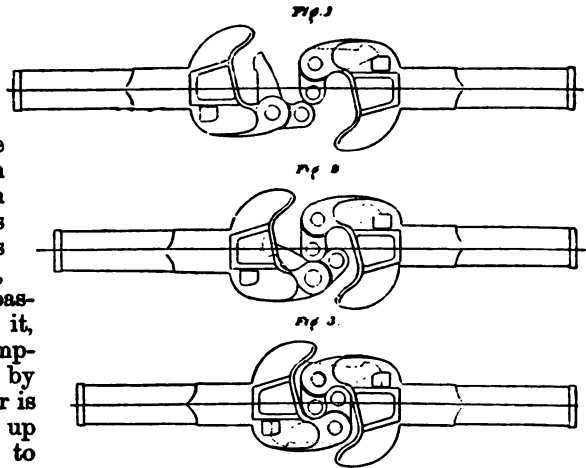
The Miller coupler and buffer was patented in 1863, and obviated many of the discomforts and dangers arising from the old methods of coupling. This was followed by the Janney coupler and a number of other devices, the essential principle of all being an automatic arrangement by which the two knuckles of the coupler when thrust together become securely locked, and a system of springs which keep the buffers in close contact and prevent jerking and jarring when the train is in motion.

The introduction of the bell-cord running through the train and enabling passengers to communicate promptly by means of it with the engineer, and signal him in case of danger, constitutes another source of safety, but is still a wonder to Europeans, who cannot understand why passengers do not tamper with it, and how they can resist the temptation to give false signals by means of it. The only answer is that our people are educated up to it, and being accustomed to govern themselves, they do not require any restraint to make them respect so useful a device. Aside from the inconveniences which used to arise occasionally from a rustic mistaking the bell-cord for a clothes rack, and hanging his overcoat over it, or from an old gentleman grabbing hold of it to help him climb into an upper berth in a sleeping-car, it has been singularly exempt from efforts to prostitute it to unintended uses.

The application of the magnetic telegraph to railways wrought the first great revolution in despatching trains, and introduced an element of promptness and safety in their operation of which the most sanguine of railroad advocates had never dreamed. The application of electricity was gradually availed of in many ingenious signal devices for both day and night service, to direct the locomotive engineer in running his train, and interpose precautions against accidents. Fuseses have also been called into requisition, which burn with a bright flame a given length of time; and when

a train is behind time and followed by another, by igniting one of these lights, and leaving it on the track, the train following can tell by noting the time of burning about how near it is to the preceding train. Torpedoes left upon the track, which explode when passed over by the wheels of a following train and warn it of its proximity to a train ahead, are also used.

In the early days more accidents arose



Janney Car Coupler, showing the process of coupling.

from switches than from any other cause; but improvement in their construction has progressed until it would seem that the dangers have been effectually overcome. The split-rail switch prevents a train from being thrown off the track in case the switch is left open, and the result is that in such an event the train is only turned on to another track. The Wharton switch, which leaves the main line unbroken, marks another step in the march of improvement. Amongst other devices is a complete interlocking switch system, by means of which one man standing in a switch-tower, overlooking a large yard with numerous tracks, over which trains arrive and depart every few minutes, can, by moving a system of levers, open any required track and by the same motion block all the others, and prevent the possibility of collisions or other accidents resulting from trains entering upon the wrong track.

The steamboats on our large rivers had been making great progress in the comforts afforded to passengers. They were providing berths to sleep in, serving meals in spacious cabins, and giving musical entertainments and dancing parties on board. The railroads soon began to learn a lesson from them in adding to the comforts of the travelling public.



Old Boston & Worcester Railway Ticket (about 1837)

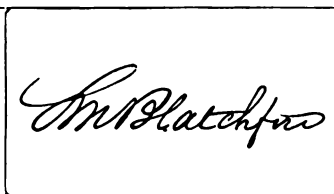
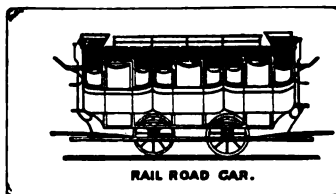
The first attempt to furnish the railway passenger a place to sleep while on his journey was made upon the Cumberland Valley Railroad of Pennsylvania, between Harrisburg and Chambersburg. In the winter season the east-bound passengers arrived at Chambersburg late at night by stage-coach, and as they were exhausted by a fatiguing trip over the mountains and many wished to continue their journey to Harrisburg to catch the morning train for Philadelphia, it became very desirable to furnish sleeping accommodations aboard the cars. The officers of this road fitted up a passenger-car with a number of berths, and put it into service as a sleeping-car in the winter of 1836-37. It was exceedingly crude and primitive in construction. It was divided by transverse partitions into four sections, and each contained three

not prove attractive to travellers. There were no bedclothes furnished, and only a coarse mattress and pillow were supplied, and with the poor ventilation and the rattling and jolting of the car there was not much comfort afforded, except a means of resting in a position which was somewhat more endurable than a sitting posture.

Previous to the year 1858 a few of the leading railways had put on sleeping-cars which made some pretensions to meet a growing want of the travelling public, but they were still crude, uncomfortable, and unsatisfactory in their arrangements and appointments.

In the year 1858 George M. Pullman entered a train of the Lake Shore Railroad at Buffalo, to make a trip to Chicago. It happened that a new sleeping-car which had been built for the railroad company was attached to this train and was making its first trip. Mr. Pullman stepped in to take a look at it, and finally decided to test this new form of luxury by passing the night in one of its berths. He was tossed about in a manner not very conducive to the "folding of the hands to sleep," and he turned out before daylight and took refuge upon a seat in the end of the car.

He now began to ponder upon the subject, and before the journey ended he had conceived the notion that, in a country of magnificent dis-



Obverse and Reverse of a Ticket Used in 1838, on the New York & Harlem R.R.

berths—a lower, middle, and upper berth. This car was used until 1848 and then abandoned.

About this time there were also experiments made in fitting up cars with berths something like those in a steamboat cabin, but these crude attempts did

tances like this, a great boon could be offered to travellers by the construction of cars easily convertible into comfortable and convenient day or night coaches, and supplied with such appointments as would give the occupants practically the same comforts as were afforded

by the steamboats. He began experiments in this direction soon after his arrival in Chicago, and in 1859 altered some day-cars on the Chicago & Alton Railroad and converted them into sleeping-cars, which were a marked step in advance of similar cars previously constructed. They were successful in meeting the wants of passengers at that time, but Mr. Pullman did not consider them in any other light than experiments. One night, after they had made a few trips on the line between Chicago and St. Louis, a tall, angular-looking man entered one of the cars while Mr. Pullman was aboard, and after asking a great many intelligent questions about the inventions, finally said he thought he would try what the thing was like and stowed himself away in an upper berth. This proved to be Abraham Lincoln.

In 1864 Mr. Pullman perfected his plans for a car which was to be a marked and radical departure from any one ever before attempted, and that year invested his capital in the construction of what may be called the father of the Pullman cars. He built it in a shed in the yard of the Chicago & Alton Railroad at a cost of \$18,000, named it the "Pioneer," and designated it by the letter "A." It did not then occur to anyone that there would ever be enough sleeping cars introduced to exhaust the whole twenty-six letters of the alphabet. The sum expended upon it was naturally looked upon as fabulous at a time when such sleeping-cars as were used could be built for about \$4,500. The constructor of the "Pioneer" aimed to produce a car which would prove acceptable in every respect to the travelling public. It had improved trucks and a raised deck, and was built a foot wider and two and a half feet higher than any car then in service. He deemed this necessary for the purpose of introducing a hinged upper berth, which, when fastened up, formed a recess behind it for stowing the necessary bedding in daytime. Before that the mattresses had been piled in one end of the car, and had to be dragged through the aisle when wanted. It was known to him that the dimensions of the bridges and station platforms would not admit of its passing over the line, but he was singularly confident in

the belief that an attractive car, constructed upon correct principles, would find its way into service against all obstacles. It so happened that soon after the car was finished, in the spring of 1865, the body of President Lincoln arrived at Chicago, and the "Pioneer" was wanted for the funeral train which was to take it to Springfield. To enable the car to pass over the road, the station platforms and other obstructions were reduced in size, and thereafter the line was in a condition to put the car into service. A few months afterward General Grant was making a trip west to visit his home in Galena, Ill., and as the railway companies were anxious to take him from Detroit to his destination in the car which had now become quite celebrated, the station platforms along the line were widened for the purpose, and thus another route was opened to its passage.

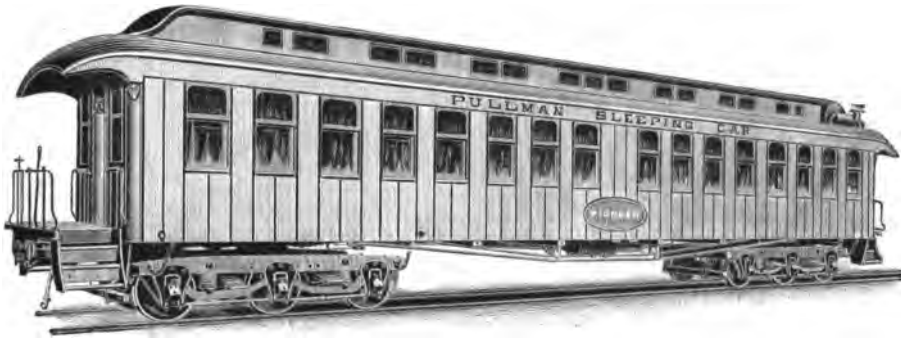
The car was now put into regular service on the Alton road. Its popularity fully realized the anticipations of its owner, and its size became the standard for the future Pullman cars as to height and width, though they have since been increased in length.

The railroad company entered into an agreement to have this car, and a number of others which were immediately built, operated upon its lines. They were marvels of beauty, and their construction embraced patents of such ingenuity and originality that they attracted marked attention in the railroad world and created a new departure in the method of travel.

In 1867 Mr. Pullman formed the Pullman Car Company and devoted it to carrying out an idea which he had conceived, of organizing a system by which passengers could be carried in luxurious cars of uniform pattern, adequate to the wants of both night and day travel, which would run through without change between far distant points and over a number of distinct lines of railway, in charge of responsible through agents, to whom ladies, children, and invalids could be safely intrusted. This system was especially adapted to a country of such geographical extent as America. It supplied an important want, and the travelling public and the railways were prompt to avail themselves of its advantages.

Parlor or drawing-room cars were next introduced for day runs, which added greatly to the luxury of travel, enabling passengers to secure seats in

ized in the State of New York, and was early in the field in furnishing this class of vehicles. It has supplied all the cars of this kind used upon the Vanderbilt



The "Pioneer." First Pullman Sleeping-car.

advance, and enjoy many comforts which were not found in ordinary cars. Sleeping and parlor cars were soon recognized as an essential part of a railway's equipment and became known as "palace cars."

The Wagner Car Company was organ-



system of railways and a number of its connecting roads. Several smaller palace-car companies have also engaged in the business at different times. A few roads have operated their own cars of this class, but the business is generally regarded as a specialty, and the railway companies recognize the advantages and conveniences resulting from the ability of a large car company to meet the irregularities of travel which require a large equipment at one season and a small one at another, to furnish an additional supply of cars for a sudden demand, and to perform satisfactorily the business of operating through cars in lines composed of many different railways.

Next came a demand for cars in which meals could be served. Why, it was said, should a train stop at a station for meals any more than a steamboat should tie up to a wharf for the same purpose? The Pullman Company now introduced the hotel car, which was practically a sleeping-car with a kitchen and pantries in one end and portable tables which could be placed between the seats of each section and upon which meals could be conveniently served. The first hotel car was named the "President," and was put into service on the Great Western Railway of Canada, in 1867, and soon after several popular lines were equipped with this new addition to the luxuries of travel. [P. 308.]



After this came the dining-car, which was still another step beyond the hotel car. It was a complete restaurant, having a large kitchen and pantries in one end, improvements in rolling-stock had obviated the jerking, jolting, and oscillation of the cars. The road-beds had been properly ditched, drained, and ballasted



Pullman Parlor Car.

with the main body of the car fitted up as a commodious dining-room, in which all the passengers in the train could enter and take their meals comfortably. The first dining-car was named the "Delmonico," and began running on the Chicago & Alton Railroad in the year 1868.

The comforts and conveniences of travel by rail on the main lines now seemed to have reached their culmination in America. The heavy **T** rails had replaced the various forms previously used; the improved fastenings, the reductions in curvature, and the greater care exercised in construction had made the trip delightfully smooth, while the

with broken stone or gravel, the dust overcome, the sparks arrested, and cleanliness, that attribute which stands next to godliness, had at last been made possible, even on a railway train.

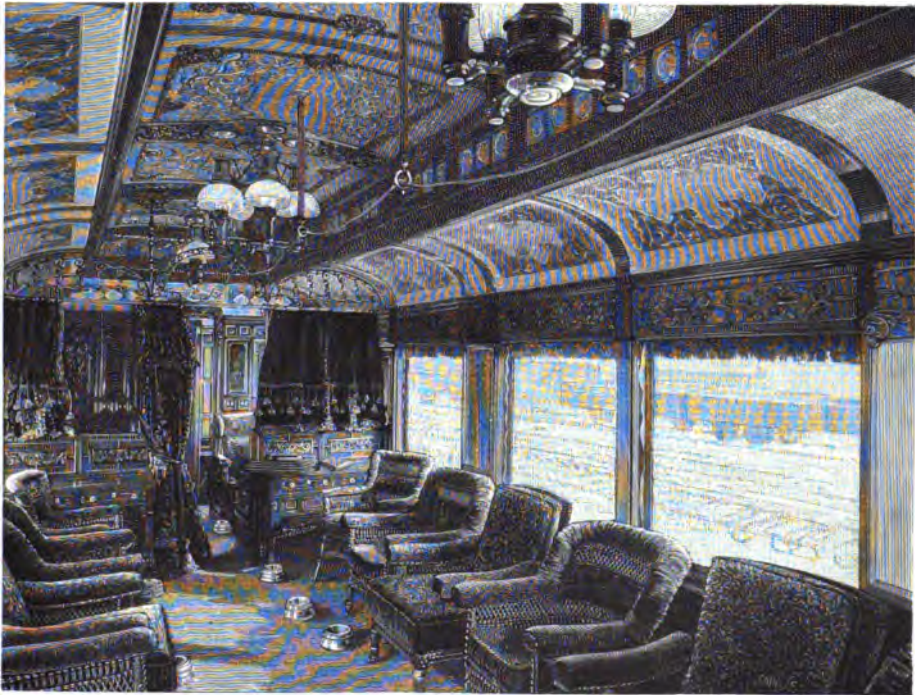
The heating of cars was not successfully accomplished till a method was devised for circulating hot water through pipes running near the floor. The suffering from that bane of the traveller—cold feet—was then obviated, and many a doctor's bill saved. The loss of human life from the destruction of trains by fires originating from stoves aroused such a feeling throughout the country that the legislatures of many States have passed laws, within the last two years,

prohibiting the use of stoves, and the railway managers have been devising plans for heating the trains with steam furnished from the boiler of the locomotive. The inventive genius of the people was at once brought into requisition, and several ingenious devices are now in use which successfully accomplish the purpose in solid trains with the locomotive attached, but the problem of heating a detached car without some form of furnace connected with it is still unsolved.

But notwithstanding the high standard of excellence which had been reached in the construction and operation of passenger trains, there was one want not yet supplied, the importance of which did not become fully recognized and demanded until dining-cars were

take—the crossing of platforms while the train is in motion—now became necessary, and was invited by the railway companies.

It was soon seen that a safe covered passageway between the cars must be provided, particularly for limited express trains. Crude attempts had been made in this direction at different times. As early as the years 1852 and 1855, patents were taken out for devices which provided for diaphragms of canvas to connect adjoining cars and form a passageway between them. These were applied to cars on the Naugatuck Railroad, in Connecticut, in 1857, but they were used mainly for purposes of ventilation, to provide for taking in air at the head of the train, so as to permit the car windows to be kept shut, to avoid the dust that entered



Wagner Parlor Car.

introduced, and men, women, and children had to pass across the platforms of several cars in order to reach the one in which the meals were served. An act which passengers had always been cautioned against, and forbidden to under-

through them when they were open. These appliances were very imperfect, did not seem to be of any practical advantage, even for the limited uses for which they were intended, and they were abandoned after a trial of about four years.



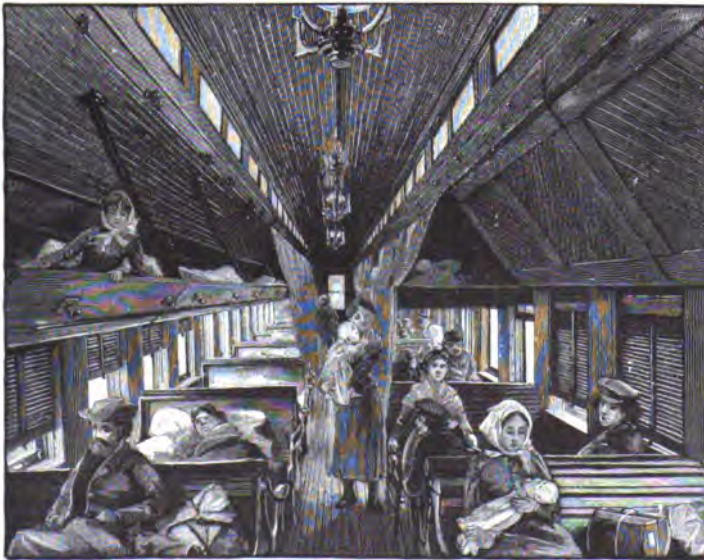
In the year 1886 Mr. Pullman went practically to work to devise a perfect system for constructing continuous trains, and at the same time to provide for sufficient flexibility in the connecting passageways to allow for the motion consequent upon the rounding of curves. His efforts resulted in what is now known as the "vestibuled" train.



Dining-car. (Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy R. R.)

This invention, which was patented in 1887, succeeded not only in supplying the means of constructing a perfectly enclosed vestibule of handsome architectural appearance between the cars, but it accomplished what is even still more important, the introduction of a safety appliance more valuable than any yet devised for the protection of human life

in case of collisions. The elastic diaphragms which are attached to the ends of the cars have steel frames, the faces or bearing surfaces of which are pressed firmly against each other by powerful spiral springs, which create a friction upon the faces of the frames, hold them firmly in position, prevent the oscillation of the cars, and furnish a buffer extending



Immigrant Sleeping-car. (Canadian Pacific R. R.)

from the platform to the roof which precludes the possibility of one platform "riding" the other and producing telescoping in case of collision. The first of the vestibuled trains went into service on the Pennsylvania Railroad in June, 1886, and they are rapidly being adopted by railway companies. The vestibuled limited trains contain several sleeping-





In a Baggage Room.





Pullman Vestibule Car.

cars, a dining-car, and a car fitted up with a smoking saloon, a library with books, desks and writing materials, a bath-room and a barber shop. With a free circulation of air throughout the train, the cars opening into each other, the electric light, the many other increased comforts and conveniences introduced, the steam-heating apparatus avoiding the necessity of using fires, the fast speed, and absence of stops at meal-stations, this train is the acme of safe and luxurious travel. An ordinary passenger travels in as princely a style in these cars as any crowned head in Europe in a royal special train.

The speed of passenger trains has shown steady improvement from year to year. In the month of June in our Centennial year, 1876, a train ran from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 3,317 miles, in 83 hours and 27 minutes actual time, thus averaging about 40 miles an hour, but during the trip it crossed four mountain summits, one of them over 8,000 feet high. This train ran from Jersey City to Pittsburg over the Pennsylvania Railroad, a distance of 444 miles, without

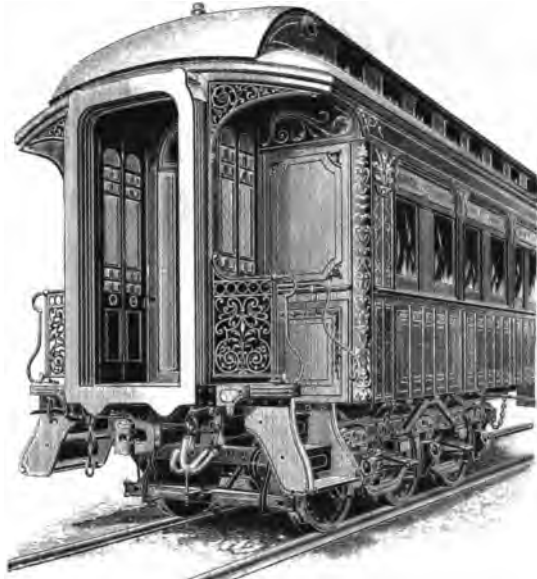
making a stop. In 1882 locomotives were introduced which made a speed of 70 miles per hour.

In July, 1885, an engine with a train of three cars made a trip over the West Shore road which is the most extraordinary one on record. It started from East Buffalo, New York, at 10.04 A.M., and reached Weehawken, New Jersey, at 7.27 P.M. Deducting the time consumed in stops, the actual running time was 7 hours and 23 minutes, or an average of 56 miles per hour. Between Churchville and Genesee Junction this train attained the unparalleled speed of 87 miles per hour, and at several other parts of the line a speed of from 70 to 80 miles an hour. The superior physical characteristics of this road were particularly favorable for the attainment of the speed mentioned.

The trains referred to were special or experimental trains, and while American railways have shown their ability to record the highest speed yet known, they do not run their trains in regular service as fast as those on the English railways. The meteor-like names given to our fast trains are somewhat misleading. When one reads of such trains as the "Lightning," the "Cannon-ball," the "Thunderbolt," and the "G—whiz-z," the suggestiveness of the titles is enough to make one's head swim, but, after all, they are not as significant of speed as the British "Flying Scotchman," and the "Wild Irishman;" for the former do not attain an average rate of 40 miles an hour, while the latter exceed 45 miles.

A few American trains, however, those between Jersey City and Philadelphia, for instance, make an average speed of over 50 miles.

The transportation of immigrants has recently received increased facilities for its accommodation upon the principal through lines. Until late years economically constructed day-cars were alone used, but in these the immigrants suffered great discomfort in long journeys. An immigrant sleeper is now used, which is constructed with sections on each



End View of a Vestibuled Car.

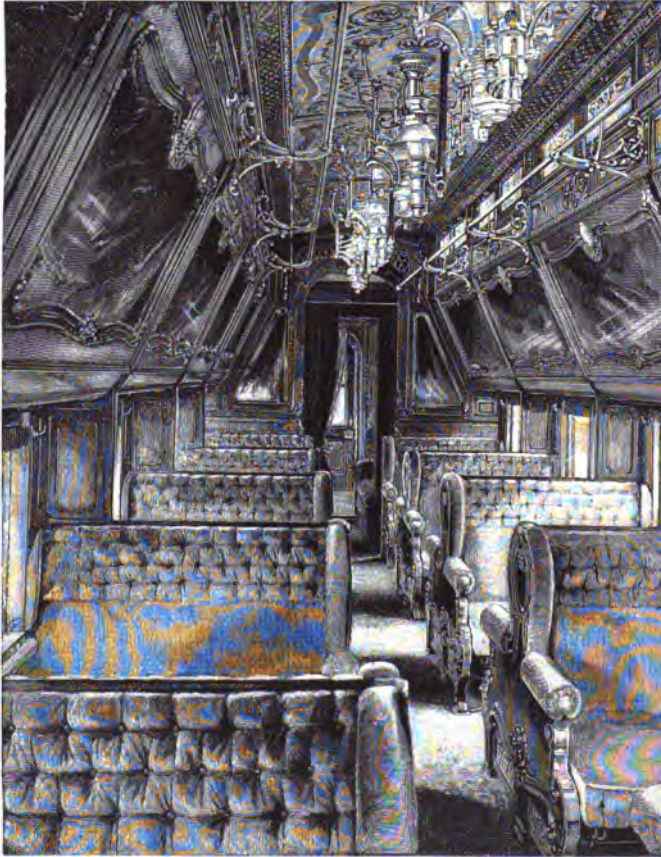
side of the aisle, each section containing two double berths. The berths are made with slats of hard wood running longitudinally; there is no upholstery in the car, and no bedding supplied, and after the car is vacated the hose can be turned in upon it, and all the woodwork thoroughly cleansed. The immigrants usually carry with them enough blankets and wraps to make them tolerably comfortable in their berths; a cooking stove is provided in one end of the car, on which the occupants can cook their food, and even the long transcontinental journeys of the immigrants are now made without hardship. [P. 308.]

The manufacture of railway passenger cars is a large item of industry in the country. The tendency had been for many years to confine the building of ordinary passenger coaches to the shops owned by the railway companies, and they made extensive provision for such work; but recently they have given large orders for that class of equipment to outside manufacturers. This has resulted partly from the large demand for cars, and partly on account of the excellence of the work supplied by some of the manufacturing companies. In 1880 the Pullman Company erected the most ex-



tensive car works in the world at Pullman, fourteen miles south of Chicago, and besides its extensive output of Pullman cars and freight equipment, it has built for railway companies large numbers of passenger coaches. The employés

traveller, and the amount carried seems to increase in proportion to the advance in civilization. The original allowance of fourteen pounds is found to be increased to four hundred when ladies start for fashionable summer resorts.



Pullman Sleeper on a Vestibuled Train.

now number about 5,000, and an idea of the capacity and resources of the shops may be obtained from the fact that one hundred freight cars, of the kind known as flat cars, have been built in eight hours. The business of car building has therefore given rise to the first model manufacturing town in America, and it is an industry evidently destined to increase as rapidly as any in the country.

The transportation of baggage has always been a most important item to the

America has been much more liberal than other countries to the traveller in this particular, as in all others. Here few of the roads charge for excess of baggage unless the amount be so large that patience with regard to it ceases to be a virtue.

The earlier method, of allowing each passenger to pick out his baggage at his point of destination and carry it off, resulted in a lack of accountability which led to much confusion, frequent losses, and heavy claims upon the companies in consequence. Necessity, as usual, gave

birth to invention, and the difficulty was at last solved by the introduction of the system known as "checking." A metal disk bearing a number and designating on its face the destination of the baggage was attached to each article and a duplicate given to the owner, which answered as a receipt, and upon the presentation and surrender of which the baggage could be claimed. Railways soon united in arranging for through checks which when attached to baggage would insure its being sent safely to distant points over lines composed of many connecting roads. The check system led to the introduction of another marked convenience in the handling of baggage—the baggage express or transfer company. One of its agents will now check trunks at the passenger's own house and haul them to the train. Another agent will take up the checks

aboard the train as it is nearing its destination, and see that the baggage is delivered at any given address.

The cases in which pieces go astray are

tion the amount saved in the reduced force of employes engaged in assorting and handling the baggage. Its workings are so perfect and its conveniences so great that an American cannot easily understand why it is not adopted in all countries; but he is forced to recognize the fact that it seems destined to be confined to his own land. The London railway managers, for instance, give many reasons for turning their faces against its adoption. They say that there are few losses arising from passengers taking baggage that does not belong to them; that most of the passengers take a cab at the end of their railway journey to reach their homes, and it costs but little more to carry their trunk with them; that in this way it gets home as soon as they, while the transfer company, or baggage express, would not deliver it for an hour or two later; that the cab system is a great convenience, and any change which would diminish its patronage would gradually reduce the number of cabs, and these "gondolas of London" would have to increase their charges or go out of business. It is very easy to find a stick when one wants to hit a dog, and the European railway officials seem never to be at a loss for reasons in rejecting the check system.



View of Pullman, Illinois.

astonishingly rare, and some roads found the claims for lost articles reduced by five thousand dollars the first year after adopting the check system, not to men-

Coupon tickets covering trips over several different railways have saved the traveller all the annoyance once experienced in purchasing separate tickets

from the several companies representing the roads over which he had to pass. Their introduction necessitated an agreement among the principal railways of the country and the adoption of

that this might be a very neat job on the part of an Eastern ticket sharp, but it was just a little too thin to fool a Pacific Coaster, and he said, "Don't you think I've got sense enough to know that if I



Railway Station at York, England, built on a curve.

an extensive system of accountability for the purpose of making settlements of the amounts represented by the coupons.

Like every other novelty the coupon ticket when first introduced did not hit the mark when aimed at the understanding of certain travellers. A United States Senator elect had come on by sea from the Pacific coast who had never seen a railroad till he reached the Atlantic seaboard. With a curiosity to test the workings of the new means of transportation, of which he had heard so much, he bought a coupon ticket and set out for a railway journey. He entered a car, took a seat next to the door, and was just beginning to get the "hang of the schoolhouse" when the conductor, who was then not uniformed, came in, cried "Tickets!" and reached out his hand toward the Senator. "What do you want of me?" said the latter. "I want your ticket," answered the conductor. Now it occurred to the Senator

parted with my ticket right at the start I wouldn't have anything to show for my money during the rest of the way? No, sir, I'm going to hold on to this till I get to the end of the trip."

"Oh!" said the conductor, whose impatience was now rising to fever heat, "I don't want to take up your ticket, I only want to look at it."

The Senator thought, after some reflection, that he would risk letting the man have a peep at it anyhow, and held it up before him, keeping it, however, at a safe distance. The conductor, with the customary abruptness, jerked it out of his hand, tore off the first coupon, and was about to return the ticket, when the Pacific Coaster sprang up, threw himself upon his muscle, and delivered a well-directed blow of his fist upon the conductor's right eye, which landed him sprawling on one of the opposite seats. The other passengers were at once on their feet, and rushed up to know the cause of the disturbance. The Senator,



still standing with his arms in a pugnacious attitude, said :

"Maybe I've never ridden on a railroad before, but I'm not going to let any sharper get away with me like that."

"What's he done?" cried the passengers.

"Why," said the Senator, "I paid seventeen dollars and a half for a ticket to take me through to Cincinnati, and before we're five miles out that fellow slips up and says he wants to see it, and when I get it out, he grabs hold of it and goes to tearing it up right before my eyes." Ample explanations were soon made, and the new passenger was duly initiated into the mysteries of the coupon system.

The uniforming of railway employés was a movement of no little importance. It designated the various positions held

them with a greater sense of responsibility and aided much in effecting a more courteous demeanor to passengers.

Many conveniences have been introduced which greatly assist the passenger when travelling upon unfamiliar roads. Conspicuous clock faces stand in the stations with their hands set to the hour at which the next train is to start, sign boards are displayed with horizontal slats on which the stations are named at which departing way-trains stop, and employes are stationed to call out necessary information and direct passengers to the proper entrances, exits, and trains. A "bureau of information" is now to be seen in large passenger stations, in which an official sits and with a Job-like patience repeats to the curiously inclined passengers the whole



London Underground Railway Station.

by them, added much to the neatness of their appearance, enabled passengers to recognize them at a glance, and made them so conspicuous that it impressed

railway catechism, and successfully answers conundrums that would stump an Oriental pundit.

The energetic passenger-agent spares



Outside the Grand Central Station, New York.

no pains to thrust information directly under the nose of the public. He uses every means known to Yankee ingenuity to advertise his regular trains and his excursion business, including large newspaper head-lines, corner posters, curb-stone dodgers, and placards on the breast and back of the itinerant human sandwich who perambulates the streets.

Railway accidents have always been a great source of anxiety to the managers, and the shocks received by the public when great loss of life occurs from such causes deepens the interest which the general community feels in the means taken to avoid these distressing occurrences.

American railway officials have made encouraging progress in reducing the

number and the severity of accidents, and while the record is not so good on many of our cheaply constructed roads, our first-class roads now show by their statistics that they compare favorably in this respect with the European companies.

The statistics regarding accidents are necessarily unreliable, as railway companies are not eager to publish their calamities from the house-tops, and only in those States in which prompt reports are required to be made by law are the figures

given at all accurate. Even in these instances the yearly reports lead to wrong conclusions, for the State railroad commissioners become more exacting each year as to the thoroughness of the reports called for, and the results sometimes show an increase compared with previous years, whereas there may have been an actual decrease.

In 1880, the last census year, an effort was made to collect statistics of this kind covering all the railways in the United States, with the following result :

To whom happened.	Through causes beyond their control.		Through their own carelessness.		Aggregate.		Total accidents.
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.	
Passengers .....	61	831	62	818	143	544	687
Employés .....	261	1,004	663	2,618	924	3,617	4,541
All others .....	43	108	1,439	1,348	1,472	1,451	2,923
Unspecified .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	63	66
Total .....	365	1,488	2,174	4,174	2,541	5,674	8,215

Mulhall, in his *Dictionary of Statistics*, an English work, uses substantially these same figures and makes the following comparison between European and American railways :

*Accidents to Passengers, Employés and Others.*

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.	Per million passengers.
United States .....	2,349	5,866	8,215	41.1
United Kingdom .....	1,135	3,969	5,094	8.1
Europe .....	8,213	10,869	14,072	10.8

That the figures given above are much too high as regards the United States, there can be no doubt. For the fiscal

*Passengers Killed and Injured from causes beyond their own control on all the Railroads of the United Kingdom and those of the States of New York and Massachusetts in 1884.*

	Total length of line operated.	Total mileage.		Killed.	Injured.
		Train.	Passengers.		
United Kingdom .....	18,664	273,803,230	6,042,659,990	31	864
New York .....	7,296	85,918,677	1,729,663,630	10	134
Massachusetts .....	2,852	32,304,338	1,007,136,376	2	43
In 1,000,000,000 passengers transported 1 mile.					
United Kingdom .....				5.15	148
New York .....				5.78	70
Massachusetts .....				2.00	43

		Miles.
The average number of miles a passenger can travel without being killed.	United Kingdom .....	194,892,255
	New York .....	172,965,363
	Massachusetts .....	503,563,188
The average number of miles a passenger can travel without being injured.	United Kingdom .....	6,992,663
	New York .....	13,940,754
	Massachusetts .....	26,955,630



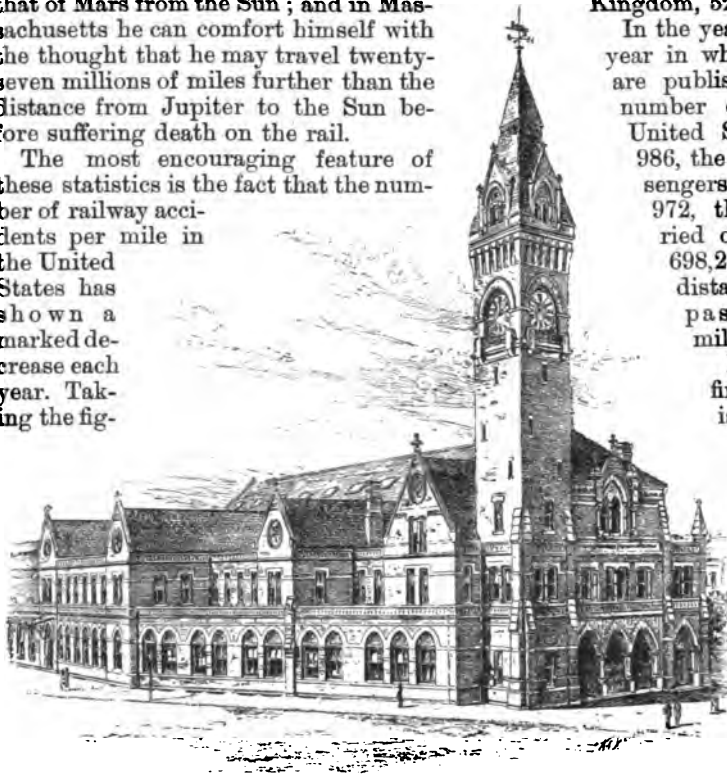
From this it will be seen that in the United Kingdom the average distance a passenger may travel before being killed is about equal to twice the distance of the Earth from the Sun. In New York he may travel a distance greater than that of Mars from the Sun ; and in Massachusetts he can comfort himself with the thought that he may travel twenty-seven millions of miles further than the distance from Jupiter to the Sun before suffering death on the rail.

The most encouraging feature of these statistics is the fact that the number of railway accidents per mile in the United States has shown a marked decrease each year. Taking the fig-

In the year 1840 the number of miles of railway per 100,000 inhabitants in the different countries named was as follows : United States, 20 ; United Kingdom, 3 ; Europe, 1 ; in the year 1882, United States, 210 ; United Kingdom, 52 ; Europe, 34.

In the year 1886, the last year in which full reports are published, the total number of miles in the United States was 137,986, the number of passengers carried, 382,284,972, the number carried one mile, 9,659,698,294, the average distance travelled per passenger, 25.27 miles.

In Europe the first-class travel is exceedingly small and the third-class constitutes the largest portion of the passenger business, while in America almost the whole of the travel is first-class, as will be seen from the following table :



Boston Passenger Station, Providence Division, Old Colony Railroad.

ures adopted by the Massachusetts commissions, the number of persons injured in the year 1880-81 was 2,126, and in 1886-87 2,483, while in the same time the number of miles in operation has increased from 93,349 to 137,986.

The amounts paid annually by railways in satisfaction of claims for damages to passengers are serious items of expenditure, and in the United States have reached in some years nearly two millions of dollars. About half of the States limit the amount of damages in case of death to \$5,000, the States of Virginia, Ohio, and Kansas to \$10,000, and the remainder have no statutory limit.

	Percentage of passengers carried.		
	First class.	Second class.	Third class.
United Kingdom.....	6	10	84
France.....	8	33	60
Germany.....	1	13	86
United States.....	99	$\frac{1}{2}$ of 1	$\frac{1}{2}$ of 1

The third-class travel in this country is better known as immigrant travel. The percentages given in the above table for the United States are based upon an average of the numbers of passengers of each class carried on the principal through lines. If all the roads were included, the percentages of the second and third class travel would be still less.

That which is of more material inter-

est to passengers than anything else is the rate of fare charged.

The following table gives a comparison between the rates per mile in the leading countries of the world :

	First class.	Second class.	Third class.
	Centa.	Centa.	Centa.
United Kingdom .....	4.42	3.20	1.94
France .....	3.86	2.68	2.08
Germany .....	3.10	2.32	1.54
United States .....	2.18	....	....

The rate named as the first-class fare for the railways in the United States is strictly speaking the average earnings per passenger per mile, and includes all classes ; but as the first-class passengers constitute about ninety-nine per centum of the travel the amount does not differ materially from the actual first-class fare. In the State of New York the first-class fare does not exceed two cents, which is about equal to the third-class fare in Europe, and heat, good ventilation, ice water, toilet arrangements, and free carriage of a liberal amount of baggage are supplied, while in Europe few of these comforts are furnished.

On the elevated railroads of New York a passenger can ride in a first-class car eleven miles for 5 cents, or about one-half cent a mile, and on surface roads the commutation rates given to suburban passengers are in some cases still less.

The berth fares in sleeping-cars in Europe largely exceed those in America, as will be seen from the following comparisons, stated in dollars :

Route.	Distance in miles.	Berth fare.
Paris to Rome .....	901	\$12.75
New York to Chicago .....	912	5.00
Paris to Marseilles .....	536	11.00
New York to Buffalo .....	440	2.00
Calais to Brindisi .....	1,373	22.25
Boston to St. Louis .....	1,330	6.50

While it would seem that the luxuries of railway travel in America have reached a maximum, and the charges a minimum, yet in this progressive age it is very probable that in the not far distant future we shall witness improvements over the present methods which will astonish us as much as the present methods surprise us when we compare them with those of the past.

## A LONDON LIFE.

*By Henry James.*

### PART FOURTH.

#### XII.



HE next day, at five o'clock, she drove to Queen's Gate, turning to Lady Davenant in her distress in order to turn somewhere. Her old friend was at

home and, by extreme good fortune, alone; looking up from her book, in her place by the window, she gave the girl, as she came in, a sharp glance over her glasses. This glance was acquisitive; she said nothing, but laying down her book stretched out her two gloved hands. Laura took them

and she drew her down toward her, so that the girl sunk on her knees and in a moment hid her face, sobbing, in the old woman's lap. There was nothing said for some time; Lady Davenant only pressed her tenderly—stroked her with her hands. "Is it very bad?" she asked at last. Then Laura got up, saying as she took a seat, "Have you heard of it, and do people know it?"

"I haven't heard anything. Is it very bad?" Lady Davenant repeated.

"We don't know where Selina is—and her maid's gone."

Lady Davenant looked at her visitor a moment. "Lord, what an ass!" she then ejaculated, putting the paper-knife into her book to keep her place. "And

whom has she persuaded to take her—Charles Crispin?" she added.

"We suppose—we suppose——" said Laura.

"And he's another," interrupted the old woman. "And who supposes—Geordie and Ferdie?"

"I don't know; it's all black darkness!"

"My dear, it's a blessing, and now you can live in peace."

"In peace!" cried Laura; "with my wretched sister leading such a life?"

"Oh, my dear, I dare say it will be very comfortable; I am sorry to say anything in favor of such doings, but it very often is. Don't worry; you take her too hard. Has she gone abroad?" the old lady continued. "I dare say she has gone to some pretty, amusing place."

"I don't know anything about it. I only know she is gone. I was with her last evening, and she left me without a word."

"Well, that was better. I hate 'em when they make parting scenes; it's too mawkish!"

"Lionel has people watching them," said the girl; "agents, detectives, I don't know what. He has had them for a long time; I didn't know it."

"Do you mean you would have told her if you had? What is the use of detectives now? Isn't he rid of her?"

"Oh, I don't know, he's as bad as she; he talks too horribly—he wants everyone to know it," Laura groaned.

"And has he told his mother?"

"I suppose so; he rushed off to see her at noon. She'll be overwhelmed."

"Overwhelmed? Not a bit of it!" cried Lady Davenant, almost gayly. "When did anything in the world overwhelm her, and what do you take her for? She'll only make some delightful odd speech. As for people knowing it," she added, "they'll know it whether he wants them or not. My poor child, how long do you expect to make believe?"

"Lionel expects some news to-night," Laura said. "As soon as I know where she is I shall start."

"Start for where?"

"To go to her, to do something."

"Something preposterous, my dear. Do you expect to bring her back?"

"He won't take her in," said Laura,

with her dry, dismal eyes. "He wants his divorce—it's too hideous!"

"Well, as she wants hers, what is simpler?"

"Yes, she wants hers. Lionel swears by all the gods she can't get it."

"Bless me, won't one do?" Lady Davenant asked. "We shall have some pretty reading."

"It's awful, awful, awful!" murmured Laura.

"Yes, they oughtn't to be allowed to publish them. I wonder if we couldn't stop that. At any rate he had better be quiet; tell him to come and see me."

"You won't influence him; he's dreadful against her. Such a house as it is to-day!"

"Well, my dear, naturally."

"Yes, but it's terrible for me; it's all more dreadful than I can bear."

"My dear child, come and stay with me," said the old woman, gently.

"Oh, I can't desert her; I can't abandon her!"

"Desert—abandon? What a way to put it! Hasn't she abandoned you?"

"She has no heart—she's too base!" said the girl. Her face was white, and the tears now began to rise to her eyes again.

Lady Davenant got up and came and sat on the sofa beside her; she put her arms round her and the two women embraced. "Your room is all ready," the old lady remarked. And then she said, "When did she leave you? When did you see her last?"

"Oh, in the strangest, maddest, cruellest way, the way most insulting to me. We went to the opera together and she left me there with a gentleman. We know nothing about her since."

"With a gentleman?"

"With Mr. Wendover—that American, and something too dreadful happened."

"Dear me, did he kiss you?" asked Lady Davenant.

Laura got up quickly, turning away. "Good-bye, I'm going, I'm going!" And in reply to an irritated, protesting exclamation from her companion she went on, "Anywhere—anywhere to get away!"

"To get away from your American?"

"I asked him to marry me!" The girl turned round with her tragic face.

"He oughtn't to have left that to you."

"I knew this horror was coming, and it took possession of me, there in the box, from one moment to the other—the idea of making sure of some other life, some protection, some respectability. First I thought he liked me, he had behaved as if he did. And I like him, he is a very good man. So I asked him, I couldn't help it, it was too hideous—I offered myself!" Laura spoke as if she were telling that she had stabbed him, standing there with dilated eyes.

Lady Davenant got up again and went to her; drawing off her glove she felt her cheek with the back of her hand. "You are ill, you are in a fever. I'm sure that whatever you said it was very charming."

"Yes, I am ill," said Laura.

"Upon my honor you shan't go home, you shall go straight to bed. And what did he say to you?"

"Oh, it was too miserable!" cried the girl, pressing her face again into her companion's kerchief. "I was all, all mistaken; he had never thought!"

"Why the deuce, then, did he run about that way after you? He was a brute to say it!"

"He didn't say it, and he never ran about. He behaved like a perfect gentleman."

"I've no patience—I wish I had seen him that time!" Lady Davenant declared.

"Yes, that would have been nice! You'll never see him; if he is a gentleman he'll rush away."

"Bless me, what a rushing away!" murmured the old woman. Then passing her arm round Laura she added, "You'll please to come up-stairs with me."

Half an hour later she had some conversation with her butler which led to his consulting a little register into which he transcribed, with great neatness, from their cards, the addresses of new visitors. This volume, kept in the drawer of the hall-table, revealed the fact that Mr. Wendover was staying in George Street, Hanover Square. "Get into a cab immediately and tell him to come and see me this evening," Lady Davenant said.

"Make him understand that it interests him very nearly, so that no matter what his engagements may be he must give them up. Go quickly and you'll just find him; he'll be sure to be at home to dress for dinner." She had calculated justly, for a few minutes before ten o'clock the door of her drawing-room was thrown open and Mr. Wendover was announced.

"Sit there," said the old lady; "no, not that one, nearer to me. We must talk low. My dear sir, I won't bite you!"

"Oh, this is very comfortable," Mr. Wendover replied, vaguely, smiling through his visible anxiety. It was no more than natural that he should wonder what Laura Wing's peremptory friend wanted of him at that hour of the night; but nothing could exceed the gallantry of his attempt to conceal the symptoms of mistrust.

"You ought to have come before, you know," Lady Davenant went on. "I have wanted to see you more than once."

"I have been dining out—I hurried away. This was the first possible moment, I assure you."

"I too was dining out, and I stopped at home on purpose to see you. But I didn't mean to-night, for you have done very well. I was quite intending to send for you—the other day. But something put it out of my head. Besides, I knew she wouldn't like it."

"Why, Lady Davenant, I made a point of calling, ever so long ago—after that day!" the young man exclaimed, not reassured, or at any rate not enlightened.

"I dare say you did—but you mustn't justify yourself; that's just what I don't want; it isn't what I sent for you for. I have something very particular to say to you, but it's very difficult. *Voyons un peu!*"

The old woman reflected a little, with her eyes on his face, which had grown more grave as she went on; its expression intimated that he didn't yet understand her and that he, at least, wasn't exactly trifling. Lady Davenant's musings didn't apparently help her much, if she was looking for an artful approach; for they ended in her saying, abruptly, "I wonder if you know what a capital girl she is."

"Do you mean—do you mean——?" queried Mr. Wendover, pausing as if he had given her no right not to allow him to conceive alternatives.

"Yes, I do mean. She's up-stairs, in bed."

"Up-stairs!" The young man stared.

"Don't be afraid—I'm not going to send for her!" laughed his hostess; "her being here, after all, has nothing to do with it, except that she *did* come—yes, certainly, she did come. But my keeping her—that was my doing. My maid has gone to Grosvenor Place to get her things and let them know that she will stay here for the present. Now am I clear?"

"Not the least," said Mr. Wendover, almost sternly.

Lady Davenant, however, was not of a composition to suspect him of sternness or to care very much if she did, and she went on, with her quick discursiveness: "Well, we must be patient; we shall work it out together. I was afraid you would go away, that's why I lost no time. Above all I want you to understand that she has not the least idea that I have sent for you, and you must promise me never, never, never to let her know. She would be monstrous angry. It is quite my own idea—I have taken the responsibility. I know very little about you, of course, but she has spoken to me well of you. Besides, I am very clever about people, and I liked you that day, though you seemed to think I was a hundred and eighty."

"You do me great honor," Mr. Wendover murmured.

"I'm glad you're pleased! You must be if I tell you that I like you now even better. I see what you are, except for the question of fortune. It doesn't perhaps matter much, but have you any money? I mean have you a fine income?"

"No, indeed I haven't!" And the young man laughed in his bewilderment. "I have very little money indeed."

"Well, I dare say you have as much as I. Besides that would be a proof she is not mercenary."

"You haven't in the least made it plain whom you are talking about," said Mr. Wendover. "I have no right to assume anything."

"Are you afraid of betraying her? I am more devoted to her even than I want you to be. She has told me what happened between you last night—what she said to you at the opera. That's what I want to talk to you about."

"She was very strange," the young man remarked.

"I am not so sure that she was strange. However, you are welcome to think it, for goodness knows she says so herself. She is overwhelmed with horror at her own words; she is absolutely distracted and prostrate."

Mr. Wendover was silent a moment. "I assured her that I admire her—beyond everyone. I was most kind to her."

"Did you say it in that tone? You should have thrown yourself at her feet! From the moment you didn't—surely you understand women well enough to know."

"You must remember where we were—in a public place, with very little room for throwing!" Mr. Wendover exclaimed.

"Ah, so far from blaming you she says your behavior was perfect. It's only I who want to have it out with you," Lady Davenant pursued. "She's so clever, so charming, so good, and so unhappy."

"When I said just now she was strange, I meant only in the way she turned against me."

"She turned against you?"

"She told me she hoped she should never see me again."

"And you, should you like to see her?"

"Not now—not now!" Mr. Wendover exclaimed, eagerly.

"I don't mean now, I'm not such a fool as that. I mean some day or other, when she has stopped accusing herself, if she ever does."

"Ah, Lady Davenant, you must leave that to me," the young man returned, after a moment's hesitation.

"Don't be afraid to tell me I'm meddling with what doesn't concern me," said his hostess. "Of course I know I'm meddling; I sent for you here to meddle. Who wouldn't, for that creature? She makes one melt."

"I'm exceedingly sorry for her. I don't know what she thinks she said."



"Well, that she asked you why you came so often to Grosvenor Place. I don't see anything so awful in that, if you did go."

"Yes, I went very often. I liked to go."

"Now that's exactly where I wish to prevent a misconception," said Lady Davenant. "If you liked to go you had a reason for liking, and Laura Wing was the reason, wasn't she?"

"I thought her charming, and I think her so now more than ever."

"Then you are a dear good man. Vous faisiez votre cour, in short."

Mr. Wendover made no immediate response; the two sat looking at each other. "It isn't easy for me to talk of these things," he said at last; "but if you mean that I wished to ask her to be my wife I am bound to tell you that I had no such intention."

"Ah, then I'm at sea. You thought her charming and you went to see her every day. What, then, did you wish?"

"I didn't go every day. Moreover I think you have a very different idea in this country of what constitutes—well, what constitutes making love. A man commits himself much sooner."

"Oh, I don't know what *your* odd ways may be!" Lady Davenant exclaimed, with a shade of irritation.

"Yes, but I was justified in supposing that those ladies did; they at least are American."

"*'They,'* my dear sir! For heaven's sake don't mix up that nasty Selina with it!"

"Why not, if I admired her too? I do extremely, and I thought the house most interesting."

"Mercy on us, if that's your idea of a nice house! But I don't know—I have always kept out of it," Lady Davenant added, checking herself. Then she went on, "If you are so fond of Mrs. Berrington I am sorry to inform you that she is absolutely good-for-nothing."

"Good-for-nothing?"

"Nothing to speak of. I have been thinking whether I would tell you, and I have decided to do so because I take it that your learning it for yourself would be a question of but a very short time. Selina has bolted, as they say."

"Bolted?" Mr. Wendover repeated.

"I don't know what you call it in America."

"In America we don't do it."

"Ah, well, if they stay, as they do usually abroad, that's better. I suppose you didn't think her capable of behaving herself, did you?"

"Do you mean she has left her husband—with someone else?"

"Neither more nor less; with a fellow named Crispin. It appears it all came off last evening, and she had her own reasons for doing it in the most offensive way—publicly, clumsily, with the vulgarest bravado. Laura has told me what took place, and you must permit me to express my surprise at your not having divined the miserable business."

"I saw something was wrong, but I didn't understand. I'm afraid I'm not very quick at these things."

"Your state is the more gracious; but certainly you are not quick if you could call there so often and not see through Selina."

"Mr. Crispin, whoever he is, was never there," said the young man.

"Oh, she was a clever hussy!" his companion rejoined.

"I knew she was fond of amusement, but that's what I liked to see. I wanted to see a house of that sort."

"Fond of amusement is a very pretty phrase!" said Lady Davenant, laughing at the simplicity with which her visitor accounted for his assiduity. "And did Laura Wing seem to you in her place in a house of that sort?"

"Why, it was natural she should be with her sister, and she always struck me as very gay."

"That was your enlivening effect. And did she strike you as very gay last night, with this scandal hanging over her?"

"She didn't talk much," said Mr. Wendover.

"She knew it was coming—she felt it, she saw it, and that's what makes her sick now, that at *such* a time she should have challenged you, when she felt herself about to be associated (in people's minds, of course,) with such a vile business. In people's minds and in yours—when you should know what had happened."

"Ah, Miss Wing isn't associated——"

said Mr. Wendover. He spoke slowly, but he rose to his feet with a nervous movement that was not lost upon his companion; she noted it indeed with a certain inward sense of triumph. She was very deep, but she had never been so deep as when she made up her mind to mention the scandal of the house of Berrington to her visitor and intimated to him that Laura Wing regarded herself as near enough to it to receive from it a personal stain. "I'm extremely sorry to hear of Mrs. Berrington's misconduct," he continued, gravely, standing before her. "And I am no less obliged to you for your interest."

"Don't mention it," she said, getting up too and smiling. "I mean my interest. As for the other matter, it will all come out. Lionel will haul her up."

"Dear me, how dreadful!"

"Yes, dreadful enough. But don't betray me."

"Betray you?" he repeated, as if his thoughts had gone astray a moment.

"I mean to the girl. Think of her shame!"

"Her shame?" Mr. Wendover said, in the same way.

"It seemed to her, with what was becoming so clear to her, that an honest man might save her from it, might give her his name and his faith and help her to traverse the bad place. She exaggerates the badness of it, the stigma of her relationship. Good heavens, at that rate where would some of us be? But those are her ideas, they are absolutely sincere, and they had possession of her at the opera. She had a sense of being lost and was in a kind of agony to be rescued. She saw before her a kind gentleman who had seemed—who had certainly seemed——" And Lady Davenant, with her fine old face lighted by her bright sagacity and her eyes on Mr. Wendover's, paused, lingering on this word. "Of course she must have been in a state of nerves."

"I am very sorry for her," said Mr. Wendover, with his gravity that committed him to nothing.

"So am I! And of course if you were not in love with her you weren't, were you?"

"I must bid you good-bye, I am leav-

ing London." That was the only answer Lady Davenant got to her inquiry.

"Good-bye then. She is the nicest girl I know. But once more, mind you don't let her suspect!"

"How can I let her suspect anything when I shall never see her again?"

"Oh, don't say that," said Lady Davenant, very gently.

"She drove me away from her with a kind of ferocity."

"Oh, gammon!" cried the old woman.

"I'm going home," he said, looking at her with his hand on the door.

"Well, it's the best place for you. And for her too!" she added as he went out. She was not sure that the last words reached him.

### XIII.

LAURA WING was sharply ill for three days, but on the fourth she made up her mind she was better, though this was not the opinion of Lady Davenant, who would not hear of her getting up. The remedy she urged was lying still and yet lying still; but this specific the girl found wellnigh intolerable—it was a form of relief that only ministered to fever. She assured her friend that it killed her to do nothing: to which her friend replied by asking her what she had a fancy to do. Laura had her idea and held it tight, but there was no use in producing it before Lady Davenant, who would have covered it with derision. On the afternoon of the first day Lionel Berrington came, and though his intention was honest he brought no healing. Hearing she was ill he wanted to look after her—he wanted to take her back to Grosvenor Place and make her comfortable; he spoke as if he had every convenience for producing that condition, though he confessed there was a little bar to it in his own case. This impediment was the "cheeky" aspect of Miss Steet, who went sniffing about as if she knew a lot, if she should only condescend to tell it. He saw more of the children now; "I'm going to have 'em in every day, poor little devils," he said; and he spoke as if the discipline of suffering had already begun for him and a kind of holy change had taken place in

his life. Nothing had been said yet in the house, of course, as Laura knew, about Selina's disappearance, in the way of treating it as irregular; but the servants pretended so hard not to be aware of anything in particular that they were like pickpockets looking with unnatural interest the other way after they have crabbed a fellow's watch. To a certainty, in a day or two, the governess would give him warning; she would come and tell him she couldn't stay in such a place, and he would tell her, in return, that she was a little ass for not knowing that the place was much more respectable now than it had ever been.

This information Selina's husband imparted to Lady Davenant, to whom he discoursed with infinite candor and humor, taking a highly philosophical view of his position and declaring that it suited him down to the ground. His wife couldn't have pleased him better if she had done it on purpose; he knew where she had been every hour since she quitted Laura at the opera—he knew where she was at that moment, and he was expecting to find another telegram on his return to Grosvenor Place. So if it suited *her* it was all right, wasn't it? and the whole thing would go as straight as a shot. Lady Davenant took him up to see Laura, though she viewed their meeting with extreme disfavor, the girl being in no state for talking. In general Laura had little enough mind for it, but she insisted on seeing Lionel; she declared that if this were not allowed her she would go after him, ill as she was—she would dress herself and drive to his house. She dressed herself now, after a fashion; she got upon a sofa to receive him. Lady Davenant left him alone with her for twenty minutes, at the end of which she returned to take him away. This interview was not fortifying to the girl, whose idea—the idea of which I have said that she was tenacious—was to go after her sister, to take possession of her, cling to her and bring her back. Lionel, of course, wouldn't hear of taking her back, nor would Selina presumably hear of coming; but this made no difference in Laura's heroic plan. She would work it, she would compass it, she would go down on her knees, she would find the elo-

quence of angels, she would achieve miracles. At any rate it made her frantic not to try, especially as in even fruitless action she should escape from herself—an object of which her horror was not yet extinguished.

As she lay there through hours of no sleep the picture of that hideous moment in the box alternated with the vision of her sister's guilty flight. She wanted to fly, herself—to go off and keep going forever. Lionel was fussily kind to her and he didn't abuse Selina—he didn't tell her again how that lady's behavior suited his book. He simply resisted, with a little exasperating, dogged grin, her pitiful appeal for knowledge of her sister's whereabouts. He knew what she wanted it for, and he wouldn't help her in any such game. If she would promise, solemnly, to be quiet, he would tell her when she got better, but he wouldn't lend her a hand to make a fool of herself. Her work was cut out for her—she was to stay and mind the children; if she was so keen to do her duty she needn't go farther than that for it. He talked a great deal about the children and figured himself as pressing the little deserted darlings to his bosom. He was not a comedian, and she could see that he really believed he was going to be better now. Laura said she was sure Selina would make an attempt to get them—or at least one of them; and he replied, grimly, "Yes, my dear, she had better try!" The girl was so angry with him, in her hot, tossing weakness, for refusing to tell her even whether the desperate pair had crossed the channel, that she was guilty of the immorality of regretting that the difference in badness between husband and wife was so distinct (for it was distinct, she could see that) as he made his dry little remark about Selina's trying. He told her he had already seen his solicitor, and she said she didn't care.

On the fourth day of her absence from Grosvenor Place she got up, at an hour when she was alone (in the afternoon, rather late), and prepared herself to go out. Lady Davenant had admitted, in the morning, that she was better, and fortunately she had not the complication of being subject to a medical opinion, having absolutely refused to see a

doctor. Her old friend had been obliged to go out—she had scarcely quit-  
ted her before—and Laura had request-  
ed the hovering, rustling lady's-maid to  
leave her alone: she assured her she was  
doing beautifully. Laura had no plan  
except to leave London that night; she  
had a moral certainty that Selina had  
gone to the continent. She had always  
done so whenever she had a chance,  
and what chance had ever been larger  
than the present? The continent was  
fearfully vague, but she would deal  
sharply with Lionel—she would show  
him she had a right to knowledge. He  
would certainly be in town; he would  
be in a complacent bustle with his law-  
yers. She had told him that she didn't  
believe he had yet gone to them, but in  
her heart she believed it perfectly. If  
he didn't satisfy her she would go to  
Lady Ringrose, odious as it would be  
to her to ask a favor of this depraved  
creature; unless indeed Lady Ringrose  
had joined the little party to France, as  
on the occasion of Selina's last journey  
thither. On her way down-stairs she  
met one of the footmen, of whom she  
made the request that he would call her  
a cab as quickly as possible—she was  
obliged to go out for half an hour. He  
expressed the respectful hope that she  
was better and she replied that she was  
perfectly well—he would please tell her  
ladyship when she came in. To this  
the footman rejoined that her ladyship  
*had* come in—she had returned five min-  
utes before and had gone to her room.  
"Miss Frothingham told her you were  
asleep, Miss," said the man, "and her  
ladyship said it was a blessing and you  
were not to be disturbed."

"Very good, I will see her," Laura re-  
marked, with dissimulation; "only please  
let me have my cab."

The footman went down-stairs, and  
she stood there listening; presently she  
heard the house-door close—he had gone  
out on his errand. Then she descended  
very softly—she prayed he might not be  
long. The door of the drawing-room  
stood open as she passed it, and she  
paused before it, thinking she heard  
sounds in the lower hall. They ap-  
peared to subside, and then she found  
herself faint—she was terribly impatient  
for her cab. Partly to sit down till it

came (there was a seat on the landing,  
but another servant might come up or  
down and see her), and partly to look,  
at the front window, whether it were  
not coming, she went for a moment into  
the drawing-room. She stood at the  
window, but the footman was slow;  
then she sunk upon a chair—she felt very  
weak. Just after she had done so she  
became aware of steps on the stairs, and  
she got up quickly, supposing that her  
messenger had returned, though she had  
not heard wheels. What she saw was  
not the footman she had sent out, but  
the expansive person of the butler, fol-  
lowed apparently by a visitor. This  
functionary ushered the visitor in with  
the remark that he would call her lady-  
ship, and before she knew it she was  
face to face with Mr. Wendover. At the  
same moment she heard a cab drive up,  
while Mr. Wendover instantly closed the  
door.

"Don't turn me away; do see me—do  
see me!" he said. "I asked for Lady  
Davenant—they told me she was at  
home. But it was you I wanted, and I  
wanted her to help me. I was going  
away—but I couldn't. You look very ill  
—do listen to me! You don't under-  
stand—I will explain everything. Ah,  
how ill you look!" the young man cried,  
as the climax of this sudden, soft, dis-  
tressed appeal. Laura, for all answer,  
tried to push past him, but the result of  
this movement was that she found her-  
self in his arms. He stopped her, but  
she disengaged herself, she got her hand  
upon the door. He was leaning against  
it, so she couldn't open it, and as she  
stood there panting she shut her eyes,  
so as not to see him. "If you would  
let me tell you what I think—I would  
do anything in the world for you!" he  
went on.

"Let me go—you persecute me!" the  
girl cried, pulling at the handle.

"You don't do me justice—you are  
too cruel!" Mr. Wendover persisted.

"Let me go—let me go!" she only  
repeated, with her high, quavering, dis-  
tressed note; and as he moved a little  
she got the door open. But he followed  
her out: would she see him that night?  
Where was she going? might he not go  
with her? would she see him to-mor-  
row?

"Never, never, never!" she flung at him as she hurried away. The butler was on the stairs, descending from above; so he checked himself, letting her go. Laura passed out of the house and flew into her cab with extraordinary speed, for Mr. Wendover heard the wheels bear her away while the servant was saying to him that her ladyship would come down immediately.

Lionel was at home, in Grosvenor Place; she burst into the library and found him playing papa. Geordie and Ferdy were sporting around him, the presence of Miss Steet had been dispensed with, and he was holding his younger son by the stomach, horizontally, between his legs, while the child made little sprawling movements which were apparently intended to represent the act of swimming. Geordie stood impatient on the brink of the imaginary stream, protesting that it was his turn now, and as soon as he saw his aunt he rushed at her with the request that she would take him up in the same fashion. She was struck with the superficiality of their childhood; they appeared to have no sense that she had been away and no care that she had been ill. But Lionel made up for this; he greeted her with affectionate jollity, said it was a good job she had come back, and remarked to the children that they would have great larks now that auntie was home again. Ferdy asked if she had been with mummy but didn't wait for an answer, and she observed that they put no question about their mother and made no further allusion to her while they remained in the room. She wondered whether their father had enjoined upon them not to mention her, and reflected that even if he had such a command would not have been efficacious. It added to the ugliness of Selina's flight that even her children didn't miss her, and to the dreariness, somehow, to Laura's sense, of the whole situation that one could neither spend tears on the mother and wife, because she was not worth it, nor sentimentalize about the little boys, because they didn't inspire it. "Well, you do look seedy—I'm bound to say that!" Lionel exclaimed; and he recommended strongly a glass of port, while Ferdy, not seizing

this reference, suggested that daddy should take her by the waistband and teach her to "strike out." He represented himself in the act of drowning, but Laura interrupted this entertainment, when the servant answered the bell (Lionel having rung for the port) by requesting that the children should be conveyed to Miss Steet. "Tell her she must never go away again," Lionel said to Geordie, as the butler took him by the hand; but the only touching consequence of this injunction was that the child piped back to his father, over his shoulder, "Well, you mustn't either, you know!"

"You must tell me or I'll kill myself, I give you my word!" Laura said to her brother-in-law, with unnecessary violence, as soon as they had left the room.

"I say, I say," he rejoined, "*you are* a wilful one! What do you want to threaten me for? Don't you know me well enough to know that ain't the way? That's the tone Selina used to take. Surely you don't want to begin and imitate her!" She only sat there, looking at him, while he leaned against the chimney-piece, smoking a short cigar. There was a silence, during which she felt the heat of a certain irrational anger at the thought that a little ignorant, red-faced jockey should have the luck to be in the right as against her flesh and blood. She considered him helplessly, with something in her eyes that had never been there before—something that, apparently, after a moment, made an impression on him. Afterward, however, she saw very well that it was not her threat that had moved him, and even at the moment she had a sense, from the way he looked back at her, that this was in no manner the first time a baffled woman had told him that she would kill herself. He had always been a good fellow to her, but even in her deep trouble it was part of her consciousness that he now lumped her with a mixed group of female figures, a little wavering and dim, who were associated in his thick-fingered memory with "scenes," with importunities and bothers. It is apt to be the disadvantage of women, on occasions of measuring their strength with men, that they



may perceive that the man has a larger experience and that they themselves are a part of it. It is doubtless as a provision against such emergencies that nature has opened to them operations of the mind that are independent of experience. Laura felt the dishonor of her race the more that her brother-in-law seemed so gay and bright about it; he had an air of positive prosperity, as if his misfortune had turned into that. It came to her that he really liked the idea of the public *éclaircissement*—the fresh occupation, the bustle and importance and celebrity of it. That was sufficiently incredible, but as she was on the wrong side it was also humiliating. Besides, higher spirits always suggest finer wisdom, and such an attribute on Lionel's part was most humiliating of all. "I haven't the least objection at present to telling you what you want to know. I shall have made my little arrangements very soon, and you will be subpoenaed." "Subpoenaed?" the girl repeated, mechanically.

"You will be called as a witness on my side."

"On your side?"

"Of course you're on my side, ain't you?"

"Can they force me to come?" asked Laura, in answer to this.

"No, they can't force you, if you leave the country."

"That's exactly what I want to do."

"That will be idiotic," said Lionel, "and very bad for your sister. If you don't help me you ought at least to help her."

She sat a moment with her eyes on the ground. "Where is she—where is she?" she then asked.

"They are at Brussels, at the Hôtel de Flandres. They appear to like it very much."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Lord, my dear child, I don't lie!" Lionel exclaimed. "You'll make an awful mistake if you go to her," he added. "If you have seen her with him how can you speak for her?"

"I won't see her with him."

"That's all very well, but he'll take care of that. Of course if you're ready for perjury——!" Lionel exclaimed.

"I'm ready for anything."

"Well, I've been kind to you, my dear," he continued, smoking, with his chin in the air.

"Certainly you have been kind to me."

"If you want to defend her you had better keep away from her," said Lionel. "Besides for yourself, it won't be the best thing in the world—to be known to have been in it."

"I don't care about myself," the girl returned, musingly.

"Don't you care about the children, that you are so ready to throw them over? For you would, my dear, you know. If you go to Brussels you never come back here—you never touch them again!"

Laura appeared to listen to this last declaration, but she made no reply to it; she only exclaimed, after a moment, with a certain impatience, "Oh, the children will do anyway!" Then she added, passionately, "You won't, Lionel; in mercy's name tell me that you won't!"

"I won't what?"

"Do the awful thing you say."

"Divorce her? The devil I won't!"

"Then why do you speak of the children—if you have no pity for them?"

Lionel stared an instant. "I thought you said yourself that they would do anyway!"

Laura bent her head, resting it on the back of her hand, on the leathern arm of the sofa. So she remained, while Lionel stood smoking; but at last, to leave the room, she got up with an effort that was a physical pain. He came to her, to detain her, with a little good intention that had no felicity for her, trying to take her hand persuasively. "Dear old girl, don't try and behave just as *she* did! If you'll stay quietly here I won't call you, I give you my honor I won't; there! You want to see the doctor—that's the fellow you want to see. And what good will it do you, even if you bring her home in pink paper? Do you candidly suppose I'll ever look at her—except across the court-room?"

"I must, I must, I must!" Laura cried, jerking herself away from him and reaching the door.

"Well then, good-bye," he said, in the sternest tone she had ever heard him use.

She made no answer, she only escaped.

She locked herself in her room ; she remained there an hour. At the end of this time she came out and went to the door of the school-room, where she asked Miss Steet to be so good as to come and speak to her. The governess followed her to her apartment, and there Laura took her partly into her confidence. There were things she wanted to do before going, and she was too weak to act without assistance. She didn't want it from the servants, if only Miss Steet would learn from them whether Mr. Berrington were dining at home. Laura told her that her sister was ill and she was hurrying to join her abroad. It had to be mentioned, that way, that Mrs. Berrington had left the country, though of course there was no spoken recognition between the two women of the reasons for which she had done so. There was only a tacit hypocritical assumption that she was on a visit to friends and that there had been nothing queer about her departure. Laura knew that Miss Steet knew the truth, and the governess knew that she knew it. This young woman lent a hand, very confusedly, to the girl's preparations ; she didn't venture to be sympathetic, as that would point too much to badness, but she succeeded perfectly in being dismal. She suggested that Laura was ill herself, but Laura replied that that was no matter when her sister was so much worse. She elicited the fact that Mr. Berrington was dining out—the butler believed with his mother—but she was of no use when it came to finding in the Bradshaw which she brought up from the hall the hour of the night boat for Ostend. Laura found it herself ; it was conveniently late, and it was a gain to her that she was very near the Victoria station, where she would take the train for Dover. The governess wanted to go to the station with her, but the girl wouldn't listen to this—she would only allow her to see that she had a cab. Laura let her help her still further ; she sent her down to talk to Lady Davenant's maid when that personage arrived in Grosvenor Place to inquire, from her mistress, what in the world had become of poor Miss Wing. The maid intimated, Miss Steet said on her return, that her ladyship would have come herself, only

she was too angry. It was a sort of proof of this that she had sent back her young friend's dressing-case and her clothes. Laura also borrowed money from the governess—she had too little in her pocket. The latter brightened up as the preparations advanced ; she had never before been concerned in a flurried night-episode, with an unavowed clandestine side ; the very imprudence of it (for a sick girl, alone) was romantic, and before Laura had gone down to the cab she began to say that foreign life must be fascinating and to make wistful reflections. She saw that the coast was clear, in the nursery—that the children were asleep, for their aunt to come in. She kissed Ferdy while her companion pressed her lips upon Geordie, and Geordie while Laura hung for a moment over Ferdy. At the door of the cab she tried to make her take more money, and our heroine had an odd sense since that if the vehicle had not rolled away she would have thrust into her hand a keepsake for Captain Crispin.

A quarter of an hour later Laura sat in the corner of a railway-carriage, muffled in her cloak (the July evening was fresh, as it so often is in London—fresh enough to add to her sombre thoughts the suggestion of the wind in the channel), waiting in a vain torment of nervousness for the train to set itself in motion. Her nervousness itself had led her to come too early to the station, and it seemed to her that she had already waited long. A lady and gentleman had taken their place in the carriage (it was not yet the moment for the outward crowd of tourists) and had left their apurtenances there while they strolled up and down the platform. The long English twilight was still in the air, but there was dusk under the grimy arch of the station and Laura flattered herself that the off-corner of the carriage she had chosen was in shadow. This, however, apparently didn't prevent her from being recognized by a gentleman who stopped at the door, looking in, with the movement of a person who was going from carriage to carriage. As soon as he saw her he stepped quickly in, and the next moment Mr. Wendover was seated on the edge of the place beside her, leaning to-

ward her, speaking to her low, with clasped hands. She fell back in her seat, closing her eyes again. He barred the way out of the compartment.

"I have followed you here—I saw Miss Steet—I want to implore you not to go! Don't, don't! I know what you're doing. Don't go, I beseech you. I saw Lady Davenant, I wanted to ask her to help me, I could bear it no longer. I have thought of you, night and day, these four days. Lady Davenant has told me things, and I entreat you not to go!"

Laura opened her eyes (there was something in his voice, in his pressing nearness) and looked at him a moment: it was the first time she had done so since the first of those detestable moments in the box at Covent Garden. She had never spoken to him of Selina in any but an honorable sense. Now she said, "I'm going to my sister."

"I know it, and I wish unspeakably you would give it up—it isn't good—it's a great mistake. Stay here and let me talk to you."

The girl raised herself, she stood up in the carriage. Mr. Wendover did the same; Laura saw that the lady and gentleman outside were now standing near the door. "What have you to say? It's my own business!" she returned, between her teeth. "Go out, go out, go out!"

"Do you suppose I would speak if I didn't care—do you suppose I would care if I didn't love you?" the young man murmured, close to her face.

"What is there to care about? Because people will know it and talk? If it's bad it's the right thing for me! If I don't go to her where else shall I go?"

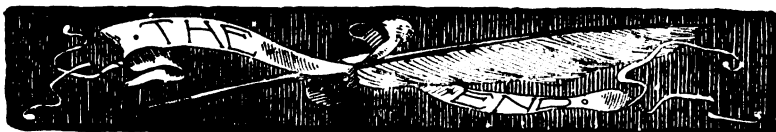
"Come to me, dearest, dearest!" Mr. Wendover went on. "You are ill, you are mad! I love you—I assure you I do!"

She pushed him away with her hands. "If you follow me I will jump off the boat!"

"Take your places, take your places!" cried the guard, on the platform. Mr.

Wendover had to slip out, the lady and gentleman were coming in. Laura huddled herself into her corner again and presently the train drew away.

Mr. Wendover did not get into another compartment; he went back that evening to Queen's Gate. He knew how interested his old friend there (as he now considered her) would be to hear what Laura had undertaken (though, as he learned, on entering her drawing-room again, she had already heard of it from her maid), and he felt the necessity to tell her once more how her words of four days before had fructified in his heart, what a strange, ineffaceable impression she had made upon him—to tell her, in short, and to repeat it over and over, that he had taken the most extraordinary fancy——! Lady Davenant was tremendously vexed at the girl's perversity, but she counselled him patience, a long, persistent patience. A week later she heard from Laura Wing, from Antwerp, that she was sailing to America from that port—a letter containing no mention whatever of Selina or of the reception she had found at Brussels. To America Mr. Wendover followed his young compatriot (that at least she had no right to forbid), and there, for the moment, he has had a chance to practise the humble virtue recommended by Lady Davenant. He knows she has no money and that she is staying with some distant relatives in Virginia; a situation that he—perhaps too superficially—figures as unspeakably dreary. He knows further that Lady Davenant has sent her fifty pounds, and he himself has ideas of transmitting funds, not directly to Virginia but by the roundabout road of Queen's Gate. Now, however, that Lionel Berrington's deplorable suit is coming on he reflects with some satisfaction that the Court of Probate and Divorce is far from the banks of the Rappahannock. "Berrington *versus* Berrington and others" is coming on—but these are matters of the present hour.





## THE LOST FRIEND.

*By Nora Perry.*

Oh, what was the hour and the day,  
The moment I lost you ?  
I thought you were walking my way,  
I turned to accost you,

And silence and emptiness met  
My word half unspoken ;  
But I thought, and I said, "I shall get  
A word or a token,

"That sometime and somewhere he will  
Impatient, to meet me— [wait,  
Round the corner, perhaps, at the gate,  
Come smiling to greet me."

But never a token or word  
Has he sent to me hither,  
Nor wherefore he went have I heard,  
Nor wherefore nor whither.

Oh, what was the hour and the day,  
The moment you left me,  
When you went on your separate way,  
Oh, friend, and bereft me?

Sometime and somewhere shall we walk,  
Clear of earth, in high places ?  
Sometime and somewhere shall we talk,  
With our hearts in our faces ?

And see all the meaning writ clear,  
The depth and the sweetness,  
Apart from this doubt and this fear,  
This sad incompleteness ?

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## SILVER AND GOLD.

*By Edith M. Thomas.*

FAREWELL, my little sweetheart,  
Now fare you well and free ;  
I claim from you no promise,  
You claim no vows from me.  
The reason why?—the reason  
Right well we can uphold—  
I have too much of silver,  
And you've too much of gold!

A puzzle, this, to worldlings,  
Whose love to lucre flies,  
Who think that gold to silver  
Should count as mutual prize!  
But I'm not avaricious,  
And you're not sordid-souled ;  
I have too much of silver,  
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason  
Too plainly can be seen :  
I am the Winter's bond-slave,  
You are the Summer's queen ;  
Too few the years you number,  
Too many I have told ;  
I have too much of silver,  
And you've too much of gold.

You have the rose for token,  
I have dry leaf and rime ;  
I have the sobbing vesper,  
You, morning bells at chime.  
I would that I were younger,  
(And you grew never old)—  
Would I had less of silver,  
But you no less of gold !

## PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN MEDALS.

*By Gustav Kobbé.*



AMERICAN numismatists have an advantage over their brethren of other countries; for the political institutions peculiar to the United States have originated a branch of numismatic art not represented in the numismatics of any other nation. The coinage of foreign countries usually bears the likeness of the rulers of the nation. Had the precedent been followed in the United States it would have made necessary innovations in our coinage at intervals of four or eight years; whereas the so-called Washington cent is the only coin of the United States bearing a Presidential likeness.

Our medallists have sought to make up for the absence from our coinage of portraits of those who have been our chief magistrates, and their work in this direction has resulted in what is known among collectors as the series of Political Medals and Tokens. This consists of such pieces as bear the likeness of any President or Vice-President of the United States or of any of the unsuccessful candidates for those offices. For instance, beginning with the inauguration of Washington, the national government has commemorated the coming in of each Administration by having struck off at the mint large silver medals, called Indian medals because they are presented to the chiefs of certain tribes as pledges of friendship. The mint issues also "Presidential medals" which bear the bust of the successful candidate and the date of his election. Besides the mint medals there are many "Politicals," which have been struck off on the order of societies or individuals or by medallists as business ventures.

A large subdivision of the "Politicals," known as Presidential Campaign Medals, or "Campaigners" for short, we owe to the business enterprise of our medallists. In the second campaign between Jackson and John Quincy Adams

the partisans of the former, still smarting under his defeat by Adams four years previous, made a rattling canvass for Old Hickory. The medallists, scenting a chance for a rushing business at the large Jackson meetings held during this campaign, struck off medals bearing his likeness and spirited mottoes or references to his military career, by wearing which his partisans showed their devotion to their hero's cause. Ever since then political canvasses have been periods of great activity for our die-sinkers. An unbroken numismatic record of the Presidential campaigns from that of 1828 to those of our own time has been preserved to us through the enthusiasm of several collectors, foremost among them Mr. Robert Hewitt, formerly an officer of the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society of New York, which also has many valuable "Campaigners" in its cabinet. The series of Presidential Campaign Medals is unique. It was not fashioned mechanically and unemotionally in the mint like our own and foreign coinage. The medals bear evidence of having been struck off in the heat and passion of the hour. The political excitement with which the air quivered, the very shouts of contending partisans seem to have passed into the metal through the burin as it graved line after line of some striking design or letter after letter of some ringing campaign cry which in one terse sentence reflected the spirit of the canvass.

The campaign medal of earliest date (1824) is not a genuine "Campaigner" but a John Quincy Adams "Presidential," through which a hole has been punched. Its battered condition is evidence that it was worn. The theory of the Numismatic Society, to whose cabinet it belongs, is that some partisan of Adams in the campaign of 1828 punched the hole through it and wore it, so that Jackson's supporters should not have the monopoly of outward manifestations of their inward political faith.

The Jacksonian series is not limited

to this. Numerous medals were struck in honor of Old Hickory (1, 2, 3). That, even in a republic, whose institutions

policy, since the Jackson medals of this campaign contain no reference to the candidate's utterances on the political



are distinctly and emphatically civil, military prowess excites popular admiration and throws a glamour around a public man beside which the halo of statesmanship grows dim, is shown by the fact that the most popular medallic design with Jackson's partisans was a representation of the battle of New Orleans, his chief military exploit. On

such pieces as did not bear it it was usually at least referred to. Thus, on the reverse of a large

questions of the time or to his position toward them. His supporters seem to have relied solely upon his military renown as a charm; and they were not mistaken in its powers. For Old Hickory's candidacy was so popular that tradespeople issued brass medallions (numismatically known as tokens), usually bearing on their obverse a bust of Jackson and on the reverse, in compliment to him, a profile of Washington, and the name and business of the firm in conspicuous lettering. Thus the hero of New Orleans, in company with the Father of his Country, "boomed" hardware, military goods, oysters, and drugs; and even a mixture for soothing shrieking infants was advertised on the reverse of a military bust of the irascible old warrior from Tennessee.

The military character of the Jackson medals of 1828 makes



Jackson Campaign Medals, 1824-'28-'32.\*

medal of white-metal—a metal resembling pewter and much used by medallists—there is, enclosed in a wreath of oak and laurel, the following inscription: "General Jackson, the gallant and successful defender of New Orleans and candidate for the Presidency of the United States of America, 1828." In fact, his renown as a soldier seems to have entirely obscured his political reputation; for there is no medallic evidence that he was supported as the exponent of any special



the political character of those of the following campaign marked. The battle

of New Orleans disappears from the medals and in its place we find evidence of genuine political warfare. The metallic circles surround such mottoes as "The



\* The illustrations are from pieces in the cabinets of Robert Hewitt, William Poillon, and the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society of New York.



Bank must perish!" and "The Union must and shall be preserved!" These refer of course to Jackson's opposition to the rechartering of the United States Bank and to his determined resistance to the South Carolina Nullifiers—positions he held as firmly as he did the ramparts of cotton bales at New Orleans. As the medallists, in order that their productions might meet with a ready sale, have always adopted those designs and mottoes with which the political atmosphere was charged, the Jackson medals of the period referred to prove that political

the "great expounder" on the reverse. The medal was evidently struck in honor of Webster, though it is difficult to construe the curious design as complimentary. Jackson had been the first "man of the people" to occupy the Presidential chair, and in the campaign of 1836 the Democratic party was extolled by its orators as the party of the "people," and the farmer's vote was flattered by Van Buren's partisans. There is striking evidence of this policy on two of the most important Van Buren medals of this year. On the reverse of one



Medals of the Campaign of 1836.

pluck can also excite popular enthusiasm; and that while Jackson went into the White House in 1828 on what may in a double sense be termed glittering generalities, he owed his re-election to the strain of political "must" which was developed in his character by the crisis which confronted him during his first term.

The campaign of 1836 was a five-cornered fight. The opponents of Jackson's financial policy assumed the name of Whigs. The Democrats nominated Van Buren, an ardent partisan of Jackson, who was elected. The electoral votes of the opposition were distributed among Harrison, 73, Hugh L. White, 26, Daniel Webster, 14, and Willie P. Mangum, 11. The most interesting medal of this campaign is a brass Webster piece of medium size, on the reverse of which is an old woman riding on a broom-stick and wielding a crutch (5). With this design goes the inscription: "We all have our hobbies." It might be supposed that the medal was a relic of the days when the advocates of female suffrage put forth their first tentative efforts, were it not for a profile of

of these—a large white-metal piece—a plough and other agricultural implements are conspicuously grouped in front of a temple of Liberty (4); and the reverse of the other shows a man ploughing and the inscription: "The Democracy who can justly appreciate Liberty and Equality" (6).

Four years later Van Buren and Harrison again met in the political arena. This canvass was one of the most exciting in our history. Every expedient was resorted to by politicians of both parties to play upon popular feeling, and the whole country was aroused. The Whigs conducted what has come down to us as "the shouting campaign."

The Democrats having sneered at Harrison for living in a log cabin with nothing but hard cider to drink, his partisans raised the cry for the "log cabin and hard cider candi-



Medal Commemorating the Organization of the Liberty Party, 1838.



8, obv.



8, rev.



9



10



11



12



13



14



15

date." This touched the popular imagination, and people fairly went wild with enthusiasm—and hard cider; for from the barrel which the candidate proclaimed he was ready to tap for any one who entered his cabin, cider seemed to flow all over the country. Log cabins and barrels were features at nearly all the Harrison meetings, and were also borne in the large processions organized by Harrison's supporters,—the first political processions in our history—on which occasions the barrels were usually found to be more persuasive orators than the speakers. The Harrison medals (8, obv. and rev., 13) faithfully record the popularity of the barrel, for the medallists even suspended their regard for perspective, and in their representations of Harrison's primitive home made the barrel so conspicuous an object in the surrounding landscape that beside it the mountains dwindle to mounds and the trees to bushes.

As the Harrison canvass progressed, it grew so exciting that in one Massachusetts

town, for instance, a church was turned over to Harrison's partisans. They built a log cabin on wheels and drew it to the church with eighty yoke of oxen, young girls on horseback, each representing a State, riding in advance bearing green boughs and banners and strewing the road with flowers, while the whole procession shouted :

"For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,  
Tippecanoe and Tyler too,  
With them we will beat little Van,  
Van, Van is a used-up man."

"Tippecanoe" was a watchword among Harrison's adherents, who thus made capital out of his military exploits as well as out of the simplicity of his daily walk.

There is striking numismatic evidence of the ex-

citement which prevailed during this campaign in the circumstance that the medallic series bearing upon it is much larger numerically than any relating to any of the previous



16



17, obv.



17, rev.



18



19



20



21



22



23

Clay and Polk Medals of 1844.

contests; while the character of Harrison's canvass as a shouting campaign

to Harrison's candidacy by dwelling upon his victory at Tippecanoe.

One medallist managed to combine on the



Campaign of 1848.



is shown by the inscriptions on the Harrison medals. Patriotic mottoes and extracts from public utterances of the candidate are not to be found. Instead of these we have, with the log-cabin and hard-cider designs referred to, mere catch-words, which seem to have been caught up by the medallists as they fell from the lips of heated partisans. Certainly no stroke of statesmanship is recalled by the exclamation "Go it, Tip! Come it, Tyler," found on one of the Harrison medals (9); nor any indication of the candidate's policy conveyed by the cries "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!"—"The Log Cabin Candidate, the People's Choice" (13), which are conspicuous on others of the series. Political sentiments are as much wanting as they were in the first set of Jackson medals. Then, too, there is medallic evidence that the Whigs trumped the political trick with the very card—military success—which the Democrats had played successfully in 1828, for they gave impetus

reverse of a small piece the symbols of Harrison's military glory and agricultural virtue with a humorous fling at the adversary. The design shows a pair of scales, one of which is branded "Loco," the other "Wigs," the latter, though it lacks one letter, outweighing the former. Beneath are the cabin and the barrel, a cannon, a pyramid of balls, and in the distance a file of soldiers, one of whom bears a standard. The contemptuous "Loco Foco" is again applied to Harrison's opponent in a rare little brass medal, issued by a medallist who evidently had a keen sense of humor. The design represents a steamboat flying a flag inscribed "1841," while the inscription tells us that the vessel is the "Steamboat Van Buren, for Salt River direct. Loco Foco Line" (15). One medallist in the excitement of the campaign forgot his grammar and flooded the community with this announcement on metal: "Honesty and Integrity will meet its just Reward!"



Scott and Pierce Medals of 1852.



Buchanan Medal of 1856.

It seems to have occurred to political managers about this time that the "young man" might be turned into a

useful factor in political campaigns, for we have a numismatic record of "The Young Men's Harrison's Convention, May 4, 1840." There was evidently a



leaven of humor in this gathering, for the medallic memento has, besides the inevitable log cabin, the inscription: "To let, Possession given in 1841." Perhaps we are justified in concluding from this sally of wit that in the first "Young Men's" Convention there was not, as in many of the Young Men's conventions of to-day, a large contingent of bald pates and gray heads.

Van Buren's followers stood upon higher ground than Harrison's, and made their campaign one of principle. Financial distress had come down to their leader as a legacy of Jackson's attacks upon the United States Bank. The crash came early in Van Buren's term. Two hundred and fifty business houses in New York suspended before he had been in office a month, and the losses in New Orleans aggregated during two



days \$27,000,000. Van Buren's statesmanship was during his entire administration directed toward the relief of this financial distress, his favorite measure being the establishment of an independent treasury for the custody of the public funds. This measure, which received the sanction of Congress in 1840, was the rallying cry of his partisans. Most of the Van Buren medals for this campaign contain references to his financial policy. The reverse of one shows a safe guarded by a watch-dog, and the inscription: "Sub-Treasury and Democracy" (11). The Democrats appealed from

popular clamor to the intelligence of the country. "The sober second thoughts of the People are O. K." says the inscription on one medal (14). Conspicuous in the design on the reverse of this medal is a safe, the inscription reading: "The Independent Sub-Treasury. The Choice of the People." Though Van Buren was defeated, time has vindicated his policy, for the independent treasury system is still in force. Thus the medals relating to the campaign of 1840 show the policies of the Democrats and their opponents to have been exactly the



Fremont Medals of 1856.

reverse of their respective policies in the campaign of 1828. The Democratic Jackson medals of 1828 bore no references to political questions, but sought to fire popular imagination by commemorating his military prowess, while the supporters of John Quincy Adams conducted their campaign on strict political lines; most of the Whig Harrison medals of 1840 are of the shouting kind, while the Democratic Van Buren medals defended that statesman's financial policy. In each instance the military candidate was successful. After all, human nature is much the same all the world over, and





34



35



36



37

Know Nothing Medals of 1856 (34, 35, 36).

Lincoln Medals of 1860 (37, 38, 40, 43).



38

Bell (39), Douglas (41), and Breckinridge (42), Medals of 1860.



39

McClellan (44 obv. and rev.) and Frémont and Cochrane (45) Medals of 1864.



40



41



42



43



44, obv.



44, rev.



45



often in a republic as in a monarchy the man on horseback draws all eyes from the man afoot. Adams and Van Buren did not, as did Jackson and Harrison, appear upon political campaign medals in regimentals and astride a prancing steed. Am I exaggerating in saying that in the series of political campaign medals our historians have ready to hand a philosophy of history wrought in metal?

Into this campaign the slavery question entered for the first time as a disturbing element. On this question the two great parties had effected a truce through the Missouri Compromise. But when Garrison began at Boston in 1831 the issue of the *Liberator*, the

abolition of slavery became the principle of a party which was as determined as it was small. The great majority of this band separated from Garrison when he began to advocate the dissolution of the Union, and it organized about 1838 the Liberty Party, which in 1840 and again in 1844 nominated for the Presidency James G. Birney, who in 1834, while residing in Kentucky, had shown his devotion to the cause by liberating his own slaves, some twenty in number. While there is no Birney medal, there is a

medium-sized bronze piece, dated 1838, which in the light of subsequent events

has a deep significance. It evidently commemorates the organizing of the Liberty Party. On the obverse is a female slave kneeling and holding up her shackled

hands clasped beseechingly. "Am I not a woman and a sister?" is her pathetic appeal (7). This design and inscription seem to have been graven in bitter mockery of the reverse of the medal, upon which we read: "United States of America" and "Liberty." A glance at this medal tells us that it differs as thoroughly from the other political medals so far examined as the purpose and methods of the anti-slavery agitators differed from those of the other political parties of those days. There is no clap-trap appeal to excited partisanship—nothing to bring an assemblage to its feet or to awaken a responsive cheer. The tears of the shackled woman fall rather upon the fruitful soil of humanity from which spring up pity and a deep sense of a wrong to be righted. The pathos, the cruelty of slavery, and its mockery of the principles upon which our government is founded stand out in bold relief from this little circle of metal. The medallist seems to have worked with the grim earnestness of the leaders of the movement. The agitation was not a mere political flash-in-the-pan. With the evidence this medal affords of the lofty spirit in which the anti-slavery movement was inaugurated, can we wonder that although two great parties never dared face the question, it grew in importance until it overshadowed every



Campaign of 1868.



Greeley Medal of 1872.



Garfield Medal of 1880.



Caricature Tilden Medal of 1872.

other issue and had to be settled by an appeal from speech and parchment to blood and iron?

The campaign between Polk and Clay in 1844 produced a fine crop of medals (p. 386). Clay's adherents appear to have conducted the canvass with the bravado of people who are sure of success. Clay's personal popularity is attested by the number of medals bearing his effigy, the unusual size of several, and the fact that two are of silver, being, with the exception of one Lincoln piece, the only silver campaign medals known which circulated among the people. One of these silver Clay medals (17, obv. and rev.) shows on its obverse a superb profile of this statesman. There is no inscription. The profile in bold relief tells more eloquently than any words the aggressive personality of the candidate. On the reverse is a large ship standing out to sea with flying flags and pennants, while a smaller ship and a steamer are also conspicuous. Under this design, on a mottled ground, are emblems of agriculture. The inscription: "Henry Clay, the Champion of a Protective Tariff," could, with the substitution of Blaine's name, have been adopted as a campaign cry by the latter's partisans in the canvass of 1884.

The beneficent effects of a protective tariff are alluringly set forth in the design on the reverse of the other silver Clay medal (16), which shows factories in full operation, there being one even on a distant headland past which a ship is sailing. Favorite inscriptions with Clay's partisans were: "Equal and full protection to American Industry!" "Protection to the Working Classes!" (18) "Protection to American Industry!"—mottos whose echoes reverberated through the Blaine canvass. The first appears on the reverse of a large white-metal piece with an elaborate design emblematic of Clay's statesmanship, diplomacy, and Americanism. The second is interesting as the first record of an appeal to the labor vote. Clay was an earnest advocate of the War of 1812, and had long before its declaration urged retaliation upon England for her unlawful impressment of American seamen. This feature of his career is referred to in the inscription: "The Flag we wear at our masthead

should be the Credentials of our Seamen," on the reverse of a medal (19) commemorating the "Young Men's Convention, Baltimore, May, 1844." Of course his "American System"—a combination of protection and internal improvements, is frequently referred to. How near Clay stood to the people is shown by what may be called the colloquial design on the reverse of a small Clay medal (20). It shows a raccoon up a tree "making a nose" at his pursuers. The inscription reads: "The same old Coon, O. K.!" Other characteristic Clay inscriptions are: "Henry Clay will carry the Day!" "The Man of the People, the Star of the West!" "A Halo shines as Bright as Day around the Head of Henry Clay!" and "Harry of the West!" Clay's partisans were so boastful of success that by a medallion anachronism his election and inauguration were recorded. The obverse of this medal bears the candidate's bust and "Henry Clay elected President A.D. 1844." The reverse (21), referring to Clay's struggles early in life, shows a boy riding toward a mill and the inscription: "The Millboy of the Slashes inaugurated March 4th, 1845."

Polk's adherents entirely ignored the tariff question, and the Polk medals refer almost exclusively to the annexation of Texas. Polk came from the State of Andrew Jackson, and his partisans, according to numismatic testimony, seem to have taken advantage of this point and to have shouted for "Young Hickory." "Enlarge the Boundaries of Freedom, press onward Young Hickory!" (22). "Young Hickory, Dallas and Victory!" are examples of the inscriptions on Polk medals. The Texas question is more specifically referred to in a design of a "lone star" with a "T" in its centre. It is noteworthy that the appearance of Dallas's portrait on some of the Polk medals marks the debut of the Vice-Presidential likeness in the series (23).

When the Whig and Democratic conventions met in 1848, the Mexican War had been fought and the question whether or not slavery should be prohibited in the newly acquired territory had assumed prominence; but, as heretofore, these parties dodged the issue.

As a result there was a defection from both, the seceders uniting as the Free Soil party and nominating Van Buren. His action in running and drawing enough votes from Cass, the regular Democratic nominee, to elect General Taylor, the Whig candidate, has of late years, and especially by those who inaugurated the Butler movement in the last campaign, been referred to as the first important "bolt" in our political history. The most interesting medal of this campaign is a battered cent (24), upon the obverse of which (the Liberty head) some one struck with a roughly cut die: "Vote the Land Free!" A hole punched through the coin and its battered condition prove that it was actually "worn in battle."

The few Cass medals are not of special interest (26). Among the Taylor series is one the reverse of which shows a stand of arms, a tablet in the centre bearing the famous command: "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg" (25). The trophy is surmounted by an eagle; the inscription reads: "I ask no favors, I shrink from no responsibility." The obverse of another medal informs us that "General Taylor never surrenders."

In the election of 1852 Pierce and Scott were opponents. Judging from the medals of this campaign it was a dull canvass. They are few in number and of no special interest. There is but one Pierce medal (28). It refers to him as the "Statesman and Soldier." A Scott medal bears on its reverse the scene of Scott wounded at Lundy's Lane (27).

Before the campaign of 1856 opened the slavery question had overspread the political horizon like a threatening storm-cloud. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the struggle in Kansas, and other phases of the issue led to the fusion of the anti-slavery Whigs and Democrats with the Free-soilers as the Republican Party. This party nominated Frémont, who made an aggressive canvass. With this California pioneer as their leader, the Republican party swept over the political field like a fresh breeze from the mountains. Evidence of the enthusiasm with which the opponents of slavery entered this campaign is found in the series of Frémont medals, one of them being the largest political

campaign piece known. It is of white-metal. The obverse shows a fine portrait of Frémont (32). On the reverse is a wreath enclosing these inscriptions: "The Rocky Mountains echo back Frémont." "The People's choice for 1856." "Constitutional Freedom." Beneath the wreath is a scroll with "Free" in the middle and "men" and "soil" at either end. The reverse of another interesting Frémont medal represents a surveying party surveying a mountain on top of which is the White House (30). On a third medal (31) he is called "Jessie's Choice," a reference to his marriage with Jessie Benton, daughter of the Missouri statesman.

The Buchanan medals are few in number, but among them is one which stands out conspicuously from the series for both cleverness of design and elegance of execution. It is a large white-metal piece, showing on its obverse a buck leaping over a cannon (29). This is the first and only instance of a rebus in the series.

Those Whigs, especially at the South, who were opposed to anti-slavery measures revived about this time the American or Know-Nothing party and nominated Fillmore (35). A medal (36) of the older "Native American" party had in 1844 called upon Americans to "beware of foreign influence," and a similar motto appeared in this campaign. The anti-Catholic tendencies of this party are evidenced by the emblems of Papacy on the reverse of one of these medals. The obverse of the other Know-Nothing medal (34) shows a man bearing an American flag with three rents. The inscription reads: "Our Flag trampled upon."

The anti-slavery party took a giant stride during Buchanan's administration. The enthusiasm of its members after the nomination of Lincoln is shown in the number of Lincoln medals,—about 200—which is second in the series of American political medals only to that of the Washington medals. The most interesting pieces of the Lincoln series are those worn by the "Wide-a-Wakes," believed to be the first uniformed body of voters to take part in political processions. The obverse of one of these medals shows a member of this organization wearing the characteristic

wide-awake hat, and bears the inscription "I am ready." Another, worn by the Hartford Wide-a-Wakes, shows on its obverse (40) one of them in full uniform carrying a lantern, and on the reverse another bearing a torch. The Lincoln silver medal referred to in the description of the Clay pieces proclaims the principle of "Free Territory for a free People." Medals relating Lincoln's struggles in early life seem to have been popular—there are a number referring to him as the "great Rail-splitter of the West" (38) or the "Rail-splitter of 1830" (43), with designs enclosing the inscription in a rail-fence or showing a wood-scene with Lincoln engaged in splitting rails. Hamlin's name is on one medal combined with Lincoln's as follows: "Abra-Ham Lin-Coln." Characteristic inscriptions in the Lincoln series are: "Honest Abe of the West." "Honest old Abe." "No more Slave Territory." "Free Homes for Free Men." On those issued during his second Presidential campaign we read: "If I am re-elected President, Slavery must be abolished with the re-union of States." "Freedom to all men, Union."

The "rail-splitter of 1830" was the party-splitter of 1860. For on the question involved in his candidacy the Democratic party split, one faction nominating Stephen A. Douglas (41), the other, Breckinridge (42), who represented the extreme Southern pro-slavery views; while the American Party rechristened itself the Constitutional Union party and nominated John Bell (39). Campaign medals were worn by the partisans of all these candidates.

Lincoln was opposed in 1864, besides by McClellan (44 obv. and rev.), by a section of his own party which nominated Frémont and Cochrane, who, however, withdrew in the autumn. One medal (45), with a military profile of Frémont and "Free Speech, Free Press, Frémont" on its obverse and a battle scene with Frémont bearing a flag on the reverse, is a serious memento of this ridiculous episode. A characteristic McClellan piece is oval shaped and was evidently attached to a pin. It shows McClellan on horseback, and bears the inscription: "Little Mac for President. Spades are Trumps."

With the Lincoln medals the series ceases to be noteworthy. The medals issued during subsequent campaigns are neither so varied nor so interesting in design as those struck off during the Lincoln or previous canvasses. The only reason that can be assigned for this is the change in methods political. Party organization has been so developed, party discipline is so effective that an army of voters can be marshalled at short notice, so that now a canvass is a succession of vast processions. Facilities of transportation also enable the voters in rural districts to unite in large bodies for imposing demonstrations. As a result small cheap medals bearing as a rule merely the profile of the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates are struck off in large numbers.

Of the numerous Grant medals (46) in the Political series but few are political campaign medals, and none of these is of special interest; and the same may be said of the Seymour (47) and Greeley (48) medals. Among the Tilden medals were several caricatures (49).

There are only two interesting medals from the Garfield-Hancock campaign, one showing the former on a mule on the tow-path and "Canal boy 1845; President 1881" (50), the other, imitated from the "Salt River" Harrison medal, showing a steamboat with "329," the number on which Garfield's opponents rang the changes so persistently, on the paddle-box, and the inscription: "Good for a free passage on the steamer Hancock, Capt. English, Nov. 2, 1880, for Salt River direct, Chinese Line."

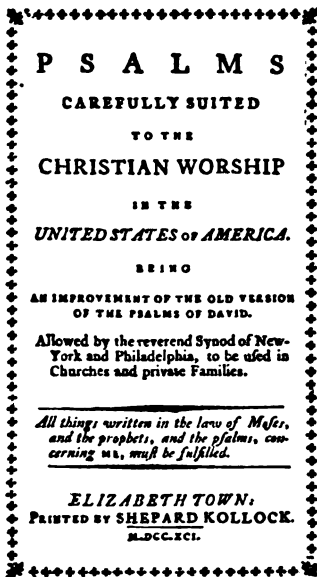
In our days the newspapers record almost every detail of a political canvass, and any future historian desiring to enter into the spirit in which our canvasses are conducted—their issues, literature, rhetoric, and acrimony—would find it reflected in our daily journals. But to any one who wishes to become conversant with the political methods of the times before the press had obtained its present status as a news-gatherer, the series of political campaign medals is most helpful. For each rim encircles a bit of history, and the series as a whole forms a record in metal of our national politics.

## A SECOND-HAND STORY.

By H. C. Bunner.

I HAVE a small book, and a small story, that I bought, the two together, for fifteen cents. He thought, I suppose, that he was selling the book alone; and I must admit that it was but a shabby sort of book. You will hardly find it in the catalogues. It is not a first edition. It is not a tall copy—it is a squat little volume, in truth. It bears a modest *imprimatur*.

The title page reads thus :



"Oh, I don't know," said the book-seller, as I leaned over the "second-hand counter," and held it up to him. "Fifteen cents, if you want it. Now, *here's* something you ought to see——"

But I did not care to see it. I took my fifteen cents' worth away, and asked myself in what Elizabethtown it was printed; what manner of man Shepard Kollock might have been; but most, what human being owned this little book, handled it, read it, sang from it—belonged to it, in short, as we all belong to our books.

I am told that to the man who has determined to hand his conscience over

to the keeping of an established church this much liberty of personal choice is conceded: that he may elect to which one of the established churches he will make delivery. Of this initial liberty of personal choice I shall take advantage in my search after truth. To discover the true history of this volume, I must accept certain premises, and draw conclusions therefrom. If the conclusions are wrong, the premises are clearly to blame, and I am not.

Now, I find, on the second page behind the title, this official commission of the book :

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Philadelphia, May 14th, 1787.  
*THE Synod of New-York and Philadelphia did allow Dr. Watts's Im-*  
*mation of David's Psalms, as revised by*  
*Mr. Barlow, to be sung in the Churches*  
*and Families under their care.*

*Extracted from the records of Synod, by*  
GEORGE DUFFIELD, D. D.  
*Stated Clerk of Synod.*

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Hence we may set out with the almost certain knowledge that this copy of Mr. Barlow's revision was owned in Pennsylvania, in New York, or in New Jersey, tucked away between them. If the owner were a Pennsylvanian, why did the book not drift, in the end, to Philadelphia instead of to New York?—there are book-shops in Philadelphia, I think. I found it in New York, yet I hardly think it was first sold there. Dr. Watts must have been tongueless among the Dutch churches in 1791, and he could hardly have been made welcome among the modish Church-of-England sinners in Trinity or St. John's. It was in New Jersey, then, that she lived—for I have decided that this book was owned by a woman and that her name was Prudence—in New Jersey, perhaps on some rich lowland along the calm Passaic.

I have a fancy that I know the place.

It is a small town, set between the river and the softly rising hills that slope and fall and slope and fall to the feet of the Orange Mountains. Half-way up the long main street lies a little triangle of green, bounded by posts and chains, that is called "the square." The church stands on the highest side, a solid building of reddish-brown stone, with plain rectangular windows, that look blankly out from their many panes of pale-green flint glass. It has a squat wooden spire, painted white—a white that has been softened and made pleasant to the eye by the ministrations of the weather. Directly opposite the church is a large Square house of brick, with stone about the doors and windows, and with a little white-painted Grecian portico—on that the paint is ever white and new, defying the kindly hand of time. That is the Squire's house, and that is where Prudence lives.

There are trees all around the square, and trees in it—chestnuts and graceful beeches and young oaks—trees that seem to bring something of the wood into the heart of the town. You will not see the great drooping arbors of the New England elms, set at regular intervals, massive, shapely and urban. These are children of the forest, not afraid to venture into the little town and to scatter themselves about her grassy streets.

Their boughs that wave in the sunlight, are almost the only things that move, early of a summer Sunday morning. The front-doors are closed that of a week-day open wide their broad upper halves. There are no people in the streets. Everybody is within doors, making ready for church. Even the dogs refrain from running about the highways and byways on the aimless errands which dogs affect; they lie in the sun on the doorsteps and wait the appearance of that human world of which they are but an humble auxiliary. Perhaps Prudence, pinning her neckerchief before her dressing-glass, gives a look through her window—hers is the little room over the front door—the window with the fanlight at the top—and smiles to see the sunshine and the billowing leaves flickering red and green; but she is the only woman in the town who has a thought to give to

anything save the great business of Sunday morning tiring.

At last the old sexton stalks across the square, and opens the church doors with his huge iron key. Out of the sunlight he vanishes into the black hollow of the vestibule; there is silence for a moment, then the husky whirr of the rope over the wooden wheel on high, and the bell clangs out brazen and loud, and the startled birds rise for a second above the tree-tops, and Sunday life begins.

You will not see Prudence until all the townspeople and the farmers from the country round about are seated in the pews—not until the Dominie appears at the side door of the church. Then the broad portal of the Squire's house springs open and the Squire marches forth, looking larger than ever in his Sunday black. There is a sombre grandeur about the very silk stockings on his sturdy old legs. Behind him comes Cæsar—black Cæsar—his wool as white as the Squire's powdered wig. Cæsar has his kit in his hand; he plays the first fiddle in the choir, and thereby enjoys a proud eminence above all the other negroes in the neighborhood. Moreover, he has been a free man since the first Squire died.

Prudence walks by her father's side. The white neckerchief is folded over her breast; her dress is gray; her eyes are gray and dovelike. She holds her hymn-book and a spray of caraway in one hand; the other lifts her clinging skirt. The Squire looks straight ahead as he walks, and Cæsar looks straight at the Squire's back. But Prudence's soft eyes wander a little. Perhaps she is not sorry that the Squire walks slowly; that she has these few moments under the trees and among the birds before the great bare hollow of the church swallows her up for the two long hours of service.

As Prudence sits in her pew to-day—the front pew to the left of the aisle as you face the Dominie—she is conscious that there is among the worshippers a concentration of furtive attention upon the pew behind her—the one where old Jan Onderdonck used to sit until he went to finish his mortal slumbers in the graveyard. She does not wonder



who may be there ; she is too good a girl for that. But she cannot help remembering that she will know when church is out. And now she rises to sing in the hymn, and—she must have been wondering, in spite of herself, or why is there such a guilty start and thrill under the white neckerchief when she hears the strong baritone voice rise resonant behind her? The little brown hymn-book trembles in her hands ; she knows she is a wicked girl, and yet—perhaps it is part of her wickedness that she cannot feel properly unhappy. Nay, she knows there is a jubilant lilt in her voice as it joins the strange voice and sings :

“Happy the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast ;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.”

Her father turned half around where he stood, as a pillar of the church turning on its base, and gazed at the stranger. Prudence could not turn ; she could only glance shyly at her father. He had his Sunday face on, and she knew that he would not relax a muscle of it until he had shaken hands with the Dominie in the porch.

I do not know what else Prudence sang that day out of the brown hymn-book. Perhaps it was “*The Shortness and Misery of Life*,” or “*The World’s Three Chief Temptations*,” or “*Corrupt Nature from Adam*,” or “*The Song of Zacharias, and the Message of John the Baptist* ;” but I do know that, as she was going out of church, Prudence did something she had never done since, ten years before, her father put her dead mother’s hymn-book into her small hand and told her it was hers. She left it lying on the seat behind her. It did not lie there long ; she was not two steps down the aisle before the tall, broad-shouldered young man in the pew behind had presented it to her with a low bow. She took it with a frightened courtesy, and went down the aisle, her heart beating hard. Indeed, now, there was no doubt about it. She was sinful, perverse, and wholly unregenerate to the last degree. She wondered if iniquity so possessed other girls. And just in that moment when he bowed she had

noticed that he had fine eyes, and that he wore his black clothes with an air of distinction. Of what use was it to go to church at all, if such sinfulness was ingrained in her?

The disturbed dust was settling down on the pulpit cushion once more. The Dominie and the Squire stood in front of the church. The Dominie was powdering himself with snuff, as he always did after a hard sermon, and waiting for his regular invitation to dinner. The Squire, however, was not as prompt as usual to-day. His eyes followed a broad-shouldered figure in black clothes of foreign cut, that strolled idly through the square.

“Dr. Kuypers,” he finally demanded, “who is that young man?”

“That,” said the Dominie, as he put his snuff-box in his pocket, “is Rick Onderdonck, or, I might better say, Master Richard Onderdonck, the son of our old friend Jan Onderdonck, now at rest. He has been these four years in Germany, where he has learnt a pretty deal of Latin, I must say for him.”

The Squire shook his head.

“A godless country for a boy,” he said. “I hope he got no worse than Latin there.”

“Nay, nay,” said the Dominie, indulgently ; “I find him a good youth, and uncorrupted. He came home but yesterday, and stays with me till his father’s house shall be aired. He will work the old farm, he says, and I trust his Latin may do him no harm.”

Dr. Kuypers and the Squire bowed with solemn courtesy. “I shall be honored with your company at dinner, and with that of Mr. Onderdonk.” Then he dropped to a simple week-day tone : “Four years, Dominie, four years, is it, since you and I and Jan Onderdonk sat at dinner together? Yes, bring the lad.”

And Prudence, during this conversation, stood at her father’s elbow and said nothing at all, as was decorous in a young girl.

Dr. Kuypers was a terrible man in the pulpit, and a kind-hearted and merry man out of it. The Sunday dinners in the great brick house were always the brighter for his coming ; and if this

dinner seemed to Prudence the brightest she had ever known, the credit must have been due to Dr. Kuypers, for young Mr. Onderdonck was certainly most quiet and modest, and contented himself for the most part with giving fitting and well-considered answers to the questions of the elder gentlemen as to his studies and the state of Europe.

The dinner came to an end long before Prudence wished it. And yet, at the end, there was a new and delightful experience for her, which she fled to her room to dream over.

She was only nineteen; she sat at the head of the table, but it was only as she had sat since she was a little girl, just learning to pour her father's coffee, and she had always been a little girl to the Squire and the Dominie. But to-day, when she rose from her seat, Mr. Onderdonck rose too, and hurried to open the door for her, and bowed low as she went out—and, O, wondrous day!—as if this were not joy enough, she saw over her shoulder that her father and the Dominie rose too, and stood until the door had closed behind her.

Mr. Rick Onderdonck was modest even after Mistress Prudence had left the room. I think that the deference of young men toward their elders will not die out in this world while old men have fair daughters. Mr. Onderdonck took his portion of post-prandial schnapps, and patiently let the Squire and the Dominie whet their rusty Latin on his brand-new learning.

Of course, Prudence married Rick Onderdonck. That was written from the beginning. Why should it not be so? What had the Squire to say against the pretensions of young Rick Onderdonck, heriter of all the square miles of green upland that had once belonged to old Jan, owner of seventy slaves, a virtuous and a comely man, with very pretty manners in the presence of his elders? Why, nothing. He might, indeed, have said that the house would be lonelier than he had thought without Prudence silently fitting here and there; but it was not the Squire's way to give such reasons as that; and so the young people were betrothed early in the spring that followed that first winter

when the neighborhood remarked that Rick Onderdonck had taken to going to the Squire's house more than his father ever did.

I don't think the hymn-book saw much of their courtship, although, to be sure, Mr. Onderdonck probably went to church quite regularly during that period of probation. But she sang in the pew in front and he in the pew behind her, and the most that the hymn-book could know of what either of them felt was that her fingers tightened on its smooth cover whenever she heard his voice.

But she probably confided some thought of her heart to the little book that had been her mother's when she came to pack up her "things" a day or two before the wedding—I mean her personal belongings—the trifles dear to her heart.

For days the ox-carts had creaked and groaned up the rough hill roads to the Onderdonck farm-house, leaving great loads of tables, and chairs, and wardrobes, and chests of drawers, and corded boxes that held hundreds of yards of sweet-clover scented linen, and dresses made by modish seamstresses in New York, and even liberal gifts from the Squire's store of family silver. But besides such things as these, there is always the pitiful little kit that a girl makes up when she leaves the old home-roof and takes ship on the great sea of wifehood.

This was truly a kit, done up in the red bandanna handkerchief that old Susan, her nurse (Cæsar's wife, in her lifetime), had given her long ago. For that matter, all the poor treasures had been given to her. There was this little hymn-book, first of all, and the gold chain and locket with her mother's miniature. Prudence sometimes looked at her mother's portrait and wondered if those gentle blue eyes had not looked frightened when the Squire proposed to marry them. Then there were the emery-bag and scissors she had got at school, for working the neatest sampler, and there was the sampler to speak for itself. There was the ivory ship that Ezra Saunders had carved for her—Ezra, the dry, shrivelled old cobbler, from some strange, far place in New England, who

had followed the sea in his younger days, and whose dark back room in the cabin by the river-side was hung with sharks' teeth and sword-fish spears, and ingeniously-carved stay-bones, with a smell of sandal-wood about them all, wrapping north and south and east and west in one atmosphere of spicy oriental mystery. There, too, was her collection of trinkets—an enamelled brooch, a tall tortoise-shell comb, a garnet ring or two, and such modest odds and ends as served her for jewelry. And all of these she did up in the red bandanna handkerchief, with a guilty feeling, as though she were deserting her girlish life after an ungrateful fashion, and may be the brown book was sensible of some poor unformulated prayers for the strange future.

And so it came about—for the contents of the handkerchief went up to her new home the day before the wedding—that the hymn-book was not in church when she was married. If it had been, I think it would have lain open at page 271, as old Cæsar's bow slid softly over the strings, and the congregation sang:

"Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine,  
Thy children round thy board,  
Each, like a plant of honor, shine,  
And learn to fear the Lord."

So now we have the brown hymn-book at home in the Onderdonck homestead, a long, low building, the lower story of red stone, the upper of wood. It stood high up on the hills, and looked down over grassy slopes of meadowland across the tops of the trees in the town, to the clear, shining line of the river, that ran in pleasant curves as far as the eye could follow it.

It is here that Prudence begins and ends her life. For the best of life begins where she began in the old farmhouse, and what end the world saw she made there.

There life's new joys and life's new troubles began: the new joy of two living one life together; and then the great and awful trouble of child-birth—the worst, forgotten, however, as she lay in Grandmother Onderdonck's four-posted bed and heard the sharp, small, querulous wailing from the next room.

I think that was of a Saturday morning in May, and I am sure that on the Sunday she sent Rick to church to receive the congratulations of the neighborhood, and lay in her bed the while, and perhaps turned over a page or two of the hymn-book, finding a comfort in its terror-fraught pages which our generation might seek in vain. Then old Mother Sturt, who brought all the town's babies into the world, took the book away from her, for fear it might hurt her dear eyes; and she lay there and hummed the familiar airs under her breath, and if the tune was sweet to her memory it mattered little though the words ran:

"Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,  
And crush my flesh to dust,  
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,  
And earth must own it just."

The time went slowly, lying there in the white waste of the four-poster bed; but it came to an end in time, and there was a day when she went up the church aisle on her husband's arm, just after the sermon, and Dominie Kuypers sprinkled water on the head of the infant, conceived in sin and born in iniquity, and totally unconscious of it, while the choir sang:

"Thus Lydia sanctified her house,  
When she received the word;  
Thus the believing jailer gave  
His household to the Lord."

There were other children after that boy, and Prudence found her days well filled up with the little duties of a woman's life—those little duties which would distress women less could they but see the grand total and estimate the value of it. Prudence must have had some blessed comprehension of the worth of a woman's work who does her duty as wife and mother, for I can see her going about her daily tasks with a sweet and placid face, and lifting tender welcoming eyes to her husband as he comes home at sunset from some far corner of the farm—those sweet gray eyes that were content, only a little while ago, with the light of the sun on the trees and the gay face of the summer-clad world.

It was a serious face, sometimes, that met her look, for Rick was a man who

took on his broad shoulders some share of the world's burdens beyond his necessary stint. They had a troublous time when they made up their minds to let their slaves work out their freedom. It was some years before Rick regained his popularity among the neighbors; he had practically manumitted his entire holding of slaves, and although such an act might have been forgiven to mere benevolence, it was a crime against the community when it was dictated by principle. Rick had a sad scene with the old Squire, who all but cursed him for his foreign atheistical notions; and even good Dominie Kuypers looked gravely disappointed. They did not, in fact, fully restore Rick to favor until it became clear beyond a doubt that the farm was paying better under a system of free labor than it had ever paid while it supported a horde of irresponsible slaves. When that fact was proved beyond a doubt, the most notoriously mean man in the county ordered his slaves to work out their freedom at the highest market price; and, after that, the curse was taken off Rick and Prudence.

The shutters of the old farm-house are closed. The broad spread of fields is empty of all but waving grain and nodding corn. The farm-hands stand about the kitchen door, looking strange in their Sunday clothes of black. At the front door stands young Jan Onderdonck, a shapely boy of eighteen, looking out on the world with that white, blank face which the first sight of death among his own puts on a boy. He meets the neighbors as they drive up to the gate in swaying carryalls or lumbering wagons, and goes silently before them to the door. They go in, out of the clear, summer sunshine, leaving the slope of long, unmown grass, the beds of bright flowers, the tremulous green beeches behind them, into the dim, cool front sitting-room, and range themselves along the wall. Friend bows to friend, in a constrained fashion, and here and there are hushed interchanges of speech. "She is taking it hard, poor soul," they say; "but so quiet and still, the doctor was frightened for her."

Across the hall he lies, in the room opened only for company. The air is

close; the shutters will not let the scent of the rose-bushes enter. His calm face looks up to the cracked, whitewashed ceiling of the plain old house that was his home a few hours ago. How calm it is! How calm, to leave behind such a void, so much and so unconquerable grief! Yet, would we have the shadow and impress of our sorrow on his face? Good man, good husband, good father, he is gone. And this poor face that lies here to tell us of him, let us be thankful that it smiles calmly as our poor bewildered eyes look at it for the last time.

The darkest room in all the dim, closed house is where Prudence sits, on the floor above. There is a child at each side of her, and when her hands are not clasped trembling in her lap, they move to touch the soft, tear-wet faces. And now the eldest son comes softly into the room and slips his arm about her, and a quick tremor shakes her, and she hears the voice of the old minister, standing upon the stairs, midway between the dead and the living half of one existence, speaking the words that part husband and wife upon this earth. There is a silence, and then the voices of the singers come with a far-away sound from the rooms below. One of the children, with a child's poor, helpless effort to serve, slips the book into her hands. She cannot open it; she could not see the page; she does not need it. She knows the words; only two lines come new to her ears—"Nor should we wish the hours more slow, to keep us from our love."

It has been dropping light showers all the afternoon; showers that have caught the first swaths of the cut grass. Then there has been the brief glow of a high-hung rainbow, and the warm sun has come to rest a few minutes on the long heaps of grass, and to distil from them an exquisite attar of new-mown hay. The sun is behind the hills now; the front of the old farm-house where Prudence is sitting in shade. She looks across her flower-beds, down the long slope to where, beyond town and trees, there is still a warm light on the winding Passaic, that goes, presently, creeping up the further hills, and last of all resting on the white houses of a little settlement that perched on those hills—

how many years ago? Prudence forgets: many years ago, yet long since the one date from which she reckons all her days. Rick never saw it. The woods were there when he died.

For thirty years Prudence has seen the sun rise and set since he died. Thirty summers she has tendered the garden he dug for her in their honeymoon. The house he left empty is still home to her, to his children, and to his children's children. The fires have long gone out in the house where she was born; she looks now over the smokeless chimney; but his home is still as he would wish to find it were he coming home this evening across the sweet fields.

Prudence, sitting there, sees his grandson coming homeward now. She knows the broad shoulders and the springy gait. She has always called the boy Richard, though everyone else calls him Rick. She knows, too, the girlish figure by his side; she knows that he will go past the gate and through the woods to the Van Vorst farm. Yes, on he goes, bending his tall head to talk with Mary Van Vorst.

Prudence's face is sweet and her eyes are patient; but who shall blame her if the longing of her heart springs up and knows not day or years? What days or years shall touch that immortal youth? Has the summer grown old? Has the green of the world grown dull, and the gold of the sun grown dim? He walked

with her then, and the hay smelt as it smells to-day; the twilight air grew tender and misty about them, the murmur of woodland life made the cool darkness shrill, and the young stars came out in the vague blue of the sky.

What has grown old? What is changed in her heart that it should not cry out for love and joy? Why may she not feel his strong arm about her shoulders, hear his voice in her ears? Why may she not look up now and see his face bent over hers, love speaking to love in their eyes.

A small brown book slips from her hand and falls upon the ground; but she does not need the printed page. She knows the hymn by heart. The bassoon and the fiddle play softly in the choir of the old church; she hears them faintly, for her heart is fluttering; her hands are cold, there is a mist of tears in her eyes as she looks up into her husband's face, standing before the altar.

It must have been on some evening such as this that the little book dropped from Prudence's hands for the last time. For unless it fell there, and lay among the flowers, and the flowers were untended after her death, so that some stranger picked it up and took it away as a thing of no account, I cannot tell why her children let their mother's book find its way to a second-hand bookshop. I am glad that in the end it did not fall into the hands of some one who might not have known her story.

## FIRST HARVESTS.

*By F. J. Stimson.*

### CHAPTER XXVII.

ARTHUR HAS A LITTLE DINNER.



ARTHUR was thinking of getting up a little dinner for some of his most worthy friends and most valuable acquaintances, and he was sitting in the reading-room of his favorite club, trying to make up his list. There was a reception at the Livingstones that afternoon, and he

purposed going; but this deuce of a list took much more time than one would suppose possible. He threw impatiently into the waste-paper basket the third tentative sketch which had proved impossible, and looked at his watch. The cards said half-past three—"to meet Miss Holyoke"—it was indeed the first time Gracie was to appear out of her deep mourning.

Arthur looked at his watch. It was after three already. He had thought of going early, before the people came;

however, he would make one attempt more, and meantime ring and order the cab.

John Haviland—he must come of course—he was the man he really esteemed most, of all the men he knew. But Birmingham did not like Haviland—and Arthur could not possibly do without the earl—well, so much the worse for his lordship; they could be put at opposite ends of the table. So Haviland went in. Then there was Van Kull and Charlie Townley; there had been some trouble, about a woman, between these two men, and they were not upon the best of terms. But then Arthur particularly wanted Van Kull; his presence at a stag-party was sure to give it just the cachet that it needed, and Charlie was by no means so popular, among the men. But then, he could not be forever deferring to his friends; he would tell Charlie who was coming, and if he didn't like it, he could stay away. And after all, the dinner was but an impromptu affair, gotten up for that very evening; at least, the invitations were to be sent out then, though Arthur had schemed about it for several days; and they might not half of them be disengaged. He had spoken to Birmingham already; he was going out West on the morrow, but had promised to come. Caryl Wemyss—there was another man. Him, at least, he would cut; for he disliked him thoroughly. But, after all, Wemyss was a great card; he affected to look down on young men, and it would be quite a social triumph for him to get him. (It is difficult perhaps for us, who have seen this celebrated personage from the inside, to realize what a figure-head he had made himself in that portion of American society which has aspirations beyond the ocean.) Yet it would give him the keenest pleasure to leave this man out for once, more so than to put in all the others; for he knew that Wemyss would like to go. Which was the greatest pleasure—ambition or revenge?

A servant came up just here, and whispered that "Mr. Holyoke's cab was ready. "Tell him to wait," said Arthur, impatiently; and he admitted Mr. Wemyss, with a sigh, to his list. Who next? There was Lucie Gower, of

course; every one liked Lucie; and Arthur wrote the name, this time with a sigh of relief. Then there was Lionel Derwent. He himself liked him very much.—But confound it, no; Van Kull and Birmingham would leave the room if that self-assertive, carelessly-dressed radical were of the party. Who else was there? Mr. Tamms? Arthur was anxious enough to get on in his business, and had even thought of his angular employer at first. But it really would not do; that was a trifle too much of the shop; he could ask him alone some time, to Coney Island. The list would do as it was: the earl, Wemyss, Van Kull, Gower, Townley, and Haviland.

He looked at his watch again; it was after four, and little Gussie Mortimer, that dried-up old beau, would be sure to be there by this time; he always went first, to get his fine work in with the very youngest girls, while the coast was clear. There was no use seeing Gracie with Gussie Mortimer. He might as well write the notes and get them off; some of the men he could see at the Livingstones, and Birmingham he was sure of, as that gentleman had lately been accepting his hospitality at the Hill-and-Dale Club, and he had asked him yesterday.

But Jimmy De Witt came in just then, and began to talk; it was nice to be clapped on the shoulder by him, for he was very rich, in the right of his wife, and given to entertaining. An enviable fellow, popular, a great athlete, with a rich and pretty wife, who did not look much to his comings in and goings out, having far too good a time herself for that. It will be seen that Arthur's ideas had changed a little from his poetry days; but what would you have? He had been studying *les moyens de parvenir* since then. New York life is not a lyric, nor yet an epic, or we had not called this book a satire. Before he knew it, Arthur had asked him to dinner also, and Tony Duval; and then remembered that the latter always cut John Haviland. But everything seemed to go wrong that afternoon; the very de'il was in it. Derwent came in too, and asked him if he was not going to the Livingstones. Arthur answered irritably; and felt glad he had not invited



him. He should go, he said, if he got time. So, that we may not miss the kettledrum ourselves, perhaps we had better accompany Derwent.

For Gracie has long been wondering why Arthur has not come; she has looked forward to her "coming out" chiefly that she might see our hero every day once more. Derwent goes to her at once. "I have just left a friend of yours lamenting that he cannot get here sooner," says he. "Holyoke was positively savage that he was kept so long down town." It was a white lie, I know; yet few men would have been at the pains to tell it. And Gracie smiles once more; and the burly, blond-bearded man stays by her, like some comforting, protecting power. But he seems destined to annoy his friends that afternoon; for Charlie Townley finds him near by, too, and with quite other feelings. Charlie was there early enough, you may be sure; and he is sitting with pretty Mamie Livingstone on a sofa just behind them. And Birmingham, I fear, is cursing Derwent too; such a knack have fanatics of making themselves disagreeable! For every time he makes a pretty compliment to Miss Farnum—and pretty compliments are slow and heavy things for our peer of the realm to struggle with—it seems as if his beautiful companion caught Derwent's eye. And the beauty is, even to the Briton's eye, a bit unconscious of his fine speeches; and looks about her as if she too were looking for some other swain. Only Mrs. Gower and Wemyss seem to have escaped; but they are sitting by a certain screen in the tea-room and fancy themselves unseen; so they are, indeed, save by the eyes of some old dowagers—the same who had called upon her the day of the drive—barbed by a touch of malice to a keener sight than even "that damned adventurer's," as Birmingham calls him. But Daisy De Witt is there, in a gorgeous dress her novel matronhood permits her, perfectly happy yet; and Kill Van Kull, her partner, manages to get his amusement out of all the world and everywhere.

Then Derwent takes his seat by Mamie, calmly turning Charlie's flank. So the Wall Street knight has to retreat; and Derwent flirts most desper-

ately, so that her little head—heart—what shall I say? is tickled. And it is very late when Arthur comes, and he finds that Gracie has gone up-stairs with a headache; so that he is angrier than ever.

But the dinner that night is a great success. Everybody came—except Van Kull, which is, indeed, a little of a disappointment—and the wines and cooking are most excellent. A great success, that is, until Wemyss, most unfortunately, began to talk of American families. Some one said something about Kitty Farnum, and what a fine woman she was, and what a pity it was that her people were so ordinary. "Pooh!" says his lordship, "all your Yankee families are just alike."

"Without impugning Birmingham's knowledge of American families," says Wemyss, thinking of his own, "I think I may submit that there are differences. Take Mrs. Gower, for instance, Mrs. Levison-Gower, I mean—I think that is a family name not unknown in England, and blood shows itself in every line of her face, and, in every motion of her figure, breeding." Wemyss never forgets his polished periods, even in the heat of argument. "Or take," he goes on, "Miss Holyoke, whom we saw to-day, she is perhaps even a better example of what I mean. She has not perhaps much style; she is countrified, if you like—but she comes of the best old Massachusetts stock, and I submit there is no older blood in the England of to-day than hers."

"Oh come, now, I say," says his lordship, "you don't mean to set up that little filly against us? That's the sort of thing our governesses are in England."

It is a little hard for Arthur to sit by and hear this; but he remembers that Birmingham is the guest of the evening and keeps silent. But Haviland takes it up. "If that is true, Lord Birmingham, I congratulate you upon your early breeding; and am only sorry that its lessons are so soon forgotten."

"I think, sir, you should remember the lady is a cousin of our host," adds Lucie Gower, pluckily.

"Damn it, man," cries Birmingham, "we all think so in England. Do you suppose the Prince cares a curse for

your shop-keeping distinctions? As much as I do for Jess the farrier's daughter and Nell the draper's wife in my county town. He only takes up one Yankee woman after another because they're easier than the women that he's used to. That's why your Buffalo Bills get to the Queen's levees as well as your poker Schencks—we might as well marry a Chicago pork man's pretty daughter as any Yankee Boston professor—if she's got the money and the looks."

"And damn it, sir," cries little Lucie Gower, "I tell you that if you had spoken but just now of my wife as you did of poor Miss Holyoke, I'd have shied this bottle at your head."

Gower looks fierce, as he stands up, grasping his decanter; and Charlie Townley interposes to pour oil on troubled waters. "Sit down, Lucie," says he, "I've no doubt all our ancestors were no better than they should be; Lord Birmingham's own included." With which American reflection, and something in the ludicrousness of Gower's gentle nickname, the altercation passes for the time. Birmingham, being a bit of a coward, is brought to apologize; "and perhaps," adds Charlie, "Lord B. has just been touched upon a tender point." All laugh at this, save Birmingham, who blushes red and angrily. But John has said nothing, and is twirling his moustache grimly.

Meantime the wine circulates again; and the earl, who has already taken too much, takes a little more. And every man has had some little irritation on that unfortunate day; poor Arthur, who expected so much from his little dinner! For Arthur has been thinking now of Gracie, and there is some uneasy feeling on his mind he does not seek to analyze. Though, indeed, it was by her wish that they had never been engaged.

No small talk seems to be quite ready; and Birmingham goes on. "Of course, it's all very well for you fellows to talk," says he, as if he meant to be amicable, "and I'm sorry that I said what I did. But you must all know well enough that it's ridiculous for Americans to talk of family. Why, the country was settled by the very scum and refuse of old England; and all your

ancestors were either thieves, or slaves, or prostitutes and domestic servants shipped out here by the carload——"

He stammers a moment; for John Haviland, eying him calmly, as one might eye some servant seeking for a place, rises, folds his napkin with great deliberation, and stalks out of the room. Gower follows him, assuring the Englishman first, with great particularity, that "he is a confounded blackguard and knows where he may find him." With which grandiloquent speech, a little out of date perhaps, the other five are left to continue their instructive conversation. Arthur is a little pale, but Charlie Townley, when they have fairly left the room, breaks into a roar of laughter, and Tony Duval seems to think it all good fun; his grandfather, a French barber, had married a Paris grisette, and both had come to America to make their fortunes.

"That's like 'em all," says the bellicose Briton, "they court our company, just like the snobs at home, and then are vexed if we don't treat them as our equals. And all the fuss about a Kitty Farnum! I mean to take her back with me, but damme if I've yet decided to marry her first!"

"You will oblige me first by taking your name off this club; or as I put you down, I'll save you the trouble by doing that myself. Perhaps I had better pay your bill for you too, lest you should forget it, as you did that hundred I lent you last year. And I will write to Mrs. Farnum and the ladies to whom I have introduced you, and apologize to them for the disgrace of bringing you," says Arthur. "Waiter, you need give this gentleman no more wine; he has had too much already." Arthur speaks in a loud tone, so that all the other men in the dining-room have heard; and then he too stalks away. "Oh, dammit, no, don't do that," begins Birmingham, in answer to the last of Arthur's threats but one; but our hero is already beyond his hearing.

Charlie is still laughing, but now he finds his breath again. "Never mind, old fellow, you were drunk," he says, consolingly. "It'll be all right, to-morrow." Birmingham is red and puffing like a turkey-cock: and at the same time strug-

gling with some clumsy speeches of repentance.

"Upon my word," says Wemyss, who has been most uncomfortable throughout this scene, "there has been no such time since the declaration of independence."

"The fact is," adds Charlie, soothingly, "you touched them both on a tender point; that fellow Haviland I suspect of being a rejected suitor for Kitty F. herself; and Arthur, I know, has had a soft spot for his cousin since he was a calf."

But by this time Birmingham is going maudlin; his drunkenness has come on him so quick that Wemyss and Townley have much ado to get him home to bed. He is full of fulsome expressions of regret; and ends with blubbering that he is sorry for what he did.

The next morning, he woke up late, and with a headache, in his room at the hotel that he had found it pleasant (and economical) to abandon for so long; and came down-stairs to find a portmanteau containing all his clothes that he had left at the Hill-and-Dale. With it, but without a letter, were his receipted bills from both the clubs.

Birmingham was very repentant. Late in the afternoon he took a walk with Wemyss, and entered timidly the Coldstream Club, where Townley—good-naturedly—had put him down again. He passed two or three ladies driving on Fifth Avenue who bowed to him no less cordially than before; and in the club some men came up and spoke to him. He began to fancy that the thing was being hushed up; it is so pleasant to hush up disagreeable things, and we Americans do like to be on good terms with every one, lest some one say we are not good fellows. But the earl was mortally ashamed of the evening's occurrences; and finally he mustered up courage, with many brandy-and-sodas, to sit down and compose to Arthur a letter of repentant, almost grovelling apology.

Having done this, he felt that he had done all America could well demand. Judge then of his indignation, when, on the morrow, the letter was returned to him unopened.

It was the first time his lordship had ever had a letter sent back to him un-

opened; and he curses Arthur for a cad up to this day. But what he most feared was that some one should bear tales of his behavior to Miss Farnum. For he had thrice asked her to marry him, already.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CAPTAIN DERWENT SEALS HIS FATE.

THE autumn winds began; winds that in the country bring red leaves, and ripening nuts, and smells of cider, and the crisp white frost; and in the city come with clouds of pungent dust of streets, and sticks and straws, and make one's daily walk and ride a nuisance, not a pleasure. But all the world, or all the world that Arthur saw, was busied with its dresses and with its future entertainments, and with rejoicings over future marriages, and now and here perhaps regrets, and longer days for women, and sterner work for men. For the beauty of our modern view of life is that it bids no man be content who stays in that position where our simple fathers used to say a wise providence had placed him. Not even our primers have this lesson now; but tell us, with A who is the architect of his own fortunes, how we all may rise in life. We are brought to make light of lessons, too—all lessons, from the first and second down—and the small boy has formed the taste of the nation and dictates its likings not only on the fourth of July; let us have our fun, and jest at all the school-marms and the moral tales. For the school-room's mimic can make faces long years before the first scholar understands. Terrible indeed must have been the elders of a generation ago, that we kick our heels so high at having gotten loose from them.

So the race of life began again; and Charlie Townley on the home stretch, but laboring heavily. Old Mr. Townley came to the office seldomer than ever, this year; but Tamms was there, as regular as the clockwork beat upon a bomb of dynamite. His wiry red mustache was bitten close above his upper lip, and his discreet eyelids more inflamed than ever. And Charlie knew that all their Allegheny Central stock was still held in the office; and the strike seemed

no nearer to a settlement than ever. "These labor troubles have played the devil with the market," he would say to Charlie; "and public confidence is entirely lost." Tamms depended much on public confidence. And Deacon Remington's brokers would go into the board and sell their ten thousand shares, day after day, as punctually as doom. "They must have borrowed lots of stock," suggested the younger and the smarter Townley. "Can't we squeeze them?" But wary Tamms would shake his head. A "corner" was a risky boomerang—suchlike manœuvres he was too old a bird to try.

The firm had acquired a new customer that fall; no less a personage than Lionel Derwent. This unaccountable person sold or bought his hundred shares a day, and spent half his time in the office, and pored over the ticker like any other speculator. "So much for your reformers of the world," said young Townley to Arthur; and Arthur would have thought it strange, but that he was so rapidly learning the lesson of the world; and its first lesson is, as he fancied, that all men are alike; a lesson you will hear nowhere so frequently inculcated as in Washington and Wall Street, though we have humbly expressed our own opinion upon this theme before.

Tamms said that Mr. Derwent was a damned nuisance; but he made himself most agreeable to old Mr. Townley, and would hold the old gentleman in converse by the hour whenever he happened to meet him in the office. Derwent seemed still to take great interest in Arthur too; but Charlie found him even a greater bore than Tamms. For he was also a continual visitor at the Livingstones; and Charlie worried over it. "Where a man's treasure is, there shall his heart be also."

Charlie was growing very nervous about the state of things down town; and it would be a little too bad to have the prize snatched from him in the moment of fruition. He had had a devilish good time in his life for the last ten years; since in fact he had got out of leading strings; and then he had looked about him with a judicious eye, and carefully selected the rich girl who seemed,

on the whole, the best adapted to make him comfortable; and he meant to continue to have a good time for many years to come, please the pigs. A conservative estimate (and Townley knew something of the state of the coffers) placed the Livingstone fortune at a million and a half; there was no entangling family, and both Mamie's parents were very old.

So he sent her flowers for every evening's amusement, whether it were concert, ball, or dinner; and called there twice a week; his flowers never came with a card, but always had a sort of trademark of their own. Good judges said that Charlie Townley was compromising himself. Not only this, but all the most *recherché* little parties that so experienced a fashionable could invent; just the sort of thing that made Mamie's young friends open their eyes, with envy: club dinners, and private dances at the country clubs, and seats upon the smartest coaches and in the most unquestioned opera-boxes; and these not mere "bud" parties, but with Mrs. Malgam, Daisy De Witt, or Mrs. Gower herself as guests. Thus Townley wooed her millions with his own scarce dollars and the aid of his acquaintance and his worldly wisdom. And Gracie found that Mamie was infatuated.

Something impelled her to make no secret of her troubles to John Haviland; and Haviland had taken Derwent into council. And that audacious gentleman had seriously proposed, first, kidnapping; taking him off for a cruise in a yacht; a month's delay, he said, was all they needed. Then he suggested that they might get him publicly drunk. The enthusiast was no stickler for the commonplace, at best; Derwent was a man of Oriental methods, obvious and frank. But Townley had, unfortunately, no small vices; it would be quite impossible to get him drunk. And Derwent cursed "the bourgeois squeamishness for human life" that prevented, as he said, "an honest duel, while making dull misery of all one's days, and vulgar trash of the nineteenth century's soul."

People began to wonder why Derwent stayed on in New York. It was true he was very attentive to Mamie Livingstone; but it was scarcely possible that

the lionized Derwent had met his fate at last in a boarding-school miss. Mamie, herself, however, began to think such was the case; and was duly flattered by it. Gracie had many a time told her that a lady need never allow a gentleman to propose to her whom she purposes rejecting;—but, dear me, that was all the zest of a girl's life—before she was married. She made one or two fitful efforts to discourage him, but the big man would not be discouraged. And really who could have the hardness of heart, even sober Gracie, to forbid a girl her very first offer? And such an interesting one too; she was so anxious to see how he would do it. And Mamie blushed with pleasure when he came to see her.

But all this was rage and desperation to our friend young Townley. He seriously thought of forcing the issue then and there; but he did not quite yet dare. Yet he certainly must do something soon; no one knew better than Charlie Townley that he certainly must do something soon. The strikers down in Pennsylvania were said to be starving; but sooner or later starving men will make a hole in even Tamms's pockets.

Suppose they had a panic. They could not possibly carry the great railroad, and the margins, and the Starbuck Oil, through a serious trade disturbance. So long as the strikers contented themselves with trying to burn up railway iron and killing an obscure policeman or two—railway iron was cheap enough—in fact, they made it—and a policeman or two could be replaced. But a big, dramatic bit of rapine that would strike terror to the investing public, the comfortable bourgeois, the lambs who sat at home in their carpet-slippers and looked at chromos of old English farmyards—and Remington's big pile stood no longer ready to support them when things got bad; in fact, he suspected that that obsolete old Christian would like nothing better than to make the public run.

Still, Townley did not dare to ask her at her house. You are at a woman's mercy, there; she may ring the bell; she may even call her mother; you cannot choose your place, the stage-setting that

most becomes you, arrange your lights, and select your own *dramatis personæ*. Charlie Townley was much like any other man, in the garish afternoon, and by the domestic fireside; in fact there was a certain quite intelligent look in Mamie's pretty eyes at times which Townley found it hard to face. Yet he was perfectly certain that he had fascinated her. How did he know? Well, he had kissed her. Townley's maxim was to kiss a woman first and win her afterwards; at the worst, you got but a rebuff for an audacity not in all eyes unadmirable; while, if you formally proposed, and were rejected, you had your value lowered in the eyes of all the world.

He resolved that it must be on his own ground and very late at night, and in the midst of a very gay assemblage. He got up a country party of his own, matronized by Mrs. Malgam; and had meant to settle matters while exhibiting this other pretty woman submissive at his feet. But Mrs. Malgam also had another string to her bow; and the other string was Derwent, whom Townley had to ask: "a damned clumsy Englishman," said he to her, "who has a cursed knack at getting in the wrong place at the wrong time."—"In the right time, you mean," laughed Mrs. Malgam; she knew Townley's game well enough; but did not conceive it possible that he could mean to marry yet. And this belief was indeed so general that it came to Mamie's ears; and she began to doubt it, too, and was ten times more in love with him than ever.

So Townley made up his mind that his only perfectly certain chance was the Duval ball; and this did not come off for some weeks yet.

For the whole Duval *gens* was about to celebrate its reception among the immortals and Miss Daisy's happy marriage, by giving a grand ball, the grandest ball that e'er was known, in our republican simplicity. Two thousand invitations had been sent out, addressed to every one who did not care to go, and to nobody who did. Two smaller packets of tickets had been sent, one to Boston and one to Philadelphia, addressed to Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Rittenhouse respectively, to be distributed by these ladies, where they would do the most

good, as they knew best; and old Antoine Duval felt that he had safely bought his social distinction at last, as he had bought his membership in clubs from obliged business friends and the legislation for his railroads from Congress and the Legislature of his native State.

Meantime, Townley's visits grow more frequent; but no more so than Derwent's; and poor Mamie is quite puzzled and troubled between the two. All her maiden's dreams are yet of Townley, and gilded with his social splendor; but she secretly bought a copy of Derwent's "Travels in the Desert" and read it on the sly. She was surprised to find the book was all about the East End of London; and a friend told her that if she had wanted his real adventures, she should have read "The Treasures of the King." Yet she is sure she does not care for him, and indeed will tell him so, if she shall ever have the chance.

She has the chance, and very soon—some three days before the great Duval ball. But it is hard for a maiden at such times to be very speedy with her tongue; particularly when the man is a very strong one, whom she is very much afraid of, and yet holds in some reverence; and who has a marvellous blue fire in his two deep eyes. Still, Mamie does refuse him; and he only seems to plead the more; as if the refusal were the one thing needed to put new heart into him. And he takes her trembling hand—there is a magnetism in his own brown and steady one that is not to be resisted—and begs at least for some respite—three months' consideration—a month's, at least—and there is something strangely thrilling in hearing a brave man talk to you of his love, his love, for you, just you, and not some outside person—and Mamie knows not how, but somehow, strangely, finds herself in tears. And then, as he draws still closer to her, the door opens and Gracie comes in.

She starts back, of course, but it is too late, and the man has sprung to his feet, and she is still sillily blushing and crying. What is it that makes Mr. Derwent's face turn, as he stands there, so strangely white? His voice is strong enough after a second, though, and he speaks almost instantly.

"I beg you, do not go, Miss Holyoke. You have seen quite too much to have any doubt; nor need there be embarrassment about so plain a thing. I know that—that your kind heart loves your cousin—loves Miss Livingstone—more than all the world, and you will surely tell her what is best. As—as you must have fancied, I have asked her to marry me. Unhappily, I have not seemed worthy to her; and I only beg her now for some delay." Yet there was a curious dead level about Derwent's voice, as if he dare not trust himself on more than one key; and Gracie's quiet eyes turn on his with some wonder. There is a silence broken only by Mamie's sobbing. She had no idea such fun would prove so little mirthful, for she knew very well that she did not care for Lionel Derwent, who was old enough to be her father, and yet, as it seemed, he really loved her.

Derwent cut the matter short at last. "I must spare you any more to-day, Miss Livingstone. Forgive me, Miss Holyoke. I will call for your answer in a week, Miss Livingstone—surely, you will grant me that delay?" And he strode out of the room, hat and cane in hand, valiantly, and yet his eyes did not meet Gracie's.

As he entered the hall the servant opened the front door and let Charlie Townley in. Derwent nodded slightly. "H' are you," said the other, as they passed.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

ARTHUR IS MADE HAPPY.

JOHN HAVILAND, too, was working very hard that fall. He was not perhaps so happy even as Charles Townley, if this is any reason for hard work. And have I not said that we all work in New York? We work to drive away that bugbear of young Americans—discontent; much as Flossie Gower and her set work to drive away that other bugbear of Americans who have, surely, no cause for discontent—ennui.

But it was for neither of these two great things that John had ever worked; nor did he now work quite as usual. He strode down and up his town, breasting the December snows, and would have



said that he was just as usual ; and have half believed it, but for that strange choking that took him, by times, deep down in the throat. And yet, through his moist eyes, the earth looked fairer, and his life a deeper thing.

How dare I speak of John's life, day by day? How he goes to his office, and reads his review, and writes his speech, and looks to his other labors, and walks home alone and late? Such humdrum coloring, and so same throughout ; it would be a deadly thing to read about ; and as for living—is it their horror of such a life as his that set Kill Van Kull and Townley to life's pleasures and Flossie Gower and Caryl Wemyss to seek life's vanities? Surely ; and the reader too has justified them ; for is he—or she, more likely—not tired already of all this moralizing?

But he must suffer me one moment more.

For to John himself, his life had never been either sad or dull ; nor was he sad now, despite his heart was wrung. The word *sadness* would not well suit the Sidneys and the Falklands, nor even such of us who know that life is a thing that we must either throw away or sacrifice, not cherish and enjoy ; for "he who loves life overmuch shall die the dog's death, utterly." Is it sad, when some fair corner-stone is mortised to the temple? A Sidney's life is always used.

Yet had John one deeper sorrow, admitted hardly to himself. And this I hardly dare to say, lest it be scouted. For this thing was nothing other than an absence of belief in God. Not disbelief, but nonbelief ; and it was a cause not of sadness, but of sorrow ; quite a different thing, believe me ; for the latter thing is manly.

This mattered not one iota to his action. Whatever lack of sight his mind might make him see ; of one thing he was sure : that somewhere, everywhere, in the universe there was conflict. And is not that enough? Does the subaltern who finds himself he knows not where, nor with what general, in command of his little squad of troops some foggy day or night ; the narrow saddened field, so full of dead and dying, is all he sees ; no emperor, nor king,

nor fort, nor even flag, but only some enemy he sees, and this, alas! more clearly ; does he cry for leadership, or play at hazards with the man beside him, or lay him down to death? What does he, with his sense of battle in the world about, and the distant cannon sounds, and smoke that hides? He stays where he is, and fights.

*Servus servorum Dei*—perhaps, is all the title such a man may claim ; yet Popes of Rome, acknowledged as vicerents of Heaven, have worn it proudly. Servant of the servants of God. The battle sky is canopied with smoke ; yet on the brows of some near leaders is the shine of heaven ; and these he follows. There are not yet so many that the one need be ashamed ; but shall take his orders humbly from his poet or priest. And some fair souls still seem to see directly, as do women often. Servants of God are these ; as such, twice blest. And Gracie Holyoke was one of them.

Haviland adored her. This was his sorrow ; yet a sorrow he would not have been without. He fancied she was pledged to Arthur : he almost knew that Arthur had her heart. That was why he saw so much of Arthur, from the very first ; this fair-haired, blue-eyed fellow, who stood so near him in the ranks. John had seen another friend, another young man like him, fail and fall ; a man who succeeded in the world, and failed with life ; a suicide, whose memory was with him yet. But Arthur had a truer guide ; and John had hoped for his and Gracie's happiness.

So John was sorrowful ; and he was troubled too with things of honor. Is honor, then, a false light too, when so many men must stand by it alone? I trow not ; not wholly so, at least. So John had had this added trouble : whether he should tell Gracie of his love. And he had settled with himself, now, that he would ; and in plain words ; and had resolved that he would do so, too, at Mr. Duval's ball ; such earnest things may balls be, after all. He had small hope, but only great resolve. Man has no right to hope, he read ; no right to happiness, and hence to hope of happiness ;—and consoled himself.

Novels should end well, they tell us ; does then the novel of life end well?

Life, that is so novel to each one, so old to fate. Let us hasten back to those with whom the novel may end well: to fortunate Caryl Wemyss, and favored Flossie, and worldly-wise Charlie, and to Arthur Holyoke.

He had made his way. He had bettered his position. He was popular, and his life was full of pleasure. If he had not written a great poem, he had done things that the world would prize more highly. He saw his way, at least, to substantial success, as Charlie Townley had seen it before him; John Haviland still tried to be his friend, but he liked Charlie better now. Was not Faust glad on that first morning when he saw the world once more, and left the devil to his God to fight—*permitte divis cetera?*

Take this one bright December day for instance; he rises in his comfortable bachelor apartment; his head still full of dreams of bright eyes from the night before; for it is his fortune to be petted by women. He has a few hours so-called work, to be sure; but the work is among Millions, which it is pleasant to think may yet be his some day.

He left early in the afternoon and took his drive in his own pretty cart, glad to see and be seen by all he called his friends. Then he went to dine with a millionaire, Mrs. Malgam, and Mamie Livingstone; in the evening to the opera, and to the first great subscription ball. He was a manager of the last, and wears his honors with much grace; and he has the offer of a partnership in a rich young firm.

Late in that afternoon sat Gracie in her room. We have not seen so much of Gracie, lately, as I, for one, should like: she does not do much in these pages, perhaps. When women have the nobler lives they ask for now, our heroine shall perchance do more; now she merely lifts the men about her to their higher selves. She is a power wrought out most in other lives. I own I am unable to describe her; I cannot print the fragrance of a lily on these pages; those who have seen the lily do not need it. Perhaps, if Helen, Heloise, are the women that Flossie Gower, clever Flossie Gower, in these days of women's rights still envies most, I may have still some

maiden readers—my courteous greeting go to them—who think the nobler Helens and the purer Cleopatras may yet not have too small a part in life, and dream their sweet heart-dreams of Una and Elaine.

In her bedroom, then (for our hand is on the door-knob and we must enter now)—sat Gracie, through this afternoon. Mamie has been in, from time to time, and had close talks with her; and she has promised Gracie she will keep her word with Derwent, and wait, although she is sure she cannot care for him. But now she is gone, to dress for Arthur's dinner, and Gracie sits alone.

The house is silent; and she knows the old people are down below, and she must go and read to them. But the vault of heaven has been unfathomably blue, that day; and she has been looking into it, over the crowded city walls. And now the air has faded to the lilac winter twilight, and all men are going, tired, to their homes. But she is idle; and idle hours she finds so hard to fill! She took a book she loved, and read; but gradually the dark came, and the book fell from her hand; and now her hands are on her face, and her soft eyes closed, and she is crying, silently.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE DUVAL BALL.

THE new year has come; and all the world has been celebrating, with children's dances and with children's dinners and with a multiplicity of costly toys, the birth of Christ. Grown-up people who have been good-natured have assisted, and helped their boys play with candles and with evergreen as they helped them play with fire-crackers on the fourth of July, that other great feast or holy-day our calendar still keeps. Grown people who have not been good-natured have kept to their clubs, mostly, men to men; and the women have snatched the chance to get a week of resting and a little early sleep. For now the children's play is over; and the winter's balls are to begin in earnest, a serious business, as we have said.

On the evening of December thirty-first, young Townley was invited to dine with his partner, Mr. Phineas Tamms,

in Brooklyn. He never liked these dinners; but yet he learned too much from them to stay away. A voyage to Brooklyn combined all the discomforts of a trip to Europe, without the excitement and rewards—as he said at his favorite Columbian Club, where he stopped to take a modest tonic on his way down town. “I wish I were going,” said one of the circle, who dallied a little in stocks, “and had your chance of getting points.” For these dinners of Tamms, the great street leader, were known as meetings where many schemes were laid, and information gleaned, as Tamms unbended after dinner, worth many thousands for each syllable, in gold.

“Yes,” said old Mr. Townley, wagging his gray head sagely, “my partner is a very able young man—a very able young man indeed.” He was taking nothing; but it was his usual hour to be at the club; and the New Year’s time inclined the old gentleman to kindness for all the world; so he had left his private and particular seat by the window and joined the group of younger fellows, to see how “his Boys” (as he called all young men he knew) were getting along. As such, he was liked by them; and treated with but the faintest tinge of patronage his age made necessary.

“What do you think of the market, Mr. Townley?” said one of them with a manner of much deference. “We have had a long spell of sag, and the public are not in it.”

“Ha, ha,” chuckled Mr. Townley, delightedly, rubbing his hands. “Townley & Son have seen a longer spell than this. The public will come in it fast enough when we pull the market through. Wait till after the holidays, my boys—I say no more; but wait till after the holidays. As I was saying to my old friend Livingstone, just now, a panic never comes on a long falling market. There was fifty-seven—and thirty-eight—he did not remember thirty-eight—Charles Townley & Son held up the banks, not they us, in those days—and the old man went off, chuckling, and joined his old friend Livingstone, the oldest member of the club, after himself, in the corner window that was sacred to them.

Jimmy De Witt looked after the re-

treating figure sadly. “What a pity the old man does not know anything,” said he. “He would not lie about it, if he could.”

Charlie left the club, and drew his fur overcoat tightly about his chest, as the biting wind swept, from river to river, through Twenty-third Street. He was not surprised his senior partner was not going to the dinner, and only wished he did not have to go himself. Day after to-morrow was the Duval ball; and he wished to keep himself fresh for that. Was he not going to put his fate to the test, and win or lose the girl he meant to marry? And New Year’s day would be all work for him; for Tamms had bespoken his most private services; and he had some reason to look upon the balance-sheet with apprehension.

Nor was his peace of mind restored by Tamms’s dinner. No ladies were allowed at Tamms’s dinners, and only one well tried and proven waiter. Tamms sate at the head of his table, and until the coffee was brought, said nothing; or if he did speak, talked of church matters or of the weather. But when the coffee and cigars appeared (for cigars and coffee were almost his only food, and he was never known to drink wine at a business dinner) Tamms’s rusty iron jaw would open and the slow words drop out gingerly, one by one, over the stiff curtain of his beard, while all the knights of his round table craned their ears to hear them.

But Townley noticed some very curious things about this dinner. In the first place, the guests were all young men, and rich men; but not men of much experience or sagacity upon the street. Deacon Remington, who in times past had had his regular seat, was notably absent. And Tamms talked more freely than was his wont, and more steadily throughout the dinner, which last was far more rich than usual and was served by half a dozen hired waiters.

“What do you think of the market?” was again the question a beardless youth asked of Tamms anxiously, to the dismay of all about him. But the beardless youth had just come fresh from California with his father’s fourteen millions, bent on becoming a power in the

street ; and had not learned his money-changer's etiquette as yet. But to the surprise of all the rest, Tamms answered quite naturally and fully. "I don't know much about the market," said he, cannily. "I guess perhaps there ain't much in the market, anyhow, of itself——"

"You think it a good sale?" broke in the beardless youth eagerly ; while his neighbors kicked him under the table and the ones placed farthest from their host swore at him audibly.

"I ain't sayin' what I think it—at least, not jest now," said Tamms, with dignity. "I s'pose things is kind o' stagnant—unless some feller drops a stone into the pool."

The attention grew breathless ; you might have heard a pin drop ; though not, perhaps, the flutter of an angel's wing. "There's a good deal of money coming in on the first of January ; and I don't know but what things might start up a little, if some stock got kind o' scarce." Tamms spoke these last words with greater precision, and in much better English than the former ones ; and his young partner knew that in this accent he was always lying. But all the rest had treasured every syllable of the oracle's words, more carefully than any reporter's note-book could have set them down, while in appearance dallying with their cigarettes and iced champagne. "He means a corner," said every man to himself ; "who's he gunning for?"—"He wants them to think he means to corner Allegheny," said young Townley to himself.

"Old man Remington has caused the present break," said a rich young stock-broker with an air of much importance.

"The deacon and I are kind o' out," said Tamms. "The fact is, I'm afraid the deacon may have been selling too many stocks."

"Remington has sold nothing but Allegheny," said every man to himself ; and felt that they were well repaid their ferry-trips to Brooklyn. But after this, Mr. Tamms obstinately refused to talk any more stocks, but only Shakespeare and the music-glasses, that is, of Mr. Beecher and the Coney Island races.

Charlie outstayed them all, and then went home alone. "It can't be done," he said to himself ; "the Governor

knows it and he's desperate. I don't believe that we can borrow fifty thousand more." He was sitting alone in the ladies' room of the ferry-boat, his fur collar pulled well up about his face, smoking one of his own cigars ; for Tamms's were too strong. There was only one other passenger upon the boat ; a drunken working-man ; and he was cursing Townley for a swell. "Confound him, they wouldn't let me smoke there, though it is late at night. But I ain't got no fine cigar, perhaps."

Tamms's fertility of invention was miraculous ; but still it seemed to Townley that he was hard pressed now. Their profit on that last summer's operation had been large—on paper ; but it was this devilish tightness of money that made things bad.

Suddenly, there was a peal of joyous bells, ringing loud all at once, chimes, church-bells, factories, and schools, from both sides of the river. Townley started nervously, and then remembered with a laugh that it was New Year's day. "What damned rot it is," said he ; and then betook himself again to thinking. It seemed as if that merry music brought him new ideas ; for he slapped his thigh, and said aloud, "By Jove, I have it."—"What's the swell a-chuckling over now?" said our friend Simpson, looking in the window from outside.

"The deacon must have sold about all the stock there is," Charlie went on to himself ; "and if we can only carry ours, and those rich lambs go in to buy—the deacon can't deliver. Why, it's making them do the cornering for us—doesn't cost us a cent—and if we get a little short of money, we can even drop a few shares to them ourselves, and no one be the wiser. Provided only some devilish panic or strike or war of rates does not come in just now," he added, as the boat jarred heavily against the dock.

The bells were silent now, and Charlie, wrapping his fur about him, walked up the snowy and deserted street along the wharves. There was a foul dampness coming from the tired water that still splashed beneath the piles ; but the city's faults were charitably covered up in snow. For once in his life, Townley had an instinct of economy, and took no carriage ; a fact which Simpson, slouch-

ing along behind him, had noticed. There was no horse-car waiting, so he walked briskly up a narrow cross-street into the city, still smoking his cigar. "Damn him," thought Simpson, "I wonder how much he's got? I'd scrag him for a hundred." Simpson has been unlucky lately, with his pools, even as has Mr. Tamms.

But Charlie is still thinking; of Mamie Livingstone and of the ball to-morrow night. The evening's talk has had one consequence, not wholly material, at least; it has won for little Mamie the cavalier she loves. Townley feels now that all his future hangs upon this slender thread: curse it, he may have waited too long. He has had a dozen chances to marry girls before this; Daisy Duval, herself, who gives the ball to-morrow night—

He is stopped by a man at the corner of the street. "Got a light, boss?"

The voice is rude and husky, and the man has been drinking. Charlie looks at him good-naturedly, and throws open his fur-lined coat; and as he does so, the man notices that he too looks pale and worried.

"Certainly," says Charlie. "Take a cigar, won't you—for the first of the year?"

The man accepts it, shame-facedly; and shambles hurriedly off, not waiting for his light.

"Poor devil, I suppose he wants to smoke it in a warmer place than this," says Charlie; and pulls his furs close about him and hurries safely home.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE DUVAL BALL, CONTINUED.

THE evening of the great ball has come, at last; all the preparations have been made to the very last touch; the thousand orchids have arrived, that are to fade away their costly blooms in this one evening's pleasure; brought from forests of the Amazon, where, perhaps, they saw no brighter colors and heard no louder chattering, of bird or biped, than they will to-night. And the fifty imported footmen have arrived also, and cased their faultless calves in white silk stockings: and old Antoine is sitting in his private "library," smoking,

with his ashcup upon the billiard-table that is the chief furniture of that apartment; and his daughter Mrs. De Witt, still sleeping in her dressing-room, or trying to; but her sleep is troubled with her gorgeous dreams.

But what are we to do? For it is only eight o'clock; just after dinner-time, and we cannot think of going yet. We have four long hours before us; where shall we go to spend the evening? We cannot call upon our friends; no one of them will be at home to-night. Gracie, to be sure, might be in; for her dress is but a simple one, and takes but little time of her one maid, who then hurries away to be an extra aid to Mamie; and Gracie will dress her hair herself, and she is now reading to her aunt and uncle. In a few moments, she will go up to help Mamie, who is terribly excited, with cheeks all flushed already, and eyes of a feverish brightness. She has such good reason, though, that we can hardly wonder: she has made up her mind that she will take the first opportunity to see Mr. Derwent, and give him his dismissal. Thus may she keep her word, and still be free to say—what shall she say, when she goes off with Mr. Townley, late in the evening, no doubt, to some fragrant nook, just beyond the range of voices, but murmurous with distant music and curtained with rare flowers? What the impulse of the moment bids her, no doubt;—she might refuse him—but it would be so nice to have the greatest ball of the century marked by one such scene. She means to be the leading "bud" at the ball, besides; and cannot spare all of those epochal moments, even for her lover.

John Haviland, too, is in; but he is sitting in his study with a pipe, and hard at work; at least, he is trying to be hard at work, that he may keep his mind at rest. He is on some political subject, writing an argument to serve with them who make laws for us at Albany; but it seems as hard to get them to take their functions seriously as it was with any Charles Stuart; moreover, the subject is a dry one, concerning only the ultimate welfare of indefinite numbers, and there is a small number, lobbyists, who are sure to meet him

there with arguments *ad homines* and numbers much more definite. So his mind still turns from these abstractions to the girl he loves and whom he thinks that he shall lose forever, this same night. Nevertheless it is right that he shall do it; for he has lost all hope of Arthur, now.

But to Arthur himself, this is a red-letter day. Not only that he looks forward with some of Mamie's eagerness to the great ball, where he is to lead the cotillon—such homage is already paid his eminence and begins so soon to bore—he has more solid cause for his content than that. This day—this second of January—he has severed his subordinate connection with the house of Townley & Tamms, and gone in, as junior partner, with the new firm of Duval & De Witt, who, now that he has capital, naturally wishes to make more. Poor Arthur has little capital, and he has some debts; but he is allowed to put in what he has, and his experience, and may draw five thousand a year as a maximum, from the firm. On this, for the present, he can live quite comfortably; seeking, meanwhile, the other fruits of success, that in due time he may enjoy them, as his own.

It was pleasant to walk by the old shop, which he had entered almost as an office-boy, and see Charlie Townley, his former mentor, sitting there alone; looking a bit troubled, too, as Arthur thought. He had stopped in and smoked a cigar with him the day before; Tamms was not there, and Charlie had seemed distraught, and complained of having had to work all that New Year's day upon the balance-sheet.

It is nine o'clock, now, but we have two or three hours yet to wait. If we have seen all the friends we care about who are invited, suppose we look in on some of our acquaintance who are not? There is James Starbuck, for instance; he is to be found in the little back apartment on Sixth Avenue, where he pretends that his sister still lives, though she does not, and he has not seen her since that day at the race. The name Rose Marie is yet on the door; and James has written many a letter, beseeching, imploring, perhaps. He does not like to supplicate; nor, perhaps,

does Jenny like to be sermonized; and her pretty head is now full of envy that she can never go to the great Duval ball, which she has been reading of so much in the papers. And many another pretty girl has read of it in the papers, too, by many a comfortable fireside; though Wemyss perhaps would call it a middle-class one; and learned there were "high people" in this country, too. But James and his friends have been discussing it; and it seems to them an impudent taunt of the monopolist, flaunted in the face of suffering labor; so illogical are they. It happens that this festivity comes just about the end of the first century of actual American independence; and it is very certain, at least, that there have not been so many dollars spent on any jamboree—as Simpson calls it—of all that time before. But surely, the harvest of a century should be greater than a one year's crop in some new and oppressed colony? And the Duval fortune, made from a nation's hair-oil and cosmetics and multiplied, when welded to the mace of capital, in a hundred corporations, has but grown in proportion.

But Starbuck is but telling them that these inert millions represent a greater tyranny than my lord duke of York's; and that the experiment of a republic has been tried for just a hundred years and failed. Starbuck is very bitter to-night and inclined to look upon things from their darkest side.

"Why," says he, "they have gone back like whipped curs to the very outward forms of the tyranny they broke away from."—(Starbuck has been educating himself lately, hoping that he might be fit company for his sister; and he spoke at all times much better English than does Mr. Tamms.) "It is as if they said, 'Yes, we have had our fling, and we broke away from lords and bishops and aristocracies and lords of the soil; and we were all wrong, and now we want again our powdered flunkies and our my lord this and that, and our coats-of-arms, and our daughters want to marry foreign princes, and our wives would like to be fast women of the court again, and our boys hunt foxes and have their poaching laws; and we ourselves would like to rule at Washington? Why, a



man who owns a railroad is really a bigger, stronger lord than any feudal baron!"

"That's all very pretty; but we'd like to see a little less talk from you, an'm suthin' done," said Simpson, who had been drinking almost more than usual.

"Shut your mouth," said James. "You'll see something done before you're much older. For one, I'm opposed to scarin' people much, before we're ready to really act and smash everything at once."

"That's damned fine talk, but you ain't boss, you know," sneered Simpson.

"Boss or not, I don't know as I've got any more stomach for one kind of a mastery than another—whether they call 'emselfs reds and internationalists, or employers of labor! What do you suppose the G. M. G. wants anyhow? Fireworks—nothin' but fireworks."

"Well, but what's the use o' goin' so far?" said another man, pacifically. "We can take a job where we like—we've liberty, anyhow."

"Liberty!" cried James. "So's a horse his oats. They've got the mines, an' the mills, an' they fix the wages, an' we've got to live in the company's tenements, an' pay the company's rents, an' get up to the whistle, an' wash our daughters' faces when we're bid; and if we don't like it, the company'll import a lot of dirt-eating foreigners; but we've got to pay our rent, just the same. And all that these fellers, who ain't no better than we are, can have a good time and drink champagne at breakfast. I've had enough of republics and democracies; an' I tell you we don't want any kind of 'ocracy but just nothin' at all!"

"H—l!" snarled Simpson, who had listened with impatience to Starbuck's

speech. "They ain't no different from what we are; you were a boss yourself until a few weeks ago, and then you sang a different tune." (It was true that Starbuck had lately been discharged, for his complicity in the mining strike.) "You'd like ter be a swell, like the rest of 'em, and your sister's just the same."

Starbuck compressed his pale lips, and his mouth worked violently. "Don't you talk of my sister," said he.

"Naw," said Simpson, "we ain't to talk of your fine sister; and yet we all know that you're livin' here on what she makes outside—Eh?"

For Starbuck had thrown himself upon him with an open knife; and driven the blade well into his side. Simpson fell, and the others, claspin' Starbuck by the body, sought to drag him away; but his right arm still was disengaged, clenching the open blade, and with it he was sawing viciously at Simpson's wrist.

Starbuck was the weakest man of all; but when he was at last torn away, the other's cries had ceased, and he was lying huddled in the pool of blood, with a hiccough in his pallid throat.

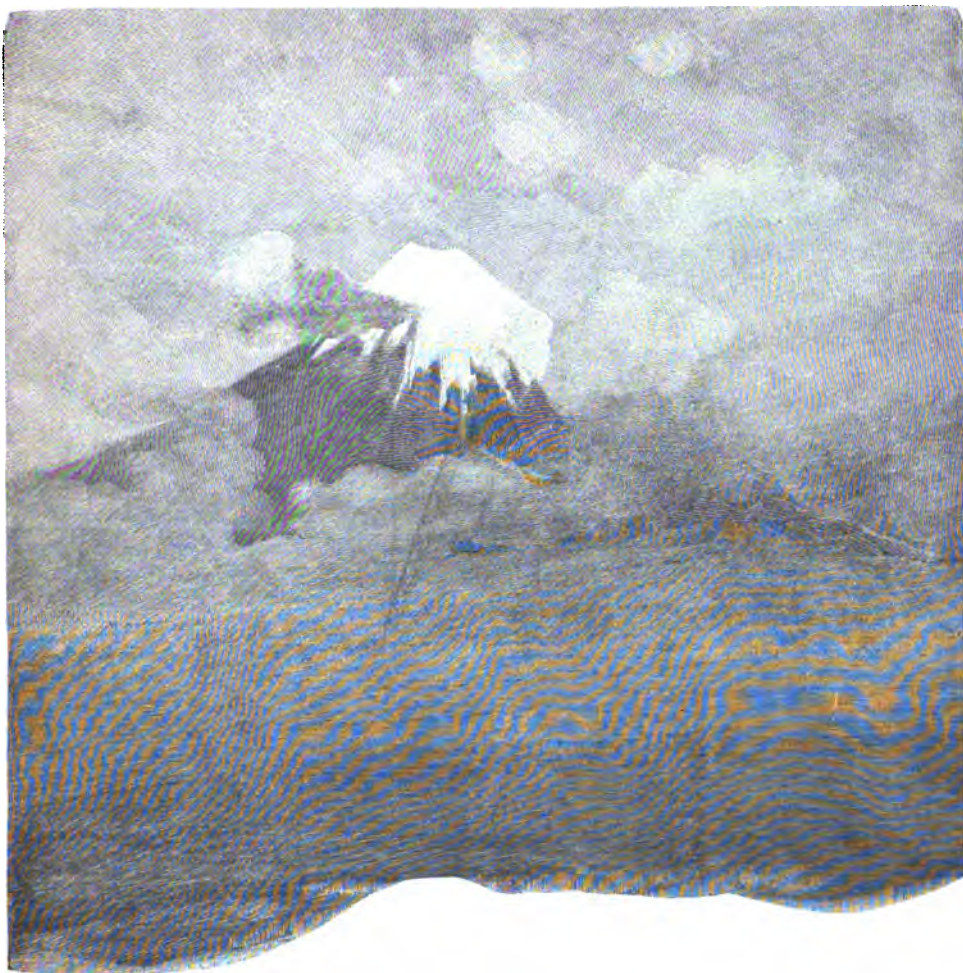
Starbuck stood looking at him, panting; while the others bent over him, and tried to lift him to the bed. "You'll swing for this night's work, Jem Starbuck," said one.

"I think not," said another. "The first dig didn't go very deep; and these flesh-wounds ain't no account. Get away from here, Jem, before the cops get wind of it."

And they pushed James Starbuck roughly, but with hands still friendly, out into the winter's night.

But it is after eleven o'clock; and we must hurry, if we would be in time for the ball.





## FUJI: THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

*By Percival Lowell.*

A BOUNDLESS weary waste of heaving sea !  
An ocean's void full of a vague unrest,  
Whose sullen bosom so unlike earth's breast  
Inhuman seems, and not a soul save we  
From end to end of its immensity,  
Where each day's sun that rises on our quest  
Passes us by to sink into the west  
And only leaves us dreams of what shall be.

A single perfect cone, its peak snow-white  
Throned in mid-air, its base obliterate  
In morning mist, first born of day from night,  
Fuji, the peerless, dawns upon our sight ;  
As there 'twixt sea and sky, in matchless state  
The Land of Sunrise greets the sunrise light !



Village in Greece, with Mount Pentelicus in the background.

## THE MODERN GREEKS.

*By Thomas D. Seymour.*



Greek Type, Peasant.

**T**HE ancient Greeks united to form a nation only when they combined in opposition to the Persian Empire. While the Greeks of to-day are distracted by many factions and interests, they are united by their pride in their ancestry and their hatred for the Turk. When these emotions are aroused, Greece has but one mind.

Emulation of their ancestors has been a great stimulus to study for the Greeks of to-day. The new government had hardly been set up at Athens when a university was established on the German model, and with several German professors, in 1837. The university was ready made and fully developed, but few students were prepared to enter it. Since then, Greece has delighted in cherishing schools of every kind, but better provision is still made for the higher edu-

cation than for the intermediate and lower. Free tuition at the university, and the slight expense of the actual necessities of life at Athens have induced many poor Greeks to study law, when they should have been preparing for life as farmers or mechanics. This has unsettled politics somewhat, but has not been an unmixed evil. The university is now one of the largest in the world, with more than three thousand students, of whom at least half are from lands beyond the borders of the kingdom. Most of its professors have pursued studies in Germany or France, and many of them are brilliant and learned men. It has received large gifts; its museums and laboratories are endowed by private generosity.

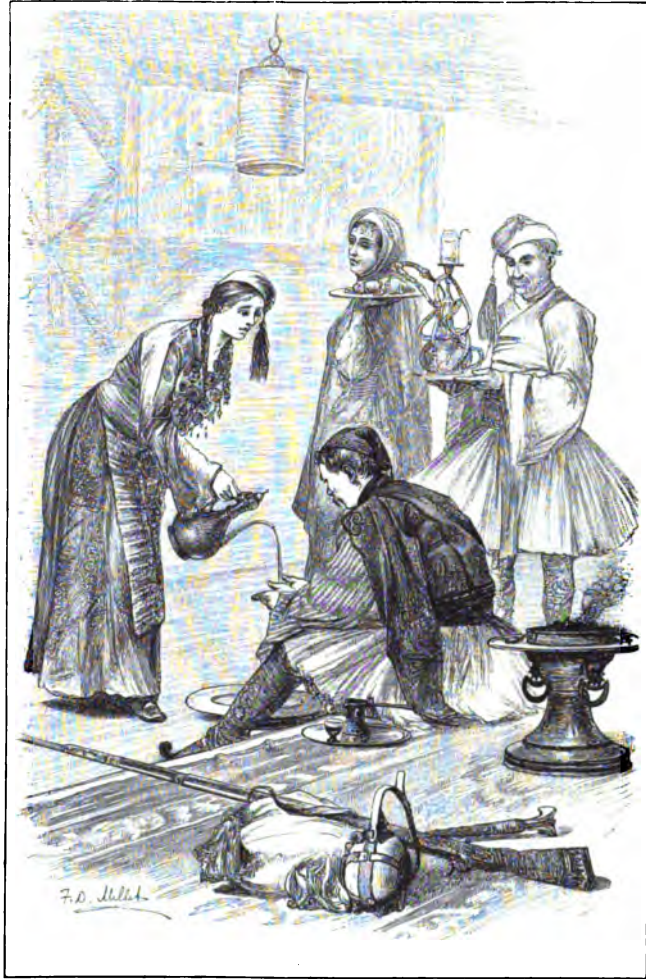
The foundations of female education in Greece were laid by honored missionaries from America, who established themselves at Athens before this city was made the seat of the Greek government. Dr. and Mrs. Hill lived to enjoy the retrospect of half a century of usefulness. Their school educated about two thousand Greek women, many of whom have occupied stations of high rank and influence. Near the university now stands the Arsakion, a seminary well endowed for the higher education of women. The number of Greek women who can read and write is far larger now than it was twenty years ago. Sixty years ago they were as ignorant as most women in other parts of the Turkish empire.

The literature of the Greeks is still ar-

tificial, consisting largely of translations from the ancient Greek, or from modern languages, in the literary idiom. Few and brief works are published in the form of the language which most Greeks speak. The fullest collections of the songs and stories of the people have been made by foreigners. The Greeks have been so busy in founding a nation that they have had no time to develop a national literature or school of art.

With the expulsion of the Turkish tyranny, the Greeks strove to cast forth the Turkish words which had been adopted into the language. With the emulation of their ancestors' deeds, grew the desire to speak as their forefathers had done. Words which had been unused for centuries were brought again into service. Ancient names were revived for districts and towns; the Morea is again Peloponnesus, Kastrì is again Delphi. Even official forms have been resuscitated; the legal orations of antiquity and the old lexicographers have been searched, in order to secure the fitting terms for the use of the law courts. The Supreme Court of Greece is the *Areopagus*, and the Senate is the *Boulè*. Names of things which were unknown to the ancients have been translated literally from other modern languages, often forming compounds which would be unintelligible to Plato, who would not suppose that a "spirit-manufactory" could be a distillery. The Greeks hold as a benefactor of their language a news-

paper editor who made Greek names for the principal objects at an international exposition. Even "gas," which is itself a made-up word, and which has been



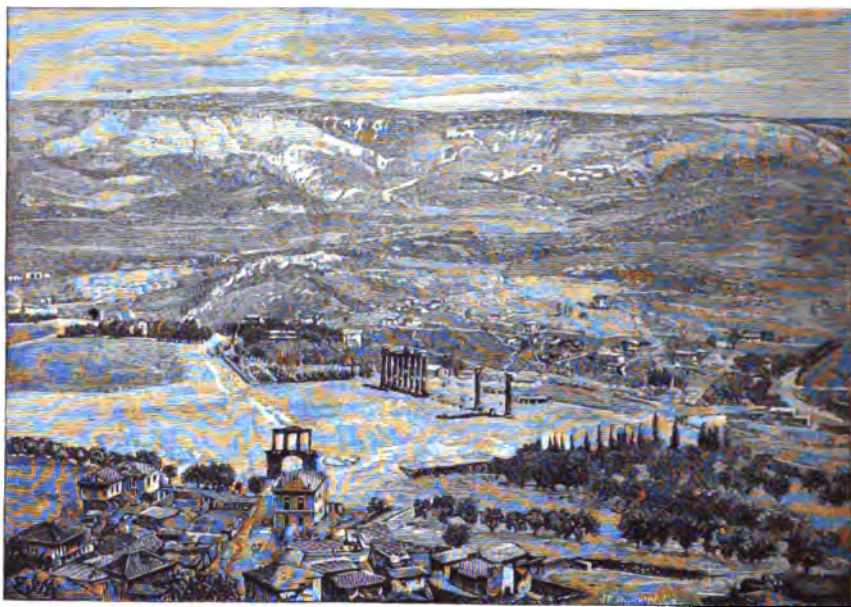
Greek Hospitality.

adopted into all modern languages, including the Greek—the word "gas" is not used by the newspaper writer, but *airophōtion*, *air-light*. Curiously enough, the newspapers are the chief supporters of the literary language; they are diligent in their affectation of, and approach to, the classical idiom. The vocabulary and the general outlines of the syntax of the ancient language are used in Athens to-day. But this language is more or



less consciously artificial. The Greek language has never died; some few learned and cultivated men have always spoken the classical idiom, though the

West in the eleventh century. The Patriarch of Constantinople is the nominal head of the Church, but he exercises no governing authority. The kingdom has



View from the Acropolis looking toward Hymettus, with the Arch of Hadrian and the Columns of Zeus Olympius in the foreground and centre.

speech of the people became more and more corrupt under foreign influences, and by natural process of decay. But at the beginning of this century an attempt was made to revive the general use of Attic Greek. At first a conscious effort was needed, but the newer generation of the better educated families has been familiar from youth with the restored language, and treats it as a vernacular. No unpolitical subject is more burning in Greece now than the question which is the true language of the time. The translations of the New Testament have become more and more classical. As an example of newspaper Greek, the story is told of an Athenian lady who left with a newspaper an advertisement of the loss of her white dog (*aspro skyláki*), which she failed to recognize in the classical terms (*leukon kynarion*) of the newspaper!

Almost all the inhabitants of Greece belong to the "orthodox" Eastern Church, which separated from the Church of the

about forty bishops; the Church recognizes no higher ecclesiastical title, but the bishop of the capital of a province is called an archbishop, by courtesy, and the Bishop of Athens is the Metropolitan. The churches in the country are generally cheerless, and often dilapidated. The Greek priest (*pappás*) is married, but is not allowed to marry a second time. He is said to be assiduous in the care of his wife, since he knows that he can never have another. He often has a large family and a small income. His fees constitute his salary. He is generally a peasant, and lives like the other peasants—tilling his fields, teaching school, or perhaps keeping a small shop. He has little education. Only in recent years have theological studies prospered at the university. The bishops are promoted from the monks, not from the priests; if by chance the priest attains special distinction, and is made bishop, he is obliged to separate from his wife.



Sacred Way to Eleusis, with Salamis in the distance.

Greece was full of monasteries at the beginning of this century. Four hundred of these were destroyed in the revolution, and their property fell to the government. About one hundred and fifty remain, with four convents for nuns. Monasteries flourished better under Turkish rule than now, and are more prosperous in Greek lands outside of the kingdom.

In Greece proper, men of ability and energy have more attractive careers open to them, while the Turks often encouraged the withdrawal of leading men to a life of inactivity. The monastery lands are gradually coming into the hands of the government. The beautiful site of the American School at

Athens was granted by the government from the grounds of the convent of the Asomaton (angels). The monks have the reputation of laziness and ig-

norance. The monasteries are of two different orders: cenobite and idiorhythmic. In the former, the monks assemble at a common table, and live according to a common rule; in the latter, each has his own apartments and lives as he pleases, except as regards attendance on church services. On the slope of Mount Pentelicus, near the marble



West Slope of Mars' Hill, with Mount Hymettus in the background.

quarries, is a large and prosperous monastery which is often visited by travelers who desire to ascend the mountain. Near the mountain fortress of Phyle, a





Steps and Propylea of the Acropolis.

few miles to the west, is another monastery of the humblest sort; the door is not high enough for a tall man; the building has rooms for only three or four monks, and everything but the clear, cold water indicates squalor and indifference to comfort and cleanliness.

The most important Greek monasteries are those on Mount Athos, that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and that on Mount Sinai. These have dependencies, or branches, in Greece.

The Greek religious services are generally held early in the morning, before the heat of the day. After them, the *pappás* is a prominent figure in the throngs of idlers, prominent because of his long black gown, his tall steeple-hat (without a brim), and his long, untrimmed black hair and whiskers. His office does not assure him special respect. He is far from having the social position accorded to clergymen in Protestant or even in Roman Catholic countries.

Lent is observed very strictly by the

Greek Church. To be without flesh food would be no deprivation from usual comfort for most of the people. Not only fish, but also eggs and cheese are forbidden, at least on the strict days of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

After the dreary and exhausting season of Lent, Easter is warmly welcomed. It is the great festival of the Church year. It is the season for family gatherings and for friendly gifts. Houses and boats are painted, and clothing washed, in preparation for the celebration. No family is too poor to have a roast lamb for Easter Sunday, and the streets and squares of the towns are filled with flocks of lambs. The whole air of the city is redolent with their savor on Easter morning. Hungry family groups collect about the fire as the lamb is spitted in the open air, all watching and assisting at the operation.

The Greeks are very religious in some outward observances, and especially quick in their resentment of the insinuation that they are in need of con-



Marathon—the Mound.

version to Protestantism. A Protestant church has become self-supporting in Athens, however, under the unwearied exertions of a missionary who was educated in America.

Many of the remains of ancient Greek art have been removed from their country. The Romans began the spoliation of Greece. Thousands of Greek statues were carried to Rome. In the early years of this century the sculptures from the pediment of the Parthenon at Athens, with most of the frieze, one of the Caryatids of the Erechtheum, and the frieze of the temple of Apollo at Bassæ—all were taken to London. For years Greek art could be studied to better advantage in the British Museum than anywhere else in the world; this remains true of the best period of Greek art. The statues of the temple of Ægina were taken to Munich. These marbles were carried away, by permission of the Turkish authorities, only a few years before the Greeks asserted their independence.

Their loss has been a sore trial to the Greeks, who consider as an insult the British gift of *plaster casts* of these treasures. These antiquities are to the Greeks no mere works of art, and illustrations of ancient culture; they are heirlooms—the cherished memorials of their honored ancestors. Greece is still too poor to conduct extensive excavations, but she refuses to allow richer nations to carry away her treasures. She admits others to search for what is hidden beneath her soil, but claims the treasure-trove. A strict law forbids the exportation of antiquities, and the custom-house officials go through the forms of examining the trunks of the traveller as he leaves Greece, searching for vases, inscriptions, and the like. The law is constantly evaded, however. A bronze cuirass may be worn on the person, under an overcoat; packages may be handed up at one side of the ship while the custom-house officers are busy at the other side. Dealers sell large objects and large quantities of other objects, with the agree-

ment to deliver to the purchaser beyond the customs frontier. Large reliefs appear from time to time in the museums of Europe with a vague statement of "Greek workmanship;" after a few months or years, when the course of the transaction can be less easily traced, the museum catalogue states more definitely, "Found in Attica," "From Corinth," or "Spartan."

Excavations in the city of Athens have been difficult, since the modern city is built over the ruins of the old town, but hardly a cellar is dug or a foundation laid without bringing up some fragment of sculpture or of an old inscription. Nearly three years ago the Greek Archæological Society began systematic excavations on the Acropolis. The discoveries have been even unexpectedly interesting. We are in a fair way to know as much of the Acropolis of Pisistratus, in the middle of the sixth century B.C., as we knew before of that of Pericles, a century later.

The Acropolis was the seat of the most ancient and hallowed sanctuaries of the Athenians. It is about a fifth of a mile in its greatest length, 400 feet in its greatest breadth, and about 350 feet high. The sides are very steep, except on the west, where only a slight valley separates it from Mars' Hill. The recent excavations show that after the battle of Salamis, 480 B.C., and the withdrawal of the Persian army, the Athenians determined to make their Acropolis the seat of more magnificent temples and statues than ever before. High

walls were built, and into them were laid drums of columns, and fragments of the architrave of the temples which Xerxes destroyed. The lower parts of the summit were filled with earth until the level surface was formed which re-

mained for more than 2,300 years. Old statues of Athena or her priestesses, which were mutilated by the soldiers of Xerxes, received honorable burial near the wall; they could not be repaired, nor could they in decency be sent to the lime-kiln. These archaic statues afford more material for the study of the early period of Greek art than any museum of Europe possesses. The foundations of the old temple of Athena have been discovered, and architectural fragments of a temple of porous stone, which must have been built in a very early age. Within the last few weeks, on the northern side of the Acropolis, steps have been found in connection with ruins of what seems to have been a prehistoric palace, like that at Tiryns.

Antiquities found on the Acropolis are preserved in a small museum there; those found at Olympia are in a large local museum. Other works of art discovered in Greece are gathered in the Central Museum at Athens, except objects of inferior importance, and inscriptions. Antiquities in Athens are so abundant as almost to shock the foreign archæologist. The grounds of the Central Museum resemble a country graveyard with its thick set marble slabs. Some of the statues in the muse-



KENYON COX.  
1888-

Dionysus (or Apollo?) found during the Excavations, conducted by the American School, in the Orchestra of the Theatre at Sicyon.

um lie upon the floor like corpses on a battlefield. The material accumulates more rapidly than it can be prepared for exhibition. For lack of room many a dainty bit is left unprotected, exposed to the elements and to tourists' hammers.

In general, however, Athenian antiquities are much better placed than those of Rome; the environment forms a much more suitable frame.

Archæological study has been pursued at Athens with vigor by both Greeks and foreigners. The French were the first to establish a national School of Archæology at Athens, more than forty years ago, in 1846. The Germans founded at Athens, in 1874, a branch of the "German Institute for Archæological Correspondence." German students in Greece do not hold the same relation to the institute that the French students hold to their school: the institute was not established primarily for the sake of the students, but the German students' scholarships were created because of the opportunities afforded by the institute.

The Archæological Institute of America in 1881 appointed a committee on the establishment of an American School of Classical Studies at Athens. In view of the difficulty of raising a sufficient sum to put the school on a permanent footing before the enterprise was shown to be practicable and desirable, the committee secured the co-operation of the most prominent colleges of the country, and the School was opened in October, 1882. The number of colleges associated in this work is now eighteen. The directors have been sent to Athens on an annual appointment, without expense to

the school. During each of the last two years, seven American scholars have been enrolled as regular students of the school (a number larger than that of the students in the French or German schools), while others have been admitted to share its privileges. In addition to the studies of the individual members of the school, under the general guidance of the director, the school has conducted excavations at Thoricus and at Sicyon, bringing to light many interesting archæological facts and one valuable statue of Dionysus. A few months ago, it commenced excavations at the foot of the northeast slope of Mount Pentelicus, near the Marathonian plain, uncovering various and important remains of works of art, and among other inscriptions one which proves that this was the site of the ancient Icaria, the birthplace of the Greek drama.

In 1884 the Greek government offered to the school a beautiful and valuable site for a building, on the slope of Mount Lycabettus. Friends of the school contributed \$25,000 to erect a suitable building. This building is now completed; it contains apartments for the



The American School. Convent at the left. Mount Hymettus in the background.

director and his family, a large library, and several chambers for the members of the school.

The present organization of the school, with an annual director, was recognized from the first as a temporary expedient, with some advantages, but with an over-



balancing weight of obvious inconveniences. In the autumn of 1886 Dr. Charles Waldstein was invited to become the permanent director of the school.

lated. She suffered from repeated invasions. In 1453, the Turks took Constantinople, and soon asserted their power in Greece. Their rule was pain-



Athens—Theseum in the left foreground; Mount Lycabettus in the background.

He is recognized as eminently fit for the position: a native of New York City, a former student of Columbia College, a graduate of the University of Heidelberg, at present Reader on Archæology and Keeper of the Fitzwilliam Museum, in Cambridge, England, he unites in himself a large number of important qualifications.

But only a small part of the permanent endowment is secured as yet. While the school has no support from the government, like the similar institutions of France and Germany, it relies on the wise liberality of our men of wealth and culture. Greece seems to be far away, but this enterprise brings ancient Greece to our doors. This contact with the land and air of Greece, this personal study of the monuments and topography, promises a better appreciation of ancient life and history, and thus a better appreciation of the literature of the ancient Greeks.

Greece was under foreign domination for nearly two thousand years. She was conquered by the Romans, 146 B.C.; her cities were destroyed or depopu-

ful and degrading. The Greeks were "the wretched slaves of a race of rapacious oppressors." The Turkish rule became a European scandal. A reaction was sure to follow, and in the spring of 1821 a number of the Greeks declared the independence of their country and put themselves under the protection of England. Their war for independence lasted about as long as our own, exciting the interest and sympathy of all civilized nations, but especially of America.

In October, 1827, the Turkish fleet was nearly annihilated in the harbor of Navarino (the Pylus of the Homeric Nestor) by English, French, and Russian ships of war. France expelled the Turks from Peloponnesus in the next year. The Powers which had come to the rescue of Greece fixed her frontier in 1829, but left her as a subject of Turkey; the Acropolis of Athens was still in Turkish hands. In 1830 Greece was declared an independent kingdom, under the protection of Great Britain, France, and Russia. The Greeks had no royal family, no hereditary nobility; the aristocratic families of the Byzantine Empire had become extinct; they had no capable

leaders. They began their national life with the heavy burden of the worst political habits, a debt, and a devastated country. They were manifestly unprepared for a republic, and they had no king.

In February, 1832, the throne was offered to Otho of Bavaria (elder brother of the present Prince Regent, Luitpold, of that country), who was at that time a boy not yet seventeen years old. He was declared "King of Greece, by the grace of God." This first kingdom was a kindly but ill-judged attempt to make Greece a small Bavaria. Otho reached his new kingdom early in 1833, accompanied by a Bavarian cabinet and a small army. Bavarians were appointed to stations of high authority and pay. The Greeks had no control of the government for five years. They felt that it was conducted in the interest of the

Wales. He arrived in Greece in the autumn of 1863, a few months before he was eighteen years old. Again the country suffered from the youth and inexperience of its king. In 1867 he married the grand-duchess Olga of Russia (a cousin of the present czar), who was born in 1851. She is called the most amiable woman in Europe, and has interested herself in many schemes for the welfare of the people, in hospitals, and other charities. The queen has six children. The heir-apparent, Constantine, Duke of Sparta, who was born in 1868, is said to have a fine character, without brilliancy of mind. The present constitution of the kingdom was adopted in 1864. The king does not rule; he is content to reign. The responsibility for his acts rests with his ministers. He is a gentleman, kindly and unostentatious, and has exhibited much good sense; but he has lacked the enthusiasm which would have endeared him to the hearts of his warm-blooded subjects. The people were disappointed that he did not visit



Card Spinner.

Germans, many of whom were driven out in 1843 by a mild revolution. In 1862 Otho withdrew from the country. The Greeks had lost hope of prosperity under his rule, and he had no son on whom their hopes could rest. Although Otho did not formally abdicate his throne, the Protecting Powers sought another king for the country, and offered the throne to Prince George of Denmark, a brother of the Princess of

Thessaly to inspect the troops on the frontier, when war with Turkey seemed imminent. He is thought to be weary of his position, and, more than once rumors have prevailed of his approaching abdication.

The Greek parliament has but one chamber. The number of deputies was reduced two years ago from 245 to 150. These are elected for a term of four years, and receive \$400 pay for each an-



nual session. The country is divided into eighteen nomarchies, or provinces.

The administration of the government is in the hands of the cabinet, of which M. Tricoupis, the most statesmanlike Greek of the century, is the president. He is Minister of Finance and War. He was put into power on a platform of reform, high taxation, and reduction of the debt. He is more secure in his position than any previous prime minister of Greece, and Greek political affairs have never been so wisely managed.

The civil service has been as bad as it well could be. Not only every postmaster, but every school-teacher and forest-er has expected dismissal at the accession of a new ministry. The numerous men who wanted office labored to overthrow the cabinet, with no principles at stake, but moved simply by desire for office. Thus the administration was changed two or three times in a single year, and the most valuable government officials preferred to take places in private business, where their work would be harder and their pay less, but where the situation would be more permanent.

The expenses of the government are about twenty million dollars annually, including interest on the public debt. Heavy taxes and duties are imposed. About one-fourth of the revenue is derived from import duties, which are sufficient to defray the cost of the army of 27,000 men. The public debt amounts to more than one hundred million dollars. This is a load and a grievance. Of the early loans, half a century ago, only a small part actually reached Greece and was used for her benefit.

The frontier fixed for Greece by the Protecting Powers was never satisfactory to her. More Greeks remained outside of her limits than were included in her kingdom. The treaty of Berlin, in 1878, granted to Greece a "rectification of the frontier," giving her Thessaly and Epirus with 500,000 new inhabitants. But Turkey declined to surrender the territory. In 1880 the Berlin Congress met again and determined the new boundaries, after careful study of the mountain ranges, water-courses, and strategic conditions.

Turkey again temporized. France and England disagreed as to methods of procedure with Turkey, and did nothing. At last, in 1881, Greece secured only a little more than half of the territory which had been granted to her by the Powers, three years before. She gained Thessaly, but not Epirus.

Constantinople is written on the heart of the Greeks. They desire to be the successors of the sick Turk. This they do not require immediately; but they would like to gain Epirus and Crete, at once. They claim the lands inhabited by Greeks. The better informed among them know that Greece alone is no match for Turkey, whose armies have been trained in war, while no Greek officer has had any experience in actual battle; but they seek for diplomatic combinations which will secure them their end.

Only a few years ago the critics of Greece were fond of saying that she had failed to improve her freedom, and had made but little progress. This criticism is no longer just. The constitutional government of Greece really dates only from 1864, and her king was then not yet twenty years old. Since 1870, the advance has been very rapid. The country now has more miles of railway than it then had of common highway; bridges have been built, harbors have been improved, the canal across the isthmus has been dug, preparations are making to drain marshes. The number of acres of ground devoted to agriculture has largely increased. The population of Athens has doubled. Many Greek families which have long resided out of Greece are now returning to their country, bringing with them both energy and capital. The people are better educated. Extensive archaeological excavations have been conducted; the museums have been enriched. The land has been made far more attractive and accessible to foreigners. Brigandage has been put down. The kingdom is ruled by a ministry more prudent and more firmly established than any which have preceded. The land is still suffering from poverty and from bad political habits; but with the frugality and temperance of the people, it must gain wealth, dignity, and authority.



## A LETTER TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

WHO PROPOSES TO EMBRACE THE CAREER OF ART.

*By Robert Louis Stevenson.*



WITH the agreeable frankness of youth, you address me on a point of some practical importance to yourself and (it is even conceivable) of some gravity to the world: Should you or should you not become an artist? It is one which you must decide entirely for yourself; all that I can do is to bring under your notice some of the materials of that decision; and I will begin, as I shall probably conclude also, by assuring you that all depends on the vocation.

To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and of old age. Youth is wholly experimental. The essence and charm of that unquiet and delightful epoch is ignorance of self as well as ignorance of life. These two unknowns the young man brings together again and again, now in the airiest touch, now with a bitter hug; now with exquisite pleasure, now with cutting pain; but never with indifference, to which he is a total stranger, and never with that near kinsman of indifference, contentment. If he be a youth of dainty senses or a brain easily heated, the interest of this series of experiments grows upon him out of all proportion to the pleasure he receives. It is not beauty that he loves, nor pleasure that he seeks, though he may think so; his design and his sufficient reward is to verify his own existence and taste the variety of human fate. To him, before the razor-edge of curiosity is dulled, all that is not actual living and the hot chase of experience wears a face of a disgusting dryness difficult to recall in later days; or if

there be any exception—and here destiny steps in—it is in those moments when, wearied or surfeited of the primary activity of the senses, he calls up before memory the image of transacted pains and pleasures. Thus it is that such an one shies from all cut-and-dry professions, and inclines insensibly toward that career of art which consists only in the tasting and recording of experience.

This, which is not so much a vocation for art as an impatience of all other honest trades, frequently exists alone; and so existing, it will pass gently away in the course of years. Emphatically, it is not to be regarded; it is not a vocation, but a temptation; and when your father the other day so fiercely and (in my view) so properly discouraged your ambition, he was recalling not improbably some similar passage in his own experience. For the temptation is perhaps nearly as common as the vocation is rare. But again we have vocations which are imperfect; we have men whose minds are bound up, not so much in any art, as in the general *ars artium* and common base of all creative work; who will now dip into painting, and now study counterpoint, and anon will be inditing a sonnet: all these with equal interest, all often with genuine knowledge. And of this temper, when it stands alone, I find it difficult to speak; but I should counsel such an one to take to letters, for in literature (which drags with so wide a net) all his information may be found some day useful, and if he should go on as he has begun, and turn at last into the critic, he will have learned to use the necessary tools. Lastly we come to those vocations which are at once decisive and precise; to the men who are born with

the love of pigments, the passion of drawing, the gift of music, or the impulse to create with words, just as other and perhaps the same men are born with the love of hunting, or the sea, or horses, or the turning-lathe. These are predestined ; if a man love the labor of any trade, apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him. He may have the general vocation too : he may have a taste for all the arts, and I think he often has ; but the mark of his calling is this laborious partiality for one, this inextinguishable zest in its technical successes, and (perhaps above all) a certain candor of mind, to take his very trifling enterprise with a gravity that would befit the cares of empire, and to think the smallest improvement worth accomplishing at any expense of time and industry. The book, the statue, the sonata, must be gone upon with the unreasoning good faith and the unflagging spirit of children at their play. *Is it worth doing ?*—when it shall have occurred to any artist to ask himself that question, it is implicitly answered in the negative. It does not occur to the child as he plays at being a pirate on the dining-room sofa, nor to the hunter as he pursues his quarry ; and the candor of the one and the ardor of the other should be united in the bosom of the artist.

If you recognize in yourself some such decisive taste, there is no room for hesitation : follow your bent. And observe (lest I should too much discourage you) that the disposition does not usually burn so brightly at the first, or rather not so constantly. Habit and practice sharpen gifts ; the necessity of toil grows less disgusting, grows even welcome, in the course of years ; a small taste (if it be only genuine) waxes with indulgence into an exclusive passion. Enough, just now, if you can look back over a fair interval, and see that your chosen art has a little more than held its own among the thronging interests of youth. Time will do the rest, if devotion help it ; and soon your every thought will be engrossed in that beloved occupation.

But even with devotion, you may remind me, even with unfaltering and deluged industry, many thousand artists

spend their lives, if the result be regarded, utterly in vain : A thousand artists, and never one work of art. But the vast mass of mankind are incapable of doing anything reasonably well, art among the rest. The worthless artist would not improbably have been a quite incompetent baker. And the artist, even if he does not amuse the public, amuses himself ; so that there will always be one man the happier for his vigils. This is the practical side of art : its inexpugnable fortress for the true practitioner. The direct returns—the wages of the trade—are small, but the indirect—the wages of the life—are incalculably great. No other business offers a man his daily bread upon such joyful terms. The soldier and the explorer have moments of a worthier excitement, but they are purchased by cruel hardships and periods of tedium that beggar language. In the life of the artist there need be no hour without its pleasure. I take the author, with whose career I am best acquainted ; and it is true he works in a rebellious material, and that the act of writing is cramped and trying both to the eyes and the temper ; but remark him in his study, when matter crowds upon him and words are not wanting—in what a continual series of small successes time flows by ; with what a sense of power as of one moving mountains, he marshals his petty characters ; with what pleasures both of the ear and eye, he sees his airy structure growing on the page ; and how he labors in a craft to which the whole material of his life is tributary, and which opens a door to all his tastes, his loves, his hatreds and his convictions, so that what he writes is only what he longed to utter. He may have enjoyed many things in this big, tragic playground of the world ; but what shall he have enjoyed more fully than a morning of successful work ? Suppose it ill paid : the wonder is it should be paid at all. Other men pay, and pay dearly, for pleasures less desirable.

Nor will the practice of art afford you pleasure only ; it affords besides an admirable training. For the artist works entirely upon honor. The public knows little or nothing of those merits in the quest of which you

are condemned to spend the bulk of your endeavors. Merits of design, the merit of first-hand energy, the merit of a certain cheap accomplishment which a man of the artistic temper easily acquires—these they can recognize, and these they value. But to those more exquisite refinements of proficiency and finish, which the artist so ardently desires and so keenly feels, for which (in the vigorous words of Balzac) he must toil “like a miner buried in a landslip,” for which, day after day, he recasts and revises and rejects—the gross mass of the public must be ever blind. To those lost pains, suppose you attain the highest pitch of merit, posterity may possibly do justice; suppose, as is so probable, you fail by even a hair’s breadth of the highest, rest certain they shall never be observed. Under the shadow of this cold thought, alone in his studio, the artist must preserve from day to day his constancy to the ideal. It is this which makes his life noble; it is by this that the practice of his craft strengthens and matures his character; it is for this that even the serious countenance of the great emperor was turned approvingly (if only for a moment) on the followers of Apollo, and that sternly gentle voice bade the artist cherish his art.

And here there fall two warnings to be made. And first, if you are to continue to be a law to yourself, you must beware of the first signs of laziness. This idealism in honesty can only be supported by perpetual effort; the standard is easily lowered, the artist who says “*It will do*,” is on the downward path; three or four pot-boilers are enough at times (above all at wrong times) to falsify a talent, and by the practice of journalism a man runs the risk of becoming wedded to cheap finish. This is the danger on the one side; there is not less upon the other. The consciousness of how much the artist is (and must be) a law to himself, debauches the small heads. Perceiving recondite merits very hard to attain, making or swallowing artistic formulæ, or perhaps falling in love with some particular proficiency of his own, many artists forget the end of all art: to please. It is doubt-

less tempting to exclaim against the ignorant bourgeois; yet it should not be forgotten, it is he who is to pay us, and that (surely on the face of it) for services that he shall desire to have performed. Here also, if properly considered, there is a question of transcendental honesty. To give the public what they do not want, and yet expect to be supported: we have there a strange pretension, and yet not uncommon, above all with painters. The first duty in this world is for a man to pay his way; when that is quite accomplished, he may plunge into what eccentricity he likes; but emphatically not till then. Till then, he must pay assiduous court to the bourgeois who carries the purse. And if in the course of these capitulations he shall falsify his talent, it can never have been a strong one, and he will have preserved a better thing than talent—character. Or if he be of a mind so independent that he cannot stoop to this necessity, one course is yet open: he can desist from art, and follow some more manly way of life.

I speak of a more manly way of life, it is a point on which I must be frank. To live by a pleasure is not a high calling; it involves patronage, however veiled; it numbers the artist, however ambitious, along with dancing girls and billiard markers. The French have a romantic evasion for one employment, and call its practitioners the Daughters of Joy. The artist is of the same family, he is of the Sons of Joy, chose his trade to please himself, gains his livelihood by pleasing others, and has parted with something of the sterner dignity of man. Journals but a little while ago declaimed against the Tennyson peerage; and this Son of Joy was blamed for condescension when he followed the example of Lord Lawrence and Lord Cairns and Lord Clyde. The poet was more happily inspired; with a better modesty he accepted the high honor; and anonymous journalists have not yet (if I am to believe them) recovered the vicarious disgrace to their profession. When it comes to their turn, these gentlemen can do themselves more justice; and I shall be glad to think of it; for to my barbarian eyesight, even Lord Tennyson looks somewhat out of place in that as-

sembly. There should be no honors for the artist; he has already, in the practice of his art, more than his share of the rewards of life; the honors are pre-empted for other trades, more laborious and perhaps more useful.

But the devil in these trades of pleasing is to fail to please. In ordinary occupations, a man offers to do a certain thing or to produce a certain article with a merely conventional accomplishment, a design in which (we may almost say) it is difficult to fail. But the artist steps forth out of the crowd and proposes to delight: an impudent design, in which it is impossible to fail without odious circumstances. The poor Daughter of Joy, carrying her smiles and finery quite unregarded through the crowd, makes a figure which it is impossible to recall without a wounding pity. She is the type of the unsuccessful artist. The actor, the dancer, and the singer must appear like her in person, and drain publicly the cup of failure. But though the rest of us escape this crowning bitterness of the pillory, we all court in essence the same humiliation. We all profess to be able to delight. And how few of us are! We all pledge ourselves to be able to continue to delight. And the day will come to each, and even to the most admired, when the ardor shall have declined and the cunning shall be lost, and he shall sit by his deserted booth ashamed. Then shall he see himself condemned to do work for which he blushes to take payment. Then (as if his lot were not already cruel) he must lie exposed to the gibes of the wreckers of the press, who earn a little bitter bread by the condemnation of trash which they have not read, and the praise of excellence which they cannot understand.

And observe that this seems almost the necessary end at least of writers. *Les Blancs et les Bleus* (for instance) is of an order of merit very different from *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*; *Denis Duval* is not written with the pen of *Esmond*; and if any gentleman can bear to spy upon the nakedness of *Castle Dangerous*, his name I think is Ham: let it be enough for the rest of us to read of it (not without tears) in the pages of Lockhart. Thus in old age, when occupa-

tion and comfort are most needful, the writer must lay aside at once his pastime and his breadwinner. The painter indeed, if he succeed at all in engaging the attention of the public, gains great sums and can stand to his easel until a great age without dishonorable failure. The writer has the double misfortune to be ill-paid while he can work, and to be incapable of working when he is old. It is thus a way of life which conducts directly to a false position.

For the writer (in spite of notorious examples to the contrary) must look to be ill-paid. Tennyson and Montépín make handsome livelihoods; but we cannot all hope to be Tennyson, and we do not all perhaps desire to be Montépín. If you adopt an art to be your trade, weed your mind at the outset of all desire of money. What you may decently expect, if you have some talent and much industry, is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth or perhaps a twentieth of your nervous output. Nor have you the right to look for more; in the wages of the life, not in the wages of the trade, lies your reward; the work is here the wages. It will be seen I have little sympathy with the common lamentations of the artist class. Perhaps they do not remember the hire of the field laborer; or do they think no parallel will lie? Perhaps they have never observed what is the retiring allowance of a field officer; or do they suppose their contributions to the arts of pleasing more important than the services of a colonel? Perhaps they forget on how little Millet was content to live; or do they think, because they have less genius, they stand excused from the display of equal virtues? But upon one point there should be no dubiety: if a man be not frugal, he has no business in the arts. If he be not frugal, he steers directly for that last tragic scene of *le vieux saltimbanque*; if he be not frugal, he will find it hard to continue to be honest. Some day, when the butcher is knocking at the door, he may be tempted, he may be obliged, to turn out and sell a slovenly piece of work. If the obligation shall have arisen through no wantonness of his own, he is even to be commended; for words cannot describe how far more necessary it is that a man

should support his family, than that he should attain to—or preserve—distinction in the arts. But if the pressure comes through his own fault, he has stolen, and stolen under trust, and stolen (which is the worst of all) in such a way that no law can reach him.

And now you may perhaps ask me, if the debutant artist is to have no thought of money, and if (as is implied) he is to expect no honors from the State, he may not at least look forward to the delights of popularity? Praise, you will tell me, is a savory dish. And in so far as you may mean the countenance of other artists, you would put your finger on one of the most essential and enduring pleasures of the career of art. But in so far as you should have an eye to the commendations of the public or the notice of the newspapers, be sure you would but be cherishing a dream. It is true that in certain esoteric journals the author (for instance) is duly criticised, and that he is often praised a great deal more than he deserves, sometimes for qualities which he prided himself on eschewing, and sometimes by ladies and gentlemen who have denied

themselves the privilege of reading his work. But if a man be sensitive to this wild praise, we must suppose him equally alive to that which often accompanies and always follows it—wild ridicule. A man may have done well for years, and then he may fail; he will hear of his failure. Or he may have done well for years, and still do well, but the critics may have tired of praising him, or there may have sprung up some new idol of the instant, some “dust a little gilt,” to whom they now prefer to offer sacrifice. I will be very bold and take a modern instance. A little while ago the name of Mr. Howells was in every paper coupled with just laudations. And now it is the pleasure of the same journalists to pursue him daily with ineffective quips. Here is the obverse and the reverse of that empty and ugly thing called popularity. Will any man suppose it worth the gaining? Must not any man perceive that the reward of Mr. Howells lies in the practice of his fine and solid art, not in the perusal of paragraphs which are conceived in a spirit to-day of ignorant worship, and to-morrow of stupid injustice?

#### A LETTER TO THE SAME YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

*By Will H. Low.*

I AM glad that in the eager questioning which naturally precedes a decision that may fashion your life for good or for ill, you have chosen to acquaint me with your friend's letter of advice, and that you ask me to add to it what my experience may suggest. On a subject so momentous the homely old adage that “Two heads are better than one,” is peculiarly applicable; for in the practice of his art (and independently of success or failure) the artist gains an insight that is largely personal, and the dreariest and least applauded of the *vieux saltimbanques* has yet his point of vantage from which to spy into the fair gardens of the Palace of Art. The view may be obscured, the horizon hazy; but still it is from his own point of view that he beholds the wonders within, of which he will descant with infinite satisfaction to himself, with possible profit to others.

For this reason, my ideas, which in some respects differ from those of your friend, may be of value to you; and as he has taken the career with which he is most familiar, and speaks from the stand-point of the author, I, from the same motive, will take that of the painter.

The artist remains to-day almost alone, the embodiment of an idea. The warrior, except upon some miserable question of territory, stands idle. The priest no longer leads a crusade, or by fasting and vigorous penance, serves as a beacon-light for weary seekers after truth. Kings govern by consent of a parliament largely elected from the common people; and “noble lords of high degree” become farmers and ranchmen, confounding themselves with the average man. The artist, who has coexisted with all of these in the heyday of their prosperity, alone remains; and now,



as in the late instance of Mr. Besant, by the power of his imagination brings into existence the People's Palace; or like Wagner, holds the civilized people of the world in his power, subjugating some, alienating others, but interesting all; or like Millet shows us for the first time, the man of the fields, and with consummate art, the enveloping atmosphere, the light and air of the open country. His task is more difficult, he no longer carols in the gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent, but serves a hydra-headed master who in this work-a-day world, intent on material gain, too often turns from him to listen to the more enchanting music of the stock telegraph.

But if his task be harder the career is more noble. The artist of to-day, independent of the sovereign pleasure of some petty prince, carries a message of beauty and truth to all comers; the Louvre has ceased to be a lounging place for the jaded courtier; and the South Kensington Museum brings a greater concourse of worshippers to the shrine of Michael Angelo and Donatello than came to them in their lifetime. Nor is it so necessary to consult the good pleasure of the *bourgeois* as your friend would have you believe; for *voyez-vous*, you might in the research of the particular quality in demand wear yourself to the bone, and yet, though happily endowed, fail to attain your object. Of far more importance, it seems to me, is to know yourself, to question your aptitudes, to do what you can do the best; and be sure, if it be worth the doing, your hydra-headed *bourgeois* will turn one of his heads and smile approvingly on you, Corot, though every other eye is fixed and every other mouth gapes admiration on—shall we say Frith? If it be worth doing?—the question which your friend says, and says most truly, you must never ask yourself—it must decide itself; and lest I should confuse you let me call to your mind the history of Jean François Millet.

You have seen undoubtedly examples of the early manner of this painter,—mostly nude figures of nymphs, generally employed, after the engaging habit of the wood-nymph, in bathing, in arranging the hair, in disarming Cupid, or

the like. Charming pictures they are, full of color and of great truth of movement, but if Millet had never produced aught else he would never have been *facile princeps*, the first of modern painters. He was past his thirty-fifth year when chance—or shall we call it Fate—took him to Barbizon, where he saw clearly for the first time his life work, and gave us in rapid succession the Gleaners, the Grafting (with its Madonna-like mother) and the Angelus, to name a few among many masterpieces. It is to repeat a story already told to refer to his lack of success at first; but in trying to do what he could best do—in “living up to the level of his best thought”—he ended by subjugating his *bourgeois*.

That the success came too late, that this son of joy ate to the end the bitter bread of Poverty and died in the early morning of his fame and fortune, was an accident, from which I pray that you may be preserved; but to you, as to your friend or to myself, the same privilege is offered as to Millet—the life that you will lead will be its own sufficient reward.

I would not, however, for a moment think of urging you to consider your art before the duties common to us all. There I may safely send you back to what your friend has said so well. You must at the risk of losing your talent (if it be so weak) fulfil your duty as a citizen before you have the right to consider your Art. There are many ways of doing this within the limits of your technical acquirements. Illustration, reproductive etching, and teaching of drawing and painting, are among the many branching paths along which you may gather sustenance; but the graphic arts demand such a technical equipment, that apart from employments directly connected with them I would not advise the artist to venture. I have heard of bank clerks producing creditable water-color sketches in their spare moments, and there is at this time in Paris a landscape painter of considerable eminence who has earned his living as a professor of mathematics, but such cases are rare, and work of a kind akin to your art, which strengthens your *métier* while it gains your bread, is preferable.

And now supposing that the die is cast and that you are fairly embarked in your career as a painter, let me exhort you to paint for your art in the noblest and highest sense that you can conceive. If you are among the fortunate few who by doing their best work can yet find favor with the general public, so much the better; but if, as is but too probable, your most serious work remains unsold, then turn cheerfully to your breadwinner. You can design honest wall-paper and count with some certainty on doing a given amount which has a market price; you will be honest in reproducing even a poor picture with your etching-needle; you can draw honest illustrations where the subject and even the manner of treatment is imposed upon you. You can teach honestly. But you cannot paint honest pictures if in their production you relent for a moment from an unflinching effort to do your best. Surely it is better to remain outside the ranks, than to join in creating much that cumbers our exhibitions with alleged works of art where this question of artistic honesty is evaded—poor *filles de joie* indeed, perhaps the more to be pitied when their wares are purchased.

It is this faltering in the path of rectitude that belittles the artist, and breeds the belief that his career is less noble than that of the soldier. Certainly it would be hazardous to state, impossible to find belief, that any artist could be the peer of a successful general if we were to seek confirmation of our belief at a period when the memory of the soldier's deeds is yet alive. But only last year Padua saw a strange sight. It was *grande festa* in that city and on the piazza di San Antonio enthusiastic groups clustered around the equestrian statue of the General Erasmo Gattamelata, which was the centre of the celebration. In honor of the general?—Not at all, brave general though he was undoubtedly in his day, and commemorated with a statue by a master of his craft, one Donatello, in whose honor on the fourth centenary of his birth all Padua, all Florence, and a good part of Italy was agog with excitement. Shakespeare against Wellington, Molière for Napoléon, seem on the face of the proposition

more plausible; and who knows but what on this side of the Atlantic, with the most of our history yet to be made, some unborn painter, sculptor, or author may in that future keep alive the memory of the captains now living or lately dead, for whom to-day no meed of praise is great enough and before whom no comparison dares lift its head.

“ All passes,—Art alone  
Enduring stays to us ;  
The Bust out-lasts the throne—  
The Coin Tiberius.”

Here, in the midst of my supposititious case, and my perplexity in the practice of an unfamiliar art, there comes to me a document having such a bearing on this old question that I cannot forbear from translating it. It is a letter addressed to an unknown aspirant for artistic honors, from the late André Gill, the well-known caricaturist, who during the last days of the Second Empire and the troublous times following the establishment of the Republic did most excellent work. Few who were in Paris during these years can have forgotten the telling broadsides of the *Eclipse* and *La Lune Rousse* which bore his signature. The original of the letter can be found in the Paris Figaro bearing the date of the 12th May, 1888.

89 rue Denfert-Rochereau.  
30th August, —.

You are twenty-two years of age and you have a good position; your future is assured. Let me beg of you not to abandon this reality which you hold for a chimerical idea difficult of attainment, and in nearly every case deceptive. I am forty. From my childhood I have loved art and since my school day have followed it with unrelenting ardor. I have suffered for it hunger and humiliation; I have been forced a hundred times to deviate from my chosen path and practise inferior branches of my profession. And it has only been at rare intervals and for brief periods that I have been permitted to return to the pursuit of my ideal. It is barely six years since my pictures have been accepted in the Salon and at the price of what sacrifices! And if chance has

given me an hour of notoriety in a class of work that is born of the moment and of my necessities, I am none the less wounded in my hopes, which were nigher, while I have been unable thus far to assure myself a life of decent comfort. Every moment of the artist's life should moreover be given to perfect himself in his art if he would attain real excellence. Everyone to-day has talent, but how few can live by its exercise. To do so needs not only energy, unflagging effort, but in addition social relations, good luck, and the means of living and paying for your studies. Remain therefore an amateur. If you find happiness in the exercise of your talent, give to it your hour of leisure, but do not let your life and your future depend upon it. In this way you can have all the little satisfactions of an artist's gratified vanity without encountering the anguish and the disillusion of the career. A man of good social position knowing something of art is easily a person of importance in the circle in which he moves. A poor devil with the hunger of the ideal, solitary, enamoured of his folly and without fortune, seldom escapes the ridicule of the philistine and still more rarely misery and privation. It is in this strain, my dear Sir, that I feel obliged in all sincerity to answer your letter. If, however, it is only a question with you of solving simple technical problems, I put myself quite at your disposition. Come to see me and bring me what you have done.

ANDRÉ GILL.

Here we have a third answer to the question and one which at the first blush controverts much that goes before. But poor Gill, the comedian who would have wished to play Tragedy, nourished along with the "higher hopes" to which he refers, a desire to be part of that *Tout Paris* which goes the pace that kills. He failed in the quality of frugality, living the life of a great city and scattering time, health, and talents to the four winds of Heaven. Here was the flaw in his armor, here we are far from the single-hearted aim of greater men. Millet's quiet home at Barbizon, Delacroix's modest studio in the rue Furstenberg, or Corot's *maisonnette* at Ville d'Avray harbored men whose pleasure was in their art, and who so arranged their life that little but their work and the recompense it brought entered into it. I do not doubt (indeed in the case of Millet I know) that their advice to aspiring youth would have taken on another tone than that of Gill. He, poor fellow, sought the temporary success of the Salon, where year after year (despite the solicitation of subjects that were desperate bids for popular recognition) success was denied him until his career found its logical conclusion. One day his friends found him in his studio, happy at last. Honor, Fame, Riches were all his. They took him thence to a mad-house. Fate, at the end, was kind; for with the *folie des grandeurs* with which he was afflicted he was happy in his belief that the prize long sought was his at length—*il était arrivé*.







THE AVENUE OF SPHINXES—KARNAK.

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## THE TEMPLES OF EGYPT.

*By Edward L. Wilson.*



GREECE points to little more than a broken Parthenon as a memorial of her greatness; and Rome has preserved as the gift of her forgotten builders, a few shattered columns of the temple erected by Vespasian or a fragmentary colonnade of that which was dedicated to Saturn. But in Egypt, the temples are almost beyond numbering, while the inscriptions upon their walls and columns have preserved a written history contemporaneous with the age of their builders, most of whom had been forgotten long before the first stone was laid upon the Palatine hill, or the first year of the earliest Olympiad had passed.

Sometimes, in a mountain forest, we see a tree that has outgrown and outlived its neighbors, and we wonder by what law of growth and preservation it has outlasted the fallen monsters which lie decaying at its roots. So the Egyptian temples seem to stand, perpetual monuments of an otherwise long perished past. The centuries have neither increased nor diminished their girth. Time has wrought but little change in their formation. They have only been

Luxor and the Nile.

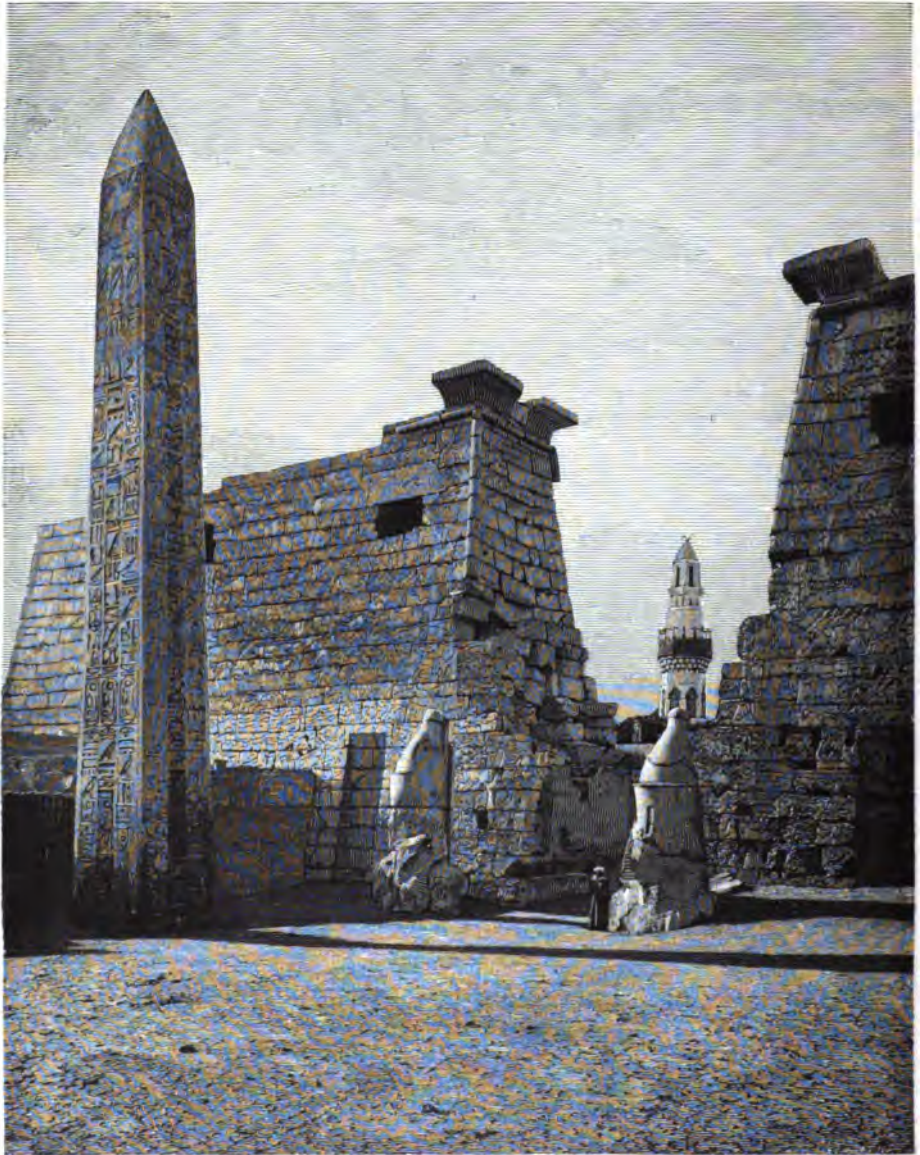
deformed by the wild fanaticism of Cambyses, or scarred by the deliberate attacks of yet more barbarous invaders and iconoclasts. Otherwise they would have remained as their projectors intended they should: the imperishable and unchanged symbols of "everlastingness." It is true that they are in ruins, but the ruins are still as awe-inspiring as they were when Diodorus and Herodotus held interviews with the pious priests who were the ministers to their mysteries.

A wide and inexhaustible field, therefore, is offered by the Nile temples, to the historian, to the student of art and architecture, and to the camera enthusiast.

The work of investigation must continue with courage and persistence until the Egypt Exploration Fund and its co-workers have revealed all the apartments of the Great Pyramid, and have turned over to the light the inscribed







The Obelisk, Colossi, and Pylon, of the Temple at Luxor.

granite block which "tells the story and solves the puzzle of the erection of Gizeh's wonder." Though acres of storied pages still hang upon their walls, and miles of illustrations of life and manners are wound around their massive columns, these magnificent libraries do not furnish us with the successive pages of continuous history. Here and there the story is broken off. To restore its continuity

demands contributions from widely separated cornices, columns, and capitals. But drawbacks and obstacles may be overcome, even as the heavy northward shadows of the temples themselves may, by the skill and technical manipulation of the photographic artist, be persuaded to reveal what they have hidden in mystery, and show forth the pictures which they have so long concealed.



The Colossi of Thebes.

A journey on "The Modern Nile" \* involved a visit to the most noted of the temples, and this paper is the result of investigations then begun.

Because of the ravages already alluded to, an Egyptian temple perfectly preserved in all its details, does not exist. But we can obtain a part here and a part there, which, when combined, will supply a very fair idea of what one of these marvellous structures must have

been when the architect turned it over, completed, to his sovereign.

The details of construction are given by Strabo, and we use modern photography to prove the truth of that straightforward historian's assertions. He says :

"The arrangement of the parts of an Egyptian temple is as follows : In a line with the entrance to the sacred enclosure, is a paved road or avenue, about a hundred feet in breadth ; and in length,





Pylon and Temple of Dendoe.

from three to four hundred feet, or even more. This is called the *dromos*. Through the whole length of the dromos and on each side of it, sphinxes are placed at the distance of thirty feet from one another, or even more, forming a double row, one on each side. After the sphinxes you come to the large propylæum (which consists of two obtuse pyramids, enclosing between them the principal gate, to form a grand entrance). And as you advance you come to another and to a third after that; for no definite number of either propylæa or sphinxes, is required in the plan, but they vary in different temples as to their number as well as to the length and breadth of the dromos. After the propylæum, we come to the temple itself, which is always a large and handsome pronaos, or portico, and a sekos, or cella (a place in which the heathen images are usually kept), of only moderate dimensions, with no image in it; at least not one of human shape, but some representation of a brute animal. On each side of the pronaos are wings of equal height, but their width is somewhat more than the breadth of the temple measured along its basement line. This width of the wings, however, gradually diminishes from the bottom

to the top. The walls have sculptured forms on them of a large size, like Tyrrhædian figures, and the ancient Greek works of the same class."

The exactness of this description is confirmed by the views herewith presented of some of the ruins which still stand as they did when Strabo saw them. After a little further investigation, we shall find,

that in addition to the features mentioned by Strabo, two obelisks, and two or more colossal figures were placed in front of the Egyptian Temples, usually between the rows of sphinxes and the propylæa. In proof of all this we draw upon Karnak for our dromos of



"Fruit Offering of the King"—Decoration in the Temple of Sethi I., Abydos.



General View of the Temple of Karnak and the Sacred Lake.



sphinxes and our obelisks ; upon Philæ for our propylæum ; upon Thebes and Abû Simbel for our colossi ; return to Karnak for our pronaos or court ; look back to "The Modern Nile," for the exterior suggestions supplied by Edfou, and, finally, examine many other structures, for more minute details. All this done, we may agree that neither the boldest imagination nor the most exact study, can enable us to form an adequate conception of the splendor of an Egyp-

edge, for we shall discover, the exceptional constructive power of the ancient architects ; we shall see how closely they followed Nature, and at times drew as well upon foreign art, though always preserving their own principles of form. We shall also observe how fancy and "feeling" are displayed in their temple-decorations. Besides, there is always one grand imaginative vein running through all their work—which expresses the principal idea of their faith—imper-

ishability. Such impressions are usually gathered from the exteriors. When the spacious interiors are studied, so massive and so sombre, with their long-aisled, windowless halls ; with their crowded files of lofty columns ; with capitals of such tremendous circumference that their margins almost touch and form arches overhead ; we think we can see the imitation of Nature, even more plainly. The influence of the cavern-temples of Ethiopia is likewise apparent ; the curved lines and graceful shapes of the plants and flowers of that land are copied ; and even the forms of the reeds and rushes are patterned. Wathens says :



Processional Stairs in the Temple of Edfou.

tian temple in its perfect state. The vast space it occupied ; its lofty gateways ; the long avenues of sphinxes ; the glittering obelisks and the lifelike expression of the monstrous statues, form a combination of most imposing architectural grandeur. The æsthetic qualities of these structures cannot be briefly summed up. As we ponder them we shall be willing to acknowl-

"One of the most striking peculiarities of the style is the pyramidal character of the ascending lines. We observe it in the outline of the portal and in the gigantic pylon ; in walls, in door-ways, pedestals, and screens ; in short it pervades the whole system and must have been occasioned by circumstances connected with its very origin."

The first dwellings of the people were



Obelisk and Columns beyond the First Court of the Temple of Karnak.



of reeds ; and they were shored up by means of inclined props, just as similar work is done by modern builders. Now if the ancient constructions were of any

conquests. A temple of that early Pharaonic period, presented a succession of between twenty and thirty grand divisions arranged either as cloistered courts



The Christian Colonnade, Palace of the Kings—Medinet Abû.

considerable height, their stability would require that the main reeds at the angles should slope up inward, that they might support each other. With such a conservative people, a system like this, once established, would, more than likely, continue its influence for all time ; and the pyramidal outline did, indeed, become the rule for several thousands of years, though modifications, elaborations and improvements were introduced.

The most important works of the Egyptians may be traced to three periods, which were separated by intervals of several centuries. The first, includes the two great dynasties of the Theban princes who governed Egypt during her "most high and palmy state," when Thebes sent forth her armies to distant

or as pillared halls, followed by an assemblage of sombre chambers, in the midst of which was the mysterious adytum or shrine. In front of the first court was the pylon. It consisted of two broad, towering masses of masonry connected by a single gateway, such as we have seen on page 388. These announced the temple long before it was reached. The first division of the structure is almost always a colonnaded quadrangle, as at Edfou.\* This is sometimes followed by a second court ; sometimes by a spacious hall of columns, as at Denderah, at Karnak and at Luxor. A central succession of doorways assisted the perspective to the distant sanctuary, as at Karnak. Thus the range of the halls and quadrangles with their obelisks,

\* See page 267, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, September, 1887.



In the Theban Temple of Medinet Abû—Palace of the King.



Broken Columns in the Temple of Ramesses III.—Medinet Abū.

colossi and relieves, was partly disclosed to the worshippers as they passed the grand portal. A bewildering sense of magnificence and extent was presented to the excited imagination of the devotee, as screen after screen was passed, mystery, after mystery revealed, and the graded enrichment of the sublime apartment was exhibited to his dazzled eyes.

The orators of ancient Greece were wont to point to their architectural glories, as eloquent witnesses of their country's genius and power; and the Grecian architect not only insisted upon an elevated site for his imposing edifices, but his principal effort was devoted to the portico, to the pediment and to the frieze, and not to the interior. It was not so with the ancient Egyptian. He cared more for his religious faith and future condition, and therefore gave but little attention to the exterior attractions of his temples. Solemnity, seclusion, mystery, and perpetuity were the chief elements of his creed, and he contrived, by all the means in his power, to

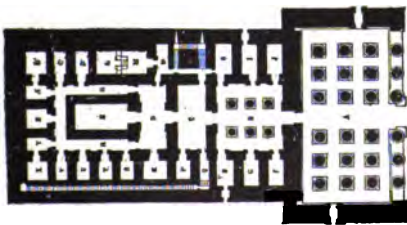
secure an expression of them in his architectural wonders.

The great works of the second period included the erection of the Pyramids. The third period covered the reigns of the Ptolemies and of the earlier Cæsars. Under them, Egyptian architecture seemed to be born again. All the splendid characteristics of the Theban age were revived, though the edifices erected now gave evidence of Grecian influence. As we have seen, the temple of the first, or Pharaonic period, consisted of a range of courts and halls with a small secluded sanctuary in the rear. In the Ptolemaic temple there is first an outer court, from which one passes through a portico, open in front, to the body of the temple. That contains an assemblage of small chambers (often in two stories) as at Denderah and at Edfou, one of which (insulated by a surrounding passage) is the adytum. A lofty pylon encloses the court and forms the grand façade of the temple. Opposite, within, is the portico, which rises above and extends beyond the sides of the third or inner di-



vision of the structure. The temples erected under the Roman rule, are even more like the Greek model and often consist merely of a naos or cell, surrounded by a peristyle of columns or square piers. The small temple at Denderah is of this class. The detached pylon was one of the features of this age. It was located in advance of the edifice, as at Denderah, at Karnak [see frontispiece], and at the small temple of Dendoor [page 390].

The large temple at Denderah, although about the last erected of its class, is the first one at which the modern traveller halts. Only about one-half of its height appears above the ground or surrounding débris. Until about fifteen years ago, it was filled in and covered over by the houses of a Coptic village. When these were partially removed, the wondrous beauties of the structure were revealed. Thanks to those same Coptic houses, the ancient monument was found in a capital state of preservation. The consideration of the annexed ground-plan of this temple, will assist materially in the understanding of all those constructed before it upon the same general plan. It is from Mariette's "Monuments of Upper Egypt."



Ground Plan of the Large Temple at Denderah.

"A. The entrance hall, open to the light of day. B. The hall from which the religious processions started. C and D contained altars where prayers

were recited as the processions passed. In the hall E were the four barks which played so conspicuous a part



Rear Court from the Roof of Medinet Abû—showing empty unroofed chambers.

in the processions. The chamber F was a laboratory for the preparation of perfumes. In G the consecrated products of the earth used in the ceremonies were collected. H and I were for offerings and libations. J was the treasury of the temple. In the chamber K the vestments were deposited with which the statues of the gods were draped. Prayers were recited in the chapel L. The court M was used for the collection of offerings and the limbs of the victims slaughtered at the sacrifice. N was another place for deposit, and in O, P, and Q the king consecrated special offerings. The walls of the corridor R were used for the sculptured pictures representing the motif of the temple. S, the chamber where Isis was invoked. T, the chamber consecrated to Osiris. U was sacred to Osiris-On-nophris, who restored youth to his body

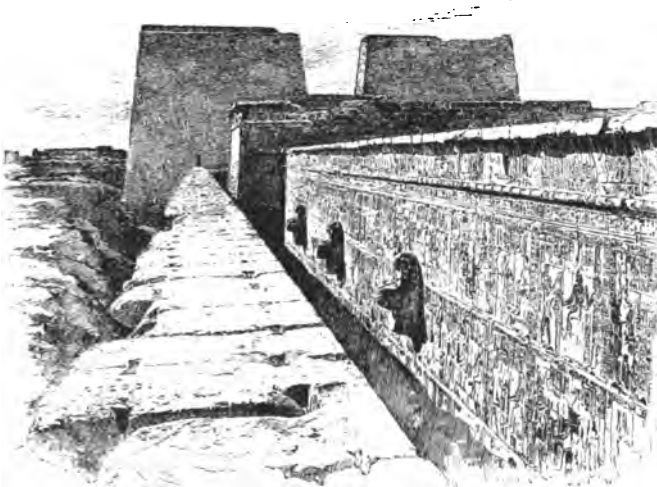
and imparted vigor to his limbs. In the chamber V the work of resurrection was completed. In X and Y Hathor was worshipped. The chamber Z is the axis of the temple, and the principal divinity was adored there under the most comprehensive titles. Lastly, in the chambers A', B', C', D', a special worship is paid to Pascht, considered as the fire that vivifies; to Horus, considered as the light which has conquered darkness, and to the terrestrial Hathor.

"The history of the temple of Denderah may be summed up in a few words. Its foundations were laid under Ptolemy XI; its construction was finished under Tiberius, and its decorations under Nero. Jesus Christ was living at Jerusalem when the building of this temple was in progress."

One cannot soon forget the first impression had on entering the chamber B, whence the processions started. The effect on the mind, of beauty and harmonious proportions; the outspreading before the eyes of the illustrated mythology of the being who was here adored of old; with the thoughts coming in quick succession that this sombre

still protects it from destruction—all this seems to come upon one with such a realizing sense, that the mind quails under the pressure. When, with lighted torch the exploration of the vast interior is begun, the immense columns seem to reach to the Heavens and the long hall to lead to the shades of Hades. The pictures of the gods give no consolation. It is impossible to look up at one of those stone faces without a feeling of awe. If you shout to see if you are mortal you startle the hollow-sounding echoes, and they, in turn, awaken the bats which, blinded by your torch, go flying about you with dreadful familiarity. Yet there is nothing to fear at Denderah. It was dedicated to "the True, the Beautiful, and the Good." Belzoni, Hawks, St. John, Mariette-Bey and many other distinguished interpreters of the record inscribed upon Denderah's walls and columns, all assure us of this. They agree that the philosophical purpose of the whole temple, dedicated to Hathor—is to illustrate that principle in Nature, by which things naturally assimilated to each other, are brought together for the production of new and beautiful forms.

Hathor was worshipped as the source of all creation and beauty—a lovely woman—a beautiful form—a woman and mother. To this power was the temple erected—beauty, love, creation. It seems to have been the intention of the architect to elevate the face of the goddess surmounting the columns, to a height beyond the conception and understanding of mortals. In every direction the enormous masses employed are so well disposed that



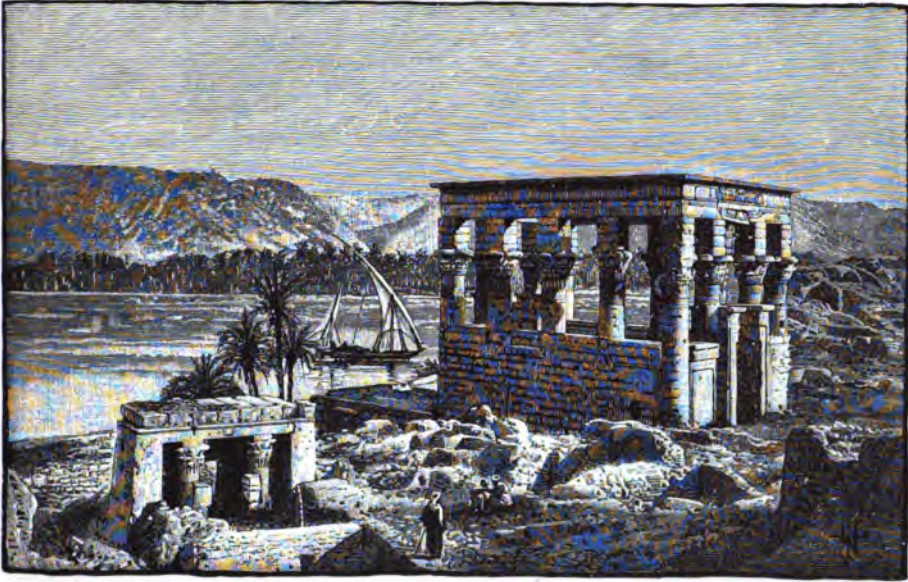
Temple of Edfou—showing outer and inner walls.

interior was used for worship nearly eighteen hundred years ago by the race for whom it was erected and whom it has so long outlived; and that perhaps the power in whose honor it was built,

the eye is continually misled. One moment you think you comprehend all; then suddenly the senses become dazed and you are just as sure you do not comprehend it. It is, indeed,

as Belzoni asserts, "the cabinet of the Egyptian orbs; the product of the study of many centuries; the sanctuary of the sciences." Hardly a space

on the right side of the door, proceeded all around the apartment and departed at the left side. Statues were disposed around the chamber. The king opened



The "Kiosk of Isis" or "Bed of Pharaoh," Philæ.

of two feet is found that is not covered by figures of human beings, animals, plants, and emblems of agriculture or religious ceremony. Wherever the eye turns, or the attention is fixed, everything inspires respect and veneration, heightened by the solitary situation of this splendid structure. And so it is with all the other temples. [See page 395.]

Let us apply next to an older temple, for a better example of the wall sculptures. There are none so perfect as those at Abydos. Strange to say, in some places the lovely alabaster surface has been coated with some plastic material as if to make the work easier for the sculptor; or, mayhap, because such a "mat" surface would better take the color than the polished stone. It is very curious to see the costly alabaster covered by inferior material.

There are six vaulted chambers here, which have no rivals in the world. "All the pictures relate to the ceremonies which the king ought successively to perform. The king, presenting himself

the door of the naos, or shrine, in which they were enclosed, and, as soon as he perceived the statue he offered incense; then, lifting the vestment which covered it, he laid his hands upon it and perfumed it. After this ceremony the draperies were replaced, the service was ended and the king departed."

An interesting picture preserved by the camera at Abydos is the "Fruit Offering" [p. 390]. The king is in the presence of the deity. He makes a general offering of flowers, of fruit and of bread. The god replies: "I give thee everything in the heavens; all that the earth produces, and everything that the Nile can bring. I give thee all that emanates from the rays of the sun, to fill thy dwelling with victuals." Such pictures everywhere form the decorations of the Egyptian temples. They always consist of an offering on the one side, and of a gift bestowed on the other; the whole being expressed by a dialogue between the personages represented. As a rule they are arranged like the chapters of a book; conceived



with a unity of idea which develops itself on the walls of the temple from the entrance-gate, to the depths of the sanctuary. The king is in adoration, and throughout this act of adoration he develops an idea common to the entire temple ; such is the basis of the decoration of the whole monument.

To complete our understanding of the size, construction, motive, and details of

nearly four millions of square feet—more than half as much again as that covered by St. Peter's at Rome. After passing the great isolated pylonon, the gigantic gateway which protects the principal entrance is reached. It is the most monstrous of all its kind, but it is by no means prepossessing. Its base is four hundred feet long, forty feet thick, and it is eighty feet high. It is built of large blocks of stones, one of which



The "View Magnificent" at Philæ.

an Egyptian temple we must now return to Karnak. We have already seen its avenue of sphinxes [frontispiece] and have caught glimpses of its glorious portal. Our further studies take us inside the walls. First, however, a few facts : The grand edifice extends twelve hundred feet from northwest to southeast, and three hundred and forty feet in the opposite direction. The right-hand corridor of the entrance-court is interrupted by an annexed sanctuary supposed to have been placed there by *Rameses II.* as an "improvement."

Altogether the area covered is very

would, of itself, supply an architrave of splendid size for a modern portico. There are two courts. The first one is not now colonnaded, though it was so embellished originally. Crossing the first court-yard another pylon is reached, on either side of which a colossal statue is seated at the foot of a flight of steps.

After ascending these steps the level of the grand hall of Karnak is reached, and a picture very different from the quiet-looking, cleared, first court is presented. There [p. 393], clustered together as closely as they could be crowded, are

the ruins of four splendid obelisks, two sanctuaries (one central, one subordinate) and two pillared halls. Of these last, one is the largest of its kind. It covers more space than the cathedral at Cologne and has wall capacity sufficient to surround Notre Dame of Paris. The central avenue of the hall is supported by twelve massive columns nearly eighty feet high and thirty-six feet in circumference. They sustain the tremendous

fice, the mind is strained and the senses are confounded.

The vista beyond the great hall embraces a view of two lofty obelisks in a field of ruins scattered over with the remains of colossi, obelisks, columns, and propylæ. This grand collection reaches on to the sanctuary of the temple. It was a perfect Elysium for the photographer; the only difficulty being the lack of ability to make a choice.



Philæ—West Colonnade, from the South.

slabs of stone, which once formed the roof. A few steps further and we are in a perfect Mariposa of columns. Besides the twelve which support the central avenue there are one hundred and twenty-two others of nearly the same proportions, all covered with hieroglyphic sculpture from base to capital. The eye is bewildered by the surrounding objects, so splendid in their ruin. When we contemplate the mysterious religion to which this mighty fane was dedicated, and the lofty civilization of the people who reared such a sublime edi-

There were the once solid pylons riven in twain by earthquake or by the settling of the ground; polished obelisks which had been snapped like reeds by some unknown power; columns whose thick, broad assizes had been sent flying one after the other, across the courts; architraves wrenched from beneath the great weight of the ceiling which had rested upon them, twisted askew, and then dropped across the aisles and held dependent there by other masses of masonry; capitals on edge half buried in the débris, reminding one of the up-



turned roots of a fallen tree—all on a stupendous scale.

Toward evening, when the heat of the

one may walk never so softly ; each fragment startled from its resting place seems to make as much noise as a fall-



Interior of the First Chamber in the Great Temple of Abû Simbel.

sun has departed beyond the great propylon, it seems unnaturally quiet at Karnak. Not a zephyr is stirring ; yet in the great shadows it grows cool ; the echoes answer to the footsteps although

ing column ; the colossal figures of gods and kings look down from the shining obelisks, or from the walls and columns. As the sun lowers, the columns seem to lift higher. "A dim, religious light"

pervades, and every hieroglyph grows more and more "out of focus." The long shadow of the great pylon now creeps across the first court, on past the obelisks; then it blackens the faces of the colossi, and falls upon the columns of the second yard. For more than three thousand years it has let down the drop-curtain which separated the acts. When it began, the columns were all standing upright. Since then, earthquake has discouraged some of them and they lean upon their neighbors; but they have not fallen. Each one seems like a tower, in the dim twilight. Assize is piled upon assize, each three feet two inches in height and eleven feet in diameter, until the solid mass reaches the dimensions of the hollow column of Trajan or of the column Vendôme.

What changes has the world—what changes has Karnak, seen, since the construction of this marvel of architecture! Mighty armies; strong kings; lovely queens have sauntered through this hall! Even Cambyzes, the wild fanatic and destroyer, reined in his chariot-horses here to wonder and admire. Hither came Rameses II. after his return from the war with the Khetahs. Here he received the approval of the gods, the welcome of his priests, and the loud huzzas of his people! The Ptolemies, the Cæsars, the armies of Napoleon, have all here visited, marvelled, and applauded. Now the hooting of the owl; the screech of the vulture; the cry of the jackal, and the "backsheesh" appeal of the Arabs who dog the stranger, supply the only excitements which break the silence of Karnak. But for these, a person alone there must soon relapse into a state of solemnity; and, half unconscious, question whether he is on terrestrial ground, or wandering about in some other planet, where the people are not mortal. The spell is broken, however, when the mind is turned again to the forests of columns, embellished over their entire surfaces with beautiful figures and curiously sculptured ornaments. Then there are in addition, the gates, the walls, the pedestals and the architraves, also adorned on every part with symbolical figures in basso-relievo and in-

taglio, which depict battles, processions, triumphs, feasts, offerings, and sacrifices. The obelisks, more aspiring, seem to say: "Around our bases the seat of Holiness is placed and we point toward its grand source."

The observer becomes more than ever charmed, if he can will away all thoughts of the immensity of things about him, and, for a while, observe the changes which are in continual progress. The massive grandeur pervading the vista of columns is varied by scenic chiaro-scuro, and by the gleaming of accidental lights which vary in their combinations as the sun swings around and unrolls its changing shadows athwart the aisles.

One more accessory of the Egyptian temple must be noted here because one of the best examples is to be found at Karnak—namely the "Sacred Lake" whereon the emblems of the gods were taken during the religious festivals. As the journeys of the sun were looked upon as voyages of navigation across the space of heaven and through the shades of the regions below, so these mimic voyages of the deities came to have a place in the temple worship. When the surface of the lake is entirely smooth and the light is right, a person standing on the further shore can see the whole of the stupendous pile of ruins reflected sharply in the water. It is a marvellous sight. [P. 391.]

The last view of Karnak should be had just after the sun has sunk below the horizon from the top of the great gateway. The grand panorama of the ruins, though familiar, in such a quiet light will appear like a new revelation, so different do all things look when buried in shadow, with just a rosy tinge of red light caught here and there by the loftier parts. Look at it as you will though, it will never seem more than a dream.

Next turn the face and gaze across the Nile, toward Thebes. A red border of light marks the track of the sun behind the distant hills of Deir-el-Bahari and a cool breeze comes and drives away the warm air from the scorched stones of the gateway. There are green fields; the winding pathways are alive with the herdsmen and their flocks coming toward you; the bits of





The Great Temple of Abu Simbel from the North Side.

inundation water here and there are as red as blood ; the dark, ghoul-like forms of the colossal Memnon and its companion ; the pale fantasies of the splendid lines of edifices from Deir-el-Medineh to Goorneh, and even the "place of the great find" of 1881, can all be seen. Only the howlings of the jackal and the solemn cries of the night-bird break the soft stillness of the hour. The solitude of the place ; the tranquillity ; the majesty of the surroundings, start a reverie to which one gladly returns over and over again. There is a long range of history in the view, and not the least eventful part of it happened but a few weeks before the camera caught the shadows of the scene.

As we have already seen, if there was one thing more than another which fascinated the ancient architect, it was his columns. Wilkinson divides them into "eight orders." We find studies of several of these at the Theban temple of Medinet Abû. First of all is the square pier. It is the earliest order mentioned by Wilkinson, and seems to have been the first form used. Examples are found on the right-hand side as you enter the grand hall-way of the "Palace of the kings" so called [page 394]. On the other side is a row of perfect specimens of the third order, which is known as the "bud" or "seed-pod" capital. [See also p. 395.] The second order is polygonal or fluted. None such are found in temple construction, but they are used in the tombs. The fourth order is seen in great plenty at Karnak and is supplied with the bell-shaped or full-blown papyrus capital. Various patterns of the same order are found also at Philæ. The fifth order is known as the palm-tree column. We must look to Philæ for this also. Next in order is that with the Isis-head capital, also abounding at Philæ and at Denderah. The seventh order is known as the "composite," and is supplied with capitals of various shapes, comprising the full-blown lotus, sometimes surmounted by the head of Isis and various fanciful forms. The Osiride form comes in as eighth. It is usually a square pier, faced sometimes with the figure of the king in the form of Osiris, as in the

temple of Rameses III. at Medinet Abû and at Abû Simbel ; and sometimes by the Typhonian monster. In the "palace court" at Medinet Abû [p. 394] there is a fine museum of columns surrounding what is known as the "Christian Court," viz., examples of the first, third, fourth, and eighth styles, grouped there by the architects of various ages. It will be noticed that the column is usually enriched by rings of intaglio sculpture. When this is not so, the surfaces are broken by being modelled after clusters of reeds. At Luxor, for example, the reeds or stems are distinctly bound together at successive heights, more or less firmly, to form the contour desired for both capital and column. In other modifications the reeds are less distinctly traced and at times there are no indications of them. In the latter case, as we have seen, hieroglyphics are resorted to. A square block or abacus invariably tops the capital and the shaft rests on a circular plinth as a base which projects, more or less, according to circumstances. As a rule these plinths are now hidden by débris far under the ground. In almost every case, in strict opposition to the Grecian model, the lower extremity of the column is curved, and often carved with foliage or bundles of reeds crossed or running together in triangles.

With the Osiride column it will be noticed that the colossal figure of the king does not support the architrave and so, consequently, differs from the Grecian caryatides ; no Egyptian king would suffer even the likeness of his royal frame to undertake so much work. The usual height of the Egyptian column is from three to five and a half times its diameter, thus making it appear deficient in height, though exceedingly massive. A Grecian or Corinthian architect would lengthen the same weight of material to ten times the diameter of the shaft. But history proves that the Egyptian architect was correct in his calculation that his form of column would come nearest to fulfilling his object of standing and lasting "forever." Had it not been for the lime-burner, the mosque-builder, and the earthquake, as many more noble columns as now stand would still remain.



Three contrasting studies further illustrate the styles of columns employed. The first is the colonnade of the "Palace of the Kings," already mentioned, which shows both the square pier and the "bud" capital. For one hundred and fifty feet these monsters stand so closely together that only the broken rays of the light can find entrance. They are twenty-four feet in circumference, and are covered with scenes from the pleasurable side of kingly life. The second view is of a portion of the adjoining court of Rameses III. [p. 396] and shows the once splendid columns overturned to within a few feet of their bases. Of this site Mariette says: "The western side has been for some time the scene of considerable excavations. Some idea may be gathered of the immense amount of rubbish that has been cleared away, from the fact that at this point was the highest summit of the mound formed by the Coptic village above the temple. Unfortunately the works have not produced the hoped-for results, as decapitated columns, empty chambers, and religious inscriptions of a trivial character are all that has been brought to light."

A third view of Medinet Abû displays some of the "empty, unroofed chambers and religious inscriptions" mentioned by Mariette. He says: "It was in the chamber at the northwest corner, that nearly a thousand statuettes in bronze were found, all representing Osiris. . . . Another proof that the custom prevailed of purifying the area of the temple by strewing it with divine images buried underground."

A portion of the ruins of the Coptic village which once covered this edifice, may be seen piled up beyond the temple wall. [See p. 397.]

At the temple of Edfou, owing to its splendid state of preservation, several important studies can be made which are not to be found at any other place. The fact may have been already recognized that the temples of Edfou and Denderah are very similar in design, if not in detail. If one could stand upon the outer wall of the temple at Edfou near the rear\* and look forward toward the pylon, he would obtain a view [page

398] showing finely the relation of the outer to the inner wall; the fine cornice; and the lions' heads at the side (which seem to have served as the exit for water-spouts). Both the rear of the temple and the inside wall of the grand propylon are also seen. No single view impresses one more than this does with the massiveness of Egyptian masonry.

During the important processional services the winding stairways came into use. The steps were low and broad, for the men of that day were not fond of exerting themselves unnecessarily. Everything was done in a slow and solemn way, for was not the temple constructed to last "forever?"

In further confirmation of what has been maintained for the skill and taste and faith of the ancient Egyptians, the Island of Philæ gives its testimony. Its history runs from the time when Alexander was a lad at school, up to say A. D. 453, some seventy-four years after Theodosius had, by his royal edict, wiped out the Egyptian religion. The last celebration of the mysteries of Osiris and Isis occurred at Philæ, and there the ancient religion drew its last expiring breath—upon the boundary line between Egypt and Ethiopia. Philæ is thirty-six hundred feet long and twelve hundred feet wide, and yet it is almost wholly covered with picturesque ruins. In the old days, a strong wall ran around the whole island, to prevent the incursions of the river. At the southwestern extremity there is a double colonnade which is unrivalled by any other in the land [p. 400]. The work does not seem to have been finished. Some of the columns are perfect, while of others the shafts are untouched and the capitals in the row of sixteen columns are still in the rough. Seemingly, this part of the grand cluster was added by the Greeks or Romans after the temple was many centuries old, in order to augment the grandeur of the approach.

A high flight of steps led up from the river to a spacious court flanked by a pair of obelisks. There the devotee was received on his arrival. From this, as we see, the magnificent colonnades conducted to the chief temple. Before the temple two colossal lions crouched in

\* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, September, 1887, page 267.

front of a pair of obelisks forty-four feet in height. Remnants of these still stand. Several gateways here are similar in style to the principal one at Karnak. What is known as "the second pylon" possesses one peculiar feature which the others do not have. At the right of the base of the eastern wing is an arched-topped stone, a part of the island in fact. It is called the "Ptolemaic Land-Grant Stone," for the inscription which it bears upon its face is the deed given by the king to the priests of Isis, for the land upon which the temple has been erected.

Another of the attractions of Philæ, on the east side, is the graceful "Kiosk of Isis" or "Bed of Pharaoh" [p. 399]. It is always the chief feature of Philæ, no matter whether observed from the approach north, east, or south, or through the old Roman arch that is the loftiest of the group of ruins on the adjoining island of Biggeh, west. Nothing in Nile land is so beautiful as Philæ, with its great colonnades, richly cut pylons, lofty propylæa, decorated chambers highly colored, costly sub-temples, highly sculptured walls, slender obelisks and, withal, the irregular construction. The capitals of its columns are varied by the full-blown papyrus flower of several sizes, by its half-opened buds, by its closed buds, by its leaves, and by palm branches. Many of these objects are highly colored, as are the ceilings. Some of the columns show that they have been made up of parts of older ones, for here and there, through niches, their inner sculptured surfaces can be seen. A grand prologue is playing at Philæ, night and day.

Our investigations thus far have been directed to the temples which are constructed of quarried stone. Let us turn now to those which were excavated from the solid rock. Their arrangement corresponds as closely as possible with the structural buildings. Two fine examples are found at Abû Simbel, in Nubia. A visit to them well repays the traveller for the long journey of four hundred miles from Philæ. They are so very different from those in Lower Egypt, that it would be hard to understand that they were designed and built by

the same nation, were it not that they so plainly give evidence of their Egyptian origin by their immensity, by their glorious conception and by their interior arrangement.

To construct those we have already seen, the architects were compelled to quarry their material, shape it, and then lift it into place and form, by means which are unknown to us. But at Abû Simbel it was not so. Probably when the great Rameses and the staff of architects, whom he had gathered about him, sailed up the Nile in one of the tremendous barges of that day, seeking a site for the temple, they came within sight of a great mountain whose rocky face confronted them; they commanded their thousand or more oarsmen to cease their labors, and discussed the possibility of securing material there for the erection of a temple.

We can readily imagine how the king, who (if the temple inscriptions tell the truth) was "never wrong," after listening to the suggestions made by his princes and his architects, said: The temple we have in mind already lies hidden by the gods in yonder mountain. You have but to remove the waste material, and your work is done. See to it, however, that the deities Ra and Isis and Phtah, *and I*, are all represented in becoming size on the façade, as guardians—two on each side of the pylon. And, mark you: see that no god has choice of position over the king; let the likeness and the form of them all be mine. Osiris must man the eight piers which support the roof, and we four must be seated in the sanctuary, side by side.—The work was so done.

The first one sees of the larger temple is from the deck of the boat when approaching. One of the colossal heads peering above the golden glacier of sand appears first, on the north side. The next moment all that can be seen of the glorious façade is revealed. It measures about one hundred feet in height, and in width the same. The first one ashore, may, in two minutes, stand face to face with the great Rameses in stone. Face to face? Well, no—not within fifty feet of it—yet where one can look up into the face, or the "likeness" of him whose daughter saved Moses from the croco-

diles, and whose son so rashly pursued that same Moses across the Red Sea. There is no avenue of sphinxes here—no obelisks as at Karnak. The colossi and the pylon are combined in one. The dimensions of these monstrous statues, carefully figured out by a well-known American, are as follows :

	Ft.	Inch.
Height of the crown .....	14	0
Top of head to front of chin .....	10	6
Length of the ears .....	3	5
Width of shoulders .....	22	2
Width of chest .....	16	6
Top of shoulders to elbow-joint, outside .....	14	8
Forearm, inside, to end of second finger .....	15	0
Length of nose .....	3	6
Length of beard [they wore short beards then] .....	5	6
Diameter of the arms below the shoulders .....	5	0
Length of the hands .....	3	6
Largest finger in length .....	3	8
Hip to front knee .....	26	6
Width of hips .....	17	4
Top of knee to the sole of the foot ..	22	0
Diameter of the calves of the leg ....	6	6
Length of one of Rameses' feet .....	13	6
Width " " " " .....	5	8
Length of the big toe .....	2	10
Width of " " " " .....	1	8

There are at each side of the pylon or entrance to the temple interior, two of the great master-pieces whose measurements have been given. The one on the left as you face them, is in the best state of preservation, and is cleared to its feet. The second has been broken down to its lap by earthquake or by a fault in the rock, and its head and trunk lie at its feet partly buried in the sand. The other two are in a well-preserved condition—both their faces good—but are partly under the sand also—the first almost to the calves of its legs, and the second quite up to its elbows. The north side of the temple is so near the edge of the mountain, that the sand from the incline which comes down it, like a great Niagara or Rhone glacier, flirts around with the wind and gradually wears off, changes and smoothes the outlines of the figures, thus altering their expression. It also leaves its golden deposit at their feet, besides driving into the temple such loads as sometimes wholly block the entrance. Even now, the eight figures of Osiris which sup-

port the osiride columns of the entrance hall [p. 402] stand up to their knees in sand. Nothing but a huge wall shutting back the blasts from the temple-mountain will evade this.

It is easy to visit this "Chamber of the gods" and explore the other rooms, the second, the third, and the fourth ; then the sanctuary, with Rameses and the gods upon one throne. There are also various chambers or crypts at each side. All are lined with hieroglyphics and inscriptions, after all not so hard to read, for they set forth the life-work of the great Sesostris, the Pharaoh of the Pharaohs, whose mummy lies now at Bûlâq.

Photographs were made of several of the wall figures by the help of magnesium light. In one panel is Rameses in converse with the gods. In another he is suckled by Isis. Now we see him holding twenty Nubians by their combined top-knots with one hand, while with the other hand he aims his sword at their necks. In one picture on the southern wall he stands alone in his chariot, the reins tied about his waist, his fallen charioteers at his feet, while he deals out death on every side with his arrows. In another he has leaped to the ground and is engaged in a personal combat. Thus the pictures run on in historical succession, until, finally, we see the king returned to his home, where, seated upon his throne, accompanied by the gods, he passes sentence upon the hopeless wretches who have been made prisoners in battle and who are brought in by one of the royal captains. All are more spirited than artistic ; all tell of the greatness of him in whose honor they were engraved nearly four thousand years ago.

When the camera was put to work, the profiles and full figures, and arms and feet, were its chief subjects. A dozen people climbed to the lap of one great figure and were photographed, standing abreast ; yet they did not half cover the broad chest. One man was posed on a finger-nail. A row over to the island opposite was necessary in order to secure the whole façade, together with the smaller temple, north. This latter, were it not for its larger neighbor, would be considered a great wonder



Pictures on the Walls of the Great Temple at Abû Simbel.

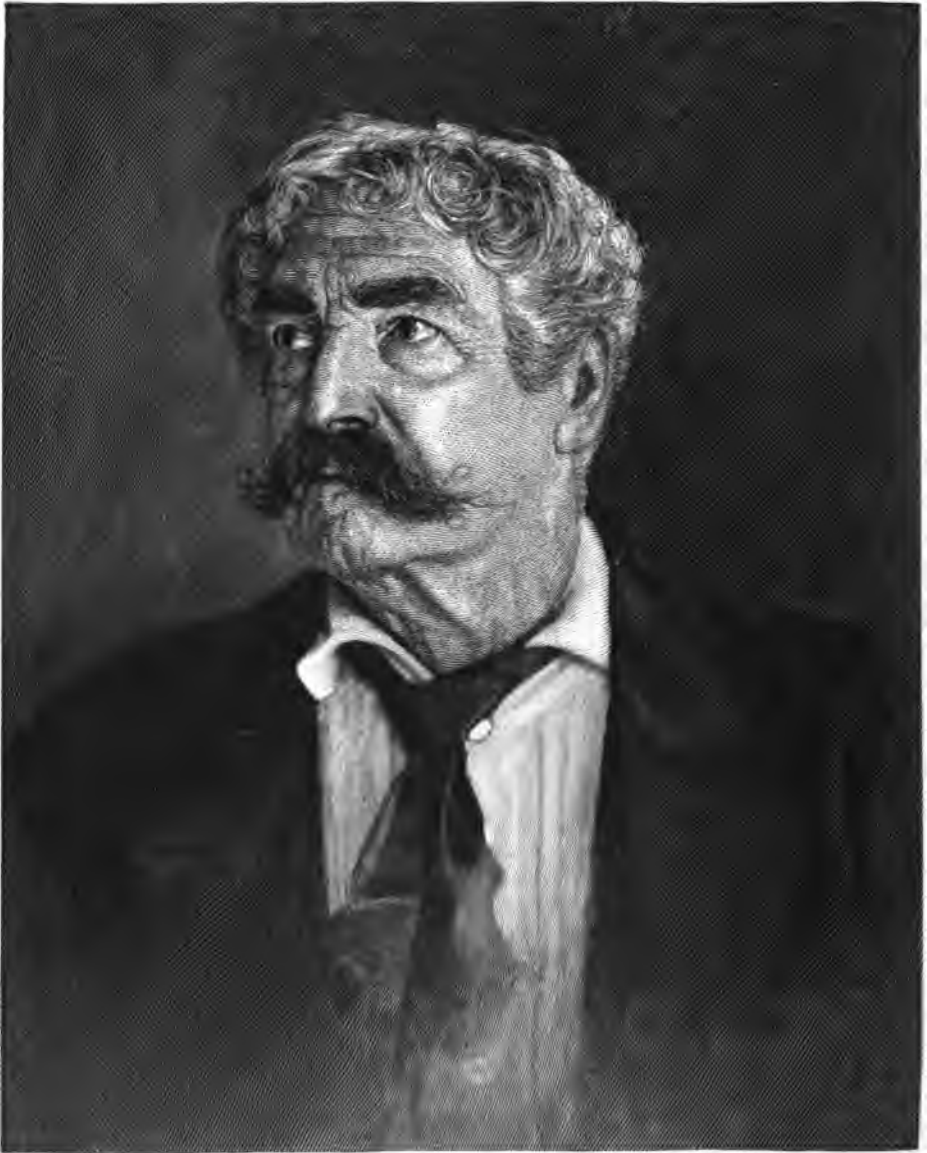
Showing Rameses fighting from his chariot, in personal combat, and passing sentence on captives.

too, though its façade is not nearly so deep and grand, nor its figured warders so immense. It was dedicated to the goddess Hathor, and her likeness, in the form of a sacred cow, is many times seen upon the walls. Several statues of the king and the deities adorn the façade. The interior, about ninety feet deep, is divided into five or six small apartments. One gets the impression from it that it was the result of the first effort to create the great temple projected by the king; but the architects not coming up to his ideas, it was abandoned, and a much grander one was hewn out of the neighboring mountain. Belzoni tells us that Rameses II. erected the larger temple in honor of Amun and Phre, while his wife, Nofre Ari dedicated the other one to Hathor.

In reviewing the subject, there are some points which do not satisfy. The wall-sculptures give us valuable information as to the manners of the people and of the general nature of their civilization, but as to the appearance and special character of their surroundings we are left in darkness as impressive as are the sombre temple interiors. Nearly every episode in social and public life, where individual and even collective operation is implied, is depicted with dramatic exactitude, but without any external accessories. Thus, all the industries of the farm and of the garden, with their fruits, are spread before us with great minuteness so far as the actors are concerned, but there the pictures stop. At one corner of a field we may see a thirsty gleaner on his knees drinking from a water-skin suspended from the lower branches of a tree; at another place is a dog following his

master somewhere, who leans upon his staff. But with all this fidelity of detail and design, there is not a suggestion as to the nature of the country in which the operations are going on. Again a yoke of oxen, with curving neck, and steady step, bend willingly to the plow, but not a line representing the upturned soil is given. The excitements of the chase are detailed with wondrous care, and the receptions of the king are figured in all their minute detail, but there is neither field nor throne-room, forest, fence, nor court-yard shown. Craftsmen are seen with their tools; gymnasts at play; and merchants with their wares; but the work-shops, the arenas and the bazars, are all missing. There are the actors in plenty with the plays going on; but the settings of the stage—and even the stage itself—are wanting.

The works of the Egyptians may fall short of what we have been educated to consider as artistic. As a rule, however, works of art are measured and judged by the success with which they carry out the intention and feeling of the artist. Judged thus, the Egyptian works of art are successful. The ancient Egyptians copied no one. Their art sprang from their surroundings. What they have left continues to baffle us in many ways. We may understand perspective better than they did; we are their superiors in the mastery of *chiaro-oscuro*. We dare to build higher, and we are willing to trust thousands of lives to walls which would be wrecked if a single Egyptian column should fall against them; but we do not yet understand how they lifted their great masses to such lofty places, nor do we know where their architects studied art.



LESTER WALLACK.

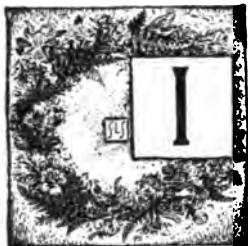
(From a photograph taken at his country house in Stamford, July, 1888.)



# MEMORIES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

By *Lester Wallack.*

## FIRST PAPER.



### INTRODUCTORY

NOTE. — Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in his "Backlog Studies," says: "The best talk is that which escapes up the open chimney, and cannot be repeated." The following papers are simply the result of an effort to catch and preserve the familiar talk of a veteran of the stage on its way to the fireplace of a certain front room in Thirty-fourth Street, New York. They do not pretend to be complete or consecutive; or even to be what is termed literature; only the Memories, Social and Professional, of Half a Century; affectionately inscribed to the audiences the speaker has addressed in other days and in other ways.

My first experience on any stage was at an establishment at Mitcham, in Surrey, called Baron House Academy, a fine old mansion which had become a private school. Colman's "Heir at Law" was produced immediately before the beginning of the summer holidays, upon an improvised stage in the school-room, with the English usher as prompter and general manager. As the son of "the celebrated Mr. Wallack," it was felt proper, naturally, that I should take part, and I was billed for the speech from Home's tragedy of "Douglas"—"My name is *Norval*"—although I was only ten years of age. I was dressed in a red tunic trimmed with fur, white trousers and red shoes, and carried a round wooden shield and a wooden sword painted blue. As for the lines, I suppose I must have painted *them* red. How I spoke them heaven only knows. I only remember that I never missed a syllable.

My next appearance was at another

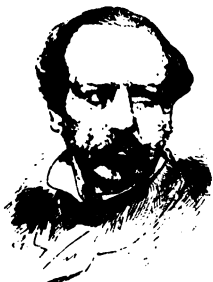
school performance given at Brighton, when I was about fifteen years old. This was at a seminary kept by a Mr. Allfree, which was then rather celebrated, and the play was "Pizarro." At that time my uncle, Henry Wallack, was stage-manager at Covent Garden. Of course all the boys were racking their brains and ransacking the shops to find what they should wear. My mother applied to my uncle, who sent down a lot of splendid properties, a leopard skin robe and all the necessary things for *Rolla*, all of which were of course very much too large for me, particularly the sandals. I remember nothing of the play except that it went off with a great deal of applause, but I do remember that the end was a most undignified one for me, because as I fell dead I fell just exactly where the curtain must come down on me; and when it began to descend the boy who played *Alonzo*, and one of the soldiers stepped forward, and taking me, one by one leg and one by the other, dragged me up the stage, a bit of new "business" which was greatly appreciated if I might judge from the "roars" in front.

On returning from my first visit to America, which had been a purely social one, and before it was quite determined whether I should finally go into the army or not, my father, who was about to set out upon a starring tour to Bath and other provincial towns, proposed that I should join him, partly as a companion, and partly to support him in such parts as could safely be entrusted to one who could only be looked upon as an amateur; and the first appearance



Henry Wallack, Uncle of Lester.

I made on any stage after I arrived at manhood was as *Angelo* in a play called "Tortesa the Usurer," by N. P. Willis. I had seen it brought out before when my father had the National Theatre in New York. The character of *Tortesa*



Gustavus Brooke.

was written for him, and when he went over to England he took the play with him and starred in it. The character I assumed was originally acted by Edmon S. Conner, then his "leading juvenile."

During this tour I played that part, *Macduff* to his *Macbeth*, and *Richmond* to his *Richard III.*, and these, I think, constituted the main portion of my endeavors at that time. This was just after the burning of the National Theatre in 1839. I had done enough, inexperienced as I was (so my father told me afterward), to show that, if ever the profession should become a necessity to me, I had a certain amount of promise; that in fact I had "the gift." During this engagement I assumed the name of "Allan Field," which had belonged to a relative of the family.

I hesitated long before I made up my mind to become an actor; but when I finally did so, I determined that I should know my profession from beginning to end, and should depend upon it for my sole support; and the consequence was that my poor mother often cried in those early days, because I would not let her send me a five pound note now and then, to add to my weekly stipend of twenty shillings!

I was resolved that whatever success I might make I would owe to myself, and not to my father's name; therefore, as Mr. Lester I played the *Earl of Rochester* in the town of Rochester, in a comedy called "Charles II.," by John Howard Payne. I had a very good part—the second part of the piece. Charles Kemble was *King Charles*, Fawcett playing *Edward* and Jones the *Earl of Rochester* in the original cast, at Covent Garden. The season at Rochester was a short one, as my uncle Henry Wallack,

who had taken the theatre as an experiment, had it for only a few weeks. This was my first professional engagement. My salary was still one pound a week; and I was paid about as punctually as actors in small companies were at that time. Three pounds a week was a good salary in a country theatre, and five pounds was enormous. When we got to the larger provincial cities salaries were a little higher, but I very much doubt if any leading actor at Bath, Bristol, Liverpool, or Manchester ever received more than ten pounds a week in those days.

My experience at another provincial theatre—the Theatre Royal Southampton—was somewhat curious. The house was taken by a Mr. W. J. A. Abingdon, a barrister in very good practice and a rich man, who was wildly enthusiastic upon every subject connected with the drama. His particular craze was his fancy that he resembled Shakespeare, and he indulged his pride in having himself painted as the Bard of Avon, after Roubillac's statue in Westminster Abbey, a portrait which was distributed broadcast over Southampton and the neighboring town of Winchester. I soon became a favorite with him, and as I was pretty careful in my study and acting, although very inexperienced, a short time after my joining his company he made me stage-manager; and a pretty queer stage-manager I suppose I was! This must have been about 1844, because



Charles Mathews.

a little later I became a great Liverpool favorite. But to return: We performed alternate nights at Winchester and Southampton, and the company used to travel in a little omnibus with a lantern in its corner.

After playing in Southampton we had to go to Winchester, and vice versa. We acted in three plays a night in those days, and had to write out our own parts, too. We were not provided with books, and studied by

the light of this lantern, arriving at our destination awfully tired in the middle of the night, or perhaps early in the morning. Sometimes we had but one rehearsal and sometimes two, seldom more; and to this early discipline I owe the retentive powers of memory which have been of such wonderful assistance to me ever since.

One of the first important steps I ever took upon the ladder of fame was when I had the honor, and pleasure, of playing *Benedick* to Helen Faucit's *Beatrice* at Manchester. She was one of the gentlest and sweetest actresses I ever met. She gave me more encouragement than I had ever received before, and the patience with which she rehearsed, for I was young and inexperienced then, was remarkable. She did what must have been very irksome to her and went over our scenes again and again with me, until I got my part in some kind of shape; and it was through her kindness that I made something of a hit with the audience. I shall always remember her with feelings of the greatest gratitude on that account. I played but that one Shakespearian part with her, because *Beatrice* was her only comedy character there except *Rosalind*, and as she appeared in tragedy all through the rest of the engagement Gustavus Brooke supported her. She is now Lady Martin. As Miss Faucit she was what I should call one of the most sympathetic actresses who ever walked the English stage. She combined a great deal of power with perfect pathos, and I can hardly recall another actress who did this in so great a degree. They say her *Lady Macbeth* was very impressive; I know her *Portia* was. She not only played the comic portions admirably, but "the trial scene" was equally well done; gentle and quiet, but majestic and powerful—wonderfully impressive. She came out first in London under her mother, Mrs. Faucit, who played what is called the "heavy lead." Helen supported Macready—she was the original *Clara Douglas* in Bulwer's "Money"—at the Haymarket, Covent Garden, and elsewhere, before she went starring on her

own account. She was a very great favorite throughout Great Britain, particularly in Edinburgh.

I first met Gustavus Brooke at this house. It was rather a small one and Brooke and I dressed in the same room. Off the stage, he had a particularly strong



Lester Wallack (from a photograph by Brady about 1870).

brogue. He was a perfectly reckless man, who did not care how his money went or what straits he might be in. He was an Irishman, one of the generous, kind-hearted, whole-souled John-Brougham Irishmen. During that engagement at Manchester we acted together. I would often go into my dressing-room and find that certain very necessary articles of my wardrobe were missing, and one night in particular I remember I was playing *Modus* in the "Hunchback" while he was acting *Master Walter*, and Miss Faucit *Julia*. I went into the room and found Brooke ready to go on. I had a costume I was particularly fond of, a chocolate colored, plain, quiet sort of dress; and I missed the tights belonging to it. Brooke said: "What is the matter, me dear boy?" I said, "I cannot dress—I can't find my tights." "Why,"

said he, "I took the liberty to take your tights myself, they are on me. I couldn't find my own." Fortunately I did not go on till the second act, and by that time the whole theatre had been ransacked and I got somebody's nether garments,



Lizzie Weston Davenport.

and he carried through the performance with "Lester's tights." It was characteristic of Brooke that he would have been quite as willing that I should have taken his and have gone on himself without any. He was one of those reckless, generous creatures who would give anything he had in the world to me, or to anybody else he liked.

He first made his appearance at the Olympic in London, a little bit of a theatre, and he met with unqualified immense success. He came out in *Othello*. It is a singular thing, that Brooke made almost as great a hit as Edmund Kean did when he appeared as *Shylock*. It was a tremendous triumph. He had been little heard of except as a favorite provincial actor. His success was instantaneous and complete; but unlike that of Edmund or Charles Kean it was not followed up at all. The second part he played was *Sir Giles Overreach* in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and although that was as consistently fine a piece of acting as his *Othello*, perhaps



"Dolly" Davenport.

more perfect, it did not seem to strike the people by any means so forcibly. From his first performance the thing gradually simmered down, so to speak, and that, I presume, was the reason he went to Australia, where he made an immense reputation and is still lovingly remembered. It was on his second voyage to Australia that he went to the bottom, poor fellow. I think the ship was called "The London." Harry Edwards has the most affectionate recollection of him.

Brooke had a most wonderful voice, a voice of tremendous power and at the

same time of great melody, and with a great deal of variety in it. On one occasion he was acting with Forrest, our American tragedian. He was then a stock actor in one of the English towns in which Forrest was starring, and when someone said to him: "Brooke, look out, here is Forrest coming; he has a powerful voice, a voice that will drown anything that was ever heard here;" Brooke replied: "I'll show him something if he tries it with me." Forrest played *Othello* and Brooke *Iago*, and in the great scene in the third act where *Othello* lays hold of *Iago*, Forrest put forth the whole of his terrific and tremendous force, which he always did. The moment he finished, Brooke came out with his speech: "Oh Grace! Oh Heaven defend me!" etc., in a manner that almost made the roof shake; it absolutely seemed as if Forrest's voice had been nothing. It astonished Forrest, and astonished everybody else. I suppose Brooke had the most powerful lungs except Salvini's that were ever given to an actor. That is a very exhausting speech of *Othello's* in this scene, and by the time Forrest was done he was pretty well pumped out and the other came in fresh. It was not a very wise act upon Brooke's part, and contrary to his better judgment; but he had become so worked up by the repeated warnings against Forrest's tremendous voice, that he did it on the spur of the moment. Forrest certainly was never more surprised in the course of his professional life; for it was seldom he met with a man whose utterance could compare with his own in volume and strength.

My first intimate relation with Charles Mathews the younger was also during my Manchester engagement, when I had become a sort of favorite at the Queen's Theatre—what might be called a semi star—or asteroid. Mathews and his wife—formerly known as Madame Vestris—came there to play; and of course I was very glad of the opportunity of acting with them, which I did in two or three pieces, receiving the kindest and warmest encouragement from them both. This is one of my pleasantest recollections; one of those remembrances that make me appreciate the fact that a young man's progress

may be very much injured or very much aided by the kindness or discouragement shown him by those who are higher in rank than himself. At all events, they did me a great deal of good.

played in various cities throughout the country, and I remember his showing me the results of an engagement in one large town, which he invested in a peculiar and characteristic way. His net



James Wallack (the Elder)

The next I saw of Charles Mathews was when he came to this country in 1857, after his wife's death, and played at what was then the Broadway Theatre, on the corner of Anthony Street. I met him very frequently at dinner at Boucicault's house, and at my own. My father was a great invalid, and Charles used to go and visit him and sit by his bedside continually, and so we got to see a great deal of each other; and it was perfectly remarkable then, as it was afterward, how lightly he took all the cares and vicissitudes of life. He seemed to go through the world as a grasshopper does; when he found the ground a little rough he hopped and got over it. He was the most lightsome creature that can be imagined, and he never seemed to let care take hold of him.

During this visit to America he

profits were exactly ten cents, and this particular dime he put upon his watch-chain and wore for many years as a charm. This visit ended with his marriage to the wife of "Dolly" Davenport, formerly Miss Lizzie Weston.

Davenport was then at our theatre, Broadway near Broome Street, and the famous fracas between them occurred just outside of the stage door of the Metropolitan Theatre (afterward the Winter Garden), where Mathews was playing an engagement. The usual result followed: there was a great deal of gossip, much controversy in the newspapers, with the inevitable "simmering down;" and Mathews and his wife almost immediately afterward left America for England. Thence he went for a long tour to India, Australia, and New Zealand.





MR. WALLACK AS *LEON DELMAR* IN HIS PLAY OF "THE VETERAN."  
(Leon disguised as Zohrab, the dumb captain. From a crayon drawing by N. Sarony.)

His last visit was made after my father's death, and when I had become the sole manager of the house on Broadway and Thirteenth Street. He brought over his wife, who, from being a very handsome, dark-haired woman, had become a brilliant blonde; as was the case with the majority of dark-haired women at that time. He opened at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, and she played in one piece with him. I remember that was the time I produced "The Liar." Mrs. Mathews came to see it the first night, and he told me afterward that she had advised him not to play it. He replied, "My dear Lizzie, it is one of my big parts in London; why shouldn't I play it here?" She said, "Don't think of it." He wanted to find out why he was not to play it, and asked two or three friends, who told him that I had embellished it with new scenery and many effects that he never thought of, and perhaps, if he were to play it, the audience would miss these things, and as he had plenty of other parts it would be just as well if he did not invite the comparison.

At last he wrote and told me he wished to see me, so I made an appointment and he came one day to my office, and said: "My dear Wallack, what is the reason I must wander about from place to place? what is the reason I can't get any chance with you? Here is the very theatre that suits me." I said: "My dear Charles, the reason simply is that the only auxil-

iary I have is myself; I have a very fine company, and when business is very dull I go on, and am a great help; but a star theatre I can never make it." "Will you have me in your stock company?" he asked. "Are you joking?" I returned. And he replied, "No, not at all, I shall be delighted; think what you can give me, and if you come any-

where near what will suit me, nothing will be more charming than to find myself under the management of one I knew almost as a boy."

After duly considering the matter I wrote to him, saying he must make his own proposition, and that I would meet

his terms if I could. His reply was: "My dear Wallack, No! No! No!" Upon which I wrote: "My dear Mathews, I will give you one hundred pounds a week for the season." And he replied at once, "My dear Wallack, Yes! Yes! Yes!" And that settled the matter.

He was a member of my company all through the season. I had then revived "The Veteran," to seventeen and eighteen hundred dollars a night, and had to defer his appearance. He came to me and said: "John, this is all wrong, I am taking your money and doing nothing." I replied, "Charles, take it and do nothing, and thank Heaven you are so well off." He asked: "Do you mind if I can make that money by playing an engagement at Brooklyn?" I answered: "No, certainly not; if you can relieve me of two or three of these five hundred dollars, I am willing." And this he did, in a measure, by what he made there. He was very ill at that time, too. It was then that he first told me what a charming club there was in Brooklyn, and was the cause of my ultimately joining the Brooklyn Club, of which I have been a member twelve or fifteen years.

I first brought him out in "London Assurance," at my theatre. I played *Charles Courtly*, and he played *Dazzle*. Gilbert was *Sir Harcourt*, Miss Plessy Mordaunt was *Lady Gay Spanker*, and William Floyd was *Dolly*. Then he went through a round of his favorite characters. He played *Puff* in "The Critic" charmingly. Stoddart was the *Don Whiskerandos*, and his death was so excessively droll that Mathews said it was the first time this character had succeeded in making him laugh on the stage, to the neglect of his own "business." He appeared also during the engagement in "Aggravating Sam," one of his special favorites, and in his old part of *Marplot* in "The Busybody," which I had frequently played on the same boards.

I was sitting in his dressing-room one night, when he said: "John, I have been



W. Farren.



Harry Beckett.

thinking where to place you." I said: "What do you mean?" "Where to place you as an artist," he went on. I was naturally very anxious to hear what he had to say on that point, so I said:



Charlotte Cushman.

"Don't be bashful." I thought perhaps he was going to be a little critical. "Say anything; it must do me good more than harm." He said: "I should call you a mixture of your father and myself. Of your father in melodrama and high comedy, and of myself in what

we used in my younger days to call 'touch and go' playing." "Well," I said, "that's a pretty good mixture, and, seriously, the highest compliment I have ever received."

As a member of a stock company, in spite of his importance as a star, a more genial or charming person cannot be imagined, nor a more loyal subject. And here it may be remarked that, as a rule, I have always found that the higher the rank of the artist, the more amenable he is to discipline. The troubles in this respect, at least those I have experienced, have always been caused by comparatively unimportant people.

He said one day he had never seen an American yacht. I said, "Well, will you come down and have a little cruise with me on the *Columbia*?" "For heaven's sake, don't ask me to sail in her. I have sailed all over the world during the last two or three years, and I am thoroughly sick of the water." I said: "We won't quarrel about it, but come down and dine with me, and you might bring just a dressing-gown and a pair of socks, or something of the sort, because if it should rain very hard you had better sleep aboard, and not have that long



George H. Barrett.

journey back." The yacht was then lying off Tompkinsville, Staten Island. He came aboard and was delighted with her. I said: "Are you seasick?" "Oh, this is delicious," he answered, as he lay in the cockpit, smoking a cigar. I had given orders quietly to get the anchor up, and before he knew where he was we were under way, and he did not leave that boat for three or four days. He said he never had a more delightful time in his life.

A more charming table companion and more agreeable person than Charles Mathews could not possibly be. I have somewhere the speech he made (which he sent me in print afterward) at his benefit and last appearance on my stage. It was in a part called *Sir Simon Simple*, in "Not Such a Fool as he Looks." I had acted in the first piece the *Captain of the Watch*, an original part of his which I first saw him play at Covent Garden. That was the last time I ever saw Charles Mathews. I got a most affectionate letter from his wife after he had returned to England, in which she said she never could forget his description of how he was treated by me.

After that Mrs. Wallack met him several times in London, and he was always most attentive and kind to her. On one occasion she went to see him in "My Awful Dad." There was another piece played after it, and Mathews, when he was dressed, came into the box and asked Mrs. Wallack how she liked it. She was much pleased with it, so he said: "There is but one man, after myself, that can play this part, and that is John. I will make it a present to him." He did so, and she brought out the manuscript. I saw that two long acts would never do, and I rewrote it, making it into three acts. Much of the business is mine, including the address to the jury. I did the latter in imitation of a barrister I had heard in London. That was how I came to have "My Awful Dad." Harry Beckett played the son admirably.

But to return to Manchester and my early experiences there. Charlotte and Susan Cushman, with both of whom I afterward became very intimate, played "Romeo and Juliet" at the Queen's in 1845; and were the cause of my going to London, that Mecca of all young Eng-



The Old Broadway Theatre, New York.

lish actors. Susan was the *Juliet*, and Charlotte said to Mr. Sloane who was then the lessee of that theatre, "Who is your *Mercutio*?" Sloane replied "There I think we shall be all right; I have got young Wallack." She asked "Whom do you mean by young Wallack? I know Mr. James Wallack; I have played with him, and have the greatest admiration for him. I know he has a son; is he on the stage?" "Yes," said Sloane. "I do not see his name here." "No, he calls himself Mr. Lester." "Very inexperienced, I am afraid," said Miss Cushman. "Yes, very inexperienced, but he is said to have a good deal of promise about him." At the end of the first rehearsal without books, Charlotte Cushman put her hand on my shoulder and said: "Young gentleman, there is a great future before you, if you take care and do not let your vanity run away with you." After that we became great friends, and when she went to fulfil an engagement at the Haymarket she said to Mr. Webster:

"Wallack is the coming young man of the day." As I had often seen my father in the part of *Mercutio*, I suppose, for a youngster, it was a better performance than they expected; and that was the commencement of my approach to London. Mr. Webster thought that he would very much like to get a young man who would hit the public, because Charles Mathews had just left him to go to the Lyceum Theatre. Webster had the Adelphi and the Haymarket both, at that time. Miss Cushman's recommendation of me worked upon him, and he finally engaged me to play at the latter house. My first appearance in London was in a piece called "The Little

Devil," a two-act play which Mr. Mathews and his wife had been very successful in. Mr. Farren, Mr. Webster, and I consulted as to what would be best for my metropolitan debut; and I said I had made some fame in this part of Mathews's at Liverpool, but I had played in a different version from that of Mathews and Vestris. I wanted to play my own version, as I had my own little business, and all that; but Mr. Webster declared that I should play in his, which was very poor; and also that I should sing. I had never sung a note on the stage, and I told him it would in all probability kill my first appearance, by reason of the extra nervousness in singing a duet with Priscilla Horton (afterward Mrs. German Reed), and particularly a drinking song, a thing I never dreamed of. Not only did Mr. Webster insist upon my doing this, which required a restudy (there is nothing so difficult as studying the rearrangement of a play you have already learned), but he insisted upon my sing-

ing the songs, and sent me on the stage after 11 o'clock at night, and after a five-act comedy. I was a good deal put out at this. I thought it would ruin my chances, and to a certain extent it did, the audience being tired and yawning, many leaving the theatre before I came on. So well did somebody manage, I won't say who, that after a few nights of this I did not act at all, and when I appeared again it was once more under unfair treatment, as I believe. Mr. Hudson, who was the leading comedian then, was taken ill and could not

play *Dazzle* in "London Assurance" which had then been revived. Mr. Boucicault himself attended the rehearsals, and they cast me for *Dazzle*, a part I had never attempted, and which had all the prestige of Mr. Charles Mathews's great name. I had not been allowed to play for some weeks, and I was put on the stage with Mr. Farren, Mr. Buckstone, and all these



James Wallack, Jr.

people around me who knew every turn and twist of the business of the comedy; and I naturally appeared under the greatest possible disadvantages. I think that is about all I did do.

In the meantime Mr. George H. Barrett, who had come to England to make engagements for a new theatre which was building on Broadway, corner of Anthony Street, New York, and which was to be called "The Broadway," went to the Haymarket, saw me, and thought he had found the very thing he wanted for America. He came to my mother's house and asked, "When does this season end?" I told him, and he said, "Well, now, what are you getting here?" "Six pounds a week," a very good salary in those days. He replied: "Well, I will give you eight, if you will go to the States." It was a great temptation, because it secured to me the first line of comedy and because my father was then in America; so I closed with him at once, and at the end of the

Haymarket season sailed via the Cunard line, which then went to Boston only. There I saw my father, who was just about to start for England.

This was the cause of my coming to America as an actor. I opened the Broadway Theatre, playing *Sir Charles Coldstream*, fell through a trap on the first night and nearly got killed. The stage had been built in a very hurried manner. Jumping on the trap, it gave way and I went through, but fortunately had presence of mind enough to catch myself by my elbows. I picked myself up uninjured and had one of the greatest receptions I ever remember. I was the success of the evening, so the newspapers said. In those days I lived on Broadway at a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Black near Broome Street. Wallack's Theatre, strangely enough, afterward stood on that very spot.

The Broadway Theatre was built by, or for, one Colonel Alvah Mann. The first season was a losing one. There was a succession of managers, things were going very badly, and Mr. George Barrett finally gave up the stage management, which devolved upon Mr. James Wallack, Jr., my cousin; it then came into the hands of Mr. George Vandenhoff; at last it came to Mr. William Rufus Blake, and then was produced Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts," with Mr. Blake as *Jesse Rural*. The drama, which had never been done here before, brought up the fortunes of the theatre again. The next season Mr. Blake was still stage-manager and we repeated various plays. Mr. Forrest had a very successful engagement there during which I played *Cassio* to his *Othello*. Then James Anderson played an engagement and I acted with him. I supported Forrest, too, in the "Broker of Bogota," and that was the first idea I got that I could do some serious work. The fortunes of the theatre went down once more until at last an actor named George Andrews got hold of a book which was exciting and interesting the whole town. It was Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo." Andrews made a dramatization of it, and offered it as a holiday piece, to be brought out on Christmas night. Mr. Blake came to me and told me about it. I said it was



capable of making an excellent drama. He replied: "The drama is made; and you must play *Monte Cristo*." "Good Heavens, I cannot!" said I. "You must do this or the theatre will close," he answered; "we have no one else to do it." I was in a horrible fright, for I had never attempted anything of the kind; but I



George Vandenhoff.

said: "Very well, I will try it and if I fail it will not be my fault." The consequence was an immense success—one of the first plays that rivalled "Richard III." and "London Assurance" by a run of one hundred nights. Fanny Wallack, my cousin, played *Haidee*, and Mr. Fredericks played *Fernand*. Hadaway was in the piece and played *Caderousse*.

It was the great hit of the season, and the thing that saved the theatre from bankruptcy. It was from *Monte Cristo* that I got what celebrity I ever had in melodramatic characters, and singular to say, most of the greatest successes I ever had were in parts which were a mixture of the serious and comic, like "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "Jessie Brown," "Rosedale," and "The Streets of New York."

I first met George Vandenhoff at the Broadway Theatre, where it seems he had made an engagement with Colonel Mann, in which he stipulated that he should not be held inferior to anyone in the company. In other words he was to be strictly the leading man. When Mr. Blake came into the stage management he advocated making a star theatre of it, and among other stars he engaged was my cousin, Mr. James Wallack, Jr. The opening play was "*Othello*," in which Wallack was cast for *Othello*, as a matter of course, and Vandenhoff for *Iago*. About half past six, the curtain being supposed to rise at seven, there was no Mr. Vandenhoff in the theatre. They sent a message to his lodgings or his hotel, or wherever he was, to know whether he was aware of the lateness of the hour. The messenger came back and reported that Mr. Vandenhoff was out

and had left no word as to when he would return. The time approached for the commencement of the performance, Mr. Wallack was waiting, dressed for *Othello*, I was waiting dressed for *Cassio*, which I was to play that night; everybody was waiting, dressed for everything. No Mr. Vandenhoff, no message, until about five minutes before the curtain should have risen, when a note did arrive at last from him, explaining that as his name in the bills and advertisements did not appear in equal prominence with Mr. Wallack's he did not intend to play at all. There was naturally a great deal of indignation expressed on the part of the management; the audience were becoming impatient, and eventually Mr. Blake went upon the stage before the curtain to explain the cause of the delay. He spoke to this effect:

"Ladies and gentlemen; I am very sorry to appear before you as an apologist. We shall give you the play, but without Mr. Vandenhoff, who, not ten minutes ago, sent word that he would not act because his name did not appear in the bills in equal type with Mr. James Wallack's. It has been left to the management to give you an acceptable substitute in the person of Mr. Dyott, who, at this singularly short notice, will appear as *Iago*. [Great applause.] We have given you the best possible remedy for the disappointment, and we leave it to you to give Mr. Vandenhoff his just deserts whenever he shall appear before you again."

The result of this was a very successful performance of the tragedy, and a challenge from Mr. Vandenhoff to Mr. Blake. Mr. Thomas Placide consented to act as Mr. Blake's second. The affair, however, was patched up by the interference of mutual friends, and no blood was shed.

Mr. Blake, off the stage as well as on, was a positive epitome of fun and humor. There was a gentleman in the company named Hind, who came to him one day with the pomposity which I have gene-



William Rufus Blake.

rally remarked prevails in a greater degree among the lesser luminaries of the stage than among the greater, and said :

"Mr. Blake, I have observed an omission in the bills with regard to my name."



Thomas Hadaway.

Mr. Blake turned around from the managerial table, and gazed at him with some surprise.

"Mr. Hind, what is the omission?"

"I have always been particular, sir, about my initials; they are not in the bill."

Mr. Blake, without asking him what his initials were, said very solemnly :

"Mr. Hind, the omission shall be rectified." The consequence was that in the next bill in which the gentleman's name occurred Mr. Blake put "The Character of *so and so* by Mr. B. Hind," which of course caused a great deal of amusement in the company, and a great deal of indignation on the part of Mr. Hind, whose initials were T. J., but who was called "Mr. Behind" ever after.

On another occasion Mr. Blake had to deal with a gentleman of a somewhat higher style of ambition whom we will call Jones. On the 22d of February a patriotic play was produced which was concluded with the appearance of the figure of Washington surrounded by every sort of emblem of patriotism—in fact, in a blaze of glory. Mr. Jones said to the stage-manager :

"Mr. Blake, I have frequently played the part that you have cast me for in this piece. I represent the officer who

carries the flag of our nation, and I have always, in that particular scene in which I carried it, been accustomed to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'" Mr. Blake replied :

"But a song here is entirely out of place; it will be an interruption to the course of the play, and on this occasion I cannot consent to its introduction. We cannot sacrifice the play on that account." Mr. Jones replied :

"Mr. Blake, if I am to play this part I *must* sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' My name has invariably been in the bills with the addition of this line: 'In which he will sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'" Mr. Blake persevered in his denial of the request, when Jones drew himself up to his full height, which, by the bye, was not above five feet four, and majestically said :

"Mr. Blake, I wish it to be recorded

that I insist upon being billed as singing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"



Thomas Placide.

Blake declined any further conversation on the subject. But in the bill he wrote "The Character of *so and so* by

Mr. Jones, in which he insists upon singing 'The Star Spangled Banner!'"



## PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

By Hugh McCulloch.



ORD DERBY, in a speech delivered at Liverpool, in 1872, made the striking remark that the increase of wealth in Great Britain, within the present century, far exceeded the increase in the preceding 1800 years. This wealth had been chiefly created by her extensive commerce and her manufactures, in which for many years she excelled all other nations combined. The gain in the United States has been the result of agricultural and manufacturing industry, and of the increased value of land, and this increase in the value of land is in a very great degree attributable to canals and railroads, chiefly the latter, without which the most of the great West would have remained a wilderness, and our large cities would have been unimportant towns. It is hardly too much to say, that the United States are twenty times richer than they were a half century ago. The whole world has, indeed, felt the influences that have been at work within this brief period of its history in pushing onward modern civilization. A large part of it has, in fact, been rejuvenated within a half century. Nearly all of the mechanical inventions, now so indispensable, such as railroads, iron ships, telegraphs, agricultural implements, labor-saving machinery of all kinds, have come into use within less than two generations, but in no part of the world have such changes taken place as in the United States. Within the period named, the population of the United States has been more than twice doubled. Sixteen States have been added to the Union, and what was then the far distant West, has become the centre of population and political power.

Of all the changes that have taken place within the last half century, none has been more marked and decided than

that in ships. Until the Cunard Company, in 1840, sent their first steamship the *Britannia*, of thirteen hundred tons, from Liverpool to Boston, sailing vessels built of wood, had the command of the seas. There were, it is true, a few steamships constructed before that time. In 1819, the *Savannah*, with steam as well as sails, went from Savannah in Georgia, to St. Petersburg, stopping on her way out at England, and completing her run from St. Petersburg back to Savannah in twenty-six days; so that the honor of sending the first steamship across the ocean from the United States, belongs to a Southern State. In 1825, the *Enterprise*, properly so called, went from England to Calcutta, and in 1838 the *Sirius*, of seven hundred tons, and the *Great Western*, of thirteen hundred and forty tons, came to New York from Liverpool. These, however, were experiments. Regular ocean traffic by steamships did not fairly commence until the establishment of the Cunard line in 1840. From that time the construction of steamships went rapidly on, and traffic upon the seas went as rapidly from sailing vessels to steamers. The great motive power of the world upon water as well as upon land, is steam. Upon the Great Lakes and upon the Ocean, its value is appreciated; but upon the rivers only, can its great advantages be fully understood. Before I went to the West in 1833 and for some time after, the business upon the Mississippi and its tributaries was chiefly carried on by flat-boats, which were floated down to New Orleans by the current, and broken up and sold for lumber after their cargoes had been disposed of; or by barges which, after they had been unloaded at the levee, were towed back to their shipping points by watermen, a race that has long since disappeared. A whole season was consumed by these barges in a single trip down and back from the Ohio and Upper Mississippi to New Orleans.

Steamboats when they came into full

play changed all this, and opened for settlement a country as large as that which lies east of the Alleghanies. The ocean and lake traffic might have been carried on by sailing vessels, but upon no rivers, except the great rivers of South America, could sails be used. In our harbors one now sees a few small sailing vessels, and here and there a three masted schooner, which reminds him of the Baltimore Clippers, but these are engaged in a coast wise trade, and are being rapidly superseded by small steamers. In 1876, the last time I was in Liverpool, I saw scarcely a single sailing vessel among the hundreds that filled her docks. The age is utilitarian ; it is the most useful that is sought for, what pays the best is the desideratum. The sailing ship is a thing of beauty. Nothing to me is so beautiful as a full rigged ship with all sails set, as she moves before the wind ; but she has ceased to pay. A steamship is a thing of power. There is nothing about her which is beautiful, but she is time-saving, and hence her superiority over sailing vessels.

Next to steam, iron and steel have been the great factors in the revolution of the last half century in ship building. Fifty years ago, vessels of all descriptions, naval as well as those that were used in trade, were built of wood. Now iron and steel are almost exclusively used. There are a few small sailing vessels being built of wood for home trade, but a wooden ship of war can only be seen among the hulks. The fight in Hampton Roads between the little *Monitor* and the *Virginia*, sealed the fate of wooden war ships. What a revolution in ship building that first contest between iron-clads produced ! It literally made valueless the navies of the world, upon which countless millions had been expended. In itself considered, it was in comparison with hundreds of other naval battles, an unimportant affair, but by enabling the Government to maintain the blockade, it did much for the preservation of the Union, and by showing how powerless wooden ships would be in contests with ironclads, it created a system of naval architecture in which all the commercial nations are now experimenting. Each is trying to construct ships

that will attain the greatest speed, carry the heaviest guns, and resist the heaviest shot. Their value will be tested in the next great European war.

The decline in its shipping is the great humiliation of the United States. Less than half a century ago, it was second only to Great Britain, with strong indications that it would soon be her superior as a maritime power. The best ships in the world were then built in the United States, chiefly in New England, and our ship-yards not only supplied the home demand, which was very large but to a considerable extent the foreign demand also. Now, except for the home trade, the building of ships has substantially ceased.

It makes one who saw the ship-yards, along the New England coast half a century ago sad as he sees them now. A few steam-ships are being built there and in the other Atlantic States for coast-wise or West Indian and South American trade, but none for the European. In ship-building and ship owning, the United States are behind nations that, a few years ago, were not known for either. The carrying trade between the old world and the new is in the hands of Europeans. It is their ships that are crowded with Americans who are constantly visiting the old world on business or for pleasure ; it is their ships that bring emigrants to our shores ; their ships that carry our cotton, our wheat, our beef and pork, our tobacco and petroleum and what not, to foreign markets. We no longer share in the glory and the gain which attend upon maritime enterprise. The decline of American shipping commenced with the substitution of iron for wooden ships. It was hastened by our refusal to permit our ship owners to protect their ships by a foreign flag during the late war, and the finishing blow was given to it by a tariff which, by taxing the materials that are used in the construction of ships, made them too costly to invite capital in that direction and forced it into manufactures. That the United States have been enormously enriched by their manufactures, is undeniable, and it is equally undeniable that their rapid growth in manufacturing industries is very largely attributable to high duties

upon imports. But why have our tariff laws been so framed as to prejudice and destroy one great interest while fostering others? Why have our people looked on with indifference? Why have our law-makers been inert, while our ships have been disappearing from the ocean? The answer must be found in the lack of broad and comprehensive statesmanship in Congress and in the Executive branches of the Government. There are, I am happy to say, indications that the public mind is being awakened to the importance of having something done for the restoration of American shipping. Over-production in manufactures for the home demand, the want of foreign markets for the surplus, are awakening public attention in this direction. The party of the future will be that party which, comprehending the interests of the whole country, fosters all alike, or relieves the people altogether from the burdens which a partial policy now imposes. If protection is to be the continued policy of the Government, ship-building should be encouraged, and maritime interests protected, as well as manufactures. If restrictions are to be removed, and taxation for revenue only is to be the policy, the shipping interest, largely relieved from the burdens now imposed upon it, with fair compensation to steam-ships for carrying the mails, will take care of itself. It will be a proud day for the United States when American ships share with those of other nations in the business of the seas, and the American flag is seen again in ports from which it has been long banished. On one point there should be accord between men of all parties: if by reason of the tariff or any other cause we cannot profitably build ships, we should not be prohibited from buying and putting them under our own flag. It is urged, I know, that the building of ships could not be a profitable industry in the United States, even if the duty on all articles which are used in their construction and outfit were taken off, by reason of the cheaper labor on the other side of the Atlantic. If this were a fact, which I do not believe, what justification can there be for keeping on the statute book the law that prohibits citizens of the United States from buying foreign built

ships and putting them under our own flag? If we cannot build ships, why should our citizens be prohibited from purchasing them? In no country in the world except this great, free country of ours, does such a barbarous prohibition exist. If we need ships and cannot build them, why should the right to buy be denied?

The following sentences are selected from some rather extended remarks, which I made in my report as Secretary of the Treasury to Congress, in 1866, upon the subject of American shipping:

"No single interest in the United States, although it may be fostered by legislation, can long prosper at the expense of other great interests, nor can any important interest be crushed by unwise or unequal laws without other interests being thereby prejudiced. The people of the United States are naturally a commercial and maritime people, fond of adventure, bold, enterprising and persistent. Now the disagreeable fact must be admitted that, with unequal facilities for obtaining the materials, and with acknowledged skill in ship-building, with thousands of miles of sea-coast, indented with the finest harbor in the world, with surplus products that require a large and increased tonnage, we can neither profitably build ships, nor successfully compete with English ships in the transportation of our own productions. It is a well established general fact that the people who build ships navigate them, and that a nation which ceases to build ships, ceases of consequence to be a commercial and maritime nation. Unless, therefore, the cause which prevents the building of ships in the United States, shall cease, the foreign carrying trade even of our own productions, must be yielded to other nations. To this humiliation and loss, the people of the United States ought not to be subjected. If other branches of industry are to prosper: if agriculture is to be profitable, and manufactures are to be extended; the commerce of the country must be restored, sustained, and increased. The United States will not be a first class power among the nations, nor will her other industrial interests continue long to



prosper as they ought, if our commerce is permitted to languish."

The causes of the decline of ship-building referred to in these extracts were, higher prices of labor and materials in the United States than in Europe, and the Tariff. One of these causes has been much modified. Skilled labor has become abundant in the United States within the last twenty years, and greater progress has been made in labor-saving machinery on this side, than on the other side of the Atlantic. If all the materials which are needed in the construction of ships were relieved from import duties, the other cause of the decline of shipping would be also modified; but so much ground has been lost by delay, and so strong has become the European monopoly of the ocean traffic, that something more is required to build up ship-building in the United States.

Not only should ship-building materials be admitted free of duty, but United States Steamship Companies should be liberally paid for the transportation of the mails. We should, in this respect, do what other nations have done to build up and sustain their maritime interests;—but we must not stop here. All efforts to induce investments of capital in ships will be unavailing unless foreign markets are secured for what we have to sell. Trade is essentially barter, and there can be no barter as long as trade is fettered with unequal duties on articles to be exchanged.

This leads me naturally to say something upon a subject which ever since the formation of the Government has been fruitful of discussion—the tariff. That in the infancy of our manufactures, protective laws were needed, and that the country has been in times past, greatly benefited by these laws, is admitted by the advocates of tariff reform, if not by free traders. Without Government protection against the competition of British manufacturers, capitalists in the United States would not have engaged in manufacturing. Great Britain, early in the present century, became the work-shop of the nations. From 1831 to 1870, she controlled the manufacturing of the world. She had more capital than any other nation, and

her people were more skilful in the use of machinery than the people of the Continent. She had also, what they had not, an unlimited supply of coal—the great factor in manufacturing, and if not the inventor of the steam-engine, she was the first to utilize it. She was also the leading maritime power of the world, and consequently possessed the facilities for sending her goods to all ports that were open to her ships. To make the most of these advantages, she adopted the principle of free trade. By it the raw materials which she needed were admitted free from taxation and paid for in productions of her mills. By this means she had obtained a manufacturing ascendancy too formidable to be competed with by capitalists of the United States, without government aid. It was to free the United States from dependency upon Great Britain, for the goods which were needed, and of which they might be deprived in case of war between the two nations, that our protective laws were mainly advocated. These laws were for many years simply revenue laws with incidental protection. They were afterward so changed that protection became the object and revenue the incident.

"I am in favor of a judicious tariff," said John Quincy Adams, in a conversation with Henry Clay and others. "I am in favor of a judicious tariff." "And I," said Mr. Clay, "am in favor of a tariff, judicious or not." Congress has of late years been altogether with Mr. Clay, and adhered to protection until it has become burdensome upon the people—depriving producers to a considerable extent of the benefits of foreign markets for our surplus of agricultural productions, for which at remunerative prices there is insufficient demand, and what is worse than all, our protective tariff has created a demand for laborers, which has brought over immense numbers of foreigners for whom already there is insufficient employment, and who are consequently restive, and may become dangerous.

Conceding that protective tariffs were needed to induce investments in home manufactures, and to sustain them when they were too feeble to compete unaided with Great Britain, it is clear to my

mind that our tariff laws should have a thorough revision, for the purpose of accommodating them to the changed condition of the industrial interests of the country. Protection was originally and properly advocated on the ground that without it manufacturing could make no headway against the crushing power of British capital, and on this ground only. Thirty years ago, few if any of the advocates of protection were bold enough to advocate it as a permanent policy. It was to be temporary—not perpetual. When the expenses of the civil war began to require immense revenues, the tariff was largely increased, and a patriotic people submitted to the additional burden thus laid upon them, because they had resolved that the Government should be sustained. Not only was the tariff increased, but an excise system was adopted under which almost everything that could be reached by the tax collectors was heavily taxed. Nothing more was heard about protection. Revenue was what was needed and taxation was chiefly submitted to, not only for revenue, but to give credit to the immense loans that the Government was obliged to resort to, and it so happened that these taxes, heavy as they were, and indiscriminately as they were levied, neither diminished production nor checked importation. On the contrary, both were increased. So great were the necessities of the Government in the prosecution of the war, that existing cotton, woollen, and iron mills were worked to their full capacity, and new ones were created, while at the same time foreign importations were greatly stimulated. To pay for needful supplies, immense sums of money were required, and this requirement was met by the issue of Government notes, so that in a great and destructive war—the greatest and most destructive that has ever been carried on—the loyal States seemed to be highly prosperous, and the burden of taxation was not felt.

When the war ended the paper circulation of the country (money as it is improperly called) instead of being reduced as it should have been, was increased, and artificial prosperity continued until the crisis of 1873, put a temporary end to it. The terrible de-

pression which followed this crisis was, however, of short continuance. The spirit of the people was too elastic and buoyant and energetic to be long depressed. Millions of debts were wiped out by the Bankrupt Act. The Government notes were not called in. Bank notes practically irredeemable, were abundant, for both of which employment must be found, and this employment was found in the construction of railroads, many of which were built not for business which required them, but for the business they were expected to create. So capital went into railroads in amounts that would have been ruinous, had not short crops in Europe, and abundant crops in the United States, greatly increased railroad traffic and created balances in our favor which were settled by importations of gold.

All this is now being changed. Manufacturing of all kinds has been overdone. Mills have been built where they can never be profitable, no matter what governmental protection may be given to them. Our agricultural productions are declining in value. The tariff is gradually shutting up foreign markets against our manufactured goods, and favorable crops in Europe are diminishing the demand for our bread-stuffs. Foreign nations, upon whose productions heavy duties are imposed, buy of us only what they greatly need, and cannot dispense with the use of, and these articles are chiefly limited to cotton, wheat, corn, tobacco, petroleum, beef and pork, and our markets for some of these articles are in danger. India is becoming a formidable competitor in the great wheat market of Great Britain, and petroleum from Russia is competing with the petroleum from the United States, in the markets of which, on this article, we have had for years the control.

To remedy the evils which are now to be faced, wise counsels are needed in Congress. The attention of our lawmakers must be diverted from the making of Presidents and the distribution of patronage, to the economic questions upon the proper solution of which the permanent well-being of the people must depend. The most important of these questions are those which arise from the

decay of our shipping, and the want of foreign markets for our surplus productions. These, in fact, are the only really vital questions, except the currency question, before the country, and they ought to receive the most careful consideration of Congress; and if party politics could be subordinated to them, there would I think be but little doubt in regard to the conclusions which would be reached.

What is now needed in the United States, and needed more than anything else to promote general prosperity, is such a modification of our tariff as will facilitate exchanges with other countries. The protective policy must be abandoned. A revenue tariff we must have. Absolute free trade will be among the things hoped for, but not to be gained until the people are prepared to support the Government by excise duties or by direct taxation. The Government is mainly to be supported as it was before the late civil war by a tax upon imports which, although the most insidious, and in some respects the most unequal of all taxes, is, as it has always been, the most popular, by reason of its being felt only indirectly by consumers. Against such duties, there never will be serious complaint, and when judiciously imposed, separated as the United States are from European nations by the broad Atlantic, (neither Canada nor Mexico, nor the South American States can be formidable competitors,) they will afford all the protection that our manufacturers can fairly claim. In asking more than this, they are asking that the whole people shall continue to be taxed for the benefit of a few.

Much the larger part of the revenue required for the support of the Government and the payment of the national debt, must be derived from duties upon imports, and it will, therefore, be impossible so to reduce them that they will not be protective. A tariff for revenue which must necessarily be to some extent protective, is what is now required to increase and enlarge the foreign markets for our various manufactured goods, and our agricultural productions. Without these markets, our great industrial interests can never be permanently prosperous. Time will be

required to overcome what has already been lost, but it will be recovered, and more than recovered, if wisdom prevails in our national councils. That a country with sixty millions of people rapidly increasing in population, washed by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, with thousands of miles indented with the finest of harbors;—with unequalled facilities for ship-building;—with a soil better fitted to produce cotton, tobacco, maize, cattle and hogs, than is possessed by any other country,—and with equal capabilities for the production of wheat;—that such a country should be without ships to transport its surplus to foreign ports, is an anomaly in the history of nations;—that in such a country, with manufactures of all descriptions well-established and skilfully managed, with plenty of capital and cheap money, manufacturers who have become enriched by our protective tariffs should claim more protection than a tariff for revenue will afford, is unreasonable and unjust.

The tariff ought to be carefully considered not only with regard to its burdens upon consumers but in its bearing upon commerce and navigation. The leading nations of the world have been commercial, and ship building and ship owning nations. Such were they in mediæval ages, and such they will always be. It was by such nations that trade was extended and civilization was carried into countries that had been degraded by their isolation. By such nations, in search of markets for their productions, the American Continent was discovered, and all other great land discoveries made. What has made Great Britain the nation she is—the nation upon whose domain the sun never sets? Not her manufactures alone—extensive, varied, and profitable as they have been—but her manufactures, her commerce, and her shipping combined. Why have her merchants been able to take raw materials from all other nations in exchange for their manufactured goods? Is it not because she has exempted those raw materials from import duties? Why is her flag seen upon every sea? By what means has her supremacy as a commercial and maritime power been secured and maintained? Is it not mainly because her statesmen have understood the simple

fact that trade is barter, and have freed it from all restrictions.

In all natural advantages, the United States are greatly superior to Great Britain. While, including her colonies, her domain is more extensive, the territory over which she has absolute control is insignificant in comparison, and so doubtful is her hold upon her colonial possessions, that some of her wisest statesmen have thought that she would be stronger without them. In what respect is she superior to the United States? Not certainly in productions of prime necessity, not in cotton or wool, not in cattle, or swine, or grain of all kinds, not even in what may be called luxuries, such as fruits of all descriptions—not in precious metals, or even in iron or lead or copper, which are more valuable than the precious metals; nor in the inventive power and manufacturing skill of her people. In everything necessary for national growth, everything needful for the comfort and happiness of the people, the United States are vastly superior to Great Britain. In two things only are they inferior: in commerce, by which is meant free exchange of natural and artificial productions, and in shipping, without which in combination, they cannot take precedence of Great Britain, and become what they ought to be, and what, with wise legislation, they would soon become, the leading nation of the world, to which all other nations would be tributary.

Without freer exchanges and a revival of their shipping interests, the United States, no matter how rich and populous they may become, will never be a great nation in all that is needful for national greatness. No nation can be truly great that depends upon other nations for the means of transporting its productions to foreign markets, or lessens the demand for them by restrictions upon trade. A half century ago the United States were almost supreme upon the ocean. Now they have no rank as a maritime power. I am proud of my country, but I cannot help being humiliated by the consideration that our merchants must establish credits in London, in order to pay for their purchases abroad; and that our Government is compelled to maintain an agency in that city, for the pay-

ment of its representatives in foreign lands, and the expenses of its ships of war in foreign ports.

There is in these times much discussion in regard to landed property, and it is claimed by even fair minded and intelligent men that land is the gift of God, to which none should have the right of exclusive ownership; that the manner in which it is held in all civilized countries is a wrong to the public, and the main cause of the poverty which is so generally prevalent.

That in some countries land is held in too large quantities by a comparatively few people, whose ownership is perpetuated by legislative or sovereign power, is undoubtedly true. In such countries there is little trade in land, and the ownership of a home, no matter how humble, is beyond the reach of the great mass of the people. The effect of this has been the creation of landed aristocracies, to the power of which labor has been subjected. Nothing of this kind exists in the United States. Here not only is there free trade in land, but the Government has been for years, by homestead laws and low prices at which its immense territories of fertile lands have been subject to entry, holding out the strongest possible inducements to industrious people to secure for themselves homes. Strangely enough, however, some of the most earnest opponents of the exclusive ownership of land are in the United States. In their opinion, as land was not created by man, no man should be the absolute owner of any portion of it;—that it should be held by the state for the benefit of all. To correct the wrong which land ownership is inflicting upon the public, these advocates of equal rights contend that land should be so taxed that the owner would be willing to surrender his right to it.

Land, it is true, is the gift of God, but it is by man's labor that it has been made valuable. It is admitted by the Land Reformer, that the improvements being of man's creation should not be taxed, but it is the improvements that have given value to the land, and it would be practically impossible to tax the latter without taxing the former. Most of the land in the United States,

east of the Mississippi River, was covered with dense forests, and every acre of it which has been cultivated has cost more in labor and other needful expenditures than it would sell for. I speak of course of lands which have not been made valuable by their minerals, or by being the sites of cities or towns, or their proximity to them. I question very much that there are any farms outside of the prairies and away from large towns, which, if they were charged with the labor bestowed upon them at the rate of one dollar a day for men and fifty cents a day for women, and with other necessary outlays (their original cost not included), and credited with the market value of their productions, and their estimated present value, would exhibit a balance on the right side of the account.

No one who has known anything about the hardships endured by the first settlers in the timbered lands of the United States—their unceasing toil, their actual want—not of the comforts, but of the necessities of life when in health, to say nothing of what they needed, and could not be supplied with, in sickness, during the long and wearisome years which came and went before they had cleared enough of their lands to enable them to begin to enjoy the fruits of their sacrifices and labors ;—no one who has known anything about all this will be found among those who speak of land as being God's gift, and therefore property of which there should not be absolute ownership. In travelling from Fort Wayne to Indianapolis, in the early days of the West, over or rather through roads that for a good part of the year could only be travelled by men on foot or well-mounted horsemen, and in noticing the slow progress which was being made in the opening up of the country, the question naturally presented itself, Would men who could support themselves in any other way, or in any other place, make their homes in this wilderness and undergo the privations they are subject to, and labor as they must for a good part of their lives, before they can make a comfortable living? These settlers were invariably poor men ; two or three hundred dollars would cover the entire outfit of a majority of them ;—their

lands, their teams, their cows, their farming implements, their axes and rifles. It was chiefly by such men that the timbered lands of Ohio and Indiana were settled. I have seen hundreds of such beginnings, and have admired the endurance, the patience, the persevering industry, by which forest lands have been converted into productive farms ; I do not say profitable farms, because few farms are profitable. Men who, like the late Dr. Gwinn, of California, have bought at low prices extensive tracts of land which were ready for the plow, and which for a time needed no fertilization, and cultivated them by machinery for wheat, have undoubtedly made money out of them ; but as the wheat-producing qualities of the soil become exhausted, and restoratives become necessary, profits will decline, and may soon disappear altogether. Lands naturally adapted to grazing may yield indefinitely good returns, because they do not become exhausted by being grazed, but they are exceptions. The alluvial lands on the lower Mississippi, and on some of its tributaries, might also be excepted, for so deep is the soil that they may be regarded as being practically inexhaustible ; but they are subject to overflows and droughts, and good crops on even these lands are by no means certain.

On the whole, farming is not a profitable business in the United States. It is a healthful employment, productive of strong and vigorous men, but it is not attractive, and it is not attractive because it is not profitable. Seldom do the sons of well-to-do farmers become farmers. As soon as they are old enough to strike out for themselves, they will be found in the towns, not upon the farms. Nor are lands in the old States which are not near enough to populous cities to be profitably used for market gardens, increasing in value. So far is this from being the case, that very few farms in those States could be sold to-day for prices which they readily commanded twenty years ago. Investments in lands which are valuable for agriculture only, are not now regarded with favor by capitalists. Better use for their money is found elsewhere.

If thanks are due to God for the land, greater thanks are due to him for the



muscle and the patient industry by which it has been brought under cultivation, and by which its producing properties are preserved ; and yet these cultivators of the soil are among those whose property should be confiscated because they did not create what they have made valuable! Land is less able to bear heavy taxes than almost any other kind of property. The taxes to which cultivated land is now subjected in most of the States, instead of being advanced, should be reduced, for the purpose of increasing the number of farmers. In most of the European states, especially in Great Britain, lands are heavily taxed—so heavily, that they can be held only by the rich. In that country the landholders are monopolists, and they will continue to be so until free trade in land is established, and the taxes upon it are so reduced that men of moderate means can afford to be the owners.

No greater mistake was ever made by intelligent men than is made by those who suppose that monopolies can be broken up or weakened, and property can be more evenly distributed in the United States by increase of taxes upon land, which is the cheapest thing upon the market. It is true that in cities, lots to be built upon for homes are beyond the reach of all except those whose incomes are considerably greater than their outlays, but this is unavoidable. Cities are limited in extent, and the value of lots depends upon the demand for them for building purposes. In a few cities, especially in Philadelphia, some who belong to what are called the laboring classes are the owners of their homes, but this is not often the case. With comparatively few exceptions those whose living depends upon their manual labor are renters or boarders.

There is, however, compensation for these deprivations. Wages are higher in the city than in the country, and greater inducements to save as well as to spend are found there, than exist elsewhere. Men are naturally gregarious, and when thrown together they have enjoyments of life, although subject to great discomforts. In cities, however, as well as in the country, it is labor and the fruits of labor that have made the ground valuable, and it is dif-

ficult to see how the public would be benefited if city lots were to be confiscated, subject to the outlay that has been made upon them. None but Anarchists have gone so far as to contend that the property of man's creation should be subject to division among the people or become the property of the state. But in this free land of ours, for whose benefit should property of any kind be confiscated? Not for the benefit of those who are able and willing to work ; for them there is rarely lack of employment at remunerative wages, and the way to rise in the world is open before them. Not for the benefit of those who are disabled ; their wants when made known are relieved by private or public charities.

Nine-tenths of the rich and prominent people of the United States have made their upward way in the world without help from others. Of the wealthy men, or the men of large social or political influence, whom I have known personally, or with whose history I am familiar, I call to mind very few who have not made themselves what they are by their own exertions. With rare exceptions they are the offspring of poor men, or of men with very limited means. The opportunities for those who are self-dependent to make headway in life are not now, it is admitted, as great in the United States as they were some years ago, but one has only to look about him to see large numbers of such people rising above the level from which they started, soon to be conspicuous in business, in society, in politics. Poverty always has prevailed and always will prevail to a greater or less degree in all countries—in the freest as well as the most despotic, until, under some new dispensation, mankind become equal in natural gifts, in capacity and disposition to acquire and retain, in mental and physical power. Until then the industrious and the indolent, the thrifty and the unthrifty, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, will be found in all communities. If all the property in the world should be equally divided, in a few brief years inequalities like those which are now complained of would prevail. The differences in the circumstances of the race are to some

extent produced by unequal and unjust government and laws, but they are largely in most countries, and altogether in the United States, the result of constitutional dissimilarities, which always have existed and always will exist. There can be no equalizing power short of divine power, and that power will, as heretofore, continue to be manifested through unchanging law.

Of all governments which have existed in civilized nations, none has been so bad as a paternal government would be. The permanency of our free institutions depends more than anything else upon our homes, our independent homes. Of all property the homestead should be subject to the lightest taxation. In some States humble homes are protected against the claims of creditors; they ought everywhere to be protected against the tax collector. Great differences in the condition of men have existed and will exist under all forms of government, and these differences will be most marked under the freest, where natural gifts have full play. All that can be done by the best government is to provide for the protection of life and property—the enforcement of just and equal laws—anything more than this would be tyranny. Without perfect liberty to acquire, and without protection to whatever may be lawfully acquired, no matter what might be the character of the property, enterprise would cease, and government would be a mockery.

In looking back upon a long life, nothing of course seems so wonderful to me as the growth of the country in the physical elements of national greatness—territory, population, wealth. This growth, so unprecedented in the world's history, has been effected without any change in the form of the government—without any departure from the principles upon which it was established, or material change of the Constitution which was adopted for its preservation. Nevertheless, changes have taken place, the effect of which upon our republican institutions cannot be contemplated without apprehension.

Immigration, considered merely with regard to its pecuniary and economical

results, has been of immense gain to the United States. It is estimated that since the formation of the Government more than thirteen millions of immigrants have come to the United States, and that if each brought with him sixty dollars in money, the pecuniary gain has been about eight hundred millions; but the gain in this respect has been small in comparison with what the immigrants were worth as laborers in the varied branches of industry. Estimating them to have been equal in value to the slaves in the Southern States, they have added to the national wealth three times as much as our national debt amounted to at the close of the civil war. What the offsets may be to this enormous gain is yet to be determined. The true wealth of the country is not to be measured by acreage or money, but by the quality of its people. If the effect of foreign immigration should prove to be deleterious to the character of the population, the gain referred to would have been dearly acquired.

That the worst and most dangerous part of the population of the United States are foreigners, is proved by the criminal records and by the utterances of socialists. Not only have the industrious and honest been invited to come to our country to secure homes for themselves, but the door has been thrown wide open to the lazy and the disreputable—the very classes that foreign governments have been glad to get rid of. Nor is this all. Money has been furnished to enable foreigners to come and be workmen in our factories and shops because they would work cheaper than native born citizens. A very large part, if not a majority, of the population in some of our great manufacturing towns are foreigners, many of whom have soon learned enough of American freedom to be disorderly and dangerous.

The greatest mistake which has been made by the Government of the United States has been in conferring upon foreigners the elective franchise. So short is the period required for their naturalization that hundreds of thousands have become voters before they knew anything about the nature of republican institutions—before even they could

speak the language of the country. The majority of them are doubtless well-meaning people, but they naturally fall under the influence of those who are not. With the working-men have come men who are revolutionists by nature or have been made such by real or fancied injustice in their native lands. To denounce the Government, and to make their followers believe that all governments are tyrannical and ought to be overthrown, seems to be considered by these men their especial duty. Others do not go quite so far as this; they are more moderate in their demands: they contend that property should be held and owned in common, that exclusive ownership by the few is oppression to the many, that the laws have been made by the rich and for their benefit, to the great injustice of the poor, and that they should be so changed that all would fare alike. If these men, with their blind and ignorant followers, were not voters, they would be comparatively harmless; but they are not only voters, but some of them active politicians, and when the two great parties are nearly evenly divided, their votes are courted by both. They are already a dangerous class, and are likely to become more dangerous, as they are rapidly increasing in numbers, and are becoming cohesive by organizations. It is very clear to my mind that none but native born citizens ought to have been permitted to be voters; that immense risk has been incurred—not by making the United States an asylum for the oppressed, not by opening the doors for foreigners to become inhabitants, under the protection of just and equal laws, but by inviting them to come and participate in the law-making and governing power. The elective franchise, which ought to have been considered the most precious of all rights, has been freely bestowed upon those who have no knowledge of its value, and upon those who use it for other than patriotic purposes.

Though it may now be too late, in the present condition of political parties, to change effectively our naturalization laws, there might be a limitation upon the franchise in municipal elections, and it is very certain that this

must be done if our large cities are to be properly governed, and sufficient safeguards are to be thrown around persons and property. Municipal government should be created and conducted on business principles. No one should be a voter who is not the owner of property. The amount required need not be large, but it should be large enough to indicate that the voter has something at stake. Manhood suffrage in municipal elections is, to say the least, a dangerous experiment; a law that places upon an equality in voting the lazy vagabond and the enterprising wealth-producing citizen is certainly neither just nor reasonable.

The Government is stronger than it was a half century ago, but has not this increase of strength been at the expense of republicanism? We claim that the United States is the freest country in the world—the only country except Switzerland in which the people have equal rights. Equal rights before the law are indeed possessed by everybody here, but are there not combinations of interests which prevent the full play of natural rights, which hold in check, if they do not destroy, individual enterprise? In what other country can be found such companies as have been organized in the United States for the purpose of controlling the manufacture, the transportation, and the price of goods? Where can be found an organization like the Standard Oil Company, which absolutely controls the market of an article for which there is an immense and constant demand, and stamps out competition; or even such companies as have been formed to regulate the production of iron and steel and coal? In what other country do manufacturers who are protected by tariffs against foreign competition, combine by trusts and other agencies to advance or sustain prices and prevent domestic competition? There is no country of which I have any knowledge in which business of all descriptions is so steadily falling into fewer and fewer hands, in which combinations are so powerful and individuals so powerless, as the United States—no country in which the solution of the labor question may be more difficult. We have yet to learn that

there may be as little personal freedom under republican institutions as under monarchies, and that the best efforts of all good citizens should be to prevent the great republic from being a free country in name only. That these efforts will not be wanting, I have an abiding faith. Congress has the power, by opening the way for freer trade with other nations, to destroy most of the existing monopolies, and this power will ere long be exerted.

There is, however, one danger ahead which cannot be easily surmounted. By our naturalization laws, by extending the highest privilege to men utterly destitute of proper qualifications for its exercise, by inviting to our shores to assist in administering the State and National Governments men who consider it their duty to fight all governments, we have done much to make our grand experiment a failure. It is now impossible to undo what was unwisely

done, to deprive of the franchise those to whom it has been granted, but not too late to prevent an increase of the threatening danger. If our naturalization laws should be so changed that none should vote but those who, when the change is made, have the right to vote, and that thereafter none but the native born should be voters, the danger would not be entirely removed, but it would be greatly lessened. If this should not be done—if revolutionists who are rapidly increasing in numbers in Europe should continue to be invited to come and participate in the government of the Republic—how long will not capitalists only, but industrious, frugal, liberty-loving men be able to contemplate the future without misgivings? If the republic is to be short-lived like those which have heretofore existed, unrestricted manhood suffrage will be the cause. It is the only really grave danger that threatens the life of the Republic.



## SEA IN OCTOBER.

*By Elisabeth Fairchild.*

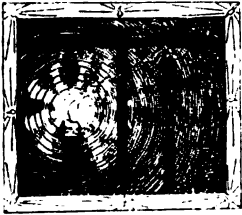
Not now, not now, the unfruitful sea be mine,  
 With ever restless tides that ebb and flow  
 Like hopes in a sick heart; nay, I would know  
 How soonest to forget this kindred brine.  
 Show me some ripened land in mellow glow  
 Where heavy hang the clusters of the vine,  
 Where apples drop, where browse full-uddered kine,  
 Where, tilting-topped, the harvest wagons go  
 A-creak across the fields. O let me fill  
 My longing eyes with pictures of a land  
 Sloping to sunset, full of twilight peace  
 That seems from plenty's horn to overspill;  
 Let me thus gaze, and gazing, understand  
 Toil's fairest harvest is desire's surcease.

# FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE DUVAL BALL, CONCLUDED.



THE carriage had been in waiting some half an hour; the coachman, who could not leave his horses, was swearing upon the box, while the footmen sought the shelter of the area door; the deep snow which had begun the afternoon still lay heaped in chance places, while the rain, descending in straight lines, made scattered pools of slush and water, visible when they happened to reflect the wet shining of the corner lamp-post, at other times a perilous pit for horses' steps and men's.

But Flossie sat still in the rose light of her own and inmost room; her husband was away, and her quilted *sortie de bal*, lay ready on the lounge beside her. Not softer it than her white shoulders; and even in the face their owner looked marvellously young for her age.

She rose and drew the satin cloak around her; it was of the very faintest, palest, wood-bud green, making strange harmony with her ashen hair; and she walked to the window and looked out into the inhospitable night. Then—and without the final glance at the mirror that all women are said to give—she rang the bell, and followed by her maid went down the stairs alone. The indoor servants, with huge umbrellas, helped her to the carriage—so silly was it, as Flossie had always told her husband, for the house to have no *porte-cochère*—and the carriage lurched off, through the heaps of yet white snow, careening and sinking in the pools of rain.

But Mrs. Gower's company is dull

to-night; we may leave the ball with her, but we will not go. Her eyes are jaded with such sights; let us escort some brighter ones, and gayer spirits, and hearts more fresh to all impression. Such an one was Mamie's; and prettily encased it was, in her glove-like waist that seemed without a wrinkle and made of whitest kid, over which her shoulders peeped more snowy, and from which streamed a frothy train of rippling—illusion, do they call it? Gracie had been down some time, with the old people, when she rippled like the spring-time, down the stairs, with her arch eyes dancing and her cheeks encarnadine. Gracie's beauty, to be sure, was greater still; only somehow, you did not look at it at first; it was but part of her, like the sky of some fair country.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone looked down on Mamie, though, with the happy pride of being parents to such a poem; they were much too old to go to balls, and so some married cousin had been found to matronize them. Miss Brevier alone noted Mamie's heightened color and evident excitement; but thought it due to her first ball alone; and the old people kissed her and complimented her, and gave her obsolete advice, and sent her off so proudly—to the choice, as some might say, of two adventurers.

Gracie and Mamie came down and took their first timid look at the ball from a sort of ante-room, that was one of the ball-rooms and was yet so near the dressing-room as to grant a hesitating woman *locus pœnitentiæ*, and not commit her finally to the floor. That first glance at the ball-room; tell me whom you see in it, and whom you don't see, and I can tell you, gipsy-like, much of those bodies whose orbits bode entanglement to yours. Thus it chanced that Gracie saw Haviland and Arthur; and both saw Mrs. Gower; and Mamie noted that she did not see either Charlie Townley or Mr. Derwent. I fancy that none of our three heroines will tell us much about the party, to-night—at



least, we shall learn rather what people said than how they looked and what they wore—but I may tell the reader confidentially that were it not for this, we had not come. For may he not read, in to-morrow's papers, all about the flowers, and the servants, and the music, and the wines—aye, and the people who came, and how they looked, and all that may be known about the women's dresses?

Both fell to indifferent cavaliers, at first; that is, Mamie to John Haviland, with whom she had no sympathy, and Gracie to Mr. Kill Van Kull, who, being a gentleman, though a wicked one, had the grace most reverently to like her.

John stood with Mamie in the first or outer room, wishing to be with her, yet knowing not exactly what to say. He could not feed this young butterfly on thought; and yet she was too bright for commonplaces; and then, he knew her yet so slightly! And indeed she had not fluttered through a season yet; and butterflies take knowing best in autumn. So Mamie thought him dull; and, all the time, that was in his mind had made her start to hear. John's interest was but vicarious, yet, through Gracie's— But we old fellows of a dozen winters, who talk to girls at their first ball—what chance have our stale cynicisms with the pretty ear by our side, when its pretty eyes companions are looking for that young fellow with the incipient moustache, who means shortly to tell her (when our Heaviness has only left her)—that she is the only person in all his long life long that he has really ever loved. Throwing over at once his nurse and his governess, as we may, with our caustic wit, remark; and we go to Mrs. Gower; she will not repulse us; she will understand us, and make our seasoned hearts beat fast again.

So, after John has danced once with Mamie, she happens to feel tired before a certain dark corner; and there Lionel Derwent is standing alone, torturing his tawny moustache. He has to speak to her; and then it happens that these two drop aside from the whirling circle—and Haviland is left alone upon its brink. He watches it for a minute, as Dante did Francesca's. It is a smaller

circle; it is not "mute of any light," nor does Minos stand there "*orribilmente*," and grin—unless fat old Tony Duval may do duty for the same, with his unctuous swarthy face, like some head-waiter on the boulevard; but how much "*più dolor*"—or less *dolor*—it girdles than the outer world, is John then wondering. And there he saw "*Semiramis, di cui si legge*"—many things, no doubt, and triumphant young Mrs. De Witt, anadyomene; and Lady X., and the countess of Z., and "*Cleopatra lussuriosa*," and Mrs. Flossie Gower; "*Elena vidi—e l' grande Achille—Paris, Tristano, e più di mille*"—and borne before, most light in all the waltz, Miss Farnum with Van Kull. She caught his eye one moment, as she floated by, and his own fell.

But Derwent gave Miss Livingstone his arm, and went—or suffered himself to be led by her—to a place of fragrant flowers and broad shadowy leaves. It was quite what Mamie had imagined; and yet she blushed to feel how pale she was, and then felt all the color leave again as her heart beat; and then blushed again to feel it beat so near his strong arm. The poets have told you how a maiden's color comes and goes—now you understand the process, quite in the modern manner.

She had no idea the feeling she would have would be like this, and almost felt the inclination to tears again; but the inspiring strains of a waltz that came through the heavy curtains helped her out just then, as does a fiddle to a tragedy-scene in a New York theatre. So she gave him his dismissal with much courage; and was relieved to find that Derwent neither fumed nor fainted.

Meantime John Haviland, growing tired of the "*schiera piena*" in the ball-room, had left his place and wandered from the room, before Miss Farnum in her turn came round again. Was it lack of tact that made him enter the conservatory—where so short a time before Miss Livingstone and Lionel had gone? Derwent looked up at once and saw him; but Mamie gave a little start that showed her freshness at this sort of thing. "I hope I don't interrupt an important conversation," said Haviland.

"Not at all; we were talking of trifles," answered Derwent, placidly. "Let's go

down to supper." Now for a man who has just had his heart broken to evince a desire for supper, was a thing so new to all Mamie's novel-reading experience that she answered with some angry humor that she was not hungry. "Mr. Haviland can get me an ice, if he likes," she added. Just then, Gracie Holyoke came in; and it was poor John's heart's turn to beat. "I will sit here with Gracie—Miss Holyoke," added Mamie; and John must needs go get the ice, while Lionel Derwent stayed behind. He talked to Gracie, though; while Mamie was wild to tell her she had so well fulfilled her promise. So she passed the time by looking about the adjacent ball-room for Charlie Townley. Strange to say, she had not yet seen him anywhere. Well, there was time enough; she rather liked to have the whole ball gone through with, first. Perhaps she was foolish to get engaged, at her very first ball. She would give him his dismissal, too; that would make two in one evening! It was outrageous in him to leave her to herself all through the evening, even at supper-time, that most favored time of all! Nay, I fear me, master Charles would have had but an easy victory, had he made assault just then.

But Charlie she did not see in any of the rooms; and some male individual in a white waistcoat and catseye stud, who took her through the rooms and down to supper, even told her that he had not come.

Impossible! Had he not sent her those most particular and private flowers that she wore, with meaning glances when he asked her of her dress and time? Had he not as good as told her, once before, when she had—Poor Mamie blushed with shame, while her heart pulsed quick with fear, and her eyes glistened with anger.—Come, Charlie, come quick; and garner in your lovely conquest, ere it be too late!—But no Charlie comes through all that ball; and Mamie dances feverishly with anybody, and flirts aimlessly with Howland Starbuck, and is clever, witty, bright-eyed, radiant, irresistible—and then goes to Mrs. F——, the chaperone, with stories of a headache, and asking when she is going home.

When John comes back to the little

room with the ice, Mamie who sent him for it has gone, and Gracie Holyoke and Derwent too. So he sate him down, disconsolate, amid the bed of orchids, screened by quite a jungle of banana palms; so poor, so clumsy a pretence of happiness did all this seem to him! The strains of the shallow music came to him from the distant ball-room; it was the waltz-tune that was the rage that winter,—

"Oh, lo-ove for a week—(*tum, tum; rum, tum, tum!*)

"A year, a day, (*tum tum; rum, tum, tum!*)

"But alas for the lo-ove that bi-i-deth away!  
(*tum, tum; rum, tum, tum!*)

John tried to deafen his ears to the music, which went on despite him, like the pettiness of life. He had had but one full look at Gracie Holyoke that night; and that had told him nothing.

A stifling hot-house scent was in the little room, and John had started up to leave it when there was a rustling in the door-way and Kitty Farnum stood before him alone.

She had been selected to take part in the spectacle of the evening, the much-envied fancy-dress minuet, after supper, that was to open the cotillon; and she wore the rich red brocades of a Louis Quinze court-dress, her dense hair powdered white, and from this mass of blazing color rose haughtily the regal neck and head, and the proud shoulders, and beneath the white masses of her hair her eyes burned deeply, like two violet stars. A sort of hush of admiration had attended her wherever she went that evening; and Haviland had heard men call her the beauty of the ball.

Miss Farnum stood silent for a moment, playing with a scarlet orchid that was most conspicuous of all among them; a noble figure, the very picture of a duchess; and Haviland, who had risen at her entrance, facing her more humbly, and yet like a gentleman, too.

"Mr. Haviland—my life must be settled to-night, one way or another: I am weary of it. You once were kind enough to take some interest in me—am I right in supposing that I had a friend in you?"

"Yes," said John. There was an infinite respect and pity in his tone; he

fancied that he knew what had happened.

"Lord Birmingham has just asked me to become his wife. Am I right in thinking that you—do not wish to be my husband?"

"Yes," said John, again. "But oh, Miss Farnum—when we talked of this upon the coaching-party, you did not——"

Miss Farnum shook her head slightly, as if to wave aside her own case from the question.

"That you do care for Miss Holyoke?"

"Yes," said he, without hesitating; but more softly still.

"You have chosen nobly, Mr. Haviland." She said it simply and a little sadly; and then turned to go.

John grasped her hand and detained it for but one second in his own. "I shall never win her," said he. "And oh, Miss Farnum——"

"No word more," said the other; and then, gayly, "I have better hopes. Look at me—and see—and see how easy it is to win a woman!" And with a ripple of light laughter, she was gone.

John sank back to his seat, his head, already a little gray, resting on his hand. Kitty Farnum's was the nature he had admired most of almost any he had ever seen: her soul was individual, cast in that heroic mould that almost seems forgotten in these days of good nature, of average adaptability. And yet not one single air of inspiration, nor one ray of sympathy nor sunlight that came from higher than the city's dust, had fallen on the lot of this rich flower. Of all humanity, from her vulgar mother to the silly partners of her dances, he alone had said one word of truth to her; and in reward she had given him her heart! She, capable of being any heroine of all the full world's history; and not one red-cross knight was there to see and save her, nor any man with soul of strength enough to mate with hers; but only this titled barbarian, who saw the outside of her person and was pleased.

But the waltz-music still came through the fragrant fall of flowers that screened this eremite from the loud-laughing world; and the night was getting on. He felt now as if under pledge to lay his heart that night at Gracie's feet; and went in search of her.

He found her, sitting with Mamie Livingstone, who was out of humor and who would not dance; she was silent, with flushed face and dewy eyes, looking like some pouting, pretty maid of Greuze. They spoke together for some minutes; and then Lionel Derwent came up and took Miss Mamie off.

John led Gracie to the deep embrasure of a window; below them, on the polished floor, the famous minuet was forming; and all the world looked on expectant. John looked grimly on; he never thought to have said such words in a ball-room. His very hopelessness gave him courage to speak his deepest heart; and it was without a change of manner when he spoke—at last.

She had been speaking sorrowfully of Mamie; you know the strange confidence that was between these two. "I fear that she is disappointed that Mr. Townley has not come. Tell me frankly, Mr. Haviland—do you think there is anything really wrong about him? Do you think that he could make Mamie happy? She will be so alone in the world, I am afraid, before very long."

What could John say? There is a law that even the meanest men abide, to speak no harm of each other to the other sex. He hesitated. "I think you need have no fear of Mr. Townley, now," he said, at last.

Gracie turned her dear eyes full on his; and then the barriers of his heart broke down. "But I must speak selfishly, Miss Holyoke, I love you with all my heart—for all my life."

The words had come so naturally, that they had passed among the spoken words of memory, and ceased—before Gracie started and the color left her cheeks. She had not dreamed of this; she had not kept, herself, the lesson she had given Mamie; and then she blamed herself for having been too much wrapped up in her own heart history. "O Mr. Haviland," she said; "forgive me; I never thought of this."

She was crying; John's voice was husky, and he did not trust himself to speak, but looked across the brilliant room. The minuet was being danced; and just in front was Kitty Farnum, looking as if radiant with the triumph of the night. She was walking the

minuet with Arthur Holyoke ; who was brilliant in a velvet court-dress, with a sparkling sword ; and opposite was Birmingham, dancing with Mrs. De Witt, but with eyes for her alone. The other figures in the dance were Mrs. Malgam, Mrs. Levison-Gower, Killian Van Kull and Caryl Wemyss.

John turned his eyes to hers again. "You care for Arthur?"

Many women would have thought he had no right to ask the question ; but Gracie's was too true a life for this.

"Yes," she said, clearly.

"Forgive me," answered John, humbly. And Gracie knew that he was still her friend ; and Arthur's too.

And so, no more was said between them ; and when the minuet was finished, Gracie and poor Mamie went home together and Lionel Derwent went away with John. Mamie tore the flower from her breast, and threw herself upon her bed in a burst of tears ; and Gracie sat with her till the streaks of dawn appeared.

But Flossie and Kitty Farnum still danced on, untired ; and all men were divided which of these had been the queen of the famous ball. Already had the business of the work-day world begun when Flossie took her leave, and went back to the dressing-room, and put on her satin cloak, and came down the grand staircase, looking strangely brilliant, younger than ever, people said, with her blazing diamonds and not one ribbon out of place about her perfect dress. She went down the carpeted pavilion, Caryl Wemyss putting the *ermine sortie de bal* with careful touch about her shoulders.

No one but a policeman and a little crowd of street boys saw them go, as she got quickly into Caryl Wemyss's carriage and drove off.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### SORTIE DU BAL.

THE rain, that had come after the snow, had ceased in its turn, blown clear, like some light curtain, by a blast of northwest wind. Mr. Wemyss, as he entered the carriage, had ventured to

lift her hand once to his lips ; and then they both sat silent, Flossie looking thoughtfully out of the carriage window, her companion on the front seat looking at her.

It was already freezing ; for the horses dragged them heavily through the crackling snow ; and Flossie could see that the pools of water in the street were already needle-pointed with the forming ice. As they passed the cross-streets, she noticed a ruddy reflection on the face of these. "Can that be dawn already?" She let down the window ; and, looking out, saw all the East a lowering, lurid red.

"I do not think so," said Mr. Wemyss. "Tis hardly six o'clock. It must be some great fire at Brooklyn, or at Williamsburgh."

They stopped at Mrs. Gower's house ; and requesting, or rather, ordering, Mr. Wemyss to stay in the carriage, she ran lightly up the steps and let herself in. All the servants had gone to bed, by Mrs. Gower's orders ; save Justine, her maid, who was sitting waiting, with one candle, in the hall.

"Is everything ready, Justine?"

"Oui, madame," said the maid ; who had been told that her mistress was about to make a sudden trip to Boston, and had discreetly asked no unnecessary questions : her perquisites had been very handsome lately.

Flossie went up to her room, the maid attending her ; and laid aside her ball-dress and her diamonds. Then she had a woman's humor ; and notwithstanding that Mr. Wemyss was waiting cold outside, she threw the satin cloak once more over her bare shoulders and wandered, with a lighted candle, all through the house. She went into the great ball-room which seemed gaunt and bare ; then into the dark dining-room with its carved oak wood and its array of armor and of silver plate ; then into the parlors where she had held her first reception—how well she remembered it, and her triumph over the great ladies Van Kull and the fine ladies Brevier !—and last to the little suite of rooms which she had occupied when first she came back from her wedding-journey. Poor Lucie ! She wondered if he would really mind much.

When she got back to the great apartment she occupied now, the gray dawn was stealing in through the huge windows and the cold of the change of weather was already in the house. She shivered; and hastened to get dressed. Justine was all ready with a quiet travelling-dress, into which she quickly slipped her girlish figure. She had a moment's scruple whether she should take away the diamonds—a *rivière* that Lucie Gower had given her when they were married. But Flossie Gower had far too logical a mind to strain at gnats when she was swallowing a camel; she hastily thrust them in her bosom, and giving the solitary candle to Justine, bid her lead the way down the stairs. This time she wasted no parting looks; after all, the house was hers, though she would leave it to Lucie for a while, for form's sake.

It was already quite light in the street, and Mr. Wemyss was huddled in one corner of the carriage and chattering with cold. He made no reproach, however; and this time he got in beside her and Justine took the front seat.

"Where are we going?" said Mrs. Gower to him.

"I thought perhaps you would come—I have a little breakfast ready in my rooms—the train does not go till nine." He spoke, for the first time we have heard him, with some shadow of embarrassment. "I thought it would be less public," he explained.

"As you like," said Flossie, indifferently. What did it matter? Her bonnet must yet be thrown over higher wind-mills than was this.

They drove across the town in silence. Flossie, at least, had done many things in her life and not known the sickly shadow of repentance yet; what Mr. Wemyss's thoughts were I cannot say. Justine alone, indeed, was repenting—that she had not known of this before she left the house, and acted on that knowledge. "*Que de choses j'aurais pu prendre avec !*" she thought.

"When do we sail?" asked Flossie languidly.

"To-morrow noon," answered Mr. Wemyss. "The Boston steamer is much the best for us; particularly at this season of the year. They go almost

empty, and are not crowded with commercial travellers."

Mrs. Gower's lip curled slightly; whether at Mr. Wemyss's refined exclusiveness or for some other reason, we dare not say. And the carriage stopped before his lodgings.

Mr. Wemyss got out, and helped his Europa to alight. "You may come up, Justine," said Flossie to the maid, who had retained her seat demurely.

Mr. Wemyss led the way to his rooms and Flossie looked about her curiously. The apartment was full of old china, books, and rare bronzes that showed its owner's cultivated tastes; a sort of studio led off from the dining-room, and in it were many samples of Mr. Wemyss's art; most prominent among them a large portrait of Flossie Gower herself, painted from memory, and not over good as a likeness. Flossie remarked upon it; and Mr. Wemyss made some speech about not needing the shrine now that the divinity was there. And as he said it, Justine not having gone into the studio with them, he made bold to clasp her in his arms. Flossie repelled him; and with some muttered words about getting a cup of coffee for her, he left the room; not quite so gracefully as usual.

Flossie walked to the window and looked out. The room was very high; and the whole cityful of brick roofs and spires and factory chimneys lay brooding in their own foul breath of smoke.—Flossie had a momentary feeling that the climax of her life had fallen beneath her expectation, like the rest.—Far off, on either side, a clearer stratum of air marked the course of the two rivers; and to the eastward were some saffron streaks of winter morning. These faded, to the left, in an ominous brown cloud of smoke, beneath which still, in the distance, licked some silent tongues of fire.

"It must have been a terrible fire," said Wemyss's voice behind her carelessly. "But the breakfast is ready, such as it is; will you not come, dearest?"

Flossie went back with him, and found a table spread with coffee, cold partridges, and grapes. Justine remained there, for propriety's sake. In a

few minutes they were ready ; and going down, she found another carriage waiting. Wemyss gave his orders, and they drove to the railroad station. It looked curiously common-place and familiar ; it might have been the most respectable of quiet journeys ! Flossie abhorred respectability.

Mr. Wemyss had a compartment ready in the car, with all imaginable ordinary luxuries of travel ; he even got a bundle of the morning papers, which Flossie did not read. She was tired of the sight of an American newspaper and never wished to look at one again.

Wemyss looked a little furtively about the platforms and then walked through the train ; and came back and told her there was no one that they knew on board. Flossie would not have cared much if there had been.

A boy came through, crying the last new novels. Flossie shook her head. What were such insipid stories to the drama of her life ? Mr. Wemyss carefully closed the door, and began to make himself agreeable, much as he might have done at a party, except that he talked more tenderly. Would the train never start ? She yawned a little. For a moment, she half wished it had been *Kill Van Kull*.

At last a bell sounded, and the train rumbled slowly out of the station.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE NIGHT AT THE WORKS.

WHEN Jem Starbuck, that evening, had been thrust out by his friends, and the door he heard slammed and bolted behind him, he found himself upon Sixth Avenue, at midnight of a night so inclement that even that thoroughfare was almost deserted. The trains of the elevated railway went thundering over his head, but the floor of the street was checkered with the drifts of wet snow and the pools of water, in which the mirrored gaslights glimmered a warning to the unwary step.

The rain had at this time stopped ; it was the hour's lull before the down-rush of the clearing northwester ; and the flooded gutters still ran riotously and

poured into the sewer-gates with a roaring that was audible a block or more away.

Starbuck walked some streets without conscious object. His heart beat violently with the struggle still, and he felt sick and faint with the passion of his anger. Remorse he had none ; but he was ashamed at having gone so far ; at having held himself in no better control. Yet why had Simpson dared to talk to him ? "Damn the fool, I wish I'd killed him," thought James.

He spoke the words aloud ; and, as he did so, came to a street corner ; the crossing was exceptionally deep with melted snow, and on the other corner stood a policeman. Starbuck became conscious that he still held the bloody knife ; there was a sewer-opening below him, and he threw it in. The rush of water was so great that it was gulped down without a sound, disappearing instantly in the turbid vortex. James looked after it a moment, moodily ; he had little fear that he was in any danger for his deed of that night ; beyond doubt, the fellow was not mortally wounded ; and he would not dare to complain on his own account, and none of their friends would ever peach.

He hesitated some moments ; then, with the decisive step of a man who has made up his mind, he turned and crossed Sixth Avenue. There was a bar-room over the way, brilliant with a red electric light ; he entered it, and called for a twenty-five cent cigar and a glass of whiskey. He was unused to drinking spirits ; and the sharp liquor made him shudder as he swallowed it ; but not with cold or fear. The intellectual predominated over the physical in his nature : such organisms are cowardly before immediate physical pain or contest, but shrink at nothing else. But one of his affectations had been to smoke cigars instead of pipes ; his was a nature nervous as any scholar's ; and he lit the black havana and went out again, taking his way along Thirty-second Street.

Fifth Avenue was less deserted than Sixth ; it was full of carriages going to and from the ball. It was about the hour when Flossie broke off her reverie in her boudoir and, lingering for her car-



riage, walked to her window and looked out. James Starbuck may have seen the rose light that streamed from her window; in fact, he did, and marked the brilliancy of this and all the great houses on the Avenue, with an imprecation on them for it; but he did not know Flossie Gower's house, nor much of her, save that she almost owned the oil works over at Williamsburgh. But he stopped a moment, and looked up and down the fine street; it was going to be colder, and he foresaw that the weather would be terrible before dawn, though the ladies, well cottoned in their carriages, would give no thought to it. But the business he was on was not so safe for him at any other time; and he buttoned his overcoat about him and walked rapidly down the side street, just as Mrs. Gower's carriage drove up at her front door.

He soon got beyond the respectable streets, the level even rows of brown-stone houses standing shoulder to shoulder like well-drilled servants in a livery; the shops began, and the iron-balconied tenements, and the noise and sense of much humanity. The many sins of the pavement were charitably hidden in the snow; but even then there was a smell about the neighborhood that would have nauseated Mrs. Gower; and even in the middle of the night there was noise of living, and an undertone of working steam, throbbing still, among the sleeping places of its human fellow-laborers. Nor were they all asleep; here and there a lighted window, and what we needs must term a sound of revelry, showed that some of these, too, like their Fifth Avenue superiors, were wakeful to the pleasures of the night.

But the elevated trains had ceased running, as Starbuck crossed Third Avenue: the toiling places of the human workmen, at least, were stilled, and these trains were not needed to take them to and from their benches in the social galley. Mankind—except indeed the policemen or other watchers who had to see that mankind did no mischief while it rested—was not at work.

Starbuck threaded his way through the streets along the river. The forges, to be sure, were glowing brightly; for Iron gives his servants no rest; Vulcan

is a lord who knows no sabbath; he compels, unlike kindly Ceres, from eve till dewy morn, from seed to harvest. Starbuck came to the wharves, heaped up with coal mountains, built over with iron prisons for the gas; he looked about him, cautiously, for he was physically a coward and afraid of footpads, of the lawless gangs of roughs that infest the wharves. He had struck across the city, too, directly, instead of walking up Fifth Avenue, as he should have done, where he felt safe. He started once or twice in alarm, and his heart took to palpitating again, as he saw a dark figure among the wharves; but it would be only a policeman or a watchman, and he breathed more freely; and at last he reached the ferry in safety.

He took a seat in one corner of the ladies' cabin, pulling his coat-collar up over his face. The boat was not full; but there were a number of people still out, returning from supper after the theatres. The warm weather they had had was breaking up the ice in the Sound; and the paddles of the steamer went crashing and grinding through the broken floes. Several times the wheels stopped, as if the pilot saw a field of ice too large to be crushed through. At last, the clanking of the chains told Starbuck they had reached the dock upon the Brooklyn side.

He waited until all the other passengers had gone ashore. The night had grown much colder; and the freezing snow and water crackled beneath his feet. On this side the river, however, the streets were darker, and quite deserted; and not one lighted window broke the high brick housewalls that closed about him on either side.

The effect of the unaccustomed dram of spirit had quite left him by this time; he threw open his coat for a moment, to light another cigar; and then buttoned it tight about him, cursing the cold. He had walked some half a mile or so, without meeting a living being, and had got beyond the region of the tenements, and in the manufacturing district of the city. Already he noticed the strong smell of oil, borne backward through the city by the northwest wind. His way led downward to the wharves; and he stopped before the familiar iron gate.

He peered through it ; he knew it to be the watchman's station, or rather that of one watchman : there were two more down by the river side, whence the greatest danger was always apprehended. But he only saw the acres of tanks and stagings and pyramids of empty barrels, and beyond them, just visible, the high forest of masts tapering into the black sky, where, in the west, a few stars were already struggling out.

It was evident that the watchman, fearing, on such a night, no enemy but winter and rough weather, had sought some shelter ; but Starbuck did not deem it wise to venture openly through the gate. He skirted the high fence around toward the river, where he knew there was a sort of swinging hatchway in the wooden wall ; it was kept fastened only by an ordinary dropping latch inside, and this, by inserting a length of wire in the crack, he easily lifted.

When he was fairly inside the yard, he sat down for a moment, smoking, and looked about him. The nearest lights were across the river or on the shipping in the stream ; but the ground was white with snow, and the huge storage-tanks rose up about him, visible by their very blackness, like rocks at night in foaming water.

He got up, still smoking, but screening the cigar-light in the hollow of his hand, and went toward the water. A double bank of the petroleum ships lay along the pier ; but all was silent on board of them, the watch, if watch was kept while they were moored, having evidently followed the example of the watchman at the outer gate. Thus he made his way, slowly, to the end of the pier, losing his footing now and then in a snowdrift, or slipping suddenly into one of the great pits full of freezing water that had collected in the hollows of the ground. No vessels lay across the end of the pier, such mooring being forbidden ; and it was unencumbered except by the great iron letters that stretched across it — **THE SILAS STARBUCK OIL COMPANY**. Starbuck leaned across the rod that supported the first letter S, and reflected. It was a curious fact that the identity

of the name had never struck him particularly before ; he knew nothing of old Silas Starbuck, nor who he was, nor whence he had come, nor even that Mrs. Levison-Gower had been his daughter. Carefully he walked around the end of the wharves ; thousands of men were at work there by day ; but at night a more lonely place it would be hard to find, and he met no one.

At last, it seemed as if the object of this unusual journey were satisfied ; and he began to retrace his steps toward the town. As he passed the first piles of barrels, he stopped and looked at them again ; then picking up a stick, he struck one or two of them a smart blow. They were empty, and it rang hollow. He pushed the stick among them and between them to the ground ; the snow that had fallen upon them had melted, and the lowest tier were half-submerged in a pool of water. Then he left them and went on to the receiving-house.

Opposite him, and a few hundred yards to the right, were the stills ; lofty iron towers, under which a dull glow showed that the furnaces were still doing their work. When he had left Steam City, the strike was complete ; but the oil still ran through the pipelines, and stokers had still been found to feed these refining fires. He turned sharp to the left ; and the dull light was soon hidden behind the storage-tanks.

There was sure to be a watcher in the "tail-house," if the stills were at work, to mark the runs of oil ; and Starbuck walked more slowly. But his steps were muffled in the drifts of snow ; moreover, he was close by the blower, and the rapid whirring of the iron fans would drown all other noise. When he got to the steps that led to the door of the tail-house, there were fresh foot-prints in the snow ; and he ascended cautiously until his head was at the level of the window and then looked in. The light inside came from a small tubular stove of ridged iron, white-hot ; and by its comfortable warmth a man sat in an old armchair, his head upon his breast, asleep. Starbuck studied his features for a few seconds and then opened the door and entered.

"Who is it ?" cried the man, starting up.

"It's only I, Ned," answered Starbuck. "Don't be so nervous."

"Oh, is that all," returned the other. "I was afraid it might be some feller come to do a mischief," he added, with a grin.

"I wanted to make sure it was your watch," said James. "You don't keep a good one—if anything happens to-night, I shall have to report you."

"The h—l you will," laughed the other.

"I'm pretty sure I heard a boat land, down by the end of the pier."

"No?" said the other.

"I did indeed," added Starbuck. "I wish you'd go down and see. I got rumors of a plot in town, and came over to warn you."

"No?" said the other, again. "Did ye, though? And suppose I'm kilt—I'm to come back and tell yer, I suppose? Why don't you come along yourself?"

"I want to take a turn by the spraying-house first," answered James. "I'll join you there in a minute—on the wharf, I mean." And as he spoke, Starbuck left the little cabin and went down the steps.

"It 'ud be awkward if any feller were to happen in here while we're both gone, wouldn't it?" he called out; but Starbuck was already out of hearing, threading his way through the darkness to the spraying-house; the fountain not playing now, at night, when there was no sun to brighten it, and the great well of oil lying still and sleeping, warmed by the steam-pipes that were coiled, like warm-blooded serpents, in its depths.

The man called Ned watched him go, the grin that had accompanied his last remark quickly fading on his face; then, wrapping his overcoats around him, he, too, went out and walked away with rapid steps through the dark yard.

He left the door of the tail-house open behind him; and when, in a few minutes, James Starbuck returned, he found the place already cold. He shut the door to and sat down; the cigar in his mouth had gone out and he opened the door of the stove with an old iron rod to stir the fire and get a bit of live coal for a light. But he had no tongs; and indeed the live coal seemed unnecessary, as he

pulled out quite a bundle of matches from his pocket. He let the glowing coals lie unheeded on the floor, and looked at his watch by the light of the open stove-door. It was three o'clock. And he cowered back in the chair, shivering.

It seemed so small a thing to do, after all! His lip curled with scorn as he thought of his simple-minded associates and how great a thing they made of it. It would fill perhaps a column in the morrow's paper—about as much space, perhaps, as might be allotted to the Duval's ball. Yet such things scared the stupid public; and they encouraged his party, much as a boy is made proud by the loud report of his first toy-cannon. His own ideas went so far beyond, that he regarded it as little more than the bow-chaser some red rover fires across the bow of a fat merchantman, by way of preliminary parley. He was tired, too; and the earlier events of the night had been exciting.

However, he made an effort, and shook himself together. Time was going. He got up and went to the runs. There were the two glass-covered channels, side by side; and both were running oil. Outside the little shed they entered two long wooden boxes or troughs, supported on trestle-work, and running several hundred feet in a downward inclination to the receiving-tanks, whence they were in turn conducted to the spraying-house, a quarter of a mile away.

James Starbuck lifted up the iron rod he had used to poke the fire, and brought it down with a crushing blow over the glass-topped runnels. Then he struck a match across the stove, and standing in the doorway, leaned over and touched the blue flame to the edge of the running oil.

For some reason, it did not catch; and he tried another match. This he fairly dropped into the oil; but with no better success, as the feeble flame was put out instantly. "Damn the thing," said he to himself; and lighting another match, he waited until the flame was fairly burning, and looked at the oil.

The little runnel he had touched, partly choked with broken bits of glass, was full of a thick dark liquid, yellowish in color, but blue with numerous big globules of water. It was almost

the last run, too crude or too impure to take fire at a spark. He looked at the other ; and in it he recognized the shining stream, the strange metallic lustre of the naphtha's flow.

He took a small shovelful of red-hot coals from the little stove, and got well out the doorway with it, standing down as many steps as he could. For this was the light surface oil, taking fire at a spark, more quick and dangerous than the cruder average. And with a careful aim, he sent a handful of the burning coals into the now open trough.

Even with the care that he had used, the first blast of flame was greater than he had thought possible ; and he was hurled by the outward rush of air, half-blinded, down the remaining steps of the ladder, and fell into the deep snow. He ran back a few steps and looked up. Already the shed was on fire, and the burning oil, running from it in the trough, was spurting into jets of flame upon the trestle-work. Though wet with rain, this structure, so long soaked with oil, was taking fire rapidly. But there had been little noise as yet, and no signs of an alarm. He ran back some distance, and took refuge beside a brick storehouse, behind a pile of empty barrels.

He looked at his watch ; it was a quarter past the hour ; and for once, whether from his running or some other reason, his heart beat quickly. He paid no attention to the flaming trestle, but looked in the direction of the spraying-house that he had left upon the stroke of three.

For, as he stood there, watch in hand, the whole earth shook beneath him ; and with a noise that was more terrible than loud the silence of the city's night was broken ; and the iron roof of the spraying-house was hurled to heaven on a pillar of yellow fire. And Starbuck crouched behind his solid wall and screamed aloud.

It seemed many minutes before he heard the crash and rattle of the falling plates of iron. Then a flood of blazing oil poured forth, and ran in all directions, mixing with the pools of melted snow. Already the trestle was a roaring mass of flame ; the woodwork about the receiving tanks caught one after the

other ; and Starbuck ran wildly to his distant gate in the fence and cowered there, behind a pile of wornout iron. He heard far off the shrieks of the sleeping watchmen, and then hoarse shouting from the city. Then, like some titanic minute-guns, the great tanks exploded, one after one, in majestic sequence ; and the stars of the sky were veiled in fires of the nether world.

Then came the clang of bells in distant towers, and the shriller rattle of the fire-engines, and shouts of frightened men. In brief time he heard them crying at the outer gate, and saw them pouring into the yard, swarming over the high fence, thousand upon thousand of them ; but the pouring oil now flowed steadily, in flaming streams, and cut them off as with a sword of fire from the enclosure ; he could see them standing silent on the hither side, in motionless throngs, gazing with pallid faces at the world of fire.

He heard, too, the shouts of the Norwegian sailors in their ships along the wharves ; the yellow flood flowed steadily toward them, its burning stream melting the snow and riding faster on the water's surface in great blazing pools. One fire-river had already reached the end of the wharf, and fell over it, in a cascade of flame, through the iron colossal letters to the icy river. The tide took it rapidly down among the ships ; the first was now flaming, from the bowsprit up the foremast, licking the tar and oakum from the iron rod. He heard the groups of sailors, in a panic, rush behind him where he sat ; others stayed at their posts and worked like demons, with capstans and cables, to warp their vessels beyond the reach of danger. The city fire-boat had come ; and the burning oil-ship was cut adrift and dropped down the river, the fire-engines of the steamer playing on it vainly ; in a few seconds, with a loud explosion, it was shattered to the water's edge. The very river was blazing like a crater's mouth with patches of the burning oil ; and now, last of all, the huge storage-tanks, each holding its hundreds of tons, were scattered into seas of burning gas. No nook or cranny of the great yard but was lit with yellow light, intenser, vividder than the sun's ;

the sky above was like a molten plate of copper, touched with swarms of scarlet sparks; and only beyond the river, above the red-walled houses, were the cold pale streaks of dawn.

James went boldly out, mingling among the maddened crowd. His breath had returned; and a faint smile was on his lips as he took his way slowly back through the now thronged streets to the river. His quickened blood poured sluggishly again; and his mind was busy with thought. Do serpents pant in the heat of conflict; or does their blood turn warm when they have withdrawn the sting? He had, perhaps, a faint sense of gratified power; but the mere destruction of one piece of property was after all so small a thing!

While he was crossing the ferry, he looked up the river at the flaming world that he had made; it was a fine spectacle; and he watched it as calmly, as dispassionately, as Flossie Gower had done, when, not knowing that it was her fortune that had gone, she saw it burn from Mr. Wemyss's window.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### FAILURE.

CHARLIE TOWNLEY had had no rest on New Year's day. His sleep had been troubled, that night after Tamms's dinner; and he was kept awake, by the danger that he saw, ignorant of the greater one unseen that he had escaped. The day was a holiday; "the Street" was as deserted, almost, as on Sunday; though the policeman on his rounds and the children, playing at snow-balling in the centre of the empty street, could see, above the half-drawn window-shades, troubled faces of men inside and clerks bending industriously over the great ledgers.

Townley was there all day, closeted with Mr. Tamms. He scarcely gave himself time for a bit of bread, at noon, when the chimes of Trinity at the head of the street were ringing again joyously. Thus he kept his holy day, counting his money in his counting-house, making up the balance of their year's labors, as is our modern way of keeping

holy-days. And as the day wore on, it became evident, even to him, that the money, or rather those slips of paper printed or engraved which might bring in money, were distressingly scanty; while, on the other hand, the footing of notes payable grew most portentously. He might, indeed, have thanked his holy-day for one thing—that many of their loans fell due upon the morrow, in consequence of it.

Charlie had never quite thoroughly known the business. Mr. Tamms and Mr. Townley both had their private iron boxes in the vault; and he had no means of knowing what might be in these. And Mr. Townley Senior had another iron box marked "Trusts." On the other hand there was also no means of his knowing how much they had borrowed on their private accounts.

Tamms had been very silent through the day; and his calmness gave Charlie some encouragement. Nevertheless, the total of liabilities was appalling: counting their own loans, and loans of the railroad, and of Starbuck Oil, it was over thirteen millions of dollars. True, to meet this, they had two-thirds the entire stock of Allegheny Central—all, in fact, that was not held by private investors or in permanent trusts, for they had not dared to sell a thousand shares since the past summer—and all the bonds and nearly half the stock of Starbuck Oil. But every share of both was pledged for their large debts; to sell even so little as a thousand shares would break the price and bring a call for further "margin." And they had no further margin to put up. Charlie was appalled. "Couldn't we get Remington's brokers to sell some for us?" he hazarded, at last.

"What's the use? We'd have to buy it ourselves," answered Tamms. "It's been the old deacon, right through—damn him," he added. Charlie had never heard him swear before; and it struck him, all at once, that Tamms was growing careless with his mask.

"Never mind," said Tamms, as if he had read his thoughts, "let's go to dinner—then we'll feel more like tackling the assets. You'll have to go in and buy the whole market in the morning, anyhow."

This bold speech restored a little of Townley's courage; and they went and had a somewhat grim banquet, with plenty of champagne, however, at the Astor House. Then they went back to Wall Street in the evening; and worked together until midnight. And Mr. Tamms showed Townley a list of securities that almost gave him strength to face the morrow. "These," said he, showing the paper, "are my own; and these other," showing a still longer list, "are Mr. Townley's."

"Had I better see him?"

"What's the use of bothering the old man? He won't be down to-morrow." Now Charlie had never heard Tamms call Mr. Townley "the old man" before.

"How much shall I buy?"

"Buy Allegheny and Starbuck Oil until you're black in the face. I can get two millions on this stuff easy. And those young fellows who were at my dinner will be buying too, I guess. I'll catch old Remington, by God, and this time I'll bleed him white." And Tamms's bleared eyes glared, and his beard bristled, and his straight red moustache shut down over his thin lips like a wire trap. He was not a pleasant sight, as he said these words. "If you get frightened, send around for me," he concluded, more quietly; and they locked the offices and separated on the corner of the street.

That night Charlie did not sleep at all. He lay broad awake, thinking now of the business, now of Mamie Livingstone, his lady-love. He angrily wished that he had put his courtship to its climax sooner. A pretty mood he was now to woo in—at the ball to-morrow night! Sleep was impossible; and he got up and smoked cigars and paced the room impatiently.

In the morning, however, his hopes were higher. After all, they might probably weather this squall, if only for a few weeks; and on that evening, by all that was holy, he would win the hand of pretty little Mamie—and her millions. Then Tamms might split his wicked head for all he cared. Mr. Tamms had not got to the office when Charlie arrived; but he went off to the board, and began his bidding boldly.

But that last night had come the news of the great Allegheny Central strike,

no longer to be suppressed by the telegraph or the company, and of that riotous meeting which our friend Derwent had so vainly tried to check. The stock had dropped a fraction actually before his own first bid was heard; and he knew that the message had flashed all over the country, "opening weak." There was a very maelstrom about the Allegheny Central sign—he found it easy to keep in the centre of the whirl, however, and bought it manfully. But soon he found the reason of this; he was the only broker that was buying. Some of the young men that had been at Tamms's dinner he saw, upon the outskirts of the crowd, and tried to wink at them encouragingly; but evidently the news of the strike, or some other warning, had frightened them, for they held aloof. He could hardly pretend to keep account of the stock that he was buying, though he jotted as rapidly as he could on his bit of paper. A telegram was thrust into his hand; he read it hurriedly; it was from Tamms—"Keep it up—strikers reported starving."—"Confound 'em, they can't starve before to-morrow, though," thought he; but he went on taking all stock they offered; and it seemed as if all the world was offering stock.

It was a terrible hour. He looked furtively at the clock, the while he kept on bidding. Some minutes of the "call" still remained. A messenger forced his way through the crowd, with a note from the office. It was from their banking-clerk—"Money ten per cent. Fechter has called for margin." Curse the rate of money; what cared he what it cost if they had only got it? Why in heaven didn't Lauer tell him that? And he wiped the sweat from his brow and went on bidding.

And now there was a sudden eddy in the crowd, and it opened inward and he saw Deacon Remington himself. Townley's face fell, despite him; he was not yet old enough to be quite a perfect gambler; and there was a sort of awe-struck hush, as the ranks of the Greeks might have hushed before Troy when Achilles took the field.

"Five thousand at seventy-five," said old Remington, turning a wad of tobacco in his cheek.



"Take it," said Charlie, coolly. Now seventy-five was nearly two whole points below the last quoted sale; which had been a little lot of two hundred shares sold by—alas, shall we say it? Of such, however, is the friendship of Wall Street—his old friend Arthur Holyoke. He was reckless now, and had nailed his colors to the mast; a pretty sure sign, by the way, that a man is beaten.

But the artful Tamms had still one more trick in his bag. In the momentary hush that followed this first discharge of heavy guns, Charlie got another telegram. It was dated Brooklyn, like the first. "Allegheny Central—special stockholders meeting for dividend—books close to-morrow." Tamms would have compressed the gospel of eternal life into ten words.

Then a clever idea struck young Townley. If they had no money, neither had Remington and his crowd any stock. "Post this telegram," he said to his clerk who had brought it. And then:

"I want ten thousand more of Allegheny Central—*cash*."

Now "*cash*" meant that the stock must be delivered that day, as the books closed on the morrow.

There was another pause. He could hear the younger brokers among his adversaries anxiously inquiring the loaning rate on Allegheny Central. Now Charlie knew very well there was none to loan.

"I'll give seventy-six for ten thousand, *cash*." And this time there was a sort of wolf-like howl; but no other response.

"Seventy-seven?—Seventy-eight?"—**EIGHTY?**"

The baffled deacon turned his quid again. "Seventy—at the opening," said he at last. But Charlie laughed scornfully.

"I want it now, please, deacon." And here some of those rich young men who had been at the dinner, seeing a turn in the tide of battle, ranged themselves on Townley's side. The price was run up with astounding rapidity. "Eighty—one—two—three—five—" the deacon looked on impotently. Not for one moment did he believe—nor, perhaps, many others there—that the house of Townley & Tamms could meet this con-

tract. But the rules of trade forbade inquiring into that, so long as they had met their obligations.

"NINETY," said Charlie, in ill-concealed triumph. And the hammer fell, and the morning board was over; and there was a sort of cheer from the money-seeking multitude. Throughout the length and breadth of the greatest trading nation in the world it would be known in a few minutes that Allegheny had closed at ninety, bid. All danger of further calls for margin on that day at least was removed; and Charlie went back in triumph to the office.

And even yet, though it is three years since—and three years is a generation on Wall Street—this great battle is remembered; and the audacity of young Charlie Townley and how he stood up before the great bear leader is told, as Romans told how Horatio held the bridge; told by brokers about their firesides, if they have firesides, to their children, when they have any. And Charlie's memory was kept bright; and his deeds of prowess not forgotten. For it was many a long month before he appeared upon the floor again.

He went back flushed with victory, like a warrior to his camp. Now he could look forward with due pleasure to the ball that evening. Once more he had leisure for thoughts of ladies fair and love. And as Paris, weary of the battle, might have looked forward to his Helen, so he looked forward to his tender interview with Mamie Livingstone that night. If Tamms had only got the money for their notes falling due that day, they might go on with safety for some months at least.

Now that he had time to think, it struck him as curious that both his telegrams had been dated Brooklyn. He quickened his step; and arriving at the office, his first inquiries were for his active partner. "Mr. Tamms has not been in to-day," said Mr. Lauer.

This was very strange. He telegraphed at once for Tamms at Brooklyn, telling him of the glorious victory they had won; and took his needed lunch while waiting for the answer. Then he went and ordered his flowers to be sent to Mamie. But when he got back, there was no answer yet.

He began to grow nervous. It was nearly two o'clock ; and he must be going back to the board. Leaving word at the office that he was to be sent for immediately when Mr. Tamms came back, he took the keys to their boxes and went to the vaults himself.

He found one certificate only in the box—for one thousand shares of Starbuck Oil. Well, this was better than nothing. But where was all the list of bonds and stocks that Tamms had shown him on the night before ? In the elder partners' private boxes, he supposed. And these he could not get till Tamms's return. Could he be ill, by any chance ? It was not like Tamms to be ill at such a time. His mind was greater than his body, too, and held the laws of nature in control.

In despair, he tried the lock of Tamms's private box. To his astonishment it opened at the touch. With an intense relief, he saw it was full of papers. Far-sighted Tamms had foreseen this, too.

But the relief was short-lived. The papers were nothing but insurance policies, contracts of no money value, leases of real estate, and a deed of a pew in Tamms's church. Could Tamms have taken the other papers with him to raise the money on himself ? In his despair he tried old Mr. Townley's box. This also was not locked. But, to his horror, he found that it was quite empty. Empty ? His head swam, and the open box seemed to yawn before his eyes like some black pit. He even dragged down Mr. Townley's box marked *Trusts*. That was empty too.

Charlie ran back to the office, streaming with a cold sweat of terror. His last hope—that Tamms would be there—proved equally vain. That ingenious person had not been heard from since the morning.

At two o'clock, the doors of Townley & Tamms, successors to Charles Townley & Son, which had not been closed in a business day before since sixty-eight years, were shut. And a notice, posted on the outer iron rail of the office, in Mr. Adolph Lauer's neat writing, informed their creditors that the old firm were "temporarily unable to meet their obligations."

But the "ticker" went on relentlessly through the afternoon ; and the scared clerks, reading it, abandoning all other business, brought Charlie news from time to time, of the great panic that was in the board ; how Allegheny Central went to fifty ; how even Starbuck Oil could find no purchasers. And while many a quiet home throughout the land was as yet undisturbed, little recking that the great railroad on which they had lived so long was at last insolvent, Charlie Townley sate doggedly in his barred office, hoping vainly for Mr. Tamms, or puzzling, equally vainly, how to meet the million that they owed that day, with his thousand shares of Starbuck Oil.

From time to time, he would lay down the hopeless task to think of the ball, that evening. Now he could not dare to go. Even he could not venture to ask a woman's hand on the day that all the world knew he was ruined. Ruined—aye, and fraudulently. Where were Mr. Townley's trusts that he so long had kept so well ? In Tamms's pocket, perhaps, flying with these, too, to Canada. There was a swarm of reporters pressing at the door ; vociferating for a member of the firm. The noise at last attracted his attention ; and he went out and told them, with as calm a face as he could wear, that Mr. Tamms was absent ; but on the morrow when he returned, all would be made good. But Charlie knew well that Phineas Tamms would never return to the house of Townley & Tamms. He sent a despatch for Mr. Townley, however, and waited ; and worked over the weary figures, once more, till after midnight.

And this was how he spent the evening, while poor Mamie was watching for him, vainly, at the ball.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE OLDEST MEMBER.

THE following day, early in the afternoon, Lionel Derwent walked into the Columbian Club. It was a place that he did not usually frequent, though he had a stranger's membership ; but we have already learned that Derwent was most usually to be found in most unusual

places. No one was in the morning-room but old Mr. Livingstone; he was sitting in his accustomed armchair by the window, a chair in which he had a right of property between the hours of three and five in the afternoon that all the club respected. Mr. Livingstone did not notice Derwent when he entered; perhaps because he was growing very old and his sight and hearing were defective. His eyes were fixed upon an empty chair in front of him and he seemed to be lost in thought. Derwent took up a newspaper and sat down in another corner of the room.

We are fond of saying in New York that life there moves so rapidly that the morning paper is already stale at three. Hence, have we no Homers; who sing some ten years action and take a lifetime for it. But to Derwent, the newspapers' deeds were stale even in the doing: humanity at three o'clock was like humanity at nine. Two young men entered, fresh and rosy, with camelias in their coats; they were of those who toil not, neither spin.

"Do you know, they say that Townley & Tamms have failed?"

"So I hear. Great ball, last night."

"Ugh—I'm sleepy yet."

Derwent looked back to his paper. Mr. Livingstone did not appear to have heard this colloquy, but was sitting idly as if dozing. In the financial column Derwent found, at last, a simple paragraph:

"Owing to the illness of Mr. Phineas Tamms and the temporary absence of the senior partner, the house of Townley & Tamms are reported as temporarily unable to meet their obligations. The rumor created much excitement at the close, and several thousand shares of Allegheny Central were sold for them under the rule. This is believed to account for the sudden weakness in that stock, which was particularly strong at the morning board. We are assured that the difficulty is but temporary; as the house is one of the strongest, as it is the oldest, on the street."

De Witt came in, and nodded a word to Mr. Livingstone, but the old man did not hear him; and Derwent turned over his newspaper to the account of the great fire. This he read with some in-

terest. "There is a rumor that the fire was incendiary," it concluded; "the head watchman reports that he received a warning that some mischief was to be attempted; and shortly after midnight, getting word that a suspicious boat seemed to be attempting a landing at the river front, he left his post temporarily on a tour of observation; and it was during his absence that the fire broke out. Other than this there appears little ground for ascribing to the fire an incendiary origin; and no possible motive for such a crime can be suggested. The bulk of the property belongs to Mrs. W. Levison-Gower, well known as a leader of fashion in our most exclusive circles."

O sapient newspaper! Derwent turned to the first page, the bulk of which was filled by the great ball, where he read of the diamonds and the dresses, how Mrs. Wilton Hay wore a sleeveless satin and a rope of pearls; how Mrs. Jacob Einstein had her corsage cut *en cœur*, and how well looked Mrs. Gower in a simple gown, cut *directoire*, and how well the footmen's calves in white silk stockings. But just then some young men entered from down town; and quite a group drew close about them.

"Is it all true about Townley?"

"Perfect smash, I hear——"

"No one knows where Tamms is——"

"Canada, they say——"

"Charlie Townley was there at the opening, but the fire finished him. A little Starbuck Oil was positively all they had." The last speaker was Arthur Holyoke.

"They say that even he left the State to-night. Poor Charlie, I'm sorry for him," said Killian Van Kull.

"There's a warrant out for Tamms already," said another. "Old Fehheimer got it."

"He pledged a lot of Fehheimer's bonds that he held in a syndicate, I was told," said Jack Malgam.

"Here are the evening papers," cried another, as a servant entered bearing a bundle of newspapers, which were quickly seized and devoured. For some minutes all was silence, save for an occasional ejaculation of surprise. Derwent continued to watch the club-room

silently. Old Mr. Livingstone still sat in his chair, looking at the empty one over against him, which no one had taken.

"By Jove, it is worse than I thought," cried Malgam, with that certain pleasure bad news gives one when it is impressive and not personal. "Look here—the liabilities are said to amount to ten millions; the assets at present prices would not bring half that sum. The family of Mr. Phineas Tamms profess entire ignorance as to his whereabouts; but telegrams from reliable sources report his arrival at Montreal this morning."

"No other houses believed to be as yet involved in the failure." This latter news was read by De Witt with an air of some relief.

"I don't know about that," added another. "They held property for a great many people, to my certain knowledge."

"Tamms was to have been arrested to-night," Malgam read. "It is believed that a warrant has also been sworn out for Mr. Townley Junior.—I wonder where he is?"

It was noticeable that no one of them had yet mentioned old Mr. Townley's name. The company broke up into little groups, each discussing the great failure; which were added to from time to time as new men came in with their quota of news. Even the Duval ball had ceased to be talked about; so soon is one man's glory eclipsed by another man's disgrace. But Lionel Derwent marked that not one kindly word was said for Tamms.

There was a slight sensation at the door of the room, as young Beverly White entered; for White was Remington's partner, and had made much money in these last few days. Remington himself was not a member of the club; gossip had said that he could not get in, even though White had proposed him.

"Well, White, what news?" and the young men crowded round him.

"The news is that old Tamms has gone to smash, as I always said he would," said White; and he sank into an easy chair and called for some soda-water with an air of languid indifference.

"Pshaw! we knew that before——"

"Why did you ask me, then?" said White. "If people will speculate with other people's money——"

"Other people's money?"

"Yes—other people's money," drawled out the young man, sneeringly. "Old Townley got his boxes full, and then used it."

"Hush," said several, pointing to Mr. Livingstone in the window. "I guess it'll be some time before White gets his precious partner in here, after that remark," said another.

Mr. Livingstone, too, had taken a paper, and been poring over it; but something in this last speech seemed to reach his ear, and he looked up.

"Let's ask the old boy," said Malgam, in an undertone. "He must know more than all of us."

"Have you heard this news, sir?" said Killian Van Kull. Mr. Livingstone nodded silently. "And is it as bad as they say?"

"Worse," said the old gentleman, his voice quavering.

"But you cannot suppose that Mr. Townley knew anything of it?"

"It makes little difference whether he knew of it or not," answered the old man. There was a printed list of the club's members on the wall opposite him, and he was looking at it. Perhaps he was looking at the name of Charles Townley, whom he had played with as a boy.

"I knew that Tamms was a bad egg," said De Witt; "but that Mr. Townley——"

"Charles Townley, sir, is no better than a scoundrel," said Mr. Livingstone slowly. "He had all my wife's money, and nearly all of mine—but DAMME, sir, do you suppose I care for the money? If Charles Townley were sitting here with me again—I would give him— If Charlie Townley were sitting here, I—" The old man's voice grew weak, and he broke off in a sob.

The young men shifted about uneasily; and Derwent, in his corner, put up his newspaper before his face and tried to read.

Lucie Gower came in. He had just got home from a shooting trip down South. "Is Mr. Townley here?" said he. "I stopped at Wall Street on my

way up town; and they tell me that the officers have gone to arrest him."

"No," said someone. Then there was a long silence. Mr. Livingstone spoke again. "Charles Townley was the oldest member of this club. And I am the next; and was his oldest friend. And Charles Townley is a scoundrel." The old man rose; and the younger men thought he was going out, and made way for him at the door. But he walked over to the printed list of members that was opposite him upon the wall. "Charles Townley—1839," he muttered, as he found the place; and taking a pen that lay on the table beneath, he filled it with ink, and drew it, with a trembling hand, heavily across the name. Then he turned, and went to the door; while the younger men sat silent. There he stopped a moment. "We are gentlemen in this club. That is all." And they heard his uncertain step across the hall.

All the men sat and looked at one another; but no one cared to speak. After some minutes a group gathered around Gower, and conversed in undertones. "It was the only thing to do," said one. "He will never come here to see."

"We could not have expelled the poor old gentleman," said Van Kull.

"But is it really as bad as he says?"

"I have no doubt of it. Tamms has made a clean sweep. And the old gentleman must have given him access to his own trusts."

"Poor old fellow! But what will Charlie do?"

"Oh, Charlie will fall on his legs. Wasn't it plucky, the way he faced the market yesterday?"

"Damn Remington!"

"You forget he is my partner," said Beverly White.

"Then damn you, too," said Van Kull cavalierly. "But poor old Townley! I'm sorry——"

The speaker stopped, conscious of a sudden chill. For there was an opening in the crowd, and there stood Mr. Townley close behind him.

"Well, boys—bad times in the street, eh?" The old man's voice piped a shrill treble, and there was something almost childish in his laugh. "Ah, the

house of Charles Townley & Son has seen worse times than this. I remember when my father—in thirty-nine——"

There was dead silence in the room. Gower went up and tried to lead the old man away from the group of strangers.

"Ah, Gower, glad to see you—I've found a picture I think you'd like—you must come around to my house this evening—that is, if you've nothing else to do better than smoking with an old fellow like me. Eh! you young dogs! you young dogs! But why are you all so glum, my boys? Ah, you young fellows take things too earnest, nowadays."

"There's been a bad day in the stock-market," said Beverly White. "I hope, sir, the reports of Mr. Tamms's doings have been exaggerated?"

("Shut up, confound you," whispered Van Kull; but the other answered him with an ugly leer.)

"Mr. Tamms? ah, yes—clever fellow, Tamms. I like to help a young fellow along; he was in a tight place and I pulled him out. If you'd like a few hundred thousand I could let you have it—but they say Townley & Son have failed, you know. And Charlie told me something about my trusts—but that can't be, can it? I never lost a dollar on my trusts. All gone—everything gone! Where's Livingstone, my old friend Livingstone? His seat empty—why, he isn't ill? Tell me, my boy, where's Dick Livingstone?"

"He's gone, sir," said Gower.

"Gone? why gone? he always waits for me—there's nothing wrong with Livingstone, I hope? Why, he's a better man than I by most a year."

"He's lost much money, sir, they say—he said he couldn't wait."

"Lost? lost money? Oh, yes—all gone, gone—No, no—wait till my son Charlie gets down town—he's a bright boy; he'll carry on the old house, and show you boys a wrinkle, eh?"

No man there ventured to speak; for his son Charlie had died, some time back in the fifties.

Suddenly Mr. Townley began to laugh. "Aha, Dick Livingstone, we'll show the boys a turn or two—but where is he? Tamms—I know—my God—he's aascal—it's gone, all gone."

The old man tottered toward his seat in the window. It was just before the list of members; and all were silent in suspense. But suddenly a firm hand was laid on the old man's elbow. "Come home with me, sir. I've got a carriage waiting." It was Lionel Derwent.

"Ah, Mr. Derwent—glad to see you." His wan face lighted up with pleasure; and he seemed to think he was talking again with Derwent in the office. "Yes, it's a good stock—always was a good stock since Townley & Son managed it.

Come home, you say? Yes, I think—I'm not quite well. Good-by, my boys."

Derwent led his tottering steps to the door. He smiled vacantly, but leaning heavily on Derwent's arm. No longer prey for Tamms, nor fitting object for a sheriff's care, or other troubles of this world. They passed the silent group about the centre-table, which made way respectfully.

"Don't forget the picture, Gower," said he, as Derwent led him from the door.

(To be concluded in the November number.)

## THE RAILROAD IN ITS BUSINESS RELATIONS.

*By Arthur T. Hadley.*

THE railroads of the world are to-day worth from twenty-five to thirty thousand million dollars. This probably represents one-tenth of the total wealth of civilized nations, and one-quarter, if not one-third, of their invested capital. It is doubtful whether the aggregate plant used in all manufacturing industries can equal it in value. The capital engaged in banking is but a trifle beside it. The world's whole stock of money of every kind—gold, silver, and paper—would purchase only a third of its railroads.

Yet these facts by no means measure the whole importance of the railroad in the modern industrial system. The business methods of to-day are in one sense the direct result of improved means of transportation. The railroad enables the large establishment to reach the markets of the world with its products; it enables the large city to receive its food supplies, if necessary, from a distance of hundreds or thousands of miles. And while it thus favors the concentration of capital, it is in itself an extreme type of this concentration. Almost every distinctive feature of modern business, whether good or bad, finds in railroad history at once its chief cause and its fullest development.

As befits a nineteenth century institution, the railroad dates from 1801.

In that year Benjamin Outram built in the suburbs of London a short line of horse railroad—or tramroad, as it was named in honor of the inventor. Other



George Stephenson.

works of the same kind followed in almost every succeeding year. They were recognized as a decided convenience but nothing more. It was hard to imagine that a revolution in the world's trans-



portation methods could grow out of this beginning. Least of all could such a result be foreseen in England, whose admirable canal system seemed likely to

cursing, but was so good a prophet that he had to tell the truth in spite of himself, even though his curse was thereby turned into a blessing.



Cornelius Vanderbilt.

defy competition for centuries to come. And yet, curiously enough, it was a man wholly identified with canal business who first foresaw the future importance of the railroad. The Duke of Bridgewater had built canals when they were regarded as a hazardous speculation; but they proved a success, and in the early years of the century he was reaping a rich reward for his foresight. One of his fellow-shareholders took occasion to congratulate the Duke on the fact that their property was now the surest monopoly in the land, and was startled by the reply, "I see mischief in these—tramroads." The prophecy is all the more striking as coming from an enemy. Like Balaam, the Duke of Bridgewater had a pecuniary interest in

It is hardly necessary to tell in detail how this prediction was realized. Thanks to the skill and perseverance of George Stephenson, the difficulties in the use of steam as a mode of propulsion were rapidly overcome. What was a doubtful experiment as late as 1815 had become an accomplished fact in 1830. The successful working of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway gave an impulse to similar enterprises all over the world. In 1835 there were 1,600 miles of railroad in operation—more than half of it in the United States. In 1845 the length of the world's railroads had increased to more than 10,000 miles; in 1855 it was 41,000 miles; in 1865, 90,000; in 1875, 185,000; in 1885, over 300,000.

There were perhaps a few men who foresaw this growth; there were almost none who foresaw the changes in organization and business methods with

and carriage were kept separate. The old plan was as impracticable as it would be for a manufacturing company to own the buildings and engines, while



Thomas A. Scott.

which it was attended. People at first thought of the railroad as merely an improved highway, which should charge tolls like a turnpike or canal, and on which the public should run cars of its own, independent of the railroad company itself. In many cases, especially in England, long sheets of tolls were published, based on the model of canal charters, and naming rates under which the use of the road-bed should be free to all. This plan soon proved impracticable. If independent owners tried to run trains over the same line, it involved a danger of collision and a loss of economy. The former evil could perhaps be avoided; the latter could not. The advantages of unity of management were so great that a road running its own trains could do a much larger business at lower rates than if ownership

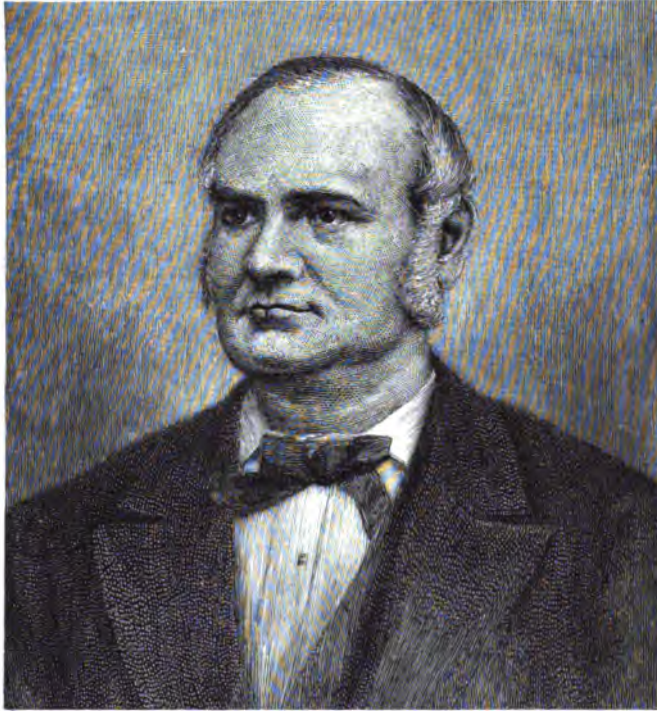
each workman owned the particular piece of machinery which he handled. Almost all the technical advantages of the new methods would be lost for lack of system. The railroad company, to serve the public well, could not remain in the position of a turnpike or canal company, but must itself do the work of carriage.

This was not all. The same economy which resulted from the union of road and rolling-stock under one management was still further subserved by the consolidation of connecting lines. This change did not come about so suddenly as the other. Half a century had elapsed before it was fully carried out. At first there was no need of it. The early railroads were chiefly built for local traffic, and especially for the carriage of local passengers. They were

like the horse railroads of the present day in the simplicity of their organization and the shortness of their lines. England in 1847 had chartered 700 companies, with an average authorized length of hardly fifteen miles each.

time. It was the result of business necessity, strong enough to shape legislation, and to find administrative leaders who could meet its demands.

From the very first there were some men who felt the importance of the rail-



John W. Garrett.

The line from Albany to Buffalo and Niagara Falls was in the hands of a dozen independent concerns. These were but types of what existed all over the world. As through traffic and especially through freight traffic grew in importance, this state of things became intolerable. Frequent transshipment was at once an expense to the railroad and a burden to the public. Even when this could be avoided, there was a multiplication of offices and a loss of responsibility. The system of ownership and management had to adapt itself to the technical necessities of the business. The change was not the result of legislation; nor was it, except in a limited sense, the work of men like Vanderbilt or Scott. It occurred in all parts of the world at about the same

roads as national lines of communication. The idea was present in the minds of the projectors of the Baltimore and Ohio, of the Erie, and of the Boston and Albany. But it was not until 1850 that it became a controlling one; nor was it universally accepted even then. As late as 1858 we find that there was a violent popular agitation in the State of New York to prohibit the New York Central from carrying freight in competition with the Erie Canal. It was gravely urged that the railroad had no business to compete with the canal; that the latter had a natural right to the through traffic from the West, with which the railroads must not interfere. It is less than thirty years since a convention at Syracuse, representing no small part of the public sentiment of

New York, formally recommended "the passage of a law by the next Legislature which shall confine the railroads of this State to the business for which they were originally created."

But matters had gone too far for effective action of this kind. Besides the New York Central, the Erie and the Pennsylvania were in condition to handle the through traffic which western connections were furnishing. These connections themselves were rapidly growing in importance. Prior to 1850 there were very few railroads west of the Alleghanies. In 1857 there were thousands of miles. The policy of land grants acted as an artificial stimulus to the building of such roads; and a land-grant road, when once built, was almost necessarily dependent on through traffic for its support. It could not be operated locally; it was forced into close traffic arrangements which paved the way for actual consolidation.

The war brought this development to a standstill for the time being; but it was afterward resumed with renewed vigor. It is probable that the final effect of the war was to hasten rather than to retard the growth of large systems. In the first place, it familiarized men's minds with national ideas instead of those limited to their own State. It is hard for us to realize that our business ideas were ever thus confined by artificial boundaries; but if we wish proof, we have only to look at the original location of the Erie Railway from Piermont to Dunkirk. Both were unnatural and undesirable terminal points; but people were willing to submit to inconvenience and to actual loss in order that the railroad might run as far as the New York State limits would allow, and not one whit farther. Similar instances can be found in other States. Hard as it is to understand, there seems to have been a positive jealousy of interstate traffic. The war did much to remove this by making the different sections of the country feel their common interest and their mutual dependence. It also had more direct effects. It produced special legislation for the Pacific Railroads as a measure of military necessity; and this was but the beginning of a renewal of the land-grant

policy, no longer through the medium of the States, but in the Territories and by the direct action of Congress. All the results in the way of extension or consolidation which had been noted in the first land-grant period were more intensely felt in the second. Never was there a time when business foresight and administrative power were more needed or more richly rewarded than in railroad management during the third quarter of the century.

In 1847, J. Edgar Thomson, an engineer of experience, entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which he afterward became president. Three years later, a young man without experience in railroad business applied to him for a position as clerk in the station at Duncansville, and was, with some hesitation, accepted. Not long after—so runs the story—an influential shipper entered the station, and demanded that some transfers should be made in a manner contrary to the rules of the company. This the clerk refused to do; and when the influential shipper tried to attend to the matter himself, he was forcibly ejected from the premises. Indignant at this, he complained to the authorities, demanding that the obnoxious employee be removed from his position. He was—and was promoted to a much higher one. This is said to have been the beginning of the railroad career of Thomas Alexander Scott. Edgar Thomson was a sufficiently able man to appreciate Scott's talent at its full worth, and took every opportunity to make it useful in the service of the company. Both before and after the war the system was extended in every direction; and the man who in 1850 had need of all his nerve to defy a single influential shipper was a quarter of a century later at the head of 7,000 miles of the most valuable railroad in the country.

As an enterprising and active railroad organizer, Scott was probably unrivalled—especially when aided by the soberer judgment of Thomson; nor has the operating department of any other railroad in the country reached the standard established on the Pennsylvania by Scott and Thomson and the men trained up under their eyes. But in business

sagacity and those qualities which pertain to the financial management of property, Scott was surpassed by Vanderbilt. The work of the two men was so totally different in character that it is hard to compare them. Vanderbilt was not so distinctively a railroad man as Scott. He had already made his mark as a shipowner before he went into railroads. But he was a man who was bound to take the lead in the business world; and he saw that the day for doing it with steamships was passing away, and that the day of railroads was come. He therefore presented his best steamship to the United States government in a time when it was sorely needed, disposed of the others in whatever way he could, and turned his undivided attention to railroads.

In 1863 Vanderbilt began purchasing Harlem stock on a large scale. The road was unprofitable, but he at once improved its management and made it pay. Speculators on the other side of the market had not foreseen the possibility of this course of action, and were badly deceived in their calculations. Vanderbilt had begun buying at as low a figure as 3; within little more than a year he had forced some of his opponents to buy it of him at 285. He soon extended his operations to Hudson River, and somewhat later to New York Central. Defeated in an attempt to gain control of Erie, he turned his attention farther west; and was soon in virtual possession of a system which, in his hands at any rate, was fully a match for all competitors.

These systems did not long remain without rivals. The Baltimore and Ohio, whose development had been interrupted by the war, soon resumed, under the leadership of John W. Garrett, its old commanding position in the railroad world. Farther west, in the years succeeding, systems were developed and consolidated which surpassed their eastern connections in aggregate mileage. The combined Wabash and Missouri Pacific system in its best days included about 10,000 miles of line under what was virtually a single management. The Southern Pacific, the Atchison, the Northwestern, and the St. Paul systems control each of them in one way or an-

other decidedly over 5,000 miles; and a half dozen others might be named, scarcely inferior either in magnitude or in commercial power.

The result of all this was to place an enormous and almost irresponsible power in the hands of a few men. The directors of such a system stand between thousands of investors, tens of thousands of employees, and hundreds of thousands of shippers. They have the interests of all these parties in their hands for good or ill. If they are fit men for their places, they will work for the advantage of all. A man like Vanderbilt gave higher profits, larger employment, and lower rate as the result of his railroad work. But if the head of such a system is unfit for his trust intellectually or morally, the harm which he can do is almost boundless.

Of intellectual unfitness the chance is perhaps not great. The intense competition of the modern business world makes sure that any man, to maintain his position, must have at least some of the qualities of mind which it exacts. But of moral unfitness the danger is all the greater, because some of the present conditions of business competition directly tend to foster it. A German economist has said that the so-called survival of the fittest in modern industry is really a double survival, side by side, of the most talented on the one hand and the most unscrupulous on the other. The truth of this is already apparent in railroad business. A Vanderbilt on the Central meets a Fisk on the Erie. In spite of his superior power and resources he is virtually beaten in the contest—beaten, as was said at the time, because he could not afford to go so close to the door of State's prison as his rival.

The manager of a large railroad system has under his control a great deal of property besides his own—the property of railroad investors which has been placed in his charge. Two lines of action are open to him. He may make money *for* the investors, and thereby secure the respect of the community; or he may make money *out of* the investors, and thereby get rich enough to defy public opinion. The former course has the advantage of honesty, the latter of rapidity. It is a disgrace to the com-

munity that the latter way is made so easy, and so readily condoned. A man has only to give to charitable objects a little of the money obtained by violations of trust, and a large part of the world will extol him as a public benefactor. Nay, more: it seems as if some of our financial operators really mistook the *vox populi* for the *vox Dei*, and believed that a hundred thousand dollars given to a theological seminary meant absolution for the past and plenary indulgence for the future. It is charged that one financier, when he undertook any large transaction which was more than usually questionable, made a covenant that if the Lord prospered him in his undertaking, he would divide the proceeds on favorable terms. But—as Wamba said of the outlaws and “the fashion of their trade with Heaven”—“when they have struck an even balance, Heaven help them with whom they next open the account!”

A word or two as to the methods by which such operations are carried on and the system which makes them possible. From the very first, railroads have been built and operated by corporations. A number of investors, too large to attend personally to the management of the enterprise, took shares of stock and elected officers to represent them. These officers had almost absolute power; but while matters were in this simple stage, there was no great opportunity for its abuse. The losses of investors were due to *bona fide* errors of judgment rather than to misuse of power. But soon the corporations found it convenient to borrow money by mortgaging their property. We then had two classes of investors—stockholders and bondholders, the former taking the risks and having the full control of the property, the latter receiving a relatively sure though perhaps smaller return, but having no control over the management as long as their interest was regularly paid.

Of course there is always some danger when the men who furnish the money do not have much control of the enterprise; but as long as the relations of stock and bonds were in practice what they pretended to be in theory, the resulting evils were not very great.

Matters soon reached another stage. The amount of money furnished by the bondholders increased out of all proportion to that furnished by the stockholders. Sometimes the nominal amount of stock was unduly small; more commonly only a very small part of the nominal value was ever paid in.\* The stock was nearly all water, simply issued by the directors as a means of keeping control of the property. After the crisis of 1857, people had become shy of buying railroad stock; but they bought railroad bonds because they thought they were safe. This was the case only when there was an actual investment of stockholders behind them; without this assurance, bonds were more unsafe than stock had been, because the bondholders had still less immediate control over the directors and officials. If there was money to be made at the time, the directors made it; if there was loss in the end, it fell upon the bondholders.

Let us take a specific case. An inside ring issues stock certificates to the value of a million dollars, on which perhaps a hundred thousand is paid in. They then publish their prospectus and place on the market two million of bonds with which the road is to be built. They sell the bonds at 80, reimburse themselves for the \$100,000 advanced by charging the moderate commission of 5 per cent. for services in placing the loan, and have at their disposal \$1,500,000 cash. These same directors now appear as a construction company, and award themselves a contract to pay \$1,500,000 for work which is worth \$1,200,000 only. The road is finished and probably does not pay interest on its bonds. It passes into the hands of a receiver. Possibly

\* In 1886 the capital stock and the indebtedness of the railroads of the United States amounted to about four thousand million dollars each. Most of the debt represents money actually paid in; but a very large fraction of the stock is a merely nominal liability on which no payments have been made. Some was issued as here described merely as a means of keeping control of the property; some, as the easiest method of balancing unequal values in reorganization; some, to represent increased value of the property, so as to be able to divide all the current earnings without calling public attention too prominently to the very profitable character of the business. On the other hand, some stock on which money was actually paid has been wiped out of existence; and something has been paid out of earnings for capital account without corresponding issue of securities. The net amount of “water,” or excess of nominal liabilities over actual investments, in the capital account of the railroads of the country can only be made the subject of guesswork. Estimates of responsible authorities vary all the way from 0 to \$4,000,000,000.



the old management may have an influence in his appointment. At the worst, they have got back all the money they put in, *plus* the profits of the construction company; in the case supposed, 300 per cent. The bondholders, on the other hand, have paid \$1,600,000 for a \$1,200,000 road.

But the troubles of the bondholders and the advantages of the old directors by no means end here. When the receiver takes possession he discovers that valuable terminals, necessary for the successful working of the road, are not the property of the company, but of the old directors. He finds that the road owns a very inadequate supply of rolling-stock, and that the deficiency has been made up by a car trust—also under the control of the old directors. Each of these things, and perhaps others, must be made the subject of a fight or of a compromise. The latter is often the only practicable alternative, and almost always the cheaper one; by its terms the ring perhaps secures hundreds of thousands more, at the expense of the actual investors.

These are but a few of the many ways in which a few years control of property may be made profitable to the officials at the expense of legitimate interests. In a case like this, all depends upon the possibility of selling the bonds. It is usually impossible to place the whole loan before construction; and if the market price falls below the cost of the work undertaken, as was the case with the West Shore, the loss falls upon the construction company. Such accidents were for a long time rare. It took the public nearly twenty years to learn the true character of imperfectly secured railroad bonds. Within the past five years it seems to have become a trifle wiser. The crisis of 1873 was insufficient to teach the lesson; but that of 1885 has been at least partially successful in this respect.

In cases like the one just described the bondholders are largely to blame for their own folly. But sometimes the loss falls on those who are in no way responsible for it. A railroad may be built as a blackmailing job. If a company is sound and prosperous, speculators may be tempted to build a parallel road, not

with the idea of making it pay, but because they can so damage the business of the old road as to force it to buy them out. They build the road to sell.

It is but fair to say that operations as bad as those just described are the exception rather than the rule. But the fact that they can exist at all is by no means creditable to our financial methods. The whole system by which directors can use their positions of trust to make contracts in which they are personally interested puts a premium on dishonesty. Such contracts are forbidden in England. It may be true, as is urged by many railroad officials of undoubted honesty, that it would be inconvenient to apply the same law here; but on the whole the gain would far outweigh the loss.

At the very best, a railroad president is subject to temptations to misuse his financial powers, all the more dangerous because it is impossible to draw the line between right and wrong. He knows the probable value of his railroad and of the property affected by its action a great deal better than any outsider possibly can. The published figures of earnings of the road are the result of estimates by himself and his subordinates. Out of the current earnings he pays current expenses, and probably charges permanent expenditures to capital account. But what expenditures are current and what are permanent? This division is itself the result of an estimate, and a very doubtful one at that. There are some well-established general principles, but none which will apply themselves automatically. With the best will in the world he cannot make his annual reports give a thoroughly clear idea of what has been done. Is he to be forbidden to buy stock when it seems too low, or sell it when it is high? Shall we refuse him the right to invest in other property which he sees will advance in value? Apparently not; and yet, if we allow this, we open the door for some of the worst abuses of power which have occurred in railroad history. The line between good faith and bad faith in these matters is a narrow one, and the average conscience cannot be trusted to locate it with accuracy.

But the relations to the investors

cover but a small part either of the work or of the responsibility of the railroad authorities. They are managing not merely a piece of property, but a vast and complicated organization of men, and an instrument of public service. In all these capacities their cares are equally great. The operating and the traffic departments are not less important than the financial department. The relations of the railroad to its employees and to the business community at large, are even more perplexing than its relations to the investors.

Of the questions arising between the railroad and its employees we are just beginning to realize the full importance. They are not matters to be settled by private agreement or private war. If they involve a serious interruption of the business of the community they concern public interests most vitally. The community cannot afford to have its business interrupted by railroad strikes. On the other hand, it cannot allow the men to make this public duty of the railroads a means of enforcing their own will on every occasion, to the detriment of all discipline and responsibility, or in disregard of investors' rights. How to compromise between these two conflicting requirements is one of the most serious problems of the immediate future. Little progress in this direction has as yet been made, or even systematically attempted.

The questions arising from the relations of the railroads to those who use them are wider and older. From the very outset attempts were made to regulate railroad charges by law in various ways. The fear at that time was that they might be made unreasonably high. This fear proved groundless. From the outset the rates were rather lower than had been expected, and much lower than by many of the means of transportation which railroads superseded. These low rates caused a great development in business; and this, in turn, gave a chance for such economy in handling it, that rates went still lower. Each new invention rendered it easier to do a large business at cheap rates. The substitution of steel rails for iron, which began shortly after the close of the war, had an enormous influence in

this respect. This was not merely due to the direct saving in repairs, which, though appreciable, was moderate in amount. It was due still more to improvements in transportation which followed. It was found that steel rails would bear heavier rolling-stock. Instead of building ten-ton cars to carry ten tons of cargo, they built twelve-ton cars to carry twenty tons of cargo, or fourteen-ton cars to carry thirty tons; and they made the locomotives heavy enough to handle correspondingly larger trains. A given amount of fuel was made to haul more weight; and of the weight thus hauled, the freight formed a constantly increasing proportion as compared with the rolling-stock itself. The system of rates was adopted to meet the new requirements. Charges were made incredibly low in order to fill cars that would otherwise go empty, or to use the road as nearly as possible to its full capacity. In the twenty years following the introduction of steel rails, the traffic of the New York Central Railroad increased from less than 400,000 ton-miles to decidedly over 2,000,000,000; while the average rates fell from 3.09 cents per ton per mile in 1866 to 0.76 cent in 1886. This is but a single instance of a process which has gone on all over the country. The average freight charge on all railroads of the country to-day is little over a cent a ton a mile: less than half what would have been deemed possible on any railroad a few years ago.

The progress of railroad consolidation contributed greatly to this economy. It saved multiplication of offices; it saved rehandling of freight; it enabled long-distance business to be done systematically. So great were its advantages that co-operation between connecting lines was carried far beyond the limits of actual consolidation. Through traffic was handled without transshipment, sometimes by regularly incorporated express companies or freight companies on the same plan, but more commonly by what are known as fast freight lines. These are little more than combinations for keeping account of through business; they are by no means ideal in their working, but they have the advantage of having few ex-

penses and no income, so that the temptation to steal, which is the bane of such organizations, is here reduced to a minimum.

But all these things, while they increased the efficiency of the service, also increased the power of the railroad authorities and rendered the shipper more helpless. The very cheapness of rates only made a recourse to other means of transportation more difficult. If *A* was charged 30 cents while his competitor *B* was paying only 20 cents for the same service, he was worse off than when they were both paying a dollar; and the fact that no other means of conveyance could be found to do the work for less than a dollar simply put *A* all the more completely at the mercy of the railroad freight-agent. In other words, the fact that rates were so low made any inequality in rates all the more dangerous. The lower the rate and the wider the monopoly, the less was the chance of relief.

Such inequalities existed on a large scale: and they were all the more difficult to deal with because there was a certain reason for some of them, existing in the nature of railroad business. The expenses of a railroad are of two kinds. Some, like train and station service, locomotive fuel, or repairs of rolling-stock, are pretty directly chargeable to the different parts of the business. It costs a certain amount in wages and in materials to run a particular train; if that train is taken off, that part of the expense is saved. But there is another class of items, known as fixed charges, that do not vary with the amount of business done. Interest on bonds must be paid, whether the volume of business be large or small. The services of track-watchmen must be paid for, whether there be a hundred trains daily or only a dozen. In short, most of the expenses for interest and maintenance of way are chargeable to the business as a whole, but not to particular pieces of work done. The practical inference from this is obvious. In order that the railroad as a whole may be profitable, the fixed charges must be paid somehow. The railroad manager will try to get them as he can from different parts of his traffic. But if, for

any reason, a particular piece of business cannot or will not pay its share of the fixed charges, it is better to secure it at any price above the bare expense of loading and hauling, without regard to the fixed charges. For if the business is lost, these charges will run on just the same, without any added means of meeting them.

The consequence is that there is no natural standard of rates; or rather, that there are two standards, so far apart that the difference between the two is quite sufficient to build up one establishment or one locality and ruin another, in case of an arbitrary exercise of power on the part of the freight-agent. In the use of such a power it was inevitable that there should be a great many mistakes, and some things which were worse than mistakes. Colbert once cynically defined taxation as "the art of so plucking the goose as to secure the largest amount of feathers with the least amount of squealing." Some of our freight-agents have taken Colbert's tax theories as a standard, and have applied them only too literally. It is this short-sighted policy which has made the system of charging "what the traffic will bear" a synonym for extortion. Interpreted rightly this phrase represents a sound principle of railroad policy—putting the burden of the fixed charges on the lines that can afford to pay them. But practically—in the popular mind at least—it has come to mean almost exactly the opposite.

The points which got the benefit of the lowest rates were the large trade centres, which had the benefit of competing lines of railroad, and often of water competition also. The threat to ship goods by a rival route was the surest way of making a freight-agent give low rates. The result was that the growth of such places was specially stimulated. In addition to their natural advantages they had an artificial one due to the policy of competing lines of railroad. It may well be the case, as is argued by railroad men, that sound railroad economy demands that goods in large masses should be carried much more cheaply than those which are furnished in smaller quantities. But it is certain the practice went far beyond the limits

of any such justification. There was a time when cattle were carried from Chicago to New York at a dollar a car-load ; and many other instances, scarcely less marked, could be cited from the history of trunk-line competition. The fact was that in an active railroad war freight-agents would generally accede to a demand for reduced rates at a competing point, whether well founded or not, and would almost always turn a deaf ear to similar demands from local shippers, however strongly supported by considerations of far-sighted business policy.

But this was not the worst. Inequalities between different places might after some hardship correct themselves ; differences of treatment between individuals could not be thus adjusted. And the system of making rates by special bargain almost always led to differences between individuals, where favors were too often given to those who needed or deserved them least. The fluctuation of rates was first taken advantage of by the unscrupulous speculator. Often, if he controlled large sources of shipment, he might receive the benefit of a secret agreement by which he could obtain lower rates than his rivals under all circumstances. A more effective means for destroying straightforwardness in business dealings than the old system of special rates was never devised. Sometimes, where one competitor was overwhelmingly strong, the pretence of secrecy was thrown aside, and the railroad companies so far forgot their public duties as almost openly to assist one concern in crushing its rivals. The state of things in this respect twelve or fifteen years ago was so bad that it is painful to dwell upon ; but the reformation to-day is not so complete that we can wash our hands of past sins.

Less was said or felt of similar evils in passenger traffic, because the passenger business of the country generally is of much less importance than its freight business, either to the railroad investors or to the producers themselves. But there was the same fluctuation in passenger rates ; and there was an outrageous form of discrimination in the development of the free-pass system ; a prac-

tice which would have fully deserved the name of systematic bribery, had it not become so universal that most men hardly recognized any personal obligation connected with the acceptance of a pass. Officials and other citizens of influence had come to regard it as a right ; it was not so much bribery on the part of the companies as blackmail levied against them.

The remedies proposed for all these evils have been various. From the very beginning until now there have been some who held that such abuses could be avoided only by state railroad ownership. Such experiments in the United States have not gone far enough to furnish conclusive evidence either way ; but the experience of other countries indicates that state railroads as such do not avoid these evils. Where they have been worked in competition with other lines, they have been as deeply involved in these abuses as their private competitors—perhaps more so. Where the government has obtained control of all the railroads of the country, and made such arrangements with the water-routes as to render competition impossible, the abuses have vanished, because there was no longer any conceivable motive to continue them. But this was the result of the monopoly, not of the state ownership ; and the advantage was purchased by a sacrifice of all the stimulus of competition toward the development of new facilities.

It is a mistake to assume, as so many people do, that, because the Government represents the nation as a whole, therefore government officials will not be under the same temptations to act unjustly which are felt by the representatives of a private corporation. It is not as representatives of the investor that railroad agents do much injustice ; this motive has practically nothing to do with it. Most of the abuses complained of are positively injurious to the investor in the long run. When officials really represent the interests of the property with wise foresight, they as a rule give the public no ground to complain. The question reduces itself to this : Will the state choose better representatives and agents than a private corporation ? Will it secure a higher grade of officials, more

competent, more honest, and more enterprising? The difference between state and private railroads is not so much on matters of policy as on methods of administration. The success of government administration varies with different countries. In Prussia, where it is seen at its best, the results are in some respects remarkably good; yet even here the roads are not managed on anything like the American standard of efficiency, either in amount of train service, in speed, or in rapidity of development. And what is barely successful in Prussia, with its trained civil service on the one hand and its less intense industrial demands on the other, can hardly be considered possible or desirable in America. No one who has watched the workings of a government contract can desire to have the whole trade of the country put to the expense of supporting such methods in its transportation business.

A more easy method of trying to regulate railroad charges has been by forced reductions in rates. This was tried on the largest scale in the Granger movement fifteen years ago. A fall in the price of wheat had rendered it difficult for the farmers to make money. The Patrons of Husbandry, in investigating the causes, saw that the larger trade centres, where there was competition, were getting lower rates than the local producer. They reasoned that if all the farmers could get such low rates, they could make money; and that, if the roads could afford to make these low rates for any points, they could afford to do it for all. The railroad agents, instead of foreseeing the storm and trying to prevent it, assumed a defiant attitude. The result was that legislatures of the States in the upper Mississippi Valley passed laws of more or less rigidity, scaling down all rates to the general level of competitive ones. After a period of some doubt, the right of the States to do this was admitted by the courts. But before the legal possibility had been decided, the practical impossibility of such a course had been shown. If all rates were reduced to the level of competitive ones, it left nothing to pay fixed charges. On such terms, foreign capital would not come into the State; nor could it be enticed by such a clumsy

effort as that of one of the States, which provided "that no road *hereafter constructed* shall be subject to the provisions of this act." The goose which laid the golden eggs was not such a goose as to be deceived by this. The untimely death of several of her species meant more than any promises of immunity to those who should follow in her footsteps. In those States which had passed the most severe laws capital would not invest; railroads could not pay interest, their development stopped, and the growth of the community was seriously checked thereby. The most obnoxious laws were either repealed or allowed to remain in abeyance. Where the movement was strongest in 1873 it had practically spent its force in 1876. There have been many similar attempts in all parts of the country since that time; just now they are peculiarly active; but nothing which approaches in recklessness some of the legislation of 1873 and 1874. The lesson was at least partly learned.

We had hardly passed the crisis of the effort to level down, when some of the more intelligent railroad men made an effort to level up. Recognizing that discriminations and fluctuating rates were an evil, they sought to avoid it by common action with regard to the business at competing points. A mere agreement as to rates to be charged was not enough to secure this end. Such an agreement was sure to be violated. Even if the leading authorities meant to observe it, their agents could always evade its requirements to some extent. Such evasion was favored by loose arrangements between connecting roads, and by the somewhat irresponsible system of fast freight lines. Wherever it existed, it gave rise to mutual suspicion. *A* believed that his road did it because he could not help it, but that *B* and *C* were allowing their roads to do it maliciously; while *B* and *C* had the same consciousness of individual rectitude and the same unkind suspicions with regard to *A*. It was at best a rather hollow truce, which did not really accomplish its purpose, and which might change to open war on very slight provocation.

To avoid this difficulty a pool, or division of traffic, was arranged. It is a fact that, whatever wars of rates there

may be, the percentage of traffic carried by the different lines varies but little. If an arbitrator can examine the books

irregularities of agents do not, under a pooling system, give rise to much suspicion, because they do not benefit the



J. Edgar Thomson.

and decide what these percentages have been in the past, he can make an award for the future, under which the competitive traffic of the different roads may be fairly divided. The arrangements for doing this are various. Sometimes the roads carry such traffic as may happen to be offered, and settle the differences with one another by money balances; sometimes they actually divert traffic from one line to another. But the advantage of either of these arrangements over a mere agreement to maintain rates is that they cannot be violated without direct action on the part of the leading authorities of the roads concerned—either in open withdrawal, or in actual bad faith. The ordinary

road in whose behalf they are undertaken. Its percentage being fixed there is no motive for rate-cutting. So great is this advantage that pooling is accepted in almost all other countries as a natural means of maintaining equality of rates; the state railroads of Central Europe entering into such contracts with competing private lines and even with water-routes. In America itself, pools have had a longer and wider history than is generally supposed. In New England they arose and continued to exist on a moderate scale without attracting much attention. In the Mississippi Valley, the Chicago-Omaha pool began as early as 1870, and formed the model for a whole system of such arrangements extending



as far as the Pacific Coast. But, as involving wider questions of public policy, the activity of the Southern and the Trunk Line Associations has attracted chief attention.

The man whose name is most prominently identified with both these sys-

of traffic had already been resorted to : but it was in the hands of outside parties, like the Standard Oil Company or the cattle eveners, and was made a means of oppression against shippers not in the combination itself.

The conditions were not favorable ; the result of Fink's efforts to bring order out of chaos was slow and by no means uninterrupted. Yet on the whole, as was admitted even by opponents of the pooling system, it contributed to steadiness and equality of rates. The arrangement of these agreements was hampered by their want of legal status. While the law did not at that time actually prohibit them, it refused to enforce them. Existing thus on sufferance, they depended on the good will of the contracting parties. None but a man of Fink's unimpeached integrity and high intellectual power could have kept matters running at all ; and even he could not prevent the adoption of a policy of making hay while the sun shines, more or less regardless of the future. The results of the trunk-line pool were unsatisfactory—most of all to those who believed in pools as a system ; but it is



Albert Fink.

tems is Albert Fink. A German by birth and education, his long experience as a practical railroad engineer did not deprive him of a taste for studying traffic problems on their theoretical side. As Vice-President of the Louisville and Nashville, he had given special attention to the economic conditions affecting the southern roads ; and when, in the years 1873-75, a traffic association was formed by a number of these roads to secure harmony of action on matters of common interest, he became the recognized leader. His success in arrangements for through traffic was so conspicuous that when, in 1877, the trunk lines were exhausted with an unusually destructive war of rates, they looked to him as the only man who could deliver them from their trouble. In some lines, division

fair to attribute a large part of this failure to the absence of legal recognition, which in a manner compelled the agreements to be arranged to meet the demands of the day rather than of the future.

Meantime an equally important contribution to the solution of the railroad question was being worked out in another quarter. In the year 1869 the Massachusetts Railroad Commission was established. Its powers were so slight that it was not regarded as likely to be an influential public agency. Fortunately it numbered among its members Charles Francis Adams, Jr. ; a man whose efficiency more than made up for any want of nominal powers. In his hands the mere power to report became the most effective of all weapons. Repre-

senting at once enlightened public judgment and far-sighted railroad policy, he did much to bring the two into harmony and protect the legitimate interests on both sides from short-sighted misuse for the benefit of either party. The detail of his work is matter of past history; perhaps its most prominent result was to introduce to State legislation the idea of a railroad commission as an administrative body. Those States which had no stringent laws appointed commissions to take their place; those which had over-stringent ones appointed commissions to use discretion in applying them. In either case, the existence of a body of men representing the State, but possessing the technical knowledge to see what the exigencies of railroad business demanded, was a protection to all parties concerned.

But matters were rapidly passing beyond the sphere of State legislation. Each new consolidation of systems, each additional development of through traffic, made it more impossible to control railroad policy by the action of individual States. It could only be done by a development of the law in the United States courts or by Congressional legislation. The former result was necessarily slow; each year showed an increased demand for special action on the part of Congress. But such action was hindered by divergence of opinion in that body itself. One set of men wished a moderate law, prohibiting the most serious abuses of railroad power, and enforced under the discretionary care of a commission. These men were for the most part not unwilling to see pools legalized if their members could thereby be held to a fuller measure of responsibility. On the other hand, the extremists wished to prescribe a system of equal mileage rates; they would hear of no such thing as a commission, and hated pools as an invention of the adversary. Between the two lay a large body of members who had no convictions on the matter, but were desirous to please everybody and offend nobody—a hard task in this particular case. It was nearly nine years from the time Mr. Reagan introduced his first bill when a compromise was finally ef-

fected—largely by the influence of Senator Cullom. As compromises go, it was a tolerably fair one. The extremists sacrificed their opposition to a commission, but secured the prohibition of pools; the disputed points with regard to rates were left in such a shape that no man knew what the law meant, and each was, for the time being, able to interpret it to suit the wishes of his Congressional district.

The immediate effects of the law were extremely good. There were certain sections of it, like those which secured publicity of rates and equal treatment for different persons in the same circumstances, whose wisdom was universally admitted. Indeed it was rather a disgrace, both to the railroad agents and to the courts, that we had to wait for an act of Congress to secure these ends; and most of the railroads made up for past remissness in this respect by quite a spasm of virtue. In some instances



Charles Francis Adams.

it was even thought that they "stood up so straight as to lean over backward." But this was not the only part of the law which proved efficient. The very vagueness of the clause concerning the relative rates for through and local traffic, which under other circumstances might have proved fatal, put a most salutary power into the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commis-

sion, and one which they were not slow to use.

The President was fortunate in his selection of commissioners; above all



Thomas M. Cooley.

in the chairman, Judge T. M. Cooley, of Michigan, a man whose character, knowledge of public law, and technical familiarity with railroad business made him singularly well fitted for the place. The work of the Interstate Commission, like that of its Massachusetts prototype, shows how much more important is personal power than mere technical authority. It was supposed at first that the commission would be a purely administrative body, with discretion to suspend the law. Instead of this, they have enforced and interpreted it; and in the process of interpretation have

virtually created a body of additional law, which is read and quoted as authority. With but little ground for expecting it from the letter of the act, they have become a judicial body of the highest importance. Their existence seems to furnish a possibility for an elastic development of transportation law, neither so weak as to be ineffective nor so strong as to break by its own rigidity.

But the final test of their success is yet to come. They have laid down a few principles as to the cases when competition justifies through rates lower than those at intermediate points. But the application of these principles is as yet far from settled; and it is rendered doubly hard by the clause against pools, which does much to hamper the roads in any attempt to secure common action on the matter of through rates. Each ill-judged piece of State legislation, and each reckless attempt to attack railroad profits, increases the difficulty. There was a time when the powers of railroad managers were developed without corresponding responsibility. In many parts of the country we are now going to the other extreme—increasing the responsibility of railroad authorities toward shipper and employees, State law and national commission, and at the same time striving to restrict their powers to the utmost. Such a policy cannot be continued indefinitely without a disastrous effect upon railroad service, and, indirectly, upon the business of the country as a whole.





## ROMANCE.

*By L. Frank Tooker.*

AGAIN my king would sail away,  
Because the land was tame,  
And foes there met were wisps of hay  
Unto his heart of flame.

He rose and passed the seneschal,  
Who followed in a dream  
And let the unseen beakers fall  
And let the wine-butts stream.

All day from his high lattices  
He watched the tumbling sea:  
The maidens of the sculleries  
Went down the lanes in glee;

He led his comrades to the sand.  
Eager and old as he,  
They launched their bark and left the  
In sweet discovery. [land

The young brown reapers lolled afield;  
The cattle stood in stall;  
The watchman slept beneath his shield,  
Upon the sunlit wall.

Seaward they drove: the roaring main  
Leaped up to meet the rail;  
Loud shrilled the blast, loud rang the  
Upon the windy sail. [rain

The princess and a page between  
The ranks where lilies flower,  
Leaning below the lilies' screen,  
With kisses marked the hour.

And seething waves joined in the race;  
Like horses wild with pain,  
They set the ship a madman's pace  
And shook each whitened mane.

Yet heedless from his lattices  
The King still looked without:  
The north wind blowing in the trees  
Was like a battle-shout;

Where broke the tall wave-crests of  
They saw their old gods go; [green  
To them the hidden was the seen,  
And one were weal and woe.

Betimes he thought the leafy lane  
Broke white before the blast;  
Betimes a gull's wing in the rain  
Seemed like a slanting mast.

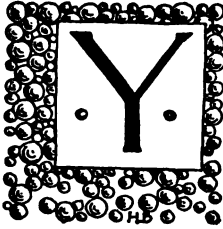
The vaporous coasts they ever fled,  
The purple isles they passed;  
Dearer to them the way that led  
Into the stinging blast.

And dear the black flaws on the lee,  
And dear the sleeted rain;  
For them the wide, mysterious sea  
Was still their best domain.

# CHARITY.

By H. H. Boyesen.

I



YOU will observe," said the Rev. Albion Nichols, of Boston, to Mr. Mortimer Brooks, of New York, "that the young girls who wait upon the table here are ladies. Some of them are school-teachers. If you should address them, they would answer you in English fit to be printed."

"These potatoes are not done," observed Mr. Brooks experimentally to the first girl who approached him.

"Them is the donedest there be," answered the girl.

Mr. Brooks turned rather a supercilious smile on his loquacious neighbor and fell to dissecting his beefsteak.

"You selected that girl with malice aforethought," persisted the undaunted clergyman. "Our dear New England——"

"Has become New Ireland, or is fast becoming it," finished Mr. Brooks.

"Unhappily, yes. But there is still much of the old Puritan leaven left. Here in Poltucket, for instance, the Yankee is yet to be found unadulterated. Here is yet a little Goschen of undefiled——"

"Consumption and nasal twang," Brooks interrupted, while Mr. Nichols took a long draught of ice-water.

"Yes, perhaps—unhappily," the conciliatory clergyman admitted; "but what I mean to say is that here you have a feeling that you are in America among Americans. Here the spirit of our fathers is still alive, though much weakened by the lapse of time. That's the reason I return here year after year. When my coal-man, without the faintest perception of the difference in our stations, comes up and shakes hands with me, I make a point of returning his grasp cordially. But I presume you do not sympathize with this spirit."

"Oh! yes, I sympathize; but I wash my hands afterward."

Mr. Nichols looked up reproachfully, but could not forbear to smile.

"You are a cynic," he said; "a scoffer."

"Not at all," replied his neighbor; "I am a guileless optimist."

Mr. Nichols smiled again, this time incredulously, and drank more ice-water.

"Whatever you, with your supercilious foreign notions, may think," he said, wiping his mouth with his napkin, "the New England girl is the flower of creation."

"Yes, but too flat-chested," contended Brooks.

"Fiddle-sticks! Now look at that girl there. Charity, I think, is her name. She is book-keeper, secretary and what not to Mrs. Morgan, who, by the way, is not strong in arithmetic and chirography. Did you ever see a sweeter face than that girl has? How shy and demure and maidenly! Why, girls of that type, sir, when once the primness and the cool virginal reserve is conquered, make the loveliest wives and mothers in the world. They are the results of generations of—of——"

"Pork and beans," suggested Brooks; "and pie for breakfast."

"No, sir; they are the results of generations of high thinking and right living, of fear of God, cleanliness, virtue, and prayer."

The girl who furnished the text for these remarks had entered very opportunely, by the door leading from the office, and seated herself in the vacant chair next to Brooks. His friend's declamation had naturally aroused his interest in her; and in order to have a chance to observe more closely this epitome of all New England's virtues, he asked her kindly to pass him the casters which were standing in front of her. She was just complying with this request when suddenly he flashed upon her a gaze of deep and serious scrutiny. He was the possessor of a pair of large and

extraordinarily expressive eyes ; and the abruptness and solemn intensity of their glance frightened the girl. She gave a start so violent that she dropped the casters into her soup-plate, whence they fell with a crash upon the floor. The unhappy creature, seeing the havoc she had wrought, rose precipitately and ran out of the room. There was a chorus of startled exclamations from the lady boarders ; the landlady apologized for the awkwardness of the girl, and declared that she would tolerate her no more in her house. But when the first excitement had subsided, Brooks found the attention of the whole table concentrated upon him. What had he done to Charity to make her behave so shockingly ? There was no one who uttered this query, but it was written upon all the curious, amused, or indignant faces that were turned toward the gentleman from New York.

"Those New York men," an elderly Boston spinster was heard to remark, *sotto voce*, "they are shockingly—well, I won't say what I mean."

She had no idea that the New York man in question rather enjoyed the sensation he was making. He made himself as broad as he could, looked up from his plate now and then with his contemptuous smile, and ate on with a kind of insolent appetite and imperturbable defiance. Before the meal was at an end, he had managed, somehow, without opening his mouth, to make all the ladies at the table his enemies.

## II.

It was not the first time in the life of Mortimer Brooks that he made an unfavorable impression. He was a tall, well-grown man with a handsome face, and yet the majority of people disliked him. From his earliest childhood he had met with antagonism and hostility, and he was utterly at a loss to explain why. He had somehow entered the world with the wrong foot foremost. There had been some difficulty between his father and mother which had clouded his earliest years ; and he had a vague impression that the latter was more to blame. She had during his boyhood

dragged him about from Rome to Wiesbaden and from Wiesbaden to Paris and then back again to Rome, interrupting his schooling whenever it suited her whim. An unquenchable thirst for excitement impelled her to change continually her place of residence ; but like the man who moved from house to house to get rid of the Brownie, she always carried her Brownie with her. Her Brownie was named Discontent. She had been born with poor blood ; and was *blasé* from the very cradle. Toward her son she was by turns plaintive and irritable—perhaps because she felt herself in the wrong before him and suspected in him a silent accuser. She had subordinated his life to hers, persuading herself always that whatever she liked to do was the best for him.

After fifteen years of this migratory existence, during which no permanent relations had been formed and no ties, either local or personal, Mortimer found himself impelled to explore the land of his birth. His father was then dead ; and the uncle to whom he was referred for funds and counsel gave him such a cool reception that he felt disinclined to make advances. He was dimly aware that his alienism, which he deplored but could not help, was mistaken by his kinsman for affectation ; and he was too proud to disabuse him. At Harvard, where he sojourned for two years, his reserve and foreign appearance gained him much admiration but no friends. And it was friends he yearned for—close human relations, freedom from restraint, and communion of souls. It was in pure self-defence that he appeared haughty ; because, being driven by his temperament to extremes, he was too strong to be humble. He could not sue for confidence and good-will ; even though he ardently desired them ; and the only alternative was to appear to despise them. The gift to unlock hearts had somehow been denied him ; and he would gladly have given all advantages he possessed in exchange for this one gift. He remembered having once envied a Roman *gamin* whose mother slapped him in the street and afterwards hugged him with repentant tears to her bosom. The impulsive naturalness of both acts lay so far beyond the sphere in which his lot



was cast, that, by contrast, they appeared admirable. He hungered at times for censure almost as much as he hungered for praise; but both were refused him. He moved about in a shadow world, where all seemed unreal, except his own acute sense of his unsatisfied desires. People loved, wooed, and mourned round about him; and only he seemed to be cut off from all these sweet experiences of common, every-day mortality. He was scarcely himself aware that, as he brooded over the exceptional character of his lot, there grew a certain vague satisfaction within him which tempered his regret, a subtle pride in the very fact that he was exceptional. But this was a bitter-sweet feeling, after all, and far removed from contentment.

After having gotten into collision with the college authorities about a question of discipline, Mortimer left the academic halls, and drifted about for some years, in search of a vocation. He was conscious of great powers, that seemed available for almost anything; but the particular task which presented itself was always more or less distasteful. He had money enough to support existence in a modest way, without working, but could imagine nothing more contemptible than such impotent resignation. He would have taken to literature if he had not felt confident that the first note he struck would be a strident discord. He had written some things, to be sure; but had received them back from the magazines with the consoling assurance that "non-acceptance did not necessarily imply lack of merit." His private conviction was that in his case it implied too much merit; but, of course, it was useless to argue the thing, and he was too clever not to see that the magazine point of view was commercially right. In the meanwhile, feeling the need of doing something to put the editors in the wrong, he retired to the remote island of Poltucket, where the conditions for such an enterprise were said to be favorable. He engaged comfortable lodgings at Mrs. Morgan's boarding-house on the Bluff, and had just prepared himself to establish amicable relations with all the spinsters on the back piazza, when the incident with the book-keeper spoiled all his beautiful plans.

During the long eventless afternoons, this scandalous occurrence was vehemently debated on all the piazzas in the town, and a Brooks and an anti-Brooks party were soon distinguishable among Mrs. Morgan's boarders. The former consisted chiefly of Miss Anastasia Herkomer, a rather plain young lady from Vassar, who declared that she could see no reason why a man should not look at a girl as much as he liked, and step on her foot, too, if it amused him, provided he granted her the privilege to step on his in return. She took it into her head to admire Brooks prodigiously (also by way of diversion), and felt flattered and exhilarated by the teasing comments and raileries which were aimed at her by her fellow-boarders. She got up quite a "Hamlet," not only in the absence of the Prince, but without his knowledge.

As for the girl who had been the innocent cause of all this disturbance, she had been in some manner spirited away. Mrs. Morgan professed to be ignorant of her whereabouts, and declined to entertain the proposition to take her back. A great deal of hysterical philanthropy which was stirred up in her behalf ran absolutely to waste. Even a purse that was made up by the lady boarders who resented her dismissal failed to reach her through the Post Office, and it was on that occasion that Miss Anastasia scandalized the company on the piazza by recommending that it be intrusted to Mr. Brooks, who probably had a better knowledge of the topography of the island than the Postmaster. The Rev. Mr. Nichols, who kindly acted as agent-in-chief for the ladies' indignation committee, had, in the meanwhile, become possessed of some scraps of the girl's history, which he communicated with slight dramatic embellishments to the committee. Her name, as they already knew, was Charity Howland. She was the daughter of a once prosperous lawyer, long since deceased; her mother was a Miss Tuthill and was said to have had some of the best blood in New England in her veins. The daughter had lived, since her mother's death, in the houses of various remote relatives, and had been badly treated by some of them. She had been an omnivorous reader and had acquired a sort of fragmentary education.

She was as shy as a plover, and when you chanced to look at her, started like a bird about to take flight. The fact was, although she was born and bred on the island, nobody seemed to know much about her, one way or the other, except that she was a "poor orphaned critter," that, as an old sea-captain remarked, she was "sorter shet-up-tight, like a quorehog," and "that it warn't no easy job to get a shot at her." Mr. Nichols was about to inquire why anybody should want to shoot at her; but caught himself in time to discover that the remark was metaphorical.

### III.

THE great scenic feature of Poltucket is a jagged mole or jetty, made of enormous stones, running three quarters of a mile out into the water. It has sagged a little in places and is there overrun at high tide; but when the tide is below the flood-mark, it is dotted all over with bright-colored sun-umbrellas, under each of which will be found, on investigation, a young lady, a novel, and occasionally also a young man. In the latter case, it sometimes happens that the novel floats in to the town with the rising tide. Mortimer Brooks found this jetty attractive, not so much on account of the vacancies under the sun-umbrellas, as on account of the facilities it offered for fishing. Here was an opportunity for catching lobster, scup, and even plaice-fish, without resorting to oars.

It was on a blustery afternoon in July, about two weeks after the disappearance of Charity Howland, that Brooks, in fashionable sportsman's attire, was seen looming up against the horizon, with a fishing-spear and a rod on his shoulder. He passed successfully the various pitfalls, marked by blue and scarlet parasols, and after a stiff climb over the rough stones reached the part of the jetty where eel and plaice-fish were said to abound. He stood there for fully three hours, and had fair luck, though the exasperating little wharf-fish amused themselves stealing his bait and, by their superior agility, snatching the hook before the very noses of their larger and more desirable neighbors. The tide had, in the meanwhile, changed, and was run-

ning out at a high speed. The sun had set, and the wind was blowing a gale from the north. The spray beat over the stones every moment, and flew in hissing showers through the air. It was getting decidedly unpleasant, and Brooks determined to tempt fortune no longer, but betake himself back to the security of the solid earth and Mrs. Morgan's hostile piazza. He had just wound his line on the rod, and was about to turn his back on Boreas, when he discovered the figure of a solitary woman in a dory, some twenty feet beyond the end of the jetty. She was making great exertions to pull up her anchor, but apparently did not succeed. Brooks watched her for a minute or two, then shouted to her, but received no reply. The wind drowned his voice. He could not make up his mind whether she was in danger or not; and therefore feared to appear importunate with his offer of help. The tide, in the meanwhile, which at that very point ran with the greatest vehemence, was tossing the dory up and down and drenching its occupant with spurts of flying spray. Sudden squalls swept, with smoke and blackening water in their track, across the harbor; and a few belated catboats which had been out blue-fishing came scudding along with double-reefed sails, careening heavily, and burying their noses with a great splash in the white-crested waves. The young girl in the dory was casting anxious glances toward the dark-blue horizon, in the pauses between her futile struggles with the anchor-chain. Brooks had by this time made up his mind that he would rather risk offending her than see her perish before his eyes. Having fastened his rod between the stones, he started forward, with the spear, leaping from rock to rock, and in ten or fifteen minutes reached the end of the jetty. The girl was then seated with averted face in an attitude of resignation, watching the motions of the gulls that circled screaming over her head. Two fishing-lines were hanging over the gunwale; but she did not heed them. "Do you need help?" shouted Brooks.

She started at the sound of his voice as if she had been shot; glanced shyly toward him, and then looked again at the horizon.

"Do you need help?" he repeated, bellowing with all his might against the wind. She writhed for a moment with bashful self-consciousness; then rose and seemed to struggle with a desire to leap into the water. At last, when she had no alternative but to face him, she turned slowly about, and he saw that she was none other than Charity Howland, the vanished book-keeper. It was rather an unexpected denouement, and to him, with his European notions, rather an absurd one. He appeared to himself in anything but a heroic light. However, when fate plays a prank upon you, there is no use in rebelling. Brooks promptly smothered the snobbish feeling that threatened to assert itself; and determined to play knight-errant to the book-keeper with amiability and good grace.

"Can't you pull your anchor up?" he cried.

"No, it is caught between two stones," she answered, with a look of imploring timidity that went straight to his heart.

"Try another pull; jerk sideways!"

"It is no use. I've tried every way."

A spirit of enterprise and adventure invaded the young man's soul. Steadying himself with the lobster-spear, he stalked calmly out over the submerged part of the jetty, planting his feet firmly on the slippery, kelp-covered stones. The tide whirled and eddied about his knees—six or eight steps more and he stood waist-deep in the surging water. It was hard work to keep his footing there; and he knew he could not do it long. He could now barely reach the dory with the spear; and he managed to fasten its hook in the prow and to pull it slowly toward him. The girl was crouching in the bottom of the boat, with shy glances and little timid movements, as if she were wishing to apologize for having the hardihood to exist at all.

"Come here," he commanded, as he laid hold of the boat with his hands. She stared at him in helpless bewilderment, but did not stir.

"Come, I say, quick," he repeated, with a touch of impatience.

The girl arose, trembling with confusion, and looked as if she were again contemplating a plunge into the water.

"If you don't come," he broke forth, "I shall be carried out to sea with the tide. I can't keep my footing much longer."

That appeal she could not withstand; but she looked the picture of misery, as with flaming cheeks and a wildly palpitating heart she obeyed his summons. He put his arms about her in a prompt and business-like fashion, which ought to have been reassuring. But, for all that, she could not control an inclination to shiver.

"Lean to the left; put your arms about my neck," he said in the tone of a drill sergeant who commands: "Forward, march."

The girl obeyed bashfully because she did not dare to disobey. But suddenly a thrill of joy, of exultation, of ineffable well-being tingled through her. The blood gushed in warm streams from her heart and danced through her veins. Her humility, her bashfulness, her trembling confusion dropped from her like a garment. She sat enthroned upon his arm, with the wide horizon about her, proud and happy as a queen. She felt that he was wholly preoccupied with her rescue, oblivious of herself. But she had suddenly become quite unconcerned about herself, and absorbed in him. She was not afraid that he would stumble, though she saw him strain every nerve to keep his footing, and anxiously fumble his way with his feet over the slippery rock-weed that streamed like green hair over the stones. The brilliant star-fishes clung to the rocks and stared up at her, and somehow they had never before seemed so bright and beautiful. The gulls grew clamorous about her, and with shrill bad-weather screams swept past her, so close that she felt the wind of their wings on her cheeks. But her heart sung within her, and made light of their ominous voices. The gale tossed her hair wildly about her head; and she felt as if a new soul had been abruptly awakened within her—a soul sympathetic with all that was beautiful and bold and free. There were showers pouring in black-blue slanting lines from sky to sea, on the Western horizon, and they came sweeping eastward with splendid uproar and lashed waters and

shifting play of color. All that she had never seen before; and it was wondrously beautiful.

It is said that the happiest moments in our lives appear the shortest. It is not always so. To Charity it seemed as if she had lived a life in the five or ten minutes before he put her down on the stones of the jetty. But what could she say to him now? It seemed unendurable to have to speak and thank him, and tune her exaltation down to commonplaces. She had no language in which fittingly to address him; and when her feet touched the granite blocks, an irresistible impulse set them in motion, and she flew away, leaping from stone to stone, like some shy and agile animal that hears the hounds behind it. Brooks looked after her in astonishment; but was, on the whole, not ill-pleased. He saw her slim figure outlined now against the brown land, now against the blue water: the wind strained and fluttered her garments about her form and emphasized its comeliness. The young man, dripping wet as he was, stood leaning upon the lobster-spear, regarding her leisurely. The longer he looked, the more pleased he was.

"She is original, to say the least," he muttered; "she has delicacy of feeling.

Charming face, too," he added musing, "and a good figure, though a trifle too slight."

It occurred to him, at that moment, that his escapade had taken place in full view of Mrs. Morgan's piazza, and that he probably had disported himself in the

focus of the three or four field-glasses which, from that social observatory, were always sweeping the horizon. That reflection drove the blood to his cheeks, and robbed him of all joy in his adventure.



"She sat enthroned upon his arm, with the wide horizon about her, proud and happy as a queen."

#### IV.

THE REV. ALBION NICHOLS felt called upon to make himself the spokesman of the universal indignation. He was a man in whom ladies naturally confided, and he could not but agree with them that Brooks's

conduct was scandalous. For, of course, that Quixotic rescue from a boat, lying calmly at the end of the jetty, was, on his part at least, a mere piece of bravado, prompted by his delight in outraging the proprieties. Mr. Nichols felt justified in taking him to task for such conduct, first, because he was a clergyman, and, secondly, because he had been a classmate of Brooks at college. He was prepared, of course, to have the delinquent resent the reprimand (for he was terribly touchy, where censure was implied); but he was far

from expecting such cool irony and supercilious condescension. Brooks had such an irritatingly lofty style of behavior when he chose to assume it, that scarcely a conclave of bishops would have sufficed to put him down. I fear there was a little straining of the facts in the account Mr. Nichols gave of the interview to the ladies' indignation committee, although he candidly admitted that his rebuke had been fruitless, and had perhaps even confirmed his erring friend in his obnoxious course. Miss Herkomer, who still persisted in being unsympathetic, flaunting her admiration of Brooks in the face of the shocked committee, had the hardihood to approve of the rescue of book-keepers on general principles, because it furnished a good illustration of the Horatian precept, to combine the useful with the amusing.

It was quite true that the reprimand of Mr. Nichols, which went no further than the most cautious suggestion that somebody might take offence, was one of several half-confessed motives which prompted Brooks's actions during the week that followed. He would scarcely have admitted that he cared enough for the gossiping congregation on the piazza to find it worth while to defy it; but, for all that, it gave an added zest to his enjoyment of the fresh adventures he had planned, to think that he should "send those cackling old hens into hysterics." The girl, however, had by this time become the principal object of interest to him; and he found her invading his mind at all times with the suddenness of a meteor, leaving a shining trail of thoughts behind her. He was anything but a sentimentalist; at least he was confident that he possessed that knowledge of the world which is like an

adamantine armor against the mythological arrows. That distance lends enchantment, he held to be particularly true in the case of women; and he was



"He was far from expecting such cool irony and supercilious condescension."

more than half expecting, in his own case, to produce disenchantment by annihilating the distance. He discovered, by patient exploration of lanes and alleys, that Charity had found a refuge with an ancient retired mariner, named Captain Jewell. This worthy man, he ascertained, supported existence by making baskets, and had no objection to the visits of customers. Brooks found him a guileless old tar, crooked and gnarled, with lumps and knots in all sorts of wrong places.

"I came to look at your baskets," said the young man, as he entered.

"Ye don't say," replied the Captain, looking up from his work with a blank, senile stare.

"What is the price of this one?" inquired Brooks, after having examined the stock with an air of connoisseurship.

"Ye can give what ye like fur it."

"I prefer to give what you like."

From baskets the transition was easy to life in general, and the special problems and vexations which it presented in Poltucket. Captain Jewell had reduced these to a minimum, as his wants were few and Charity always looked out for him.

"Then you live on Charity?" remarked his visitor with wilful obtuseness.

The old man moved his jaws and looked up again with his vague, senile stare. The pun, bad as it was, was a little too much for him.

"She is out now in the dory," he observed in explanation, "gone scuppin', I reckon, or plaice-fishin'."

"Then Charity is your daughter."

"My darter! No she ain't my darter. No kin of mine—as I knows on; though my wife and her they was sorter second cousins or aunts or somethin'. She's sorter anchored here,—and a mighty good and seasonable gal she be."

"A seasonable girl!"

The Captain's mind, like a craft with a broken rudder, refused to change its tack in obedience to the wind. He could talk but he could not converse.

"She's sorter shy and skittish-like," he went on meditatively. "Ef she spies a man through the glass anywhar on the horizon, up flies her jib and mainsail, and away she skips and takes no 'count o' the weather."

That was an interesting piece of information to Brooks; the old man's guilelessness emboldened him to be more explicit.

"Then she is not married," he said; "or engaged to be married. But I suppose she has beaus?"

"Beaus! Bless ye, no. She ain't that kind of gal. Ye know Charlie Thurston, the drug clerk? Wal, he sorter cruised about her fur a year or more; signalled to her and sech like; but she didn't give him no show. Never answered his signals, nur hove him a line, nur nuthin'."

It was obvious that this was a favorite topic with the old man, for he went on without any urging, relating with much gusto anecdotes illustrative of the young girl's shyness and indifference to the charms of masculine society. Brooks felt tempted to put out a little feeler, just then, and remarked quite casually:

"By the way, I think I have seen her. Wasn't she out fishing last Monday?"

"Right ye be. That was Charity. She had been a-scuppin', but she didn't ketch nuthin'."

"I hope she got home safely—without

any mishap. I saw her in her dory, lying a short distance beyond the jetty."

"It would have ter be a mighty smart mishap ter ketch up with her," chuckled the Captain, in amused retrospect. "I tell yer, she sails a boat as stiddy as any man in Poltucket. Ef she wa'n't a gal, she could take out her papers fur pilot, and beat 'em all at it. She's got a weather-eye as would make her fortune on the sea, ef the government hadn't killed our shippin' deader nor a door-nail and laid us all up in dry-docks fur ter die of dry rot and rheumatics."

Brooks could scarcely tell why the knowledge that she had not confided her adventure to the Captain filled him with satisfaction. Having gained this vantage ground, he determined to await her arrival, and in order to while away the time lighted a cigar and offered one to the Captain. They talked for an hour about the good whaling times before the war, about shark-fishing, and about the three great families which, springing from Poltucket, had played so prominent a part in commercial and political affairs. It was about five o'clock when they heard the outside gate click, and rapid steps approaching.

"Thar she blows!" said the captain, with a confidential wink to his visitor; "keep yer look-out and lay low."

These phrases, borrowed from his old whaling experience, conveyed but the faintest sort of meaning to Brooks.

"Does she blow?" he asked naively.

"You bet a chaw of terbacker that she do," said the old man and chuckled down into his very boots.

At this moment the door was flung open, and the girl, flushed with excitement, burst into the room.

"Captain," she cried breathlessly, opening her basket and showing him its contents; "what do you give me for that?"

She held a ten-pound bluefish close up to his nose, while her face beamed with pride.

"I'll be blowed ef it ain't bluefish," said the captain. "But who hauled it in fur ye? Ye tuk Charlie Thurston along with yer in the boat, didn't ye?"

He was about to appeal with a furtive glance to Brooks for appreciation of his delightful slyness, but a vigorous



slap of the fish-tail upon his cheek frustrated his purpose. "Captain Jewell," she said, stamping her foot, "I am ashamed of you."

Brooks was amazed at such an exhibition of spirit, and the animation of her

gone and done it," exclaimed the old mariner with a kind of half-hearted bravado; but he saw the vanity of persevering on that tack and promptly took his bearings. "I didn't mean to hurt yer, child," he added ruefully. "Ye know I be an old fool."



"Thar she blows!" said the captain, with a confidential wink to his visitor.

pretty face, usually so demure, took him no less by surprise. She gave the captain a vivid account of the day's adventures, and was scudding along at a brisk rate, when all of a sudden she broke off in the middle of a sentence, dropped her eyes and stared at the floor. The animation died out of her face, and the blood mounted to her cheeks and spread over her neck and forehead.

It was the sudden discovery of Brooks, sitting half hidden behind the opened door, which caused the transformation. It was pitiful to see her embarrassment. She seemed to look in vain for some crack or corner where she might creep and hide herself. If she had twisted her apron or bit her finger tips, in the conventional way, the Captain would have been relieved of his oppressive sense of guilt. But she stood utterly helpless, looking at him with the blank reproach of a creature which suffers but cannot retaliate.

"Wal now, I'll be blowed ef I hain't

## V.

THE island of Poltucket is about as flat as a pancake. There is a saying there that, if your children go astray, you only have to stand up on a chair and look through an opera-glass; then you are sure to find them. To make assurance doubly sure, however, most of the houses in Poltucket are provided with a square platform or balcony on the roof, right around the chimney; and there you may see the aged sea-captains sit by the hour, sweeping the horizon with their telescopes. It may not be their children they are looking after; as these are apt to be beyond the age of parental tutelage, but anything, living or inanimate, on land or sea, affords a welcome break in the heavy monotony of life. A ship, if it be sound, calls half the population to their roofs; a wreck the whole. Charity Howland was therefore perfectly in order when, the day after Brooks's visit, she was seen seated on the roof with her glass leveled toward some distant object. It was only Miss Herkomer, at Mrs. Morgan's, who found her action reprehensible; and that was probably because Miss Herkomer was herself, at that moment, engaged in marine observation. She had gotten Brooks in her focus, as he lay "scupping" in a boat out at the bell-buoy; and she had a suspicion that Charity's glass was leveled in the same direction. She had been Charity's champion, as long as she believed the whole affair to be a mere idle excitement, bred in the fancy of hysterical spinsters. But now a sharp pang of jealousy nestled in her heart; and she began to suspect that she was not so disinterested as she had imagined. And Charity, when suddenly she found Miss Herkomer's gaunt image in her focus with quite a sinister expression, and the threatening glass pointed unmistakably at herself, was smitten by her conscience, and in guilty

confusion tumbled down the stairs. The damsel from Vassar, on the other hand, persevered for two hours in her task; and rather invited than repelled observation. She was endeavoring to persuade herself that her sham passion was real; while the poor little girl in Captain Jewell's garret stood with fear and trembling, staring at the wall, endeavoring to convince herself that her real passion was a delusion. A man was such a remote and formidable kind of creature to her, that it had never seriously entered into her calculations that he was indispensable to any sort of love romance ending in bliss or misery. But since her adventure at the end of the jetty, she had begun to think with vague thrills of joy and fear of

the possibilities which such a relation involved. She lived over again in fancy, a hundred times, her sensations when she sat enthroned upon his arm, with the gulls and the wind shrieking in her ears and the wide glorious horizon all about her.

Such an hour,  
When the shriveled life-germs burst into  
flower,  
Compensates in a breath  
For the chill and the darkness of death.

Miss Anastasia, in the deadly tedium of Mrs. Morgan's piazza, spent much time pondering on the relation of Brooks to Charity. Her own life had been desperately barren and devoid of incident. She had taken refuge in intellectual pursuits, as a *dernier ressort*, in order

to make existence endurable. Otherwise she would have gone mad from sheer boredom. She had taken a lively interest in Charity, as long as she believed her to be a wronged member of her own sex. But she found it hard to forgive her the enjoyment of romantic misery and agitation. The telescope incident put a new face upon everything; it made her hate Charity, and yet vaguely desire to be near her. I



"The poor little girl in Captain Jewell's garret stood with fear and trembling."

am not sure that she resolved to outshine her intellectually, and by her superior charms to introduce an unpleasant complication into the romance which might otherwise run too smoothly. I think rather it was a dim craving for excitement which impelled her, and a dim but tantalizing curiosity as to what was really going on between those two mysterious and uncommunicative persons. She accordingly surprised Captain Jewell with a visit one afternoon, and quite dumfounded him by her lively interest in his baskets. She bought half

a dozen, which she declared to be "im-mense," though they were but eight or ten inches in diameter; and impo-tuned the old man to teach her how to make them. He saw no way of refus-ing, and finally agreed to give her les-sons, at fifty cents an hour.

"And how is your sweet grand-daughter?" asked Miss Herkomer with nervous vivacity; "I do hope she is well."

"She is underground these nine years, mum," answered the literal Captain; "I reckon she be comfortable."

"You don't mean to say so. Why no, that isn't possible; for I saw her only the other day, and she looked perfectly lovely."

"She was a likely child, mum, but she turned up her toes, nine years ago, in August, jest as the mackerel come, and the Spanish brigantine was wrecked on the south shore."

Miss Herkomer, feeling unequal to the further pursuit of the subject, trans-ferred her interest to the wreck, and sat down on an empty soap-box, while the Captain consented to part with some fragments of information concerning the memorable event. He was endeavoring, with the utmost difficulty, to explain the uses of the life-saving appa-ratus, when the door to the kitchen was opened, and Charity entered. Miss Herkomer jumped up, put her arms about her waist, and kissed her with much effusion. She did not allow the girl's look of surprise in the least to dampen her ardor.

"I have missed you so much since you left, dear," she said; "and I re-gretted so much that lamentable affair with Mr. Brooks. I think he was hor-rid to subject you to such a humilia-tion; and I have never been able to for-give him for it. I assure you, I have not spoken to him once since you left. I don't suppose you have seen him, either, have you?"

"Yes," said Charity simply; "I have."

"Yes, of course, you couldn't help seeing him; but what I mean is, you haven't talked with him."

"Yes; I have talked with him too."

Anastasia was a trifle taken aback. She was not prepared for such sincerity. The thought occurred to her that Char-

ity was crowing over her; or that per-haps she was deeper than anybody sus-pected.

"Now, dear, let us be perfectly frank with each other," she said; "there is nothing that I admire more than per-fect sincerity. If there is one virtue I possess, it is that. You know, of course, it is of no consequence to me, one way or another, whether you have talked with Mr. Brooks."

She felt she had struck a false note there, before the words were fairly ut-tered; but her lips went mechanically and blundered on. There seemed to be a demon in her tongue, who delighted in this kind of transparent mendacity which deceived no one. She felt she was getting into deeper waters the longer she talked; and yet she could not stop without, somehow, appearing to herself awkward and foolish. The fact was, she was new to the rôle, having never cared enough for men to compromise her conscience on their account. But this miserable Brooks, in whom she had interested herself, at first, as a joke, had revenged himself by taking possession of her mind in a wholly unprecedented manner. She was now perfectly aware that she had lodged in Charity's heart the very suspicion she had intended to avert. She was looking anxiously toward the door, expecting, every mo-ment, to see Brooks enter. Charity was sitting, with a kind of chilly wonder, watching her face, and dodging her direct questions with a childlike inge-nuity which was admirable, because it looked like candor. As killing time was the object, Miss Anastasia again ad-dressed herself to the Captain, who had been braiding his osiers automatically, and deplored the frequency of wrecks upon the Poltucket coast.

"It ain't no use whimperin', mum," the old man replied; "ef wrecks wasn't good fer somethin', the Lord wouldn't send 'em."

"Good for something!" exclaimed Miss Herkomer; "you don't mean to say that you like to see people perish!"

"I didn't say nuthin' of the sort, mum; but our folks has got ter live; and there ain't nuthin' else fer them to live on now, sence the government killed the shippin'."

"Then you are, on the whole, glad when you hear of a wreck."

"I didn't say that, mum; I don't pray the Lord fer ships ter be wrecked; but I do pray the Lord that ef ships has ter be wrecked, they be wrecked on Poltucket."

The Captain showed a vigor of intellect on this one topic which was the more impressive, because of his decrepitude.

"I tell you, mum," he went on, after having moved his jaws, for some minutes, in silent indignation, "I voted the Republican ticket every blessed year, but now I don't no more. Sence they put up the two life-savin' stations on the island and six light-houses, I am a Democrat. And many more with me, mum; as they'll find out by and by, mum, when they put up their next man fer President."

## VI.

BROOKS was laboring under a difficulty which in all lands makes greatness more or less inconvenient. He was so conspicuous a figure in Poltucket that everything he did or said made something of a sensation. It seemed unchivalrous to him to expose the young girl who filled his thoughts to the cruel village gossip, unless he was irrevocably determined to ask her the fatal question. He despised himself for entertaining such pusillanimous considerations; for his ideal of a lover was a daring and unscrupulous Don Giovanni, whose joyous march of conquest was strewn with wrecked hearts. He saw himself constantly in spirit doing all sorts of audacious things which in the body he never could hope to attain. That little, timorous girl with the sweet, demure face, who looked up at him with those large, trustful blue eyes, how could he afford to experiment with her fragile heart, and throw it away, in case it should not prove to be worth keeping? He knew that, in case he made such a discovery, his pusillanimous conscience would get the better of his heroic aspiration, and he would end by keeping her heart, regardless of its value. He went occasionally to visit the Captain, and for want of anything better to do,

presented him with high-flavored imported cigars, which the mariner ruthlessly bit in two, putting one half into his mouth and chewing it, and the other into his vest-pocket. After having chewed them, he dried the leaves and smoked them in a pipe. Brooks invariably, on these occasions, met Miss Herkomer (for she watched his movements through her telescope with great exactness) and was drawn into conversation with her about all sorts of nightmarish literary topics, which gave her a chance to parade her intelligence. It was obvious that the Fates were against him. There never was a courtship attended with more hopeless difficulties. The wrath of a father with a shot-gun, or of a deceived rival, thirsting for gore, would have been trifles compared with the dire vigilance of Miss Herkomer and a hundred other morbid moralists who sat in windows, on piazzas, and on the house-tops, taking social observations, all on the *qui vive* for scandalous developments.

It would never have occurred to Brooks that his chief persecutor should be the very one to extricate him from this sad dilemma. Miss Anastasia was inclined to believe that she had now advanced far enough in the young man's favor to risk a change of programme. She knew that the moon had the reputation of stimulating the hidden springs of sentiment in the masculine heart, and determined to arrange a moonlight sail, in which Brooks and herself should be the principal participators. She broached her plan cautiously to the Rev. Mr. Nichols, who, without suspecting ulterior motives, went headlong into the trap. He pleaded, with clerical innocence, for half an hour, to be allowed to invite Brooks, as the young man had, he thought, now been sufficiently punished for his *faux pas*, which had, after all, not been anything more than a youthful indiscretion. It is superfluous to add that Anastasia was convinced by this argument, and gave Mr. Nichols the desired permission. But when Brooks had accepted, she was not at all anxious to extend her hospitality further. She wanted a small, congenial party, she said, and Mr. Nichols was finally persuaded to coincide in her view. By

some clever manœuvring, several were invited who, it was known, would be unable to go, and in the end the select and congenial party, when it met at three o'clock in the afternoon on the wharf, was found to consist of but four persons, the fourth of whom was Charity Howland. Brooks, who had done a little plotting of his own, had persuaded Nichols to hire Captain Jewell's catboat, (on charitable grounds as he urged) and as the young girl was amply competent to sail it, the guileless parson had concluded to engage her, and dispense with a sailing-master. That seemed, in view of what had occurred between him and Brooks (in whose good graces he was anxious to re-establish himself), a sort of *amende honorable*—a vote of confidence, as it were, the delicacy of which no one could fail to appreciate.

I shall not attempt to describe Anastasia's feelings, when she found herself outplotted in this shameful manner. She had to display a cheerful mask, of course, but it cost her a considerable effort. The plan was, to spend the afternoon fishing, take supper on board and sail home by moonlight, returning about 10 or 11 o'clock in the evening. The wind was fair, and the boat shot ahead at a good speed. Charity sat bare-headed at the rudder, holding the tiller with a firm grasp, and with a cool professional glance (which Brooks found ravishing) watching the sail, the water, and the horizon. She commanded "heads down" when she jibed, with a *sang froid* in which there was no trace of her customary timidity. The low sand-dunes that inclosed the harbor floated like enchanted isles upon the bosom of the sea, the vast vault of the sky was steeped in sunshine, and the gulls who rejoiced in its freedom seemed embodiments of bliss. If it had been Nichols and not Miss Herkomer who, in the midst of his glorious absorption in the elements, had asked Brooks what his opinion was of George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such," he would have felt tempted to do him bodily harm. In fact, the question jarred so violently on him that he had to exercise all his self-restraint, in order to give a polite answer.

"Oh, have pity on my youth and in-

nocence, Miss Herkomer," he exclaimed with mock entreaty; "what have I done to thee, that thou should'st thus maltreat me?"

"I fear, Mr. Brooks, you are one of those who disapprove of intellect in women," Miss Herkomer rejoined, with a primness which was in itself a rebuke to his levity.

"Not at all. I only hold that there are some things which are more valuable than intellect."

"More valuable than intellect! What are they, pray?"

"Health, first of all; innocence and simplicity of soul, sweet and unspoiled emotions."

He looked directly at the unconscious girl at the rudder, as if he read out of her face all the things which he found most admirable.

"You mean to say," demanded Miss Herkomer, with a note of exasperation which she found it hard to suppress, "that the mere crude health which any peasant or fisher-girl possesses is more valuable to the world than the noble intellect of a George Sand or a George Eliot?"

"If it is a question of universal application, I should say yes," answered Brooks fearlessly; "if you mean only in rare individual cases, I should say no. In my opinion, the world could better afford to spare in its womankind the intellect of George Eliot than the health which such intellectual attainments would be apt to undermine. George Eliot, as you know, died childless; if all womankind died childless, but with towering intellects, civilization would expire with us, and we should all have lived in vain."

Mr. Nichols, who had been trolling a bluefish line, here gave a shout, which happily interrupted the discussion. He rose in the boat with visible excitement, and began to haul with all his might.

"Keep your line taut," cried Charity, her eyes suddenly afire with interest;—"no, no! not that way, or you'll unhook him!"

"But he cuts my hands cruelly," whimpered Nichols. "I don't think I can stand it much longer."

"Take the tiller quick; and I'll haul him," said the girl, with quiet decision;

and no sooner had the clergyman handed her the line, than, with five or six strong and steady pulls, she landed a splendid bluefish, weighing some six or seven pounds. Brooks, who could not get his eyes off her, was enchanted at the swift security and skill with which she handled the big fish, keeping at the same time a vigilant watch on the parson, whose manipulation of the tiller she evidently distrusted. Hers was no crude peasant face in which the primitive bovine virtues were legibly written. In her eye the fire of thought had been kindled, generations ago, and in the chiseling of her face nature had traced many a delicate intention. And yet, coupled with this, there were an admirable alertness of sense and practical skill which, to the young man who had spent his life among books and in the over-refinement of a foreign civilization, seemed wholly adorable. He had all his life seen helpless women who took a pride in their uselessness and ignorance of practical concerns; and by contrast, an efficient woman who, without the sacrifice of her womanly character and charm, could sail a boat, braid a basket, and cook a beefsteak, struck him as a fascinating novelty. He contrasted her deep and wholesome content with the intellectual contortions of Miss Herkomer, who skimmed with feverish restlessness over all the sciences, and was always uneasy lest she should not secure proper recognition for her attainments.

It is not improbable that Anastasia had a suspicion of what was going on in Brooks's mind; at all events, she was aware that she had displeased him by her question about "Theophrastus Such." She always felt an irrepressible irritation in the presence of men who undervalued the intellect of women; and neglected no opportunity to champion the cause of her oppressed sex. And yet, in the case of Brooks, it somehow heightened her respect for him, to know that he did not take her intellectual claims seriously. It did not occur to her "to give in," of course; but in her heart of hearts she rather liked his contemptuous tone, provoking though it was.

Nothing of any consequence occurred

during the afternoon, except that several dozen scups were caught and a few sea-bass. At about seven o'clock they anchored near the island of Pucker-tuck, a mere reef or sand-dune, which is cut up into several islets at high tide, one of them supporting a light-house with a revolving light of three colors, and the summer cottage of a Bostonian, who thus advertises his love of solitude. The wind had stiffened somewhat, after sunset, and the tide was coming in, flowing with considerable violence over the shallow sand-flats. On the outer side of the reef they could hear the surf booming, and the wind flung, every now and then, a shower of spray toward them. The wicks were trimmed in the kerosene stove, and in an amazingly short time the big bluefish found himself split down the back and flung into the frying-pan.

"Hand me a match, please," said Charity, who was stooping over the stove, attending to the preliminaries of the banquet.

"A match? Why, certainly," answered Brooks and Nichols in chorus, and fumbled in their pockets.

"I confess I am almost hungry," said Anastasia, a little anxiously.

"I confess I am ravenous," remarked Nichols; "this sea-air has aroused in me a very unclerical appetite."

"Or say, rather, a very clerical appetite," suggested Brooks. "I do hope you have brought matches, for I have none."

"Nor have I," the clergyman rejoined, with a dismayed look; "I could have sworn I had some, but I must have left the box in my room."

An excited consultation ensued, during which Nichols suffered all the horrors of slow starvation, while Anastasia drew lots in fancy as to who was to be eaten, and found that her rival was designated for the sacrifice.

"We shall have to land at Pucker-tuck," said Charity. "I'll go up to Mr. Bateman's cottage and get some matches."

"But it is getting dark and foggy," Brooks objected. "You might be blown off to sea, and nobody know what had become of you."

"The moon is just rising; and anyway I am not afraid."



She sprang forward and pulled up the anchor, while Brooks hoisted the sail and Nichols got his feet entangled in the rope and came near falling overboard. In another instant she was at the tiller, ran the boat neatly up along the sandy shore, let the sail "lay to," flung the anchor up on the beach, and herself jumped after it.

"Hold on a minute," cried Brooks; "I am going with you."

He saw her form vanishing in the fog, but managed to catch up with her.

"Why do you want to run away from me?" he asked; but the thunder of the surf on the outer reef nearly drowned his voice and made it impossible to hear what she answered.

"Take my arm," he went on, "or I shall lose you altogether."

But she only hastened tremblingly on, and almost ran, as if to escape him. There was to him something sweet and primitive in this mute flight, which was no sham manoeuvre, but prompted by a real fear. He fancied he could almost hear her heart beat in the twilight. All the great emotions lie close to each other in an unspoiled nature. It was not in ancient times only that women stood with fear and trembling in the presence of nature's great mysteries. To this shy and virginal soul the repellant quality of manhood was yet stronger than the attractive.

"It is no good trying to run away from me," said the young man, laughing; "I can beat you racing any day."

The fog was closing about them, and they seemed alone in an empty world. The moon looked like a dimly luminous spot in the mist, but emerged now and then with a pallid, frightened face, as the wind tore rifts in the vapors. The world seemed more than ever a world of shadows, unsubstantial, like the phantasms of a dream. He and she—the man and the woman, who loved each other—seemed to loom out of the fog as the only realities.

"Here is the Bateman cottage," said Charity, as an outline of denser obscurity became visible against the brighter mist which the moon pervaded.

"I fear they have all gone to bed," said Brooks; "there is not a light to be seen anywhere."

He walked about the house, knocking at doors and window-shutters, but received no response.

"The house is inhabited by the seven sleepers," he cried, as he rejoined Charity on the porch.

"I fear it is not inhabited at all," replied the girl; the people must have left yesterday. There were lights in the windows, night before last."

"I suppose, then, we had better try the light-house."

"I'm afraid the tide is too high; we can't get across."

"What do you propose to do, then?"

"Get back to town as fast as we can. The chances are that we shall hail some boat, as soon as the fog lifts; and then we can borrow matches."

They groped about in the twilight for a quarter of an hour, he keeping close in her track. The tide rose higher and higher, making the strip of sand upon which they walked narrower and narrower, and the surf roared along the outer reef with a deep and mighty voice. When they reached the point of land where they had put up the catboat, they began to halloo, but received no answer. Presently, they found the anchor and the rope attached to it. They stood long staring at it in speechless amazement.

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Brooks, at last; "is it a bad joke, or have they lost their senses?"

"I think I see it," Charity replied; "the clergyman was afraid to have the sail up, and so, to let it down, he untied by mistake the anchor line, and they drifted off."

"They will be sure to capsize," cried Brooks; "they will be blown to sea or perish in the breakers."

"No; the tide is running in. It'll take them back to town; if they manage to get the sail down, nothing can happen to them."

She seated herself, without visible agitation, on the beach, and he flung himself down at her feet. They were silent for a long while, listening to the heavy cannonading of the surf, which broke with its hoarse thunder against the narrow strip of sand upon which they were sitting. There was a tremendous rhythm in it—a pause, filled with a dull

receding roar, then a fresh explosion of wrath, which shook the land's foundations. It seemed to her, as she sat listening, as if it were the earth itself breathing—inhaling, and exhaling,—as

lay at her feet, and saw his features softened, as it were, through the fog. Her thoughts, her feelings, her very senses, were in a strange whirl, and all sorts of dim yearnings peeped forth, only to be



"They were silent for a long while, listening to the heavy cannonading of the surf."

hustled out of sight and bashfully hidden. She felt his eyes resting upon her tenderly, and with a sweet seriousness which made her glow and shiver in the same moment.

There must have been something sympathetic in the shiver, for he presently got up, and shivered too.

"It is getting dark," he said; "the moon will soon drop out of sight."

She made no answer, and he sauntered uneasily about her for a few minutes, gazing intently at her, as if he were battling with some great resolution. She looked lovely, as she sat there in the moon-lit fog, her eyes kindled with emotion, and her pensive, demure little face animated by a vague expectancy.

"Miss Charity," he began, his voice starting out of the dusk with sudden vehemence; "I have a world of things to say to you. I have

Before he had time to finish, a tremendous wave broke over the reef,

if she felt its mighty breast heaving. In the presence of this gigantic monster, which spoke with the voice of eternity in her ear, whose very gentlest whisper shook her innermost being, she felt herself so infinitely small. She looked half anxiously at the face of the youth who

mendous wave broke over the reef, spreading with scores of shallow arms over the sand. In an instant she was on her feet and rushed up the beach. But he caught her in his arms, and held her in a tight embrace, while the water gurgled about her ankles.

"You wished to say something to me," she whispered after a long silence.

He was about to answer, but found himself suddenly enveloped in an intense crimson illumination. He looked at Charity, and she too shone as if lighted up by Bengal fire. It took him fully a minute to recover from his consternation, and to trace the singular phenomenon to its origin. It was the revolving light of the government light-house, which had accidentally flashed its blood-red

sheen upon them. And it was owing to this circumstance that a belated fisherman who was tacking close to shore caught sight of them in the midst of the fleecy sea of indistinguishable fog.

"Man ahoy!" he called; and was not a little surprised when the answer came in a woman's voice.

He made out the mystery, however, by recollecting the passage in the marriage service which bids the two to be one.



## TWO GRECIAN MYTHS.

*By C. P. Cranch.*

### I.

#### ICARUS.

HE sold his poems and was free from care.  
The critics praised them, and he trod on air.  
The people crowned him 'mid their poet-kings.  
He touched the earth no more, but spread his wings.

But ah, the test of worth he could not shun.  
His wings were wax, and melted in the sun.  
The sires gazed upward on a flight of fame.  
Their sons looked down on a forgotten name.

### II.

#### GANYMEDE.

Doubtless they missed him at the rustic board  
In the rude herdsmen's feast of home-brewed ale.  
His thoughts, his dreams, his nobler longings soared  
Beyond the vulgar jest and trivial tale.  
Into his larger sky's ethereal zone  
The wings that lifted him were not his own.

Jove's eagle snatched him from the common throng,  
And bore him to the blue Olympian heights.  
What cared he for his comrades' homely song  
In the new opening heaven of sounds and sights—  
Where in a sphere of harmonies divine  
He served the gods and poured celestial wine!



## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORY OF FIFE:

### RANDOM MEMORIES.

*By Robert Louis Stevenson.*



ANY writers have vigorously described the pains of the first day or the first night at school; to a boy of any enterprise, I believe, they are more often agreeably exciting. Misery—or at least misery unrelieved—is confined to another period, to the days of suspense and the “dreadful looking-for” of departure; when the old life is running to an end, and the new life, with its new interests, not yet begun; and to the pain of an imminent parting, there is added the unrest of a state of conscious preëxistence. The area railings, the beloved shop-window, the smell of semi-suburban tanpits, the song of the church bells upon a Sunday, the thin, high voices of compatriot children in a playing field—what a sudden, what an overpowering pathos breathes to him from each familiar circumstance! The assaults of sorrow come not from within, as it seems to him, but from without. I was proud and glad to go to school; had I been let alone, I could have borne up like any hero; but there was around me, in all my native town, a conspiracy of lamentation: “Poor little boy, he is going away—unkind little boy, he is going to leave us;” so the unspoken burthen followed me as I went, with yearning and reproach. And at length, one melancholy afternoon in the early autumn, and at a place where it seems

to me, looking back, it must be always autumn and generally Sunday, there came suddenly upon the face of all I saw—the long empty road, the lines of the tall houses, the church upon the hill, the woody hill-side garden—a look of such a piercing sadness that my heart died; and seating myself on a door-step, I shed tears of miserable sympathy. A benevolent cat cumbered me the while with consolations—we two were alone in all that was visible of the London Road: two poor waifs who had each tasted sorrow—and she fawned upon the weeper, and gambolled for his entertainment, watching the effect, it seemed, with motherly eyes. Long ago has that small heart been quieted, that small body (then rigid and cold) buried in the end of a town garden, perhaps with some attendant children. She will never console another trembler on the brink of life: poor little mouse, bringing strength to the young elephant: poor little thing of a year or two ministering to the creature of near upon a century.

For the sake of the cat, God bless her! I confessed at home the story of my own weakness; and so it comes about that I owed a certain journey, and the reader owes the present paper, to a cat in the London Road. It was judged, if I had thus brimmed over on the public highway, some change of scene was (in the medical sense) indicated; my father at the time was visiting the harbor lights of Scotland; and it was decided he should take me along with him around

a portion of the shores of Fife: my first professional tour, my first journey in the complete character of man, without the help of petticoats.

The Kingdom of Fife (that royal province) may be observed by the curious on the map, occupying a tongue of land between the firths of Forth and Tay. It may be continually seen from many parts of Edinburgh (among the rest, from the windows of my father's house) dying away into the distance and the easterly *haar* with one smoky sea-side town beyond another, or in winter printing on the gray heaven some glittering hill tops. It has no beauty to recommend it, being a low, sea-salted, wind-vexed promontory; trees very rare, except (as common on the east coast) along the dens of rivers; the fields well cultivated, I understand, but not lovely to the eye. It is of the coast I speak: the interior may be the garden of Eden. History broods over that part of the world like the easterly *haar*. Even on the map, its long row of Gaelic place-names bear testimony to an old and settled race. Of these little towns, posted along the shore as close as sedges, each with its bit of harbor, its old weather-beaten church or public building, its flavor of decayed prosperity and decaying fish, not one but has its legend, quaint or tragic: Dunfermline, in whose royal towers the king may be still observed (in the ballad) drinking the blood-red wine; somnolent Inverkeithing, once the quarantine of Leith; Aberdour, hard by the monastic islet of Inchcolm, hard by Donibristle where the "bonny face was spoiled;" Burntisland where, when Paul Jones was off the coast, the Reverend Mr. Shirra had a table carried between tide-marks, and publicly prayed against the rover at the pitch of his voice and his broad lowland dialect; Kinghorn, where Alexander "brak's neckbane" and left Scotland to the English wars; Kirkcaldy, where the witches once prevailed extremely and sunk tall ships and honest mariners in the North Sea; Dysart, famous—well famous at least to me for the Dutch ships that lay in its harbor, painted like toys and with pots of flowers and cages of song-birds in the cabin windows, and for one partic-

ular Dutch skipper who would sit all day in slippers on the break of the poop, smoking a long German pipe; Wemyss (pronounce Weems) with its bat-haunted caves, where the Chevalier Johnstone, on his flight from Culloden, passed a night of superstitious terrors; Leven, a bald, quite modern place, sacred to summer visitors, whence there has gone but yesterday the tall figure and the white locks of the last Englishman in Delhi, my uncle Dr. Balfour, who was still walking his hospital rounds, while the troopers from Meerut clattered and cried "Deen Deen" along the streets of the imperial city, and Wilmoughby mustered his handful of heroes at the magazine, and the nameless brave one in the telegraph office was perhaps already fingering his last despatch; and just a little beyond Leven, Largo Law and the smoke of Largo town mounting about its feet, the town of Alexander Selkirk, better known under the name of Robinson Crusoe. So on, the list might be pursued (only for private reasons, which the reader will shortly have an opportunity to guess) by St. Monance, and Pittenweem, and the two Anstruthers, and Cellardyke, and Crail where Primate Sharpe was once a humble and innocent country minister: on to the heel of the land, to Fifeness, overlooked by a sea-wood of matted elders and the quaint old mansion of Balcomie, itself overlooking but the breach or the quiescence of the deep—the Carr Rock beacon rising close in front, and as night draws in, the star of the Inchcape reef springing up on the one hand, and the star of the May Island on the other, and further off yet a third and a greater on the craggy foreland of St. Abb's. And but a little way round the corner of the land, imminent itself above the sea, stands the gem of the province and the light of mediæval Scotland, St. Andrew's, where the great Cardinal Beaton held garrison against the world, and the second of the name and title perished (as you may read in Knox's jeering narrative) under the knives of true-blue Protestants, and to this day (after so many centuries) the current voice of the professor is not hushed.

Here it was that my first tour of in-

spection began, early on a bleak easterly morning. There was a crashing run of sea upon the shore, I recollect, and my father and the man of the harbor light must sometimes raise their voices to be audible. Perhaps it is from this circumstance, that I always imagine St. Andrew's to be an ineffectual seat of learning, and the sound of the east wind and the bursting surf to linger in its drowsy class-rooms and confound the utterance of the professor, until teacher and taught are alike drowned in oblivion, and only the sea-gull beats on the windows and the draught of the sea-air rustles in the pages of the open lecture. But upon all this, and the romance of St. Andrew's in general, the reader must consult the works of Mr. Andrew Lang; who has written of it but the other day in his dainty prose and with his incommunicable humor, and long ago in one of his best poems, with grace, and local truth and a note of unaffected pathos. Mr. Lang knows all about the romance, I say, and the educational advantages, but I doubt if he had turned his attention to the harbor lights; and it may be news even to him, that in the year 1863, their case was pitiable. Hanging about with the east wind humming in my teeth, and my hands (I make no doubt) in my pocket, I looked for the first time upon that tragi-comedy of the visiting engineer which I have seen so often reënacted on a more important stage. Eighty years ago, I find my grandfather writing: "It is the most painful thing that can occur to me to have a correspondence of this kind with any of the keepers, and when I come to the Light House, instead of having the satisfaction to meet them with approbation and welcome their Family, it is distressing when one is obliged to put on a most angry countenance and demeanor." This painful obligation has been hereditary in my race. I have myself, on a perfectly amateur and unauthorized inspection of Turnberry Point, bent my brows upon the keeper on the question of storm-panes; and felt a keen pang of self-reproach, when we went down stairs again and I found he was making a coffin for his infant child; and then regained my equanimity with the thought that I had done the man a service, and when the

proper inspector came, he would be readier with his panes. The human race is perhaps credited with more duplicity than it deserves. The visitation of a light-house at least is a business of the most transparent nature. As soon as the boat grates on the shore, and the keepers step forward in their uniformed coats, the very slouch of the fellows' shoulders tells their story and the engineer may begin at once to assume his "angry countenance." Certainly the brass of the handrail will be clouded; and if the brass be not immaculate, certainly all will be to match—the reflectors scratched, the spare lamp unready, the storm-panes in the storehouse. If a light is not rather more than middling good, it will be radically bad. Mediocrity (except in literature) appears to be unattainable by man. But of course the unfortunate of St. Andrew's was only an amateur, he was not in the Service, he had no uniform coat, he was (I believe) a plumber by his trade and stood (in the mediæval phrase) quite out of the danger of my father; but he had a painful interview for all that, and perspired extremely.

From St. Andrew's, we drove over Magus Muir. My father had announced we were "to post," and the phrase called up in my hopeful mind visions of top-boots and the pictures in Rowlandson's *Dance of Death*; but it was only a jingling cab that came to the inn door, such as I had driven in a thousand times at the low price of one shilling on the streets of Edinburgh. Beyond this disappointment, I remember nothing of that drive. It is a road I have often travelled, and of not one of these journeys do I remember any single trait. The fact has not been supposed to encroach on the truth of the imagination. I still see Magus Muir two hundred years ago; a desert place, quite uninclosed; in the midst, the Primate's carriage fleeing at the gallop; the assassins loose reined in pursuit, Burley Balfour, pistol in hand, among the first. No scene of history has ever written itself so deeply on my mind; not because Balfour, that questionable zealot, was an ancestral cousin of my own; not because of the pleadings of the victim and his daughter; not even because of the live bum-bee that



flew out of Sharpe's 'bacco box, thus clearly indicating his complicity with Satan; nor merely because, as it was after all a crime of a fine religious flavor, it figured in Sunday books and afforded a grateful relief from *Ministering Children* or the *Memoirs of Mrs. Katharine Winslowe*. The figure that always fixed my attention is that of Hackston of Rathillet, sitting in the saddle with his cloak about his mouth, and through all that long, bungling, vociferous hurly-burly, revolving privately a case of conscience. He would take no hand in the deed, because he had a private spite against the victim, and "that action" must be sullied with no suggestion of a worldly motive; on the other hand, "that action" in itself was highly justified, he had cast in his lot with "the actors," and he must stay there, inactive but publicly sharing the responsibility. "You are a gentleman—you will protect me!" cried the wounded old man, crawling towards him. "I will never lay a hand on you," said Hackston, and put his cloak about his mouth. It is an old temptation with me, to pluck away that cloak and see the face—to open that bosom and to read the heart. With incomplete romances about Hackston, the drawers of my youth were lumbered. I read him up in every printed book that I could lay my hands on. I even dug among the Wodrow manuscripts, sitting shame-faced in the very room where my hero had been tortured two centuries before, and keenly conscious of my youth in the midst of other and (as I fondly thought) more gifted students. All was vain: that he had passed a riotous non-age, that he was a zealot, that he twice displayed (compared with his grotesque companions) some tincture of soldierly resolution and even of military common sense, and that he figured memorably in the scene on Magus Muir, so much and no more could I expiscate. But whenever I cast my eyes backward, it is to see him like a landmark on the plains of history, sitting with his cloak about his mouth, inscrutable. How small a thing creates an immortality! I do not think he can have been a man entirely commonplace; but had he not thrown his cloak about his mouth, or had the witnesses forgot to chronicle the action, he would not

thus have haunted the imagination of my boyhood, and to-day he would scarce delay me for a paragraph. An incident, at once romantic and dramatic, which at once awakes the judgment and makes a picture for the eye, how little do we realize its perdurable power! Perhaps no one does so but the author, just as none but he appreciates the influence of jingling words; so that he looks on upon life, with something of a covert smile, seeing people led by what they fancy to be thoughts and what are really the accustomed artifices of his own trade, or roused by what they take to be principles and are really picturesque effects. In a pleasant book about a school class club, Colonel Fergusson has recently told a little anecdote. A "Philosophical Society" was formed by some Academy boys—among them, Colonel Fergusson himself, Fleeming Jenkin, and Andrew Wilson, the Christian Boodhist, and author of *The Abode of Snow*. Before these learned pundits, one member laid the following ingenious problem: "What would be the result of putting a pound of potassium in a pot of porter?" "I should think there would be a number of interesting bi-products," said a smatterer at my elbow; but for me the tale itself has a bi-product, and stands as a type of much that is most human. For this enquirer, who conceived himself to burn with a zeal entirely chemical, was really immersed in a design of a quite different nature; unconsciously to his own recently breached intelligence, he was engaged in literature. Putting, pound, potassium, pot, porter: initial p, mediant t—that was his idea, poor little boy! So with politics and that which excites men in the present, so with history and that which rouses them in the past: there lie at the root of what appears most serious unsuspected elements.

The triple town of Anstruther Wester, Anstruther Easter and Cellardyke, all three Royal Burghs—or two Royal Burghs and a less distinguished suburb, I forget which—lies continuously along the sea-side, and boasts of either two or three separate parish churches, and either two or three separate harbors. These ambiguities are painful; but the fact is (although it argue me uncult-

ured) I am but poorly posted upon Celardyke. My business lay in the two Anstruthers. A tricklet of a stream divides them, spanned by a bridge; and over the bridge at the time of my knowledge, the celebrated Shell House stood outpost on the west. This had been the residence of an agreeable eccentric; during his fond tenancy, he had illustrated the outer walls, as high (if I remember rightly) as the roof, with elaborate patterns and pictures, and snatches of verse in the vein of *exegi monumentum*; shells and pebbles, artfully contrasted and conjoined, had been his medium; and I live to think of him standing back upon the bridge, when all was finished, drinking in the general effect and (like Gibbon) already lamenting his employment. *Et ego artifex*, he may have thought; like Hayley over his poems or Haydon before his canvases.

The same bridge saw another sight in the seventeenth century. Mr. Thomson, the "curat" of Anstruther Easter, was a man highly obnoxious to the devout: in the first place because he was a "curat"; in the second place, because he was a person of irregular and scandalous life; and in the third place, because he was generally suspected of dealings with the Enemy of Man. These three disqualifications, in the popular literature of the time, go hand in hand; but the end of Mr. Thomson was a thing quite by itself, and in the proper phrase, a manifest judgment. He had been at a friend's house in Anstruther Wester, where (and elsewhere, I suspect) he had partaken of the bottle; indeed, to put the thing in our cold modern way, the reverend gentleman was on the brink of *delirium tremens*. It was a dark night, it seems; a little lassie came carrying a lantern to fetch the curate home; and away they went down the street of Anstruther Wester, the lantern swinging a bit in the child's hand, the barred lustre tossing up and down along the front of slumbering houses, and Mr. Thomson not altogether steady on his legs nor (to all appearance) easy in his mind. The pair had reached the middle of the bridge when (as I conceive the scene) the poor tippler started in some baseless

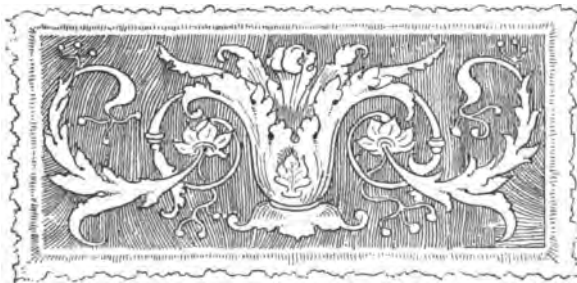
fear and looked behind him; the child, already shaken by the minister's strange behavior, started also; in so doing, she would jerk the lantern; and for the space of a moment the lights and the shadows would be all confounded. Then it was that to the unhinged toper and the twittering child, a huge bulk of blackness seemed to sweep down, to pass them close by as they stood upon the bridge, and to vanish on the further side in the general darkness of the night. "Plainly the devil come for Mr. Thomson!" thought the child. What Mr. Thomson thought himself, we have no ground of knowledge; but he fell upon his knees in the midst of the bridge like a man praying. On the rest of the journey to the manse, history is silent; but when they came to the door, the poor caitiff, taking the lantern from the child, looked upon her with so lost a countenance that her little courage died within her, and she fled home screaming to her parents. Not a soul would venture out; all that night, the minister dwelt alone with his terrors in the manse; and when the day dawned, and men made bold to go about the streets, they found the devil had come indeed for Mr. Thomson.

This manse of Anstruther Easter has another and a more cheerful association. It was early in the morning, about a century before the days of Mr. Thomson, that his predecessor was called out of bed to welcome a Grandee of Spain, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, just landed in the harbor underneath. But sure there was never seen a more decayed grandee; sure there was never a duke welcomed from a stranger place of exile. Half-way between Orkney and Shetland, there lies a certain isle; on the one hand the Atlantic, on the other the North Sea, bombard its pillared cliffs; sore-eyed, short-living, inbred fishers and their families herd in its few huts; in the graveyard, pieces of wreck-wood stand for monuments; there is nowhere a more inhospitable spot. *Belle-Isle-en-Mer*—Fair-Isle-at-Sea—that is a name that has always rung in my mind's ear like music; but the only "Fair Isle" on which I ever set my foot, was this unhomey, rugged turret-top of submarine sierras. Here, when his ship

was broken, my lord Duke joyfully got ashore ; here for long months he and certain of his men were harbored ; and it was from this durance that he landed at last to be welcomed (as well as such a papist deserved, no doubt) by the godly incumbent of Anstruther Easter ; and after the Fair Isle, what a fine city must that have appeared ! and after the island diet, what a hospitable spot the minister's table ! And yet he must have lived on friendly terms with his outlandish hosts. For to this day there still survives a relic of the long winter evenings when the sailors of the great Armada crouched about the hearths of the Fair-Islanders, the planks of their own lost galleon perhaps lighting up the scene, and the gale and the surf that beat about the coast contributing their melancholy voices. All the folk of the north isles are great artificers of knitting : the Fair-Islanders alone dye their fabrics in the Spanish manner. To this day, gloves and nightcaps, innocently decorated, may be seen for sale in the Shetland warehouse at Edinburgh, or on the Fair Isle itself in the catechist's house ; and to this day, they tell the story of the Duke of Medina Sidonia's adventure.

It would seem as if the Fair Isle had some attraction for "persons of quality." When I landed there myself, an elderly gentleman, unshaved, poorly attired, his shoulders wrapped in a plaid, was seen walking to and fro, with a book

in his hand, upon the beach. He paid no heed to our arrival, which we thought a strange thing in itself ; but when one of the officers of the *Pharos*, passing narrowly by him, observed his book to be a Greek testament, our wonder and interest took a higher flight. The catechist was cross-examined ; he said the gentleman had been put across some time before in Mr. Bruce of Sumburgh's schooner, the only link between the Fair Isle and the rest of the world ; and that he held services and was doing "good." So much came glibly enough ; but when pressed a little further, the catechist displayed embarrassment. A singular diffidence appeared upon his face : "They tell me," said he, in low tones, "that he's a lord." And a lord he was ; a peer of the realm pacing that inhospitable beach with his Greek testament, and his plaid about his shoulders, set upon doing good, as he understood it, worthy man ! And his grandson, a good-looking little boy, much better dressed than the lordly evangelist, and speaking with a silken English accent very foreign to the scene, accompanied me for a while in my exploration of the island. I suppose this little fellow is now my lord, and wonder how much he remembers of the Fair Isle. Perhaps not much ; for he seemed to accept very quietly his savage situation ; and under such guidance, it is like that this was not his first nor yet his last adventure.







GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.  
(From the last portrait taken.)

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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## FROM GRAVELOTTE TO SEDAN.

*By Philip H. Sheridan.\**



**A**FTER I had for a year been commanding the Division of the Missouri, which embraced the entire Rocky Mountain region, I found it necessary to make an inspection of the military posts in northern Utah and Montana, in order by personal observation to inform myself of their location and needs, and at the same time become acquainted with the salient geographical and topographical features of that section of my division. Therefore in May, 1870, I started west by the Union Pacific Railroad, and on arriving at Corinne Station, the next beyond Ogden, took passage by stage-coach for Helena, the capital of Montana Territory. Helena is nearly five hundred miles north of Corinne, and under ordinary conditions the journey was, in those days, a most tiresome one. As the stage kept jogging on, day and night, there was little chance for sleep, and there being with me a sufficient number of staff officers to justify the proceeding, we chartered the "outfit," stipulating that we were to stop over one night on the road to get some rest. This rendered the journey more tolerable, and we arrived at Helena without extraordinary fatigue.

Before I left Chicago the newspapers were filled with rumors of impending

war between Germany and France. I was anxious to observe the conflict, if it was to occur, but reports made one day concerning the beginning of hostilities would be contradicted the next, and it was not till I reached Helena that the despatches lost their doubtful character, and later became of so positive a nature as to make it certain that the two nations would fight. I therefore decided to cut short my tour of inspection, so that I could go abroad to witness the war, if the President would approve. Having received word from General Sherman that there would be no objection to my going to Europe, I began making arrangements to leave, securing passage by the steamship *Scotia*.

President Grant invited me to come to see him at Long Branch before I should sail, and during my brief visit there he asked which army I wished to accompany—the German or the French. I told him the German, for the reason that I thought more could be seen with the successful side, and that the indications pointed to the defeat of the French. My choice evidently pleased him greatly, as he had the utmost contempt for Louis Napoleon and had always denounced him as a usurper and a charlatan. Before we separated, the President gave me the following letter to the representatives of our government abroad, and with it I not only had no trouble in obtaining permission to go with the Germans, but was specially favored by being invited to accompany the headquarters of the King of Prussia :

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"LONG BRANCH, N. J.,  
July 25, 1870.

"Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan, of the United States Army, is authorized to visit Europe, to return at his own pleasure, unless otherwise ordered. He is commended to the good offices of all representatives of this Government whom he may meet abroad.

"To citizens and representatives of other Governments I introduce General Sheridan as one of the most skilful, brave, and deserving soldiers developed by the great struggle through which the United States Government has just passed. Attention paid him will be duly appreciated by the country he has served so faithfully and efficiently.  
U. S. GRANT."

Word of my intended trip was cabled to Europe in the ordinary press despatches, and our Minister to France, Mr. Elihu B. Washburne, being an intimate friend of mine, and thinking that I might wish to attach myself to the French army, did me the favor to take preliminary steps for securing the necessary authority. He went so far as to broach the subject to the French Minister of War, but, in view of the informality of the request, and an unmistakable unwillingness to grant it being manifested, Mr. Washburne pursued the matter no further. I did not learn of this kindly interest in my behalf till after the capitulation of Paris, when Mr. Washburne told me what he had done of his own motion. Of course I thanked him gratefully, but even had he succeeded in getting the permission he sought, I should not have accompanied the French army.

I sailed from New York July 27th, one of my aides-de-camp, General James W. Forsyth, going with me. We reached Liverpool August 6th, and the next day visited the American Legation in London, where we saw all the officials except our Minister, Mr. Motley, who being absent was represented by Mr. Moran, the Secretary of the Legation. We left London August 9th for Brussels, where we were kindly cared for by the American Minister, Mr. Russell Jones, who the same evening saw us off to Germany. Because of the war we secured

transportation only as far as Vera, and here we received information that the Prussian Minister of War had telegraphed to the Military Inspector of Railroads to take charge of us on our arrival at Cologne, and send us down to the headquarters of the Prussian Army, but the Inspector, for some unexplained reason, instead of doing this, sent us on to Berlin. Here our Minister, Mr. George Bancroft, met us with a telegram from the German Chancellor, Count Bismarck, saying we were expected to come direct to the King's headquarters; and we learned also that a despatch had been sent to the Prussian Minister at Brussels directing him to forward us from Cologne to the army instead of allowing us to go on to Berlin, but that we had reached and quit Brussels without the Minister's knowledge.

Shortly after we arrived in Berlin the Queen sent a messenger offering us an opportunity to pay our respects, and fixed an hour for the visit, which was to take place the next day; but as the tenor of the despatch Mr. Bancroft had received from Count Bismarck indicated that some important event which it was desired I should witness was about to happen at the theatre of war, our Minister got us excused from our visit of ceremony, and we started for the headquarters of the German army that evening—our stay in the Prussian capital having been somewhat less than a day.

Our train was a very long one, of over eighty cars, and though drawn by three locomotives its progress to Cologne was very slow and the journey most tedious. From Cologne we continued on by rail up the valley of the Rhine to Bingenbrück near Bingen, and thence across through Saarbrücken to Remilly, where we left the railway and rode in a hay-wagon to Pont-à-Mousson, arriving there August 17th, late in the afternoon. This little city had been ceded to France at the Peace of Westphalia, and although originally German, the people had become, in the lapse of so many years, intensely French in sentiment. The town was so full of officers and men belonging to the German army that it was difficult to get lodgings, but after some



A Fusilier Regiment in Action near Gravelotte. (From Emil Hünten's painting.)

delay we found quite comfortable quarters at one of the small hotels, and presently, after we had succeeded in getting a slender meal, I sent my card to Count von Bismarck, the Chancellor of the North German Confederation, who soon responded by appointing an hour—about nine o'clock the same evening—for an interview.

When the Count received me he was clothed in the undress uniform of the cuirassier regiment of which he was the colonel. During the interview which ensued, he exhibited at times deep anxiety regarding the conflict now imminent, for it was the night before the battle of Gravelotte, but his conversation was mostly devoted to the state of public sentiment in America, about which he seemed much concerned, inquiring repeatedly as to which side—France or Prussia—was charged with bringing on the war. Expressing a desire to witness the battle which was expected to occur the next day, and remarking that I had not had sufficient time to provide the necessary transportation, he told me to be ready at four o'clock in the morning and he would take me out in his own carriage and present me to the King, adding that he would ask one of his own staff officers, who he knew had one or two extra horses, to lend me one. As I did not know just what my status would be, and having explained to the President before leaving America that I wished to accompany the German army unofficially, I hardly knew whether to appear in uniform or not, so I spoke of this matter, too, and the Count, after some reflection, thought it best for me to wear my undress uniform, minus the sword, however, because I was a non-combatant.

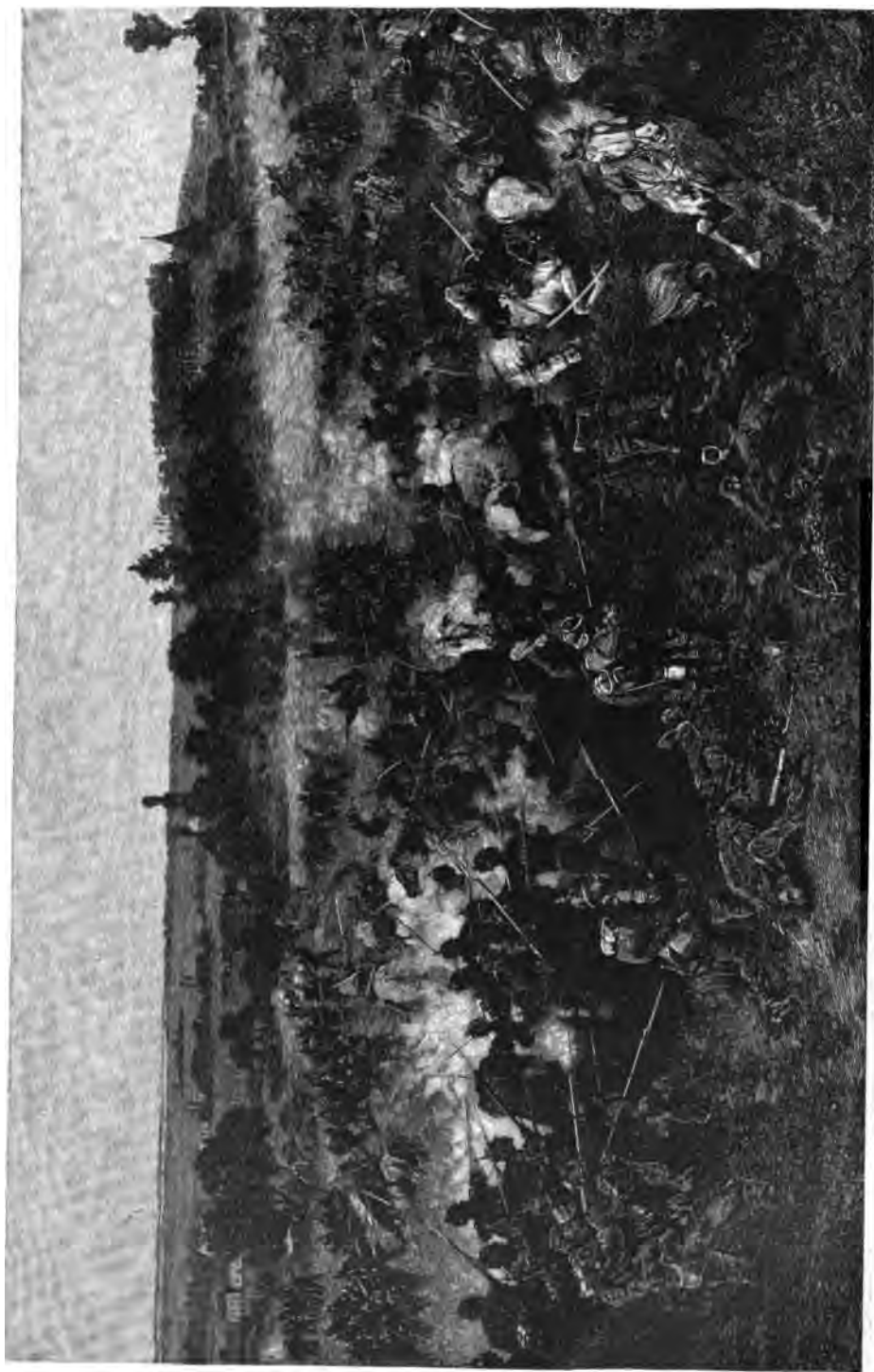
At four o'clock the next morning, the 18th, I repaired to the Chancellor's quarters. The carriage was at the door, also the saddle-horse, but as no spare mount could be procured for General Forsyth he had to seek other means to reach the battlefield. The carriage was an open one with two double seats, and in front a single one for a messenger; it had also a hand-brake attached. Count Bismarck and I occupied the rear seat, and Count Bismarck-Bohlen—the nephew

and aide-de-camp to the Chancellor—and Doctor Busch were seated facing us. The conveyance was strong, serviceable, and comfortable, but not specially prepossessing, and hitched to it were four stout horses, logy, ungainly animals, whose clumsy harness indicated that the whole equipment was meant for heavy work. Two postilions in uniform, in high military saddles on the nigh horse of each span, completed the establishment.

All being ready we took one of the roads from Pont-à-Mousson to Rézonville, which is on the direct road from Metz to Châlons, and near the central point of the field where, on the 16th of August, the battle of Mars-la-Tour had been fought. It was by this road that the Pomeranians, numbering about 30,000 men, had been ordered to march to Gravelotte, and after proceeding a short distance we overtook the column. As this contingent came from Count Bismarck's own section of Germany, there greeted us as we passed along, first in the dim light of the morning and later in the glow of the rising sun, continuous and most enthusiastic cheering for the German Chancellor.

On the way Count Bismarck again recurred to the state of public opinion in America with reference to the war. He also talked much about our form of government, and said that in early life his tendencies were all toward republicanism, but that family influence had overcome his preferences, and intimated that after adopting a political career he found that Germany was not sufficiently advanced for republicanism. He said further that he had been reluctant to enter upon this public career, that he had always longed to be a soldier, but that here again family opposition had turned him from the field of his choice into the sphere of diplomacy.

Not far from Mars-la-Tour we alighted, and in a little while an aide-de-camp was introduced, who informed me that he was there to conduct and present me to his Majesty, the King of Prussia. As we were walking along together, I inquired whether at the meeting I should remove my cap, and he said no, that in an out-of-door presentation it was not etiquette to uncover, if in uniform. We



Action Near Sedan. (From a painting by Franz Adam.)





From Steffek's portrait of King William of Prussia.

were soon in presence of the King, where—under the shade of a clump of second-growth poplar trees, with which nearly all the farms in the north of France are here and there dotted—the presentation was made in the simplest and most agreeable manner.

His Majesty, taking my hand in both of his, gave me a thorough welcome, expressing, like Count Bismarck, though through an interpreter, much interest as to the sentiment in my own country about the war. At this time William the First of Prussia was seventy-three years of age, and, dressed in the uniform of the Guards, he seemed to be the very ideal soldier, and graced with most gentle and courteous manners. The conversation, which was brief, as neither of us spoke the other's native tongue, concluded by his Majesty's requesting me, in the most cordial way, to accompany his headquarters during the campaign. Thanking him for his kindness, I rejoined Count Bismarck's party, and our horses having arrived meantime, we mounted and moved off to the position selected for the King to witness the opening of the battle.

This place was on some high ground overlooking the villages of Rézonville and Gravelotte, about the centre of the battlefield of Mars-la-Tour, and from it most of the country to the east towards Metz could also be seen. The point chosen was an excellent one for the purpose, though in one respect disagreeable, since the dead bodies of many of the poor fellows killed there two days before were yet unburied. In a little while the King's escort began to remove these dead, however, bearing them away on stretchers improvised with their rifles, and the spot thus cleared was much more acceptable. Then, when such unexploded shells as were lying around loose had been cautiously carried away, the King, his brother Prince Frederick Charles Alexander, the Chief of Staff General von Moltke, the Minister of War General von Roon, and Count von Bismarck assembled on the highest point, and I being asked to join the group was there presented to General von Moltke. He spoke our language fluently, and Bismarck having left the party for a time, to go to a neighboring

house to see his son, who had been wounded at Mars-la-Tour, and about whom he was naturally very anxious, General von Moltke entertained me by explaining the positions of the different corps, the nature and object of their movement then taking place, and so on.

Before us and covering Metz lay the French army, posted on the crest of a ridge extending north and about its centre curving slightly westward toward the German forces. The left of the French position was but a short distance from the Moselle, and this part of the line was separated from the Germans by a ravine, the slopes, fairly well wooded, rising quite sharply; further north, near the centre, this depression disappeared, merged in the general swell of the ground, and thence on towards the right the ground over which an approach to the French line must be made was essentially a natural open glacis, that could be thoroughly swept by the fire of the defenders.

The line extended some seven or eight miles. To attack this position, formidable everywhere, except perhaps on the right flank, the Germans were bringing up the combined forces of the First and Second Armies, troops that within the past fortnight had already successfully met the French in three pitched battles. On the right was the First Army, under the command of General von Steinmetz, the victors, August 6th, of Spichenen, near Saar, and, eight days later, of Colombey, to the east of Metz; while the centre and left were composed of the several corps of the Second Army, commanded by Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, a part of whose troops had just been engaged in the sanguinary battle of Mars-la-Tour, by which Bazaine was cut off from the Verdun road and forced back towards Metz.

At first the German plan was simply to threaten with their right while the corps of the Second Army advanced toward the north to prevent the French, of whose intentions there was much doubt, from escaping towards Châlons; then, as the purposes of the French might be developed, these corps were to change direction towards the enemy successively, and seek to turn his right



flank. But the location of this vital turning-point was very uncertain, and until it was ascertained and carried, late in the afternoon, the action raged with more or less intensity along the entire line.

But as it is not my purpose to describe in detail the battle of Gravelotte, nor any other, I will speak of some of its incidents merely. About noon, after many preliminary skirmishes, the action was begun according to the plan I have already outlined, the Germans advancing their left while holding on strongly with their right, and it was this latter wing (the First Army) that came under my observation from the place where the King's headquarters were located. From here we could see, as I have said, the village of Gravelotte. Before it lay the German troops, concealed to some extent, especially to the left, by clumps of timber here and there. Immediately in front of us, however, the ground was open, and the day being clear and sunny with a fresh breeze blowing (else the smoke from a battle between four hundred thousand men would have obstructed the view altogether), the spectacle presented was of unsurpassed magnificence and sublimity. The German artillery opened the battle, and while the air was filled with shot and shell from hundreds of guns along their entire line the German centre and left, in rather open order, moved out to the attack, and as they went forward, the reserves, in close column, took up positions within supporting distances, yet far enough back to be out of range.

The French artillery and mitrailleuses responded vigorously to the Krupps, and with deadly effect, but as far as we could see the German left continued its advance, and staff-officers came up frequently to report that all was going on well at points hidden from our view. These reports were always made to the King first, and whenever anybody arrived with tidings of the fight we clustered around to hear the news, General von Moltke unfolding a map meanwhile and explaining the situation. This done, the Chief of the Staff, while awaiting the next report, would either return to a seat that had been made for him with some knapsacks, or would occupy

the time walking about, kicking clods of dirt or small stones here and there, his hands clasped behind his back, his face pale and thoughtful. He was then nearly seventy years old, but because of his emaciated figure, the deep wrinkles in his face, and crow's-feet about his eyes, he looked even older, his appearance being suggestive of the practice of church asceticisms rather than of his well-known ardent devotion to the military profession.

By the middle of the afternoon the steady progress of the German left and centre had driven the French from their more advanced positions, from behind stone walls and hedges, through valleys and hamlets, in the direction of Metz, but as yet the German right had accomplished little except to get possession of the village of Gravelotte, forcing the French across the deep ravine I have mentioned, which runs north and south a little distance east of the town.

But it was now time for the German right to move in earnest to carry the Rozerieulles ridge, on which crest the French had evidently decided to make an obstinate fight to cover their withdrawal to Metz. As the Germans moved to the attack here, the French fire became heavy and destructive, so much so indeed as to cause General von Steinmetz to order some cavalry belonging to the right wing to make a charge. Crossing the ravine before described, this body of horse swept up the slope beyond, the front ranks urged forward by the momentum from behind. The French were posted along a sunken road, behind stone walls and houses, and as the German cavalry neared these obstructions it received a dreadful fire without the least chance of returning it, though still pushed on till the front ranks were crowded into the deep cut of the road. Here the slaughter was terrible, for the horsemen could make no further headway; and because of the blockade behind of dead and wounded men and animals an orderly retreat was impossible and disaster inevitable.

About the time the charge was ordered the phase of the battle was such that the King concluded to move his headquarters into the village of Gravelotte; and just after getting there we first learned

fully of the disastrous result of the charge which had been entered upon with such spirit; and so much indignation was expressed against Steinmetz, who, it was claimed, had made an unnecessary sacrifice of his cavalry, that I thought he would be relieved on the spot, though this was not done.

Followed by a large staff, General Steinmetz appeared in the village presently, and approached the King. When near, he bowed with great respect, and I then saw that he was a very old man, though his soldierly figure, bronzed face, and short-cropped hair gave some evidence of vigor still. When the King spoke to him I was not close enough to learn what was said; but his Majesty's manner was expressive of kindly feeling, and the fact that in a few moments the veteran general returned to the command of his troops indicated that, for the present at least, his fault had been overlooked.

The King then moved out of the village, and just a little to the east and north of it the headquarters were located on high, open ground, whence we could observe the right of the German infantry advancing up the eastern face of the ravine. The advance, though slow and irregular, resulted in gradually gaining ground, the French resisting stoutly, with a stubborn musketry fire all along the slopes. Their artillery was silent, however; and from this fact the German artillery officers grew jubilant, confidently asserting that their Krupp guns had dismounted the French batteries and knocked their mitrailleuses to pieces. I did not indulge in this confidence, however, for with the excellent field-glass I had, I could distinctly see long columns of French troops moving to their right for the apparent purpose of making a vigorous fight on that flank; and I thought it more than likely that their artillery would be heard from before the Germans could gain the coveted ridge.

The Germans labored up the glacis slowly at the most exposed places, now crawling on their bellies, now creeping on hands and knees, but in the main moving with erect and steady bearing. As they approached within short range they suddenly found that the French ar-

tillery and mitrailleuses had by no means been silenced, about two hundred pieces opening on them with fearful effect, while at the same time the whole crest blazed with a deadly fire from the Chassepôt rifles. Resistance like this was so unexpected by the Germans that it dismayed them, and first wavering a moment, then becoming panic-stricken, they broke and fled, infantry, cavalry, and artillery coming down the slope without any pretence of formation, the French hotly following and pouring in a heavy and constant fire as the fugitives fled back across the ravine toward Gravelotte. With this the battle on the right had now assumed a most serious aspect, and the indications were that the French would attack the heights of Gravelotte; but the Pomeranian Corps coming on the field at this crisis was led into action by von Moltke himself, and shortly after the day was decided in favor of the Germans.

When the French guns opened fire, it was discovered that the King's position was within easy range, many of the shells falling near enough to make the place extremely uncomfortable; so it was suggested that he go to a less exposed point. At first he refused to listen to this wise counsel, but yielded finally—leaving the ground with reluctance, however—and went back toward Rézonville. I waited for Count Bismarck, who did not go immediately with the King, but remained at Gravelotte looking after some of the escort who had been wounded. When he had arranged for their care we set out to rejoin the King, and before going far overtook his Majesty, who had stopped on the Châlons road and was surrounded by a throng of fugitives, whom he was berating in German so energetic as to remind me forcibly of the "Dutch" swearing that I used to hear in my boyhood in Ohio. The dressing down finished to his satisfaction, the King resumed his course toward Rézonville, halting, however, to rebuke in the same emphatic style every group of runaways he overtook.

Passing through Rézonville we halted just beyond the village; there a fire was built, and the King, his brother Prince Frederick Charles, and von Roon were provided with rather uncomfortable



"His Majesty was surrounded by a throng of fugitives, whom he was berating."

seats about it, made by resting the ends of a short ladder on a couple of boxes. With much anxiety and not a little depression of spirits news from the battle-field was now awaited, but the suspense did not last long, for presently came the cheering intelligence that the French were retiring, being forced back by the Pomeranian Corps and some of the lately broken right wing organizations that had been rallied on the heights of Gravelotte. The lost ground being thus regained, and the French having been beaten on their right, it was not long till word came that Bazaine's army was falling back to Metz, leaving the entire battle-field in possession of the Germans.

During the excitement of the day I had not much felt the want of either food or water, but now that all was over I was nearly exhausted, having had neither since early morning. Indeed all of the party were in like straits; the immense armies had not only eaten up nearly everything in the country, but had drunk all the wells dry, too, and

there seemed no relief for us till, luckily, a squad of soldiers came along the road with a small cask of wine in a cart. One of the staff officers instantly appropriated the keg and proceeded to share his prize most generously. Never had I tasted anything so refreshing and delicious, but as the wine was the ordinary sour stuff drunk by the peasantry of northern France, my appreciation must be ascribed to my famished condition rather than to any virtues of the beverage itself.

After I had thus quenched my thirst the King's brother called me aside, and drawing from his coat-tail pocket a piece of stale black bread divided it with me, and while munching on this the Prince began talking of his son—General Prince Frederick Charles, popularly called the Red Prince—who was in command of the Second Army in this battle, the German left wing. In recounting his son's professional career the old man's face was aglow with enthusiasm, and not without good cause, for in the war between Prussia and Aus-

tria in 1866, as well as in the present campaign, the Red Prince had displayed the highest order of military genius.

The headquarters now became the scene of much bustle, despatches announcing the victory being sent in all directions. The first one transmitted was to the Queen, the King directing Count Bismarck to prepare it for his signature; then followed others of a more official character, and while these matters were being attended to I thought I would ride into the village to find, if possible, some water for my horse. Just as I entered the chief street, however, I was suddenly halted by a squad of soldiers, who, taking me for a French officer (my coat and forage cap resembling those of the French), levelled their pieces at me. They were greatly excited, so much so indeed that I thought my hour had come, for they could not understand English, and I could not speak German, and dared not utter explanations in French. Fortunately a few disconnected German words came to me in the emergency. With these I managed to delay my execution, and one of the party ventured to come up to examine the "suspect" more closely. The first thing he did was to take off my cap, and looking it over carefully his eyes rested on the three stars above the visor, and pointing to them he emphatically pronounced me French. Then of course they all became excited again, more so than before even, for they thought I was trying to practise a ruse, and I question whether I should have lived to recount the adventure had not an officer belonging to the King's headquarters been passing by just then, when, hearing the threatenings and imprecations, he rode up to learn the cause of the hubbub and immediately recognized and released me. When he told my wrathful captors who I was, they were much mortified, of course, and made the most profuse apologies, promising that no such mistake should occur again, and so on; but not feeling wholly reassured, for my uniform was still liable to mislead, I was careful to return to headquarters in company with my deliverer. There I related what had occurred, and after a good laugh all round, the King provided me with a pass which he said would preclude any such mishap in the

future and would also permit me to go wherever I pleased—a favor rarely bestowed.

While I was absent as just related, it had been decided that the King's quarters should be established for the night in the village of Rézonville, and as it would be very difficult, at such a late hour, to billet the whole party regularly, Count Bismarck and I went off to look for shelter for ourselves. Remembering that I had seen, when seeking to water my horse, a partly burned barn with some fresh-looking hay in it, I suggested that we lodge there. He, too, thought it would answer our purpose, but on reaching it we found the unburned part of the barn filled with wounded, and this necessitating a further search we continued on through the village in quest of some house not yet converted into a hospital. Such, however, seemed impossible to come upon, so at last the Count fixed on one whose upper floor, we learned, was unoccupied, though the lower one was covered with wounded.

Mounting a creaky ladder—there was no stairway—to the upper story, we found a good-sized room with three large beds, one of which the Chancellor assigned to the Duke of Mecklenburg and aide, and another to Count Bismarck-Bohlen and me, reserving the remaining one for himself. Each bed, as is common in Germany and northern France, was provided with a feather tick; but the night being warm these spreads were thrown off, and discovering that they would make a comfortable shake-down on the floor, I slept there, leaving Bismarck-Bohlen unembarrassed by companionship—at least of a human kind.

At daylight I awoke, and seeing that Count Bismarck was already dressed and about to go down the ladder, I felt obliged to follow his example, so I, too, turned out and shortly descended to the ground floor, the only delays of the toilet being those incident to dressing, for there were no conveniences for morning ablutions. Just outside the door I met the Count, who, proudly exhibiting a couple of eggs he had bought from the woman of the house, invited me to breakfast with him, provided we could

beg some coffee from the King's escort. Putting the eggs under my charge with many injunctions as to their safe-keeping, he went off to forage for the coffee, and presently returned, having been moderately successful. One egg apiece was hardly enough, however, to appease the craving of two strong men ravenous from long fasting. Indeed it seemed only to whet the appetite, and we both set out on an eager expedition for more food. Before going far I had the good luck to meet a sutler's wagon, and though its stock was about all sold, there was still left four large Bologna sausages, which I promptly purchased—paying a round sum for them, too—and hastening back found the Count already returned, though without bringing anything at all to eat; but he had secured a couple of bottles of brandy, and with a little of this—it was excellent, too—and the sausages, the slim ration of eggs and coffee was amply reinforced.

Breakfast over, the Chancellor invited me to accompany him in a ride to the battle-field, and I gladly accepted, as I very much desired to pass over the ground in front of Gravelotte, particularly so to see whether the Krupp guns had really done the execution that was claimed for them by the German artillery officers. Going directly through the village of Gravelotte, following the causeway over which the German cavalry had passed to make its courageous but futile charge, we soon reached the ground where the fighting had been the most severe. Here the field was literally covered with evidences of the terrible strife, the dead and wounded strewn thick on every side.

In the sunken road the carnage had been awful, men and horses having been slaughtered there by hundreds, helpless before the murderous fire delivered from behind a high stone wall impracticable to mounted troops. The sight was sickening to an extreme, and we were not slow to direct our course elsewhere, going up the glacis toward the French line, the open ground over which we crossed being covered with thousands of helmets that had been thrown off by the Germans during the fight and were still dotting the field, though details of soldiers from the organizations which

had been engaged here were about to begin to gather up their abandoned headgear.

When we got inside the French works I was astonished to observe how little harm had been done the defences by the German artillery, for although I had not that serene faith in the effectiveness of their guns held by German artilleryists generally, yet I thought their terrific cannonade must have left marked results. All I could perceive, however, was a disabled gun, a broken mitrailleuse, and two badly damaged caissons. Everything else except a little ammunition in the trenches had been carried away, and it was plain to see from the good shape in which the French left wing had retired to Metz that its retreat had been predetermined by the disasters to the right wing.

By this hour the German cavalry having been thrown out to the front well over toward Metz, we, following it to get a look at the city, rode to a neighboring summit, supposing it would be a safe point of observation; but we shortly realized the contrary, for scarcely had we reached the crest when some of the French pickets, lying concealed about six hundred yards off, opened fire, making it so very hot for us that, hugging the necks of our horses, we incontinently fled. Observing what had taken place, a troop of German cavalry charged the French outpost and drove it far enough away to make safe our return, and we resumed possession of the point, but only to discover that the country to the east was so broken and hilly that no satisfactory view of Metz could be had.

Returning to Gravelotte we next visited that part of the battle-field to the northeast of the village, and before long Count Bismarck discovered in a remote place about twenty men dreadfully wounded. These poor fellows had had no attention whatever, having been overlooked by the hospital corps, and their condition was most pitiful. Yet there was one very handsome man in the group—a captain of artillery—who, though shot through the right breast, was talkative and cheerful, and felt sure of getting well. Pointing, however, to a comrade lying near, also shot in the breast, he significantly shook his head;

it was easy to see on this man's face the signs of fast approaching death.

An orderly was at once despatched for a surgeon, Bismarck and I doing what we could meanwhile to alleviate the intense sufferings of the maimed men, bringing them water and administering a little brandy, for the Count still had with him some of the morning's supply. When the surgeons came we transferred the wounded to their care, and making our way to Rézonville, there took the Count's carriage to rejoin the King's headquarters, which in the meantime had been moved to Pont-à-Mousson. Our route led through the village of Gorze, and here we found the streets so obstructed with wagons that I feared it would take us the rest of the day to get through, for the teamsters would not pay the slightest heed to the cries of our postilions. The Count was equal to the emergency, however, for, taking a pistol from behind his cushion and bidding me keep my seat, he jumped out and quickly began to clear the street effectively, ordering wagons to the right and left. Marching in front of the carriage and making way for us till we were well through the blockade, he then resumed his seat, remarking: "This is not a very dignified business for the Chancellor of the German Confederation, but it's the only way to get through."

At Pont-à-Mousson I was rejoined by my aide, General Forsyth, and for the next two days our attention was almost wholly devoted to securing means of transportation. This was most difficult to obtain, but as I did not wish to impose on the kindness of the Chancellor longer, we persevered till finally, with the help of Count Bismarck-Bohlen, we managed to get tolerably well equipped with a saddle-horse apiece and a two-horse carriage. Here, also, on the afternoon of August 21st, I had the pleasure of dining with the King. The dinner was a simple one, consisting of soup, a joint, and two or three vegetables; the wines, *vin ordinaire* and Burgundy. There were a good many persons of high rank present, none of whom spoke English, however, except Bismarck, who sat next the King and acted as interpreter when his Majesty conversed with

me. Little was said of the events taking place around us, but the King made many inquiries concerning the war of the Rebellion, particularly with reference to Grant's campaign at Vicksburg, suggested perhaps by the fact that there, and in the recent movements of the German army, had been applied many similar principles of military science.

The French army under Marshal Bazaine having retired into the fortifications of Metz, that stronghold was speedily invested by Prince Frederick Charles. Meantime the Third Army, under the Crown Prince of Prussia—which, after having fought and won the battle of Wörth, had been observing the army of Marshal MacMahon during and after the battle of Gravelotte—was moving toward Paris by way of Nancy, in conjunction with an army called the Fourth which had been organized from the troops previously engaged around Metz, and on the 22d was directed toward Bar-le-Duc, under the command of the Crown Prince of Saxony. In consequence of these operations the King decided to move to Commercy, which place we reached by carriage, travelling on a broad macadamized road, lined on both sides with poplar trees, and our course leading through a most beautiful country thickly dotted with prosperous-looking villages.

On reaching Commercy, Forsyth and I found that quarters had already been selected for us, and our names written on the door with chalk, the quartermaster charged with the billeting of the officers at headquarters having started out in advance to perform this duty and make all needful preparations for the King before he arrived, which course was usually pursued thereafter, whenever the royal headquarters took up a new location.

Forsyth and I were lodged with the notary of the village, who over and over again referred to his good fortune in not having to entertain any of the Germans. He treated us most hospitably, and next morning on departing we offered compensation by tendering a sum—about what our bill would have been at a good hotel—to be used for the "benefit of the wounded or the Church." Under this stipulation the notary ac-



cepted, and we followed that plan of paying for food and lodging afterward, whenever quartered in private houses.

The next day I set out in advance of the headquarters and reached Bar-le-Duc about noon, passing on the way the Bavarian contingent of the Crown Prince's army. These Bavarians were trim-looking soldiers, dressed in neat uniforms of light blue; they looked healthy and strong, but seemed of shorter stature than the North Germans I had seen in the armies of Prince Frederick Charles and General von Steinmetz. When, later in the day, the King arrived, a guard for him was detailed from this Bavarian contingent, a stroke of policy no doubt, for the South Germans were so prejudiced against their brothers of the North that no occasion to smooth them down was permitted to go unimproved.

Bar-le-Duc, which had then a population of about fifteen thousand, is one of the prettiest towns I saw in France, its quaint and ancient buildings and beautiful boulevards charming the eye as well as exciting deep interest. The King and his immediate suite were quartered on one of the best boulevards in a large building—the Bank of France—the balcony of which offered a fine opportunity to observe a part of the army of the Crown Prince the next day on its march toward Vitry. This was the first time his Majesty had had a chance to see any of these troops—as hitherto he had accompanied either the army of Prince Frederick Charles or that of General Steinmetz—and the cheers with which he was greeted by the Bavarians left no room for doubting their loyalty to the Confederation, notwithstanding ancient jealousies.

While the troops were passing, Count Bismarck had the kindness to point out to me the different organizations, giving scraps of their history and also speaking concerning the qualifications of the different generals commanding them. When the review was over we went to the Count's house and there, for the first time in my life, I tasted kirschwasser, a very strong liquor distilled from cherries. Not knowing anything about the stuff, I had to depend on Bismarck's recommendation, and he proclaiming

it fine I took quite a generous drink, which nearly strangled me and brought on a violent fit of coughing. The Chancellor said, however, that this was in no way due to the liquor, but to my own inexperience, and I was bound to believe the distinguished statesman, for he proved his words by swallowing a goodly dose with an undisturbed and even beaming expression of countenance, demonstrating his assertion so forcibly that I forthwith set out with Bismarck-Bohlen to lay in a supply for myself.

I spent the night in a handsome house, the property of an exceptionally kind and polite gentleman bearing the indisputably German name of Lager, but who was nevertheless French from head to foot, if intense hatred of the Prussians be a sign of Gallic nationality. At daybreak on the 26th word came for us to be ready to move by the Châlons road at seven o'clock, but before we got off the order was suspended till two in the afternoon. In the interval General von Moltke arrived and held a long conference with the King, and when we did pull out we travelled the remainder of the afternoon in company with a part of the Crown Prince's army, which after this conference inaugurated the series of movements from Bar-le-Duc northward that finally compelled the surrender at Sedan. This sudden change of direction I did not at first understand, but soon learned that it was because of the movements of Marshal MacMahon, who, having united the French army beaten at Wörth with three fresh corps at Châlons, was marching to relieve Metz in obedience to orders from the Minister of War, at Paris.

As we passed along the column, we noticed that the Crown Prince's troops were doing their best, the officers urging the men to their utmost exertions, persuading weary laggards and driving up stragglers. As a general thing, however, they marched in good shape notwithstanding the rapid gait and the trying heat, for at the outset of the campaign the Prince had divested them of all impedimenta except essentials, and they were therefore in excellent trim for a forced march.

The King travelled farther than usual

that day—to Clermont—so we did not get shelter till late, and even then not without some confusion, for the quartermaster, having set out toward Châlons before the change of programme was ordered, was not at hand to provide for us. I had extreme good luck, though, in being quartered with a certain apothecary who, having lived for a time in the United States, claimed it as a privilege even to lodge me, and certainly made me his debtor for the most generous hospitality. It was not so with some of the others, however, and Count Bismarck was particularly unfortunate, being billeted in a very small and uncomfortable house, where, visiting him to learn more fully what was going on, I found him wrapped in a shabby old dressing-gown, hard at work. He was established in a very small room, whose only furnishings consisted of a table—at which he was writing—a couple of rough chairs, and the universal feather-bed, this time made on the floor in one corner of the room. On my remarking upon the limited character of his quarters, the Count replied, with great good humor, that they were all right and that he should get along well enough. Even the tramp of his clerks in the attic and the clanking of his orderlies' sabres below did not disturb him much; he said, in fact, that he would have no grievance at all, were it not for a guard of Bavarian soldiers stationed about the house, for his safety, he presumed, the sentinels from which insisted on protecting and saluting the Chancellor of the North German Confederation in and out of season, a proceeding that led to embarrassment sometimes, as he was much troubled with a severe dysentery. Notwithstanding his trials, however, and in the midst of the correspondence on which he was so intently engaged, he graciously took time to explain that the sudden movement northward from Barle-Duc was, as I have previously recounted, the result of information that Marshal MacMahon was endeavoring to relieve Metz by marching along the Belgian frontier; "a blundering manoeuvre," remarked the Chancellor, "which cannot be accounted for unless it has been brought about by the political situation of the French."

All night long the forced march of the army went on through Clermont, and when I turned out just after daylight the columns were still pressing forward, the men looking tired and much bedraggled, as indeed they had reason to be, for from recent rains the roads were very sloppy. Notwithstanding this, however, the troops were pushed ahead with all possible vigor to intercept MacMahon and force a battle before he could withdraw from his faulty movement, for which it has since been ascertained he was not at all responsible. Indeed those at the royal headquarters seemed to think of nothing else than to strike MacMahon, for, feeling pretty confident that Metz could not be relieved, they manifested not the slightest anxiety on that score.

By eight o'clock, the skies having cleared, the headquarters set out for Grand Pré, which place we reached early in the afternoon, and that evening I again had the pleasure of dining with the King. The conversation at table was almost wholly devoted to the situation, of course, everybody expressing surprise at the manoeuvre of the French at this time, their march along the Belgian frontier being credited entirely to Napoleon. Up to bedtime there was still much uncertainty as to the exact positions of the French, but next morning intelligence being received which denoted the probability of a battle, we drove about ten miles, to Buzancy, and there, mounting on horses, rode to the front.

The French were posted not far from Buzancy in a strong position, their right resting near Stonne, and the left extending over into the woods beyond Beaumont. About ten o'clock the Crown Prince of Saxony advanced against this line, and while a part of his army turned the French right, compelling it to fall back rapidly, the German centre and right attacked with great vigor and much skill, surprising one of the divisions of General de Failly's corps while the men were in the act of cooking their breakfast.

The French fled precipitately, leaving behind their tents and other camp equipment, and on inspecting the ground which they had abandoned so hastily, I noticed

on all sides ample evidence that not even the most ordinary precautions had been taken to secure the division from surprise. The artillery horses had not been harnessed, and many of them had been shot down at the picket rope where they had been halted the night before, while numbers of men were lying dead with loaves of bread or other food instead of their muskets in their hands.

Some three thousand prisoners and nearly all the artillery and mitrailleuses of the division were captured, while the fugitives were pursued till they found shelter behind Douay's corps and the rest of de Failly's beyond Beaumont. The same afternoon there were several other severe combats along the Meuse, but I had no chance of witnessing any of them, and just before nightfall I started back to Buzancy, to which place the King's headquarters had been brought during the day.

The morning of the 31st the King moved to Vendresse. First sending our carriage back to Grand Pré for our trunks, Forsyth and I mounted our horses and rode to the battle-field, accompanied by an English nobleman, the Duke of Manchester. The part of the field we traversed was still thickly strewn with the dead of both armies, though all the wounded had been collected in the hospitals. In the village of Beaumont we stopped to take a look at several thousand French prisoners, whose worn clothing and evident dejection told that they had been doing a deal of severe marching under great discouragements.

The King reached the village shortly after, and we all continued on to Chémery, just beyond where his Majesty alighted from his carriage to observe his son's troops file past as they came in from the direction of Stonne. This delay caused us to be as late as nine o'clock before we got shelter that night, but as it afforded me the best opportunity I had yet had for seeing the German soldiers on the march, I did not begrudge the time. They moved in a somewhat open and irregular column of fours, the intervals between files especially intended to give room for a peculiar swinging gait with which the men seemed to urge themselves over

the ground with ease and rapidity. There was little or no straggling, and being strong, lusty young fellows and lightly equipped—they carried only needle-guns, ammunition, a very small knapsack, a water-bottle, and a haversack—they strode by with an elastic step, covering at least three miles an hour.

It having been definitely ascertained that the demoralized French were retiring to Sedan, on the evening of August 31st the German army began the work of hemming them in there, so disposing the different corps as to cover the ground from Donchery around by Raucourt to Carignan. The next morning this line was to be drawn in closer on Sedan; and the Crown Prince of Saxony was therefore ordered to take up a position to the north of Bazeilles beyond the right bank of the Meuse, while the Crown Prince of Prussia was to cross his right wing over the Meuse at Remilly, to move on Bazeilles, his centre meantime marching against a number of little hamlets still held by the French between there and Donchery. At this last-mentioned place strong reserves were to be held, and from it the Eleventh Corps, followed by the Fifth, and a division of cavalry, was to march on to St. Menges.

Forsyth and I started early next morning, September 1st, and in a thick fog, which subsequently gave place to bright sunshine, we drove to the village of Chevenges, where mounting our horses we rode in a northeasterly direction to the heights of Frénois and Wadelincourt, bordering the river Meuse on the left bank, from which crest we had a good view of the town of Sedan with its encircling fortifications, which, though extensive, were not so formidable as those around Metz. The King and his staff were already established on these heights, and at a point so well chosen that his Majesty could observe the movements of both armies immediately east and south of Sedan, and also to the northwest toward Floing and the Belgian frontier.

The battle was begun to the east and northeast of Sedan, as early as half-past four o'clock by the German right wing—the fighting being desultory—and

near the same hour the Bavarians attacked Bazeilles. This village, some two miles southeast of Sedan, being of importance was defended with great obstinacy, the French contesting from street to street and house to house the attack of the Bavarians till near ten o'clock, when, almost every building being knocked to pieces, they were compelled to relinquish the place. The possession of this village gave the Germans to the east of Sedan a continuous line extending from the Meuse northward through La Moncelle and Daigny to Givonne, and almost to the Belgian frontier.

While the German centre and right were thus engaged, the left had moved in accordance with the prescribed plan. Indeed some of these troops had crossed the Meuse the night before, and now, by a little after six o'clock, their advance could be seen just north of the village of Floing. Thus far these columns, under the immediate eye of the Crown Prince of Prussia, had met with no opposition to their march, and as soon as they got to the high ground above the village they began extending to the east to connect with the army of the Meuse. This juncture was effected at Illy, without difficulty, and the French army was now completely encompassed.

After a severe fight the Crown Prince drove the French through Floing, and as the ground between this village and Sedan is an undulating open plain, everywhere visible, there was then offered a rare opportunity for seeing the final conflict preceding the surrender. Presently up out of the little valley where Floing is located came the Germans, deploying just on the rim of the plateau a very heavy skirmish line, supported by a line of battle at close distance. When these skirmishers appeared, the French infantry had withdrawn within its intrenched lines, but a strong body of their cavalry, already formed in a depression to the right of the Floing road, now rode at the Germans in gallant style, going clear through the dispersed skirmishers to the main line of battle. Here the slaughter of the French was awful, for in addition to the deadly volleys from the solid battalions of their enemies, the skirmishers, who had rallied in knots at

advantageous places, were now delivering a severe and effective fire. The gallant horsemen therefore had to retire precipitately, but reforming in the depression, they again undertook the hopeless task of breaking the German infantry, making in all four successive charges. Their ardor and pluck were of no avail, however, for the Germans, growing stronger every minute by the accession of troops from Floing, met the fourth attack in such large force that even before coming in contact with their adversaries, the French broke and retreated to the protection of the intrenchments, where, from the beginning of the combat, had been lying plenty of idle infantry, some of which at least, it seemed plain to me, ought to have been thrown into the fight. This action was the last one of consequence around Sedan, for though with the contraction of the German lines their batteries kept cannonading more or less, and the rattle of musketry continued to be heard here and there, yet the hard fighting of the day practically ended on the plateau of Floing.

By three o'clock, the French being in a desperate and hopeless situation, the King ordered the firing to be stopped, and at once despatched one of his staff—Colonel von Bronsart—with a demand for a surrender. Just as this officer was starting off I remarked to Bismarck that Napoleon himself would likely be one of the prizes, but the Count, incredulous, replied: "Oh, no; the old fox is too cunning to be caught in such a trap; he has doubtless slipped off to Paris"—a belief which I found to prevail pretty generally about headquarters.

In the lull that succeeded, the King invited many of those about him to luncheon, a caterer having provided from some source or other a substantial meal of good bread, chops, and peas, with a bountiful supply of red and sherry wines. Among those present were Prince Carl, Bismarck, von Moltke, von Roon, the Duke of Weimar, the Duke of Coburg, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Count Hatzfeldt, Colonel Walker of the English army, General Forsyth, and I. The King was agreeable and gracious at all times, but on this occasion he was particularly so, being nat-

urally in a happy frame of mind because this day the war had reached a crisis which presaged for the near future the complete vanquishment of the French.

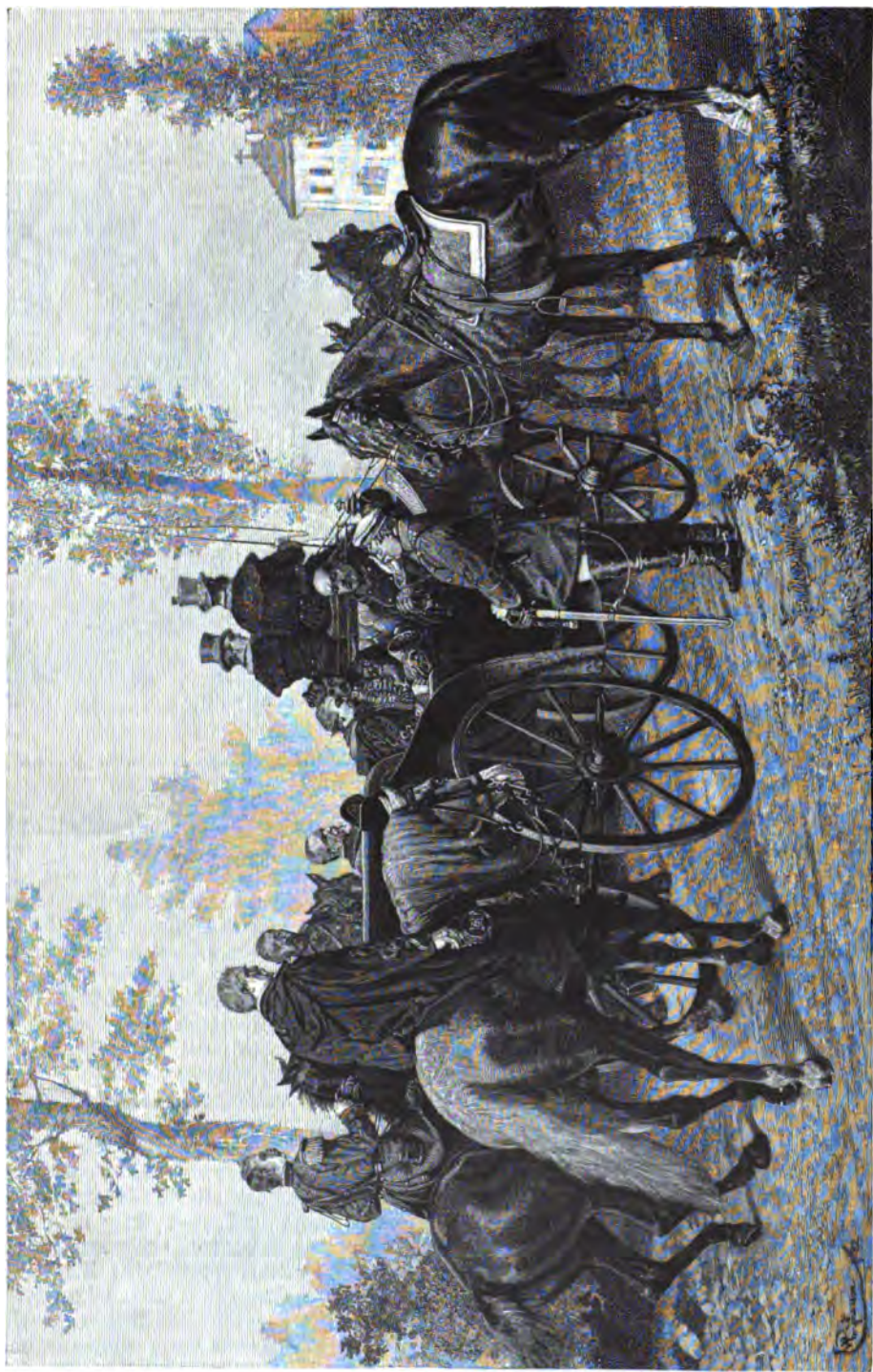
Between four and five o'clock Colonel von Bronsart returned from his mission to Sedan, bringing word to the King that the commanding officer there, General Wimpffen, wished to know, in order that the further effusion of blood might be spared, upon what terms he might surrender. The Colonel brought the intelligence, also, that the French Emperor was in the town. Soon after von Bronsart's arrival a French officer approached from Sedan, preceded by a white flag and two German officers. Coming up the road till within a few hundred yards of us they halted; then one of the Germans rode forward to say that the French officer was Napoleon's adjutant, bearing an autograph letter from the Emperor to the King of Prussia. At this the King, followed by Bismarck, von Moltke, and von Roon, walked out to the front a little distance, and halted, his Majesty still in advance, the rest of us meanwhile forming in a line some twenty paces to the rear of the group. The envoy then approached, at first on horseback, but when within about a hundred yards he dismounted, and uncovering came the remaining distance on foot, bearing high up in his right hand the despatch from Napoleon. The bearer proved to be General Reille, and as he handed the Emperor's letter to the King, his Majesty saluted him with the utmost formality and precision. Napoleon's letter was the since famous one running, so characteristically, thus: "Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, there is nothing left me but to place my sword in your Majesty's hands." The reading finished, the King returned to his former post, and after a conference with Bismarck, von Moltke, and von Roon, dictated an answer accepting Napoleon's surrender and requesting him to designate an officer with power to treat for the capitulation of the army, himself naming von Moltke to represent the Germans. The King then started for Vendresse to pass the night.

It was after seven o'clock now, and hence too late to arrange anything more where we were, so further negotiations

were deferred till later in the evening, and I, wishing to be conveniently near Bismarck, resolved to take up quarters in Donchery. On our way thither we were met by the Count's nephew, who assuring us that it would be impossible to find shelter there in the village, as all the houses were filled with wounded, Forsyth and I decided to continue on to Chevenges. On the other hand Bismarck-Bohlen bore with him one great comfort—some excellent brandy. Offering the flask to his uncle, he said: "You've had a hard day of it; won't you refresh yourself?" The Chancellor, without wasting time to answer, raised the bottle to his lips, exclaiming: "Here's to the unification of Germany," which sentiment the gurgling of an astonishingly long drink seemed to emphasize. The Count then handed the bottle back to his nephew, who, shaking it, ejaculated, "Why, we can't pledge you in return—there is nothing left!" to which came the waggish response, "I beg pardon; it was so dark I couldn't see;" nevertheless there was a little remaining, as I myself can aver.

Having left our carriage at Chevenges, Forsyth and I stopped there to get it, but a long search proving fruitless, we took lodging in the village at the house of the curé, resolved to continue the hunt in the morning. But then we had no better success, so concluding that our vehicle had been pressed into the hospital service, we at an early hour on the 2d of September resumed the search, continuing on down the road in the direction of Sedan. Near the gate of the city we came on the German picket line, and one of the officers, recognizing our uniforms—he having served in the war of the Rebellion—stepped forward and addressed me in good English. We naturally fell into conversation, and in the midst of it there came out through the gate an open carriage, or landau, containing two men, one of whom, in the uniform of a general and smoking a cigarette, we recognized, when the conveyance drew near, as the Emperor Louis Napoleon. The landau went on toward Donchery at a leisurely pace, and we, inferring that there was something more important at hand just then than the recovery of our trap, followed at a re-





Meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon. (From a painting by Camphausen.)





"The envoy dismounted, and uncovering came the remaining distance on foot, bearing high up in his right hand the despatch from Napoleon."

spectful distance. Not quite a mile from Donchery is a cluster of three or four cottages, and at the first of these the landau stopped to await, as we afterward ascertained, Count Bismarck, with whom the diplomatic negotiations were to be settled. Some minutes elapsed before he came, Napoleon remaining seated in his carriage meantime, still smoking and accepting with nonchalance the staring of a group of German soldiers near by, who were gazing on their fallen foe with curious and eager interest.

Presently a clattering of hoofs was heard, and looking toward the sound I perceived the Chancellor cantering down the road. When abreast of the carriage he dismounted, and walking up to it, saluted the Emperor in a quick, brusque way that seemed to startle him. After a word or two the party moved perhaps a hundred yards further on, where they stopped opposite the weaver's cottage so famous from that day. This little house is on the east side of the Don-

chery road near its junction with that to Frénois, and stands about twenty paces back from the highway. In front is a stone wall covered with creeping vines, and from a gate in this wall runs to the front door a path, at that time bordered on both sides with potato vines.

The Emperor having alighted at the gate, he and Bismarck walked together along the narrow path and entered the cottage. Reappearing in about a quarter of an hour, they came out and seated themselves in the open air, the weaver having brought a couple of chairs. Here they engaged in an animated conversation, if much gesticulation is any indication. The talk lasted fully an hour, Bismarck seeming to do most of it, but at last he arose, saluted the Emperor, and strode down the path toward his horse. Seeing me standing near the gate, he joined me for a moment, and asked me if I had noticed how the Emperor started when they first met, and I telling him that I had, he added, "Well,

it must have been due to my manner, not my words, for these were: 'I salute your Majesty just as I would my King.' Then the Chancellor continued to chat a few minutes longer, assuring me that nothing further was to be done there, and that we had better go to the Château Bellevue, where, he said, the formal surrender was to take place. With this he rode off toward Vendresse to communicate with his sovereign, and Forsyth and I made ready to go to the Château Bellevue.

Before we set out, however, a number of officers of the King's suite arrived at the weaver's cottage, and from them I gathered that there were differences at the royal headquarters as to whether peace should be made then at Sedan, or the war continued till the French capital was taken. I further heard that the military advisers of the King strongly advocated an immediate move on Paris, while the Chancellor thought it best to make peace now, holding Alsace and Lorraine, and compelling the payment of an enormous levy of money; and these rumors were most likely correct, for I had often heard Bismarck say that France being the richest country in Europe, nothing would keep her quiet but effectually to empty her pockets; and besides this he impressed me as holding that it would be better policy to preserve the Empire.

On our way to the château we fell in with a number of artillery officers bringing up their guns hurriedly to post them

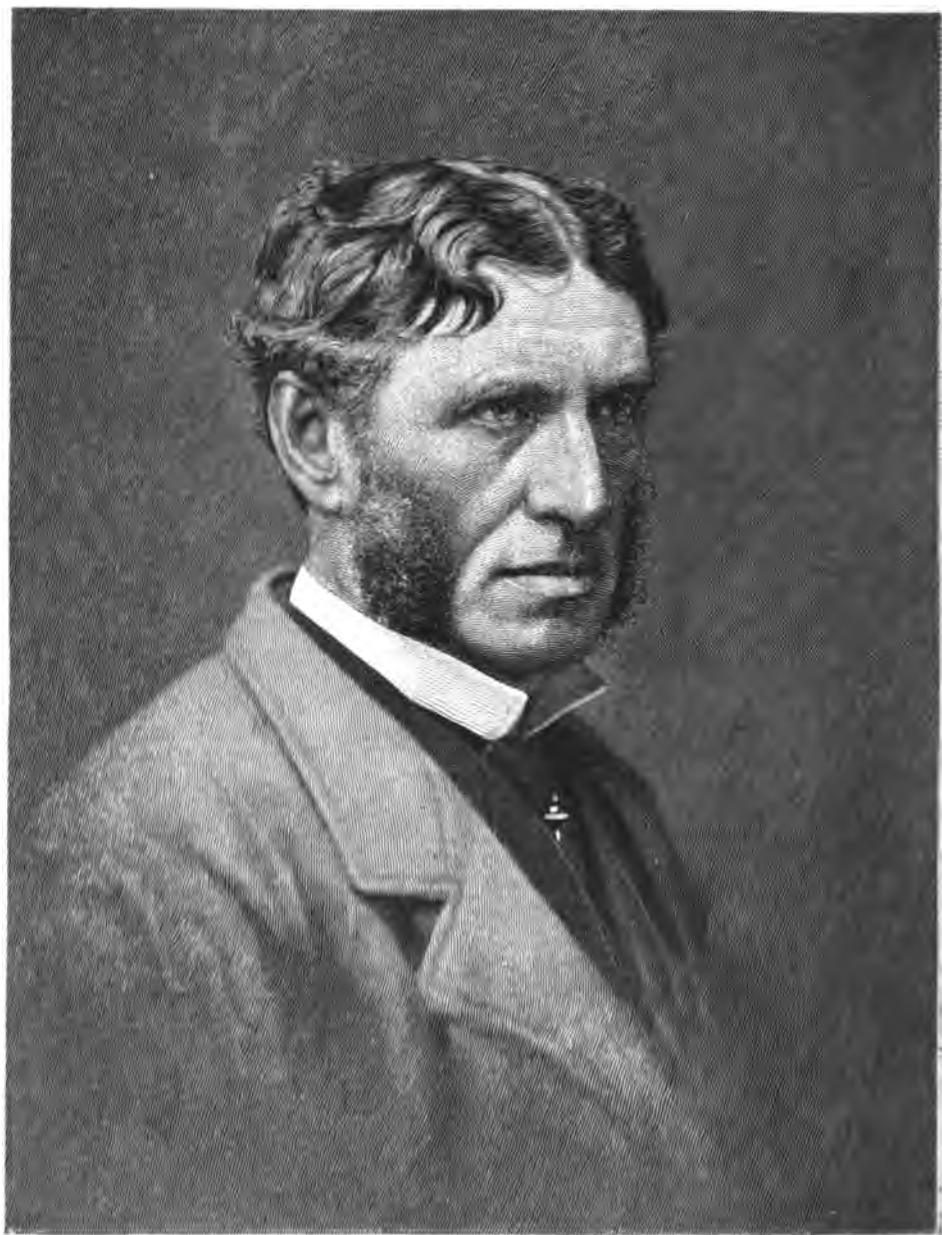
closer in to the beleaguered town on a specially advantageous ridge. Inquiring the cause of this move, we learned that General Wimpffen had not yet agreed to the terms of surrender; that it was thought he would not, and that they wanted to be prepared for any such contingency. And they were preparing with a vengeance, too, for I counted seventy-two Krupp guns in one continuous line trained on the Château Bellevue and Sedan.

Napoleon went directly from the weaver's to the Château Bellevue, and about ten o'clock the King of Prussia arrived from Frénois, accompanied by a few of his own suite and the Crown Prince with several members of his staff; and, von Moltke and Wimpffen having settled their points of difference before the two monarchs met, within the next half-hour the articles of capitulation were formally signed.

On the completion of the surrender—the occasion being justly considered a great one—the Crown Prince proceeded to distribute among the officers congregated in the château grounds the order of the Iron Cross—a generous supply of these decorations being carried in a basket by one of his orderlies who followed him along as he walked about. Meantime the King, leaving Napoleon in the château to ruminate on the fickleness of fortune, drove off to see his own victorious soldiers, who greeted him with huzzas that rent the air and must have added to the pangs of the captive Emperor.



Napoleon and Bismarck at the Weaver's Cottage.



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.).

## MATTHEW ARNOLD.

By Augustine Birrell.



HE news of Mr. Arnold's sudden death at Liverpool last April struck a chill into many hearts, for although a somewhat constrained writer (despite his playfulness) and certainly the least boisterous of men, he was yet most distinctly on the side of human enjoyment. He conspired and contrived to make things pleasant. Pedantry he abhorred. He was a man of this life and this world. A severe critic of the world he indeed was, but finding himself in it and not precisely knowing what is beyond it, like a brave and true-hearted man he set himself to make the best of it. Its sight and sounds were dear to him. The "uncrumpling fern," the eternal moon-lit snow, "Sweet William with its homely cottage-smell," "the red grouse springing at our sound," the tinkling bells of the "high-pasturing kine," the vagaries of men, women, and dogs, their odd ways and tricks, whether of mind or manner, all delighted, amused, tickled him. Human loves, joys, sorrows, human relationships, ordinary ties interested him—

The help in strife,  
The thousand sweet still joys of such  
As hand in hand face earthly life.

In a sense of the words which is noble and blessed, he was of the Earth Earthy.

In his earlier days Mr. Arnold was much misunderstood. That rowdy Philistine the *Daily Telegraph* called him "a prophet of the kid-glove persuasion," and his own too frequent iteration of the somewhat dandiacal phrases "sweetness and light" helped to promote the notion that he was a fanciful, finikin Oxonian,

A fine puss gentleman all perfume,

quite unfit for the most ordinary wear and tear of life. He was in reality nothing of the kind, though his literary style was a little in keeping with this false concep-

tion. His mind was based on the plainest possible things. What he hated most was the fantastic—the far-fetched, all elaborated fancies, and strained interpretations. He stuck to the beaten track of human experience, and the broader the better. He was a plain-sailing man. This is his true note. In his much criticised, but as I think admirable introduction to the selection he made from Wordsworth's poems he admits that the famous "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections in Early Childhood" is not one of his prime favorites, and in that connection he quotes from Thucydides the following judgment on the early exploits of the Greek Race and applies it to these intimations of immortality in babies. "It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote, but from all that we can really investigate I should say that they were no very great things."

This quotation is in Mr. Arnold's own vein. His readers will have no difficulty in calling to mind numerous instances in which his dislike of everything not broadly based on the generally admitted facts of sane experience manifests itself. Though fond—perhaps exceptionally fond—of pretty things and sayings, he had a severe taste, and hated whatever struck him as being in the least degree sickly, or silly, or over-heated. No doubt he may often have considered that to be sickly or silly which in the opinion of others was pious and becoming. It may be that he was over-impatient of men's flirtations with futurity. As his paper on Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley* shows, he disapproved of "irregular relations." He considered we were all married to plain Fact and objected to our carrying on a shadow-dance with mystic maybe's and calling it Religion. Had it been a man's duty to believe in a specific revelation it would have been God's duty to make that revelation credible. Such, at all events, would appear to have been the opinion of this remarkable man, who though he had even more than his share

of an Oxonian's reverence for the great Bishop of Durham, was unable to admit the force of the main argument of "The Analogy." Mr. Arnold was indeed too fond of parading his inability for hard reasoning. I am not, he keeps saying, like the Archbishop of York, or the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. There was affectation about this, for his professed inferiority did not prevent him from making it almost excruciatingly clear that in his opinion those gifted prelates were, whilst exercising their extraordinary powers, only beating the air, or in plainer words busily engaged in talking nonsense. But I must not wander from my point, which simply is that Arnold's dislike of anything recondite or remote was intense, genuine, and characteristic.

He always asserted himself to be a good Liberal. So in truth he was. A better Liberal than many a one whose claim to that title it would be thought absurd to dispute. He did not indeed care very much about some of the articles of the Liberal creed as now professed. He had taken a great dislike to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. He wished the Church and the State to continue to recognize each other. He had not that jealousy of State interference in England which used to be (it is so no longer) a note of political Liberalism. He sympathized with Italian national aspirations because he thought it wrong to expect a country with such a past as Italy to cast in her lot with Austria. He did not sympathize with Irish national aspirations because he thought Ireland ought to be willing to admit that she was relatively to England an inferior and less interesting country, and therefore one which had no moral claim for national institutions. He may have been right or wrong on these points without affecting his claim to be considered a Liberal. Liberalism is not a creed, but a frame of mind. Mr. Arnold's frame of mind was Liberal. No living man is more deeply permeated with the grand doctrine of Equality than was he. He wished to see his countrymen and countrywomen all equal: Jack as good as his master, and Jack's master as good as Jack; and neither talking clap-trap. He had a hearty un-English dislike of anomalies and absurdities. He

fully appreciated the French Revolution and was consequently a Democrat. He was not like Mr. Gladstone a democrat from irresistible impulse, nor like Mr. Labouchere from love of mischief, nor like Mr. Morley from hatred of priests, nor like the average British workman from a not unnatural desire to get something on account of his share of the family inheritance—but all roads lead to Rome, and Mr. Arnold was a democrat from a sober and partly sorrowful conviction that no other form of government was possible. He was an Educationalist, and Education is the true Leveller. His almost passionate cry for better middle-class education arose from his annoyance at the exclusion of large numbers of this great class from the best education the country afforded. It was a ticklish job telling this great, wealthy, middle class—which according to the newspapers had made England what she was and what everybody else wished to be—that it was, from an educational point of view, beneath contempt. "I hear with surprise," said Sir Thomas Basley at Manchester, "that the education of our great middle class requires improvement." But Mr. Arnold had courage. Indeed he carried one kind of courage to an heroic pitch. I mean the courage of repeating yourself over and over again. It is a sound forensic maxim: Tell a judge twice whatever you want him to hear. Tell a special jury thrice, and a common jury half-a-dozen times the view of a case you wish them to entertain. Mr. Arnold treated the middle class as a common jury and hammered away at them remorselessly and with the most unblushing iteration. They groaned under him, they snorted, and they sniffed—but they listened, and, what was more to the purpose, their children listened, and with filial frankness told their heavy sires that Mr. Arnold was quite right, and that their lives were dull, and hideous, and arid, even as he described them as being. Mr. Arnold's work as a School Inspector gave him great opportunities of going, about amongst all classes of the people. Though not exactly apostolic in manner or method, he had something to say both to and of everybody. The aristocracy were polite and had ways he admired, but they were

impotent of ideas and had a dangerous tendency to become studiously frivolous. Consequently the Future did not belong to them. Get ideas and study gravity, was the substance of his discourse to the Barbarians, as, with that trick of his of miscalling God's creatures, he had the effrontery to dub our adorable nobility. But it was the middle class upon whom fell the full weight of his discourse. His sermons to them would fill a volume. Their great need was culture, which he declared to be a *study of perfection*, the sentiment for beauty and sweetness, the sentiment against hideousness and rawness. The middle class, he protested, needed to know all the best things that have been said and done in the world since it began, and to be thereby lifted out of their holes and corners, private academies and chapels in side streets, above their tenth-rate books and miserable preferences, into the main stream of national existence. The lower orders he judged to be a mere rabble, and thought it was as yet impossible to predict whether or not they would hereafter display any aptitude for Ideas, or passion for Perfection. But in the meantime he bade them learn to cohere, and to read and write, and above all he conjured them not to imitate the middle classes.

It is not easy to know everything about everybody, and it may be doubted whether Mr. Arnold did not overrate the degree of acquaintance with his countrymen his peregrinations among them had conferred upon him. In certain circles he was supposed to have made the completest possible diagnosis of dissent, and was credited with being able, after five minutes' conversation with any individual Nonconformist, unerringly to assign him to his particular chapel, Independent, Baptist, Primitive Methodist, Unitarian, or whatever else it might be, and this though they had only been talking about the weather. To people who know nothing about dissenters, Mr. Arnold might well seem to know everything. However, he did know a great deal, and used his knowledge with great cunning and effect, and a fine instinctive sense of the whereabouts of the weakest points. Mr. Arnold's sense for Equality and Solidarity was

not impeded by any exclusive tastes or hobbies. Your collector, even though it be but of butterflies, is rarely a democrat. One of Arnold's favorite lines in Wordsworth was

Joy that is in widest commonality spread.

The collector's joys are not of that kind. Mr. Arnold was not, I believe, a collector of anything. He certainly was not of books. I once told him I had been reading a pamphlet written by him in 1859 on the Italian Question. He enquired somewhat curiously how I came across it. I said I had picked it up in a shop. "Oh, yes," said he, "some old curiosity shop, I suppose." Nor was he joking. He seemed quite to suppose that old books, and old clothes, and old chairs were huddled together for sale in the same resort of the curious. He was not curious about such things. The prices given for the early editions of his own poems seemed to tease him. His literary taste was broadly democratic. He did not care much for fished-up authors, nor did he ever indulge in swaggering rhapsodies over second-rate poets. The Best was good enough for him. "The best poetry" is what he wants, "a clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it." So he wrote in his General Introduction to Mr. Ward's "Selections from the English Poets." The best of Everything for Everybody. This was his gospel and his prayer.

Approaching Mr. Arnold's writings more nearly, it seems inevitable to divide them into three classes. His poems, his theological excursions, and his criticism, using the last word in a wide sense as including a criticism of life and of politics as well as of books and style.

Of Mr. Arnold's poetry it is hard for anyone who has felt it to the full during the most impressionable period of life to speak without emotion overcoming reason.

Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,  
Hopes and fears, belief and unbelieving.

It is easy to admit, in general terms, its limitations. Mr. Arnold is the last man



in the world anybody would wish to shove out of his place. A poet at all points, armed cap-a-pie against criticism, like Lord Tennyson, he certainly was not. Nor had his verse any share of the boundless vitality, the fierce pulsation so nobly characteristic of Mr. Browning. But these admissions made, we decline to parley any further with the enemy. We cast him behind us. Mr. Arnold, to those who cared for him at all, was the most *useful* poet of his day. He lived much nearer us than poets of his distinction usually do. He was neither a prophet nor a recluse. He lived neither above us, nor away from us. There are two ways of being a recluse—a poet may live remote from men, or he may live in a crowded street but remote from their thoughts. Mr. Arnold did neither, and consequently his verse tells and tingles. None of it is thrown away. His readers feel that he bore the same yoke as themselves. Theirs is a common bondage with his. Beautiful, surpassingly beautiful some of Mr. Arnold's poetry is, but we seize upon the *thought* first and delight in the *form* afterwards. No doubt the form is an extraordinary comfort, for the thoughts are often, as thoughts so widely spread could not fail to be, the very thoughts that are too frequently expressed rudely, crudely, indelicately. To open Mr. Arnold's poems is to escape from a heated atmosphere and a company not wholly free from offence even though composed of those who share our opinions—from loud-mouthed, random talking men into a well-shaded retreat which seems able to impart, even to our feverish persuasions and crude conclusions, something of the coolness of falling water, something of the music of rustling trees. This union of Thought, substantive Thought, with beauty of Form—of Strength with Elegance, is rare. I doubt very much whether Mr. Arnold ever realized the devotedness his verse inspired in the minds of thousands of his countrymen and countrywomen, both in the old world and the new. He is not a bulky poet. Three volumes contain him. But hardly a page can be opened without the eye lighting on verse which at one time or another has been, either to you or to

some one dear to you, strength or joy. The "Buried Life," "A Southern Night," "Dover Beach," "A Wanderer is Man from his Birth," "Rugby Chapel," "Resignation." How easy to prolong the list, and what a list it is. Their very names are dear to us even as are the names of Mother Churches and Holy Places to the votaries of the old Religion. I read the other day in the *Spectator* newspaper an assertion that Mr. Arnold's poetry had never consoled anybody. A falser statement was never made innocently. It may never have consoled the writer in the *Spectator*, but because the stomach of a dram-drinker rejects cold water is no kind of reason for a sober man abandoning his morning tumbler of the pure element. Mr. Arnold's poetry has been found full of consolation. It would be strange if it had not been. It is

No stretched metre of an antique song,

but quick and to the point. There are finer sonnets in the English Language than the two following, but there are no better sermons. And if it be said that sermons may be found in stones, but ought not to be in sonnets, I fall back upon the fact which Mr. Arnold himself so cheerfully admitted, that the middle classes, who in England, at all events, are Mr. Arnold's chief readers, are serious, and love sermons. Some day perhaps they will be content with metrical exercises, ballads, and roundels.

#### EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead  
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen  
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said :

"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this  
scene ?"

"Bravely !" said he ; "for I of late have been  
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, the *living*  
*bread*."

O human soul ! as long as thou canst so  
Set up a mark of everlasting light,  
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—  
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the  
night !

Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy  
home.

## THE BETTER PART.

Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,  
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!  
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we  
are;  
No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to  
scan;

We live no more, when we have done our  
span."—  
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who  
can care?  
From Sin, which Heaven records not, why for-  
bear?  
Live we like brutes our life without a plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather say:  
"Hath man no second life?—*Pitch this one  
high!*  
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?—

*More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!  
Was Christ a man like us?—Ah! let us try  
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"*

Mr. Arnold's love of Nature, and po-  
etic treatment of Nature, was to many a  
vexed soul a great joy and an intense re-  
lief. Mr. Arnold was a genuine Words-  
worthian—being able to read everything  
Wordsworth ever wrote except "Vau-  
dracour and Julia." The influence of  
Wordsworth upon him was immense,  
but he was enabled, by the order of his  
mind, to reject with the heartiest good-  
will the cloudy pantheism which robs so  
much of Wordsworth's best verse of the  
heightened charm of reality, for, after all,  
Poetry, like Religion, must be true, or it  
is nothing. This strong aversion to the  
unreal also prevented Mr. Arnold, despite  
his love of the classical forms, from a  
nonsensical neo-paganism. His was a  
manlier attitude. He had no desire to  
keep tugging at the dry breasts of an  
outworn creed, nor any disposition to  
go down on his knees, or *hunkers* as the  
Scotch more humorously call them, be-  
fore plaster casts of Venus, or even of  
"Proteus rising from the sea." There  
was something very refreshing about  
this. In the long run even a gloomy  
truth is better company than a cheerful  
falsehood. The perpetual strain of  
living down to a lie, the depressing at-  
mosphere of a circumscribed intelligence  
tell upon the system, and the cheerful  
falsehood soon begins to look puffy and  
dissipated.

## THE YOUTH OF NATURE.

For, oh! is it you, is it you,  
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,  
And mountains, that fill us with joy,  
Or the poet who sings you so well?

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
More than the singer are these  
. . . . .

Yourselves and your fellows ye know not;  
and me,  
The mateless, the one, will ye know?  
Will ye scan me, and read me, and tell  
Of the thoughts that ferment in my breast,  
My longing, my sadness, my joy?  
Will ye claim for your great ones the gift  
To have rendered the gleam of my skies,  
To have echoed the moan of my seas,  
Uttered the voice of my hills?  
When your great ones depart, will ye say:  
*All things have suffered a loss,  
Nature is hid in their grave?*

Race after race, man after man,  
Have thought that my secret was theirs,  
Have dream'd that I lived but for them,  
That they were my glory and joy.  
They are dust, they are changed, they are  
gone!  
I remain.

When a poet is dead we turn to his  
verse with quickened feelings. He rests  
from his labors. We still

Stem across the sea of life by night,

and the Voice, once the Voice of the liv-  
ing—of one who stood by our side, has  
for a while an unfamiliar accent, coming  
to us as it does no longer from our  
friendly Earth but from the strange cold  
caverns of Death.

Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows  
Like the wave,  
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of  
men.  
Love lends life a little grace,  
A few sad smiles; and then,  
Both are laid in one cold place,  
In the grave.

Dreams dawn and fly, friends smile and die  
Like spring flowers;  
Our vaunted life is one long funeral.  
Men dig graves with bitter tears  
For their dead hopes; and all,  
Mazed with doubts and sick with fears,  
Count the hours.

We count the hours! These dreams of ours,  
False and hollow,  
Do we go hence and find they are not dead?  
Joys we dimly apprehend,

Faces that smiled and fled,  
 Hopes born here, and born to end,  
 Shall we follow ?

In a poem like this Mr. Arnold is seen at his best—he fairly forces himself into the very front ranks. In form almost equal to Shelley, or at any rate not so very very far behind him, whilst of course in reality, in wholesome thought, in the pleasures that are afforded by thinking, it is of incomparable excellence.

We die as we do, not as we would. Yet on reading again Mr. Arnold's "Wish" we feel that the manner of his death was much to his mind.

### A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death  
 From bands of greedy heirs be free :  
 For these besiege the latest breath  
 Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep  
 Tearless, when of my death he hears.  
 Let those who will, if any—weep !  
 There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find  
 The freedom to my life denied ;  
 Ask but the folly of mankind  
 Then—then at last to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,  
 The friends who come, and gape, and go ;  
 The ceremonious air of gloom—  
 All, which makes death a hideous show !

Nor bring to see me cease to live  
 Some doctor full of phrase and fame  
 To shake his sapient head and give  
 The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch to take the accustom'd toll  
 Of the poor sinner bound for death  
 His brother-doctor of the soul  
 To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—  
 That undiscover'd mystery  
 Which one who feels death's winnowing wings  
 Must needs read clearer, sure, than he !

Bring none of these ; but let me be  
 While all around in silence lies,  
 Moved to the window near, and see  
 Once more before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn  
 The wide ærial landscapes spread—  
 The world which was e'er I was born  
 The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of one,  
 Nor promised love it could not give,  
 But lit for all its generous sun  
 And lived itself and made us live.

Then let me gaze—till I become  
 In soul, with what I gaze on, wed !  
 To feel the universe my home ;  
 To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife  
 The turmoil for a little breath—  
 The pure eternal course of life,  
 Not human combatings with death !

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow  
 Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear—  
 Then willing let my spirit go  
 To work or wait, elsewhere or here !

To turn from Arnold's poetry to his theological writings—if so grim a name can be given to these productions—from "Rugby Chapel" to "Literature and Dogma," from "Obermann" to "God and the Bible," from "Empedocles on Etna" to "St. Paul and Protestantism," is to descend from the lofty table-lands,

From the dragon-warder'd fountains  
 Where the springs of knowledge are,  
 From the watchers on the mountains  
 And the bright and morning star,

to the dusty high-road. It cannot, I think, be asserted that either the place or the style of these books was in keeping with their subjects. It was characteristic of Mr. Arnold, and like his practical turn of mind to begin "Literature and Dogma" in the *Cornhill Magazine*. A book rarely shakes off the first draft—"Literature and Dogma" never did. It is full of repetitions and wearisome recapitulations, well enough in a magazine where each issue is sure to be read by many who will never see another number, but which disfigure a book. The style is likewise too jaunty. Chaffing the Trinity is not yet a recognized English pastime. Bishop-baiting is, but this notwithstanding, most readers of "Literature and Dogma" grew tired of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and of his alleged desire to do something for the honor of the Godhead long before Mr. Arnold showed any signs of weariness. But making all these abatements, and fully admitting that "Literature and Dogma" is not likely to prove permanently interesting to the English

reader, it must be pronounced a most valuable and useful book, and one to which the professional critics and philosophers never did justice. The object of "Literature and Dogma" was no less than the restoration of the use of the Bible to the sceptical laity. It was a noble object, and it was in a great measure, as thousands of quiet people could testify, attained. It was not a philosophical treatise. In its own way it was the same kind of thing as many of Cardinal Newman's writings. It started with an assumption, namely, that it is impossible to believe in the miracles recorded in the Old and New Testaments. There is no laborious attempt to distinguish between one miracle and another, or to lighten the burden of faith in any particular. Nor is any serious attempt made to disprove miracles. Mr. Arnold did not write for those who find no difficulty in believing in the first chapter of St. Luke's gospel, or the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark's, but for those who simply cannot believe a word of either the one chapter or the other. Mr. Arnold knew well that this inability to believe is apt to generate in the mind of the unbeliever an almost physical repulsion to open books which are full of supernatural events. Mr. Arnold knew this and lamented it. His own love of the Bible was genuine and intense. He could read even Jeremiah and Habakkuk. As he loved Homer with one side of him, so he loved the Bible with the other. He saw how men were crippled and maimed through growing up in ignorance of it, and living all the days of their lives outside its influence. He longed to restore it to them, to satisfy them that its place in the mind of man—that its educational and moral power was not due to the miracles it records nor to the dogmas that Catholics have developed or Calvinists extracted from its pages, but to its literary excellence and to the glow and enthusiasm it has shed over conduct, self-sacrifice, humanity, and holy living. It was at all events a worthy object and a most courageous task. It exposed him to a heavy cross-fire. The Orthodox fell upon his book and abused it, unrestrainedly abused it for its familiar handling of their sacred books. They almost grudged Mr. Ar-

nold his great acquaintance with the Bible, just as an Englishman might be annoyed at finding Moltke acquainted with all the roads from Dover to London. This feeling was natural, and on the whole I think it creditable to the orthodox party that a book so needlessly pain-giving as "Literature and Dogma" did not goad them into any personal abuse of its author. But they could not away with the book. Nor did the philosophical sceptic like it much better. The philosophical sceptic—in other words the malignant Atheist, hates the Bible, even as the Devil was reported to hate holy water. Its spirit condemns him. Its devout, heart-stirring, noble language creates an atmosphere which is deadly for pragmatic egotism. To make men once more careful students of the Bible was to deal a blow at materialism, and consequently was not easily forgiven. "Why can't you leave the Bible alone," they grumbled—"What have we to do with it?" But Pharisees and Sadducees do not exhaust mankind, and Mr. Arnold's contributions to the religious controversies of his time were very far from the barren things that are most contributions, and indeed most controversies on such subjects. I believe I am right when I say that he induced a very large number of persons to take up again and make a daily study of the books both of the Old and the New Testament.

As a literary critic Mr. Arnold had at one time a great vogue. His "Essays in Criticism," first published in 1865, made him known to a larger public than his poems or his delightful lectures on translating Homer had succeeded in doing. He had the happy knack of starting interesting subjects and saying all sorts of interesting things by the way. There was the French Academy. Would it be a good thing to have an English Academy? He started the question himself and answered it in the negative. The public took it out of his mouth and proceeded to discuss it for itself, always on the assumption that he had answered it in the affirmative. But that is the way with the public. No sensible man minds it. To set something going is the most anybody can hope to do in this world. Where it will go to, and what

sort of moss it will gather as it goes, for despite the proverb there is nothing incompatible between moss and motion, no one can say. In this volume, too, he struck the note, so frequently and usefully repeated, of self-dissatisfaction. To make us dissatisfied with ourselves, alive to our own inferiority, not absolute but in important respects, to check the chorus, then so loud, of self-approval of our majestic selves—to make us understand why nobody who is not an Englishman wants to be one, this was another of the tasks of this militant man. We all remember how “Wragg\* is in custody.” The papers on Heine and Spinoza and Marcus Aurelius were read with eagerness, with an enjoyment, with a sense of widening horizons too rare to be easily forgotten. They were light and graceful, but it would I think be unjust to call them slender. They were not written for specialists or even for students, but for ordinary men and women, particularly for young men and women, who carried away with them from the reading of “*Essays in Criticism*” something they could not have found anywhere else and which remained with them for the rest of their days, namely, a way of looking at things. A perfectly safe critic Mr. Arnold hardly was. Even in this volume he fusses too much about the De Guérins. In a sugary bride-cake romance of the “John Inglesant” species it would have been pretty enough, but for sober reality it was not “on the line.” To some later judgments of his it would be unkind to refer. It was said of the late Lord Justice Mellish by Lord Cairns that he went right instinctively. That is, he did not flounder into Truth. Mr. Arnold never floundered, but he sometimes fell. A more delightful critic of Literature we have not had for long. What pleasant reading are his “*Lectures on Translating Homer*,” which ought to be at once reprinted. How full of good things! Not perhaps fit to be torn from their contexts, or paraded in a Commonplace book, but of the kind which give a reader joy—which make literature tempting—which revive, even in dull middle-age, something of the enthusiasm of the love-stricken boy. Then, too, his “*Study*

of Celtic Literature.” It does not matter much whether you can bring yourself to believe in the “*Eisteddfod*” or not. In fact Mr. Arnold did not believe in it. He knew perfectly well that better poetry is to be found every week in the poet’s corner of every county newspaper in England than is produced annually at the *Eisteddfod*. You need not even share Mr. Arnold’s opinion as to the inherent value of Celtic Literature, though this is of course a grave question, worthy of all consideration—but his “*Study*” is good enough to be read for love. It is full of charming criticism. Most critics are such savages—or if they are not savages, they are full of fantasies, and are capable at any moment of calling “Tom Jones” dull, or Sydney Smith a bore. Mr. Arnold was not a savage, and was as likely of calling “Tom Jones” dull, or Sydney Smith a bore as he was to call Homer heavy or Milton vulgar. He was no gloomy specialist. He knew it took all sorts to make a world. He was alive to life. Its great movement fascinated him, even as it had done Burke, even as it does Cardinal Newman. He watched the rushing stream, the “stir of existence,” the good and the bad, the false and the true, with an interest that never flagged. In his last words on translating Homer he says: “And thus false tendency as well as true, vain effort as well as fruitful, go together to produce that great movement of life, to present that immense and magic spectacle of human affairs, which from boyhood to old age fascinates the gaze of every man of imagination, and which would be his terror if it were not at the same time his delight.”

Mr. Arnold never succeeded in getting his countrymen to take him seriously as a practical politician. He was regarded as an unauthorized practitioner whose prescriptions no respectable chemist would consent to make up. He had not the diploma of Parliament, nor was he able, like the Secretary of an Early Closing Association, to assure any political aspirant that he commanded enough votes to turn an election. When Mr. John Morley took occasion after Mr. Arnold’s death to refer to him in Parliament, the name was received respectfully but coldly. Mr. W. H. Smith is be-

\* See *Essays in Criticism*, p. 23.



Laham Church, in the yard of which Matthew Arnold is buried.

lieved by many never to have heard of the author of "Thyrsia." And yet he was eager about politics and had much to say about political questions. His work in these respects was far from futile. What he said was never inapt. It colored men's thoughts and contributed to the formation of their opinions far more than even public meetings. His introduction to his "Report on Popular Education in France," published in 1861, is as instructive a piece of writing as is to be found in any historical disquisition of the last three decades. The paper on "My Countrymen" in that most amusing book "Friendship's Garland" (which ought also to be at once reprinted) is full of point.

But it is time to stop. It is only possible to stop where we began. Matthew Arnold is dead. He would have been the last man to expect anyone to grow hysterical over the circumstance, and the first to denounce any strained emotion. *Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.* No one ever grasped this great, this comforting, this cooling, this self-destroying truth more cordially than he did. As I write the words I remember how he

employed them in his preface to the second edition of "Essays in Criticism" where he records a conversation, I doubt not an imaginary one, between himself and a portly jeweller from Cheapside—his fellow-traveller on the Woodford Branch of the Great Eastern Line. The Traveller was greatly perturbed in his mind by the murder then lately perpetrated in a railway carriage by the notorious Müller. Mr. Arnold plied him with consolation. "Suppose the worst to happen," I said, "suppose even yourself to be the victim—*il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*—we should miss you for a day or two on the Woodford Branch, but the great mundane movement would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at the Bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street."

And so it proves for all—for portly jewellers and lovely poets.

The Pillar still broods o'er the fields  
Which border Ennerdale Lake,  
And Egremont sleeps by the sea—  
Nature is fresh as of old,  
Is lovely; a mortal is dead.



## THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF RAILROAD MEN.

By B. B. Adams, Jr.



THE typical railroad man "runs on the road;" he is not the one whose urbane presence adorns the much-heralded offices of the railroad companies on Broadway, where the gold letters on the front window are each considerably larger than the elbow-room allowed the clerks inside, nor indeed is he, generally speaking, the one with whom the public or the public's drayman comes in contact when visiting a large city station to ship or receive freight. These and others whose part in the complex machinery of transportation is in a degree auxiliary are indeed largely imbued with the *esprit de corps* which originates in the main body of workers; but their duties are such that their interest is not especially lively.

The railroad man's home life is not specially different from other people's. There have been Chesterfields among conductors, and mechanical geniuses have grown up among the locomotive engineers, but these were products of an era now past. Station men are a part of the communities where their duties place them. Trainmen and their families occupy a modest though highly respectable place in the society they live in. Trainmen who live in a city generally receive the same pay that is given to their brothers, doing the same work, whose homes are in the country. The families of the latter therefore enjoy purer air, lessened expenses, and other advantages which are denied the former.

On most railroads the freight-train men—engineers, conductors, brakemen, and firemen—are the most numerous and prominent class, as the number of freight trains is generally larger than that of passenger trains; and among these men there are more brakemen than anything else, because there are two or more on every train, while there

is but one of each of the other classes. And as the ranks of the passenger-train service are generally recruited from the freight-train men it follows that the *freight brakeman* impresses his individuality quite strongly upon not only the circles in which he moves but the whole train service as well. Freight conductors are promoted brakemen, and most (though not by any means all) passenger conductors are promoted freight conductors; so that the brakeman's prominent traits of character continue to appear throughout the several grades of the service. As he is promoted he of course improves. The general character of the *personnel* of the freight-train service has undergone a considerable change in the last twenty years. Whiskey drinkers have been weeded out, and pilferers with them. Improved discipline has effected a general toning up, raising the moral standard perceptibly. One reforming superintendent a few years ago on undertaking an aggressive campaign found himself compelled to discharge three-fifths of all his brakemen before he could regard the force as reasonably cleared of the rowdy element.

The brakeman, like the "drummer," is a characteristic American product. Each has his wits sharpened by peculiar experiences, and, while important lines of intellectual training are almost wholly neglected, there is contact with the world in various directions, which develops qualities that tend to elevate the individual in many ways. Although freight brakemen do not have any intercourse with the public, they somehow learn the ways of the world very quickly, and the brightest ones among them need very little training to fit them for a place on a passenger train where they are expected to deal with gentle ladies and fastidious millionaires, and bear themselves with the grace of a hotel clerk. Perhaps one reason why brakemen impress their characteristics on the

whole *personnel* of the service is because they have abundance of opportunity for meditation. Many of them have a superfluity of hours and half hours when they have nothing to do but ride on the top of a car and keep a general

cess. If he deems it worth while to complain of anything, he formulates his appeal in a way that is sure to be telling. Every one knows the old story of the brakeman who was refused a free pass home on Saturday night with the



A Track-walker on a Stormy Night.

watch of the train, and they have ample time to think twice before speaking once. Even a circus clown or the vendor of shoe-strings or ten-cent watches has to study the arts of expression; why should not the intelligent trainman, who wishes to let people know that he is of some account in the world? If he wants a favor from a superior he knows just the best way of approach to secure suc-

cess. If he deems it worth while to complain of anything, he formulates his appeal in a way that is sure to be telling. Every one knows the old story of the brakeman who was refused a free pass home on Saturday night with the argument that his employer, if a farmer, could not be reasonably expected to hitch up a horse and buggy for such a purpose. The reply, that, admitting this, the farmer who had his team already harnessed up and was going that way with an empty seat would be outrageously mean to refuse his hired man a ride, is none too 'cute to be characteristic. The brakeman who is not able

to puncture the sophistries of narrow-souled or disingenuous superiors is the exception and not the rule.

The brakeman gives the prevailing tone to the "society" of despatchers' lobbies and other lounging places which he frequents. He originates whatever slang may be deemed necessary to give spice to the talk of the caboose and round-house. He calls a gravel train a "dust express," and refers to the pump for compressing air for the power-brakes as a "wind-jammer." The fireman's prosaic labors are lightened by being poetically mentioned as the handling of black diamonds, and the mortification of being called into the superintendent's office to explain some dereliction of duty is disguised by referring to the episode as "dancing on the carpet."

The disagreeable features of a freight brakeman's life are chiefly those dependent upon the weather. If he could perform his duties in Southern California or Florida in winter, and in the Northern States in summer, his lot would ordinarily be a happy one, though the annoyance of tramps is almost universal in mild climates and in many cases takes the shape of positive danger. These vagabonds persist in riding on or in the cars, while the faithful trainman must, according to his instructions, keep them off. In some sections of the country they will board a train in gangs of a dozen, armed with pistols, and dictate where the train shall carry them. Last March in Chicago a conductor while ejecting a tramp from the caboose was shot and killed by the vagabond.

The hardships of cold and stormy weather are serious, both because of the test of endurance involved and the added difficulties in handling a train. The Westinghouse automatic air-brake, which has served so admirably on passenger trains for the past fifteen years, has only recently been adapted and cheapened so as to make it available for long freight trains, but it is now so perfected that in a few years the brakeman who now has to ride on the outside of cars in a freezing condition for an hour at a time will be privileged to sit comfortably in his caboose while the speed of the train is governed by the engineer, through the instantaneous action of the

air-brake. On the steep roads of the Rocky Mountains, and a few other lines, this brake is already in use.

But "braking by hand" is still the rule. In running on ascending grades or at slow speeds, the brakemen can ride under cover, but in descending grades, or on levels when the speed is high, they must be on the tops of the cars ready to instantly apply the brakes, for the reason that there are generally only three or four men to a long train weighing from 500 to 1,000 tons, whose momentum cannot be arrested very quickly. In descending steep grades, only the most constant and skilful care prevents the train from rushing at break-neck speed to the foot of the incline, or to a curve, where it would be precipitated over an embankment and crushed to splinters. One of the mountain roads in Colorado which now uses air-brakes is said to be lined its whole length with the ruins of cars lying in the gorges, where they were wrecked in the former days of hand-brakes. Even on grades much less steep than those in Colorado the danger of this sort of disaster is one that has to be constantly guarded against. Take the case of a 40-car train descending a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. grade ( $79\frac{2}{3}$  feet per mile). Before all of the cars have passed over the summit and commenced to descend, the forward part of the train will have increased its velocity very perceptibly and will thus by its weight exert a strong pull on the rear portion, "yanking" it very roughly sometimes, and if one of the couplings between the cars chances to be weak it breaks, separating the train into two parts. Mishaps of this kind are frequent, and two or more breakages often occur at the same time, dividing the train so that one of the parts—between the two end portions—is, perhaps, left with no brakeman upon it. The engineman then has the choice of slackening his speed and allowing the unmanageable cars to violently collide with his portion, or of increasing his own speed to such a rate that he is soon in danger of suddenly overtaking a train ahead of him. To avoid this breaking-in-two the brakemen must be wide awake on the instant and see that their brakes are tightened before the speed even begins



Braking in Hard Weather.

to elude control. As soon as the whole train has got beyond the summit, and the speed is reduced to a proper rate by the application of the brakes on, say, one-third or one-half the cars, it will perhaps be found that one or two brakes too many have been put on and that the train is running too slowly. Some of them must then be loosened. Or perhaps some are set so tightly that the friction heats the wheels unduly or causes them to slide along the track instead of rolling; then those brakes must be released and some on other cars ap-

plied instead; and all this must be done (sometimes for an hour) when the temperature is 20 degrees below zero, or the wind is blowing a gale, just as under more favorable circumstances. A train moving at 20 miles an hour against a wind with a velocity of 30 miles increases the latter to 50, so far as the brakeman is concerned; and if rain or sleet is falling, the force of it on his hands and face is very severe. If we

add to this the danger attendant upon stepping from one car to another over a gap of 27 to 30 inches, in a dark night, when the cars are constantly moving up and down on their springs and are swaying to one side or the other every few seconds, we get some idea of, though we cannot realize, the sensations that must at such times fill the minds of the men whose pleasant berth seems so enjoyable on a mild summer's day. And this is not an overdrawn picture or the worst that might be given; for rain and snow combined often coat the roofs of cars so completely and solidly that they are worse than the smoothest skating-pond, and moving upon them is attended with danger at every step. Jumping—it cannot be called walking—from one car to another is in such cases positively reckless. The brake-apparatus will in a snow-storm be coated with ice so rapidly that vigorous action is required to keep it in working condition. Even a wind alone, in dry weather, sometimes compels the men to *crawl* from one car to another, grasping such projections as they may. The brakeman who forgets to take his rubber coat and overalls sometimes suffers severely from sudden changes of temperature. In spring or fall a lively shower will be encountered in a sheltered valley, and the clothing be completely drenched, and then within perhaps half an hour the ascent of a few hundred feet brings the train into an atmosphere a few degrees below the freezing point, so that with the aid of the wind, fanned by the speed of the train, the clothes are very soon frozen stiff.

Another feature which often involves discomfort and occasionally positive suffering and danger is "going back to flag." When a train is unexpectedly stopped upon the road, the brakeman at the rear end must immediately take his red flag or lantern and go back a half mile or more to give the "stop" signal to the enginemen of any train that may be following. This rule is sometimes disregarded in clear weather on straight lines, and is even evaded by lazy or unfaithful brakemen where the neglect is positively dangerous, but still many a faithful man has to go out and stand for a long time in a severe snow-storm or risk his life

in walking several miles to a station. The record of individual perils and heroisms in the New York blizzard of last March are paralleled, or at least repeated, on a slightly milder scale, by brakemen every winter.

The danger of sudden accidental death or maiming is constant and great, and the bare record of the numerous cases is acutely suggestive of inexpressible suffering; but, strange to say, it does not worry the average brakeman much. Though probably a thousand trainmen are killed in this country every year, and four or five thousand injured, by collisions and derailments, in coupling cars, falling off trains, striking low overhead bridges, and from other causes, no one brakeman, from what he sees in his own experience, realizes the danger very vividly. As in other dangers which are constant but inevitable, familiarity breeds carelessness which is closely akin to contempt. Falling from trains is really a serious danger, because the most ceaseless caution—next to impossible for the average man to maintain—is necessary to avoid missteps. This will be practically abolished when the long-wished-for air-brake comes into use, as that will obviate the necessity of riding on the tops of the cars.

Coupling accidents are practically unavoidable because, although the necessary manipulations can be made without going between the cars or placing the hands in dangerous situations, the men as a general thing prefer to take the risk of the more dangerous method. With the ordinary freight-car apparatus (which, however, is destined to be superseded by an automatic coupler) the link by which the cars are connected is retained by a pin in the drawbar of either car; as one car approaches another at considerable speed, this link, which hangs loosely down at an angle of 30 degrees, must be lifted and guided into the opening in the opposite drawbar. This operation must, according to the regulations of most roads, be performed by the aid of a short stick; but disregarding the regulation, partly to save time and partly because of fear of the ridicule that would be called out by the exhibition of a lack of dexterity, the average brakeman uses his fingers.





The Pleasant Part of a Brakeman's Life.

He must lift the link and hold it horizontally until the end enters the opening, and then withdraw his hand before the heavy drawbars come together. A delay of a fraction of a second would crush the hand or finger as under a trip-hammer. And in point of fact this delay does, for various reasons, frequently happen, and the number of trainmen with wounded hands to be found in

every large freight-yard is sad evidence of the fact. But again, assuming that this part of the operation is accomplished in safety, there is another and worse danger in the possibility of being crushed bodily. Cars are built with projecting timbers on their ends at or near the centre, for the purpose of keeping the main body of each car 12 or 15 inches from its neighbor; but cars of dissimi-

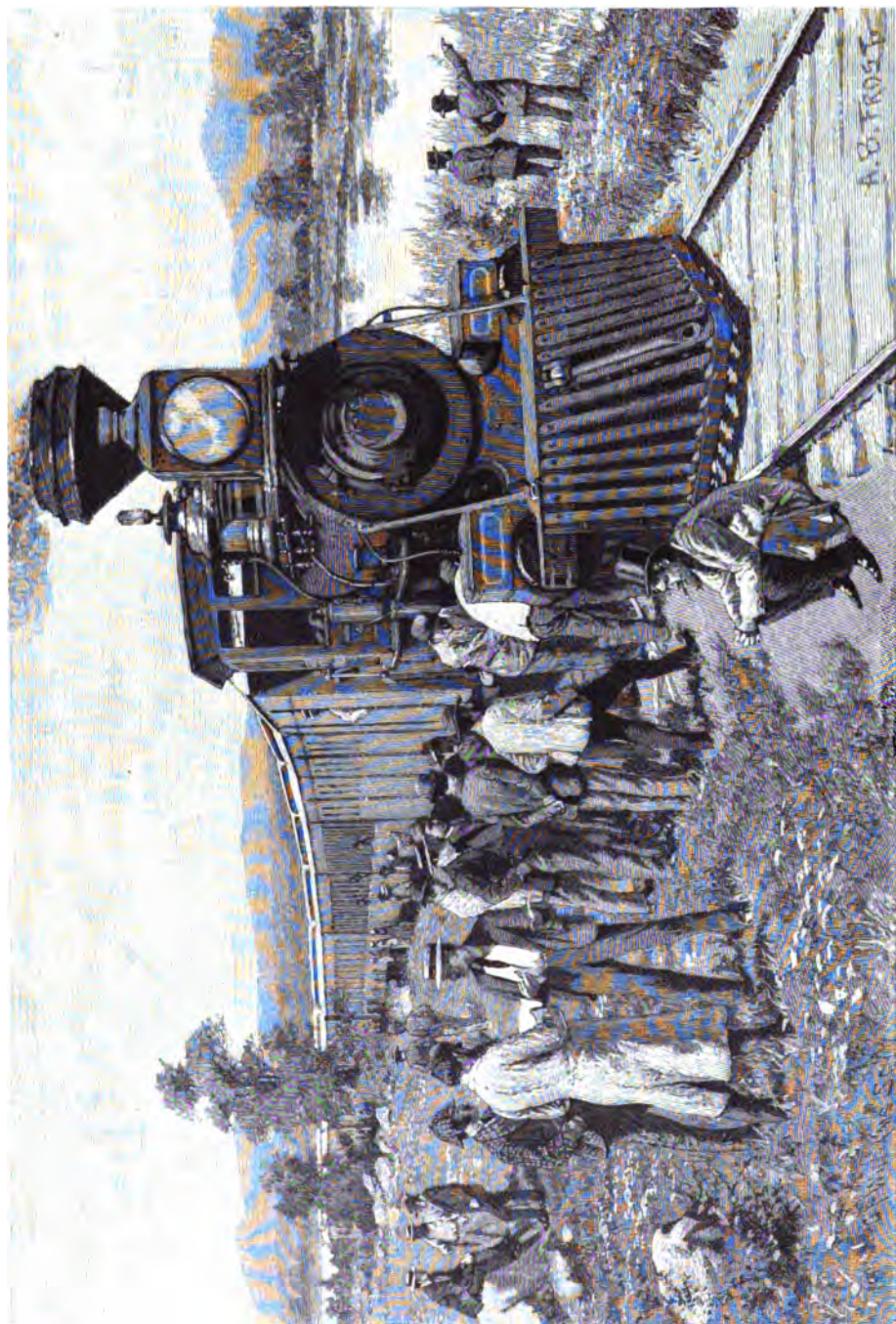


lar pattern sometimes meet in such a way that the projections on one lap past those on the other, and the space which should afford room for the man to stand in safety is not maintained. If the brakeman, in the darkness of night or the hurry of his work, fails to note the peculiarities of the cars, he is mercilessly crushed, the ponderous vehicles often banging together with a force of many tons. A constant danger in coupling and uncoupling is the liability to catch the feet in angles in the track. Freight conductors are peculiarly liable to this, as the duty of uncoupling (pulling out the coupling-pin) generally devolves upon them, and must be done while the train is in motion. Walking rapidly along, in the dark, with the right hand holding a lantern and grasping the car, while the left is tugging at a pin which sticks, involves perplexities wherein a moment's hesitation may prove fatal.

The dangers here recounted are those which only brakemen (or those acting as brakemen) have to meet. The liability of all trainmen to be killed by the cars tumbling down a bank, colliding with another train, and a hundred other conditions is also considerable. The horror which the public feels on the occurrence of such a disaster as that at Chatsworth, Ill., a year ago, or the half-dozen other terrible ones within the past two years, could reasonably be repeated every month if railroad employees instead of passengers were considered. There are no accurate official statistics kept of the train accidents in the country, but the accounts compiled monthly by the *Railroad Gazette* always show a large number of casualties to railroad men from causes *beyond their own control* (collisions, running off the track, etc.), no mention being made of the larger number resulting from the victims' own want of caution. In the month of March, 1887, in which occurred the terrible Bussey bridge disaster, near Boston, 25 passengers were killed in the United States; but the same month recorded 34 employees killed. At Chatsworth 80 passengers were killed; but in that and the following month the number of employees killed in the country reached 97. In both of these comparisons the number of passengers is ex-

ceptional, while that of employees is ordinary.

The brakeman must be on hand promptly at the hour of his train's preparation for departure, and generally he must do his part in 15, 30, or 60 minutes' lively work in assembling cars from different tracks, changing them from the front to the rear or middle of the train, and setting aside those that are broken or disabled; but once on the road by far the greater portion of his time is his own, for his own enjoyment, almost as fully as that of the passenger who travels for the express purpose of entertaining himself. In mild weather and in daylight, life on the top of a freight train is almost wholly devoid of unpleasant features, and it takes on the nature of work only for the same reason that any routine becomes more or less irksome after a time. Much of the time there are a few bushels of cinders from the engine flying in the air, which a novice can get into his eyes with great facility, but the brakeman gets used to them. He sees every day (on many roads) the beauties of nature in great variety. Much of the scenery of the adjoining country is 500 per cent. more enjoyable from the brakeman's perch on the roof than from the car windows, for the reason that the increased height gives such an enlarged horizon. This education from nature is an element in railroad men's lives not to be despised. The trainman whose daily trips take him past the panoramic charms of the Connecticut Valley in summer, through the gorgeous-hued mountain foliage along the Erie in autumn, or the perennial grandeur of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado certainly enjoys a privilege for which many a city worker would gladly make large sacrifices. But to trainmen the refining influence of these surroundings is often an unconscious influence, and with the majority of them is perhaps generally so, because of the prosaic round of every-day thoughts filling their minds. There are also some other advantages, not wholly unæsthetic, which a millionaire might almost envy the freight trainman. Every twenty miles or so the engine must stop for water, and it often happens that this is in a cool place where the men can at the same time refresh themselves with



A Breakdown on the Road.

spring water whose sparkling purity is unknown in New York or Chicago. Though brakemen who love beer are not by any means scarce, an accessible spring or well of pure water along the line always finds appreciative uses during warm weather; and the Kentuckian who sojourned six months in Illinois without thinking to try the water there is not represented in the ranks of level-headed brakemen. A certain railroad president regales himself in summer on spring water brought in jugs from 100 miles up the road by trainmen who find in this service an opportunity to "make themselves solid" at headquarters. Freight trainmen get all the delicious products of the soil at first hands. In their stops at way stations they get acquainted with the farmers, and can make their selection of the best things at low prices, thus (if they keep house) living on fruits, vegetables, etc., of a quality fit for a king.

The passenger-train brakeman differs from the freight trainman chiefly in the fact that he must deal with the public, and so must have a care for his personal appearance and behavior, and in the fact that he is *not a brakeman*, the universal air-brake relieving him of all work in this line. His chief duties are those of a porter, though the wide-awake American brakeman, with an eye to future promotion to a conductorship, maintains his dignity and is not by any means the servile call-boy that the English railway porter is. The wearing of uniforms has been introduced here from England and is in the main a good feature, though some roads, whose discipline is otherwise quite good, allow their men to appear in slovenly and even ragged clothes. Superintendents should give more care to this matter as it is not an unimportant one. It affects the men's self-respect and influences their usefulness in other ways.

Brakemen have had the reputation of doing a good deal of flirting, and many a country girl has found a worthy husband among them; but there is not so much of this method of diversion as formerly; both passenger and freight men now have to attend more strictly to business, and they cannot conveniently indulge in side play.

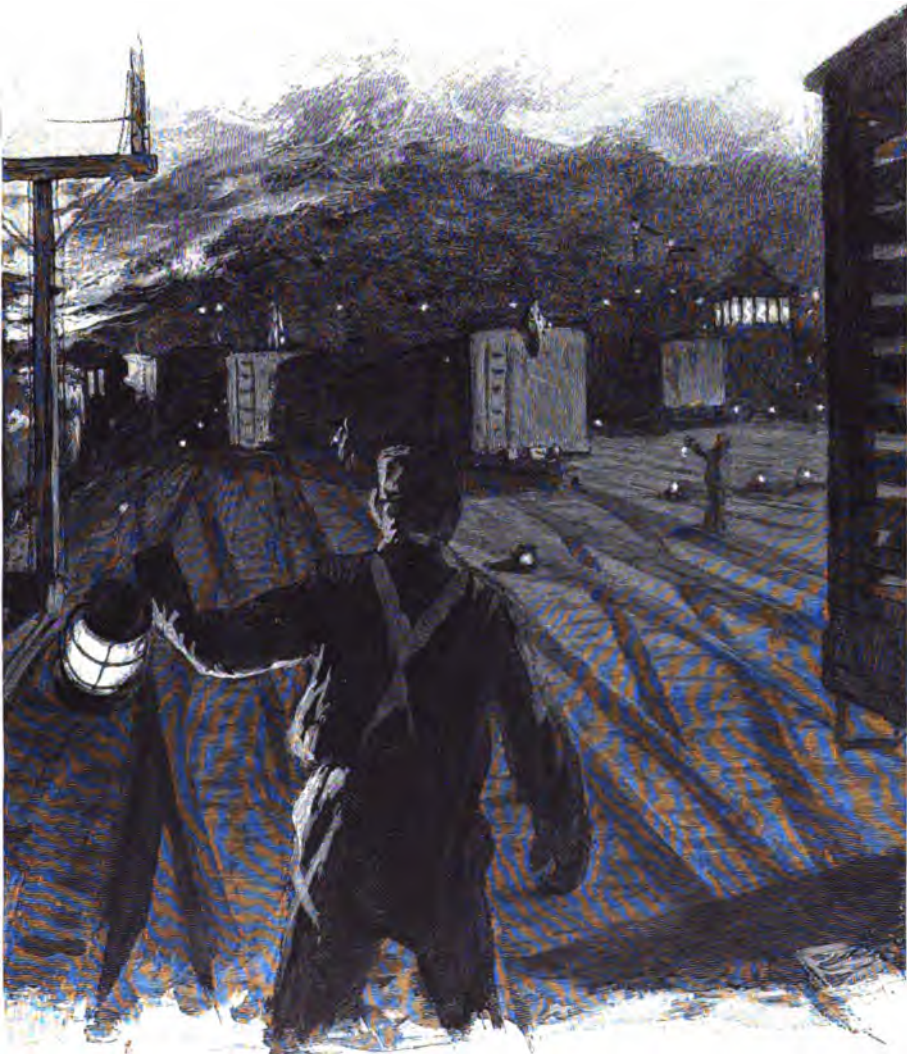
The freight conductor is simply a high grade of brakeman. His work is almost wholly supervisory and clerical, and so, after several years' service, he becomes more sober and business-like in his bearing, the responsibilities of his position being sufficient to effect this change; but he generally retains his sympathies with his old associates who have become subordinates. His duties are to keep the record of the train, the time, numbers of cars, etc.; to see that the brakemen regulate the speed when necessary, and to keep a general watch. The calculations necessary to make a 75-mile trip and get over the line without wasting time are often considerable, and an inexperienced conductor can easily keep himself in a worry for the whole trip. Often he cannot go more than ten miles after making way for a passenger train before another overtakes him; so that he must spend a good share of his time sitting in his caboose with the time-table in one hand and his watch in the other, calculating where and when to side-track the train. On single-track roads perplexities of this kind are generally more numerous than on double lines, because trains both in front and behind must be guarded against, and because the regulations are frequently modified by telegraphic instructions from headquarters. A mistake in reading these instructions, which are written in pencil, often by a slovenly penman, and on tissue paper, may and occasionally does cause a disastrous collision. These duties of conductors are especially characteristic of trains that must keep out of the way of passenger trains, so that in this particular line it will be seen that the passenger conductor has much the easier berth. The freight and "work-train" conductor must really be a better calculator, in many ways, than the wearer of gilt badges and buttons, though the latter receives the higher pay.

The *bête noire* of the freight conductor is an investigation at headquarters concerning delinquencies in which the blame is divided. A typical case of this kind is that of a freight train which has stopped at some unusual place and been run into by a following train, doing some hundreds of dollars damage, if not kill-



ing or injuring persons. "Strict adherence to rules will avert all such accidents," the code says; but they do happen, and the inquiry as to whether the conductor used due diligence in sending a man with a red flag to warn the oncoming train, or the engineer of the latter was heedless, or what was the trouble, is the occasion of much anxiety.

better opportunities than the brakemen to avail themselves of the enjoyments of a trainman's life. The risk to life and limb from coupling cars, etc., is also somewhat less, though many a faithful conductor has lost his life in the performance of a dangerous duty which he had assumed out of generous consideration for an inexperienced or overworked



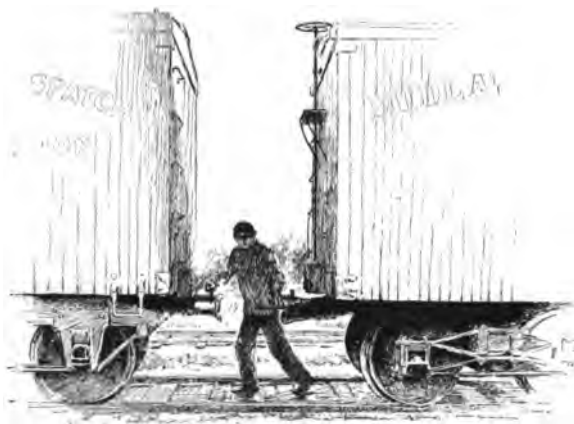
In the Yard at Night.

Conductors, concerning whose life I have only noted a few of the duties and perplexities, are not so much subject to the vicissitudes of cold and wet weather, and therefore have in many respects

subordinate. The beneficial influences on health, mind, and morals coming from contact with nature are, as before remarked, largely unconscious influences, because of the counteracting effect of

the immediate surroundings. The irregular hours are unfavorable to health. The crews run in turn; if there are

The locomotive engineer is the popular "hero of the rail," and the popular estimate in this respect is substantially just. Others have to brave dangers and perform duties under trying circumstances; but the engine runner has to ride in the most dangerous part of the train, take charge of a steam boiler that may explode and blow him to atoms, and of machinery that may break and kill him, and try to keep up a vigilance which only a being more than human could successfully maintain. He must be a tolerably skilful machinist—he cannot be too good—and have nerves that will remain steady under the most trying circumstances. If running a fast express



Coupling.

forty crews and forty trains daily, each crew will start out at about the same hour each day. But if on Monday there are forty trains, on Tuesday thirty, and on Wednesday fifty, it will be seen that the starting time must be very irregular. Ten of the crews which worked on Monday will have nothing to do on Tuesday, but on Wednesday or Thursday will have to do double service. The first trip will be all in the day-time, and the next all in the night, perhaps. This irregularity is constant, and it is impossible to tell on Monday morning where one will be on Wednesday. All the week's sleep may have to be taken in the day-time or all at night. There may be five days' work to do between Monday morning and the following Monday morning, or there may be nine. The trainman has to literally board in his "mammoth" dinner pail, and his wife or boarding mistress knows less about his whereabouts than if he were on an Arctic whaling vessel.

through midnight darkness over a line where a similar train has been tipped off a precipice (and a brother runner killed) by train-wreckers the night before, he must dash forward with



"Dancing on the Carpet."

the same confidence that he would feel in broad day-light on an open prairie.

But he does not "heroically grasp the throttle" in the face of danger, when the throttle has been already shut, nor does he "whistle down brakes" in order to add a stirring element to the reporter's tale, when by the magic of the air-brake he can, with a turn of his hand, apply every brake in the train with the grip of a vise in less time than it would take him to reach the whistle-pull. When there is danger ahead there is generally just one thing to do, and that is to stop as soon as possible. An instant suffices for shutting off the steam and applying the brake. With modern trains this is all that is necessary or can be done. Reversing the engine is necessary on many engines and formerly was on all; this would, in fact, be done instinctively by old runners, in any case, but this also is done in a second. After taking these measures there is nothing for the engineman to do but look out for his own safety. In some circumstances, as in the case of a partially burned bridge which may possibly support the train even in a weakened condition, it may be best to put on all steam. The runner is then in a dilemma, and a right decision is a matter of momentary inspiration. Many lives have been saved by quick-witted runners in such cases, but there is no ground for censure of the engineer who, in the excitement of the moment, decides to slacken instead of quicken his speed. The rare cases of this kind are what show the value of experience, and of men of the right temperament and degree of intelligence to acquire experience-lessons readily.

But the terrible cloud constantly hanging over the engineer and fireman of a fast train is the chance of encountering an obstacle which cannot possibly be avoided, and which leaves them no alternative but to jump for their lives, if indeed it does not take away even that. To the fact that this cloud is no larger than it is, and that these men have sturdy and courageous natures must be attributed the lightness with which it rests upon them. On one road or another, from a washout, or inefficient management, or a collision caused by an operator's forgetfulness, or some one of a score of other causes, there are constantly occurring cases of men

heroically meeting death under the most heartrending circumstances. Every month records a number of such, though happily they are not frequent on any one road. The case of engineer Kennar, a year or more ago, is a typical one. Precipitated with his engine into a river by a washout which the roadmaster's



Timely Warning.

vigilance had failed to discover, his first thought, as zealous hands tried to rescue him, was for the safety of his train; and, forgetting his own anguish, he warned those about him to attend first to the sending of a red lantern to warn a following train against a collision. The significance of facts like this is not so much in the service to humanity done at the time, or even in the example set for those who shall meet such crises in the future, but rather in the evidence they give of the firm and lofty conscientiousness that inspires the every-day conduct of thousands of engineers all over the land. As has already been said, the critical occasions on which engineers are supposed to be heroic often allow them no chance at all to be either heroic or cowardly, and their heroism must be, and is, manifested in the calm fidelity with which they, day after day



and year after year, perform their exacting and often monotonous round of duties while all the time knowing of the possibilities before them.

On the best of roads a freight train wrecked by a broken wheel under a borrowed car may be thrown in the

small—perhaps one in ten or a hundred thousand—that the average runner forgets it, and it is only by severe self-discipline that he can hold himself up to compliance with the rule which requires him to be on the watch for every switch-target as long before reaching



Trainman and Tramps.

path of a passenger train on another track, just as the latter approaches. This has happened more than once lately. No amount of fidelity or forethought (except in the maker of the wheels) can prevent this kind of disaster. There is constant danger, on most roads, of running off the track at misplaced switches, many switches being located at points where the runner can see them only a few seconds before he is upon them; but the chance is so

it as he possibly can. He finds the switches all right and the road perfectly clear so regularly, day after day and month after month, that he may easily fall into the snare of thinking that they will always be so. But, like other trainmen, the **engineer** finds enough more agreeable thoughts to fill his mind, and reflects upon the hazards of his vocation perhaps too little.

The freight engineman's every-day thoughts are largely about the care of

his engine and the perplexities incident to getting out of it the maximum amount of work with the minimum amount of fuel. The constant aim of his superiors is to have the engine draw every pound it possibly can. To haul a train up a

"lays down on the road" (fails to draw its load because of insufficient fire and consequent low steam pressure) is liable to the jeers of his comrades on his return home, if not to some sharp inquiries from his superior.



Flagging in Winter

long and steep grade when the cars are so heavily loaded that a single additional one would bring the whole to a dead standstill requires a knack that can be appreciated only by viewing the performance on the spot. Failure not only wastes time and fuel (it may necessitate a return to the foot of the hill or going to the top with only half the load), but it raises a suspicion that some other runner might have succeeded better. The runner whose engine

The passenger runner's greatest concern is to "make time." Some trains are scheduled so that the engineman must keep his engine up to its very highest efficiency over every furlong of its journey in order to arrive at destination on time. A little carelessness in firing, in letting cold water into the boiler irregularly, or in slackening more than is necessary where the right to the track is in doubt for a few rods; these and a score of similar circumstances may make





### In the Waiting Room of a Country Station.

five minutes' delay in the arrival at the terminus and necessitate an embarrassing interview with the train-master. A trip on a crowded line may involve watching for danger signals every quarter of a mile and the maintenance of such high speed that they must be obeyed the instant they are espied in order to avoid the possibility of collision.\*

The passenger runner finds himself now and then with a disabled engine on his hands, and two or three hundred passengers standing around apparently ready to eat him up if he does not remedy the difficulty in short order. Often in such cases he is in doubt himself whether the repairs necessary to enable his engine to proceed will occupy fifteen minutes or an hour. This, with the knotty question of where the nearest relief engine is, causes the brow to knit and the sweat to start, and to the young runner proves an experience which he long remembers.

Stories of fast running are common but unreliable; and when truthful, important considerations are omitted. There are so many elements to be considered that usually the verdict can be justly rendered only after a careful comparison with previous records. Most regular runs include a number of stops, and are subject to numerous slackenings of the speed, thus dimming the lustre of the record of the trip as a whole. Frequently, quick runs which have been reported as noteworthy have had favoring circumstances not told of. An engineer who makes a specially quick trip feels proud of his engine, and of the honor of having been chosen for an important run, and he shares with the passengers the exhilaration produced by such a triumph of science and skill in annihilating space; but in the matter of credit to himself for experience and judgment, patience and forethought, he feels and knows that many a trip in his everyday service is worthy of greater recognition. Many a runner has to urge his engine, day after day, with a load 25 per cent. heavier than it was designed for, over track that is fit only for low speeds, at a rate

which demands the most constant care. He must run fast enough over the better portions of the track to allow of slackening where prudence demands slackening. The tracks of many roads are rendered so uneven by the action of frost in winter that with an unskilful runner the passengers would be half frightened by the unsteady motion of the cars. This condition is not common on the important trunk lines, of course; but it does prevail on roads that carry a great many passengers, nevertheless; and engineers who guide trains over such difficult journeys, gently luring the passengers, with the aid of the excellent springs under the cars, into the belief that they are riding over a track of uniform smoothness, should not be forgotten in any estimate of the fraternity as a whole.

The engineer whose humanity is not hardened has his feelings harrowed occasionally by pedestrians who risk their lives on the track. Tramps and other careless persons are so numerous that the casual passenger in a locomotive cab generally cannot ride fifty miles without seeing what seems to him a hair-breadth escape, but which is nevertheless treated by the engineer as a commonplace occurrence. These heedless wayfarers do, however, occasionally carry their indifference to danger too far, and they are tossed in the air like feathers.† Doubtless there are those who, like the fireman who talked with the tender-hearted young lady, regret the killing of a man chiefly "because it musses up the engine so;" but, taking the fraternity as a whole, warmth of heart and tenderness of feeling may be called not only well-developed but prominent traits of character. The great strike on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road last spring, which proved to have been ill-advised, would have been possible only in a body of men actuated by the most loyal friendship. Undoubtedly a large conservative element in the Brotherhood of Engineers believed the move injudicious, but they joined in it out of

\* The New York elevated roads run 3,500 trains a day, each one passing signals (likely to indicate danger) every hundred rods, almost. Who can expect engineers never to blunder in such innumerable operations?

† Mr. Porter King of Springfield, Mass., who has run an engine on the Boston & Albany road for forty-four years, and who served on the Mohawk & Hudson, the Long Island and the New Jersey railroads in 1833-44, when horses were the motive power and the reverse lever consisted of a pair of reins, ran until December, 1867, before his engine ever killed a man.

an intense spirit of fidelity to their brethren and leaders.

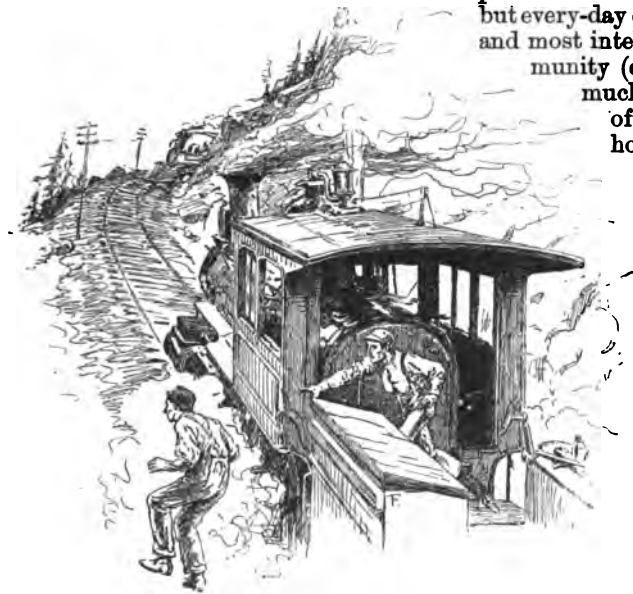
The passenger-train conductor has in many respects the most difficult position in the railroad ranks. He should be a first-class freight conductor and a polished gentleman to boot. But in his long apprenticeship on a freight train he has very likely been learning how *not* to fulfil the additional requirements of a passenger conductorship. In that service he could be uncouth and even boorish and still fill his position tolerably well; now he feels the need of a life-time of tuition in dealing with the diverse phases of human nature met with on a passenger train. He must now manage his train in a sort of automatic way, for he has his mind filled with the care of his passengers and the collection of tickets. He must be good at figures, keeping accounts, and handling money, though the freight-train service

grumblingly averred that "it would take a Philadelphia lawyer with three heads" to fill his shoes was not far out of the way. Every day, and perhaps a number of times a day, he must collect fares of fifty or a hundred persons in less time than he ought to have for ten. Of that large number a few will generally have a complaint to make or an objection to offer or an impudent assertion concerning a fault of the railroad company which the conductor cannot remedy and is not responsible for. A woman will object to paying half fare for a ten year old girl or to paying full rates for one of fifteen. A person whose income is ten times larger than he deserves will argue twenty minutes to avoid paying ten cents more (in cash) than he would have been charged for a ticket. Passengers with legitimate questions to ask will couch them in vague and back-handed terms, and those with useless ones will take inopportune times to propound them. These are not occasional but every-day experiences. The very best and most intelligent people in the community (excepting those who travel much) are among those who

oftenest leave their wits at home, when they take a railroad trip. All these people must be met in a conciliatory manner, but without varying the strict regulations in the least degree. The officers of the revenue department are inexorable masters, and passengers offended by alleged uncivil treatment are likely to make absurd complaints at the superintendent's office. A conductor dreads an investigation of this sort, however unreasonable the passengers' complaints may be, because

has given him no experience in this line. Year by year the clerical work connected with the taking up of tickets and collecting of cash fares has been increased until now on many roads an expert bank clerk would be none too proficient for the duties imposed. The conductor who

it may tend to show that he lacked tact in handling the case. But after becoming habituated to this sort of dealings, there are still left the occasional disturbances which no amount of philosophy can make pleasant. These are the encounters with drunken and dis-



Just Time to Jump.

orderly passengers. The conductor, starting at the forward end of his train, finds, perhaps, in the first car one or two "toughs" who refuse payment of fare and are spoiling for a fight. Care must be taken with this sort of character not to punish him or use the least bit of unnecessary severity, for he will, when sobered off, quite likely be induced by a sharp lawyer to sue the railroad company for damages by assault. The conductor, however, if he be one who has (in his freight train experience) dealt with tramps, is able to cope with his customer and confine him to the baggage car or put him off the train. But a tussle of this kind is, at best, far from soothing to the temper, and the very next car may contain the wife of a millionaire, who will expect the most genteel treatment and critically object to any behavior on the part of the conductor which is not fully up to the highest drawing-room standard. Experiences of this kind, it can be readily imagined, are exceedingly trying. The conductor cannot give himself up completely to learning gentility, for he still has need for his old severity.

The difficulty of always finding the ideal person when wanted has led to the employment of men of good address who have had little or no training on freight trains; so that we find some conductors who are able to deal with all sorts of passengers with a good degree of success, but who are far from brilliant as managers of trains, technically speaking; while others, who from their early experience have first class executive ability, are slow in discarding the somewhat rough habits of the freight train. While there are not wanting those who strive faithfully to reach the ideal, and succeed admirably, it may be said that the average conductor retains more of the severe than of the gentle side of his character, at least so far as outward behavior goes. The rigid requirements of his financial superiors, which compel him to actually fight for his rights with dishonest and stingy passengers, make it almost impossible that he should be otherwise. Ignorant foreigners, poor women and girls who have lost their way, and other unfortunates are, however, encountered often

enough to preclude the conductor's forgetting how to be compassionate.

The heroic element is not wholly lacking in the conductor's life. The temporary guardianship of several hundred people is an important trust even in smooth sailing, but the conductor's possibilities are entirely different from the engineer's. He has so much to do to attend to the petty wants of passengers that their remoter but more important interests are not given much thought. The anxieties of a hundred nervous passengers who terribly dread the loss of an hour by a missed connection are much more likely to weigh down a conductor's mind than any thoughts of his duty to them in a possible emergency that will happen only once in five years. And yet the last mentioned contingency is a real one. Only last March, in the great Eastern blizzard, conductors risked their lives in protecting their passengers. One spent three or four hours in traveling a mile and a half to a telegraph office; in consequence of the six feet of snow, the blinding storm, and the darkness, he had to constantly hug a barbed-wire fence to avoid losing his way, and was on the point of exhaustion when he reached the station.

The term "station agent" means, practically, the person in charge of a small or medium sized station. When one of these men is promoted to the charge of a large city station, either freight or passenger, he becomes really a local superintendent, his duties then consisting very largely in the supervision of an army of clerks and laborers, who must, each in his place, be as capable as the agent himself. The agent at a small station has a great multiplicity of duties to perform. He must sell tickets, be a good book-keeper, and a faithful switch-tender. He generally must be a telegraph operator and must be vigorous physically. He must be ready, like the conductor, to submit to some abuse from ill-bred customers, and should be the peer of the business men of his town. He often encounters almost as great a variety of knotty problems as the superintendent himself, though he has the advantage that he can generally turn them over to a superior if he feels unequal to them. The practical difficul-



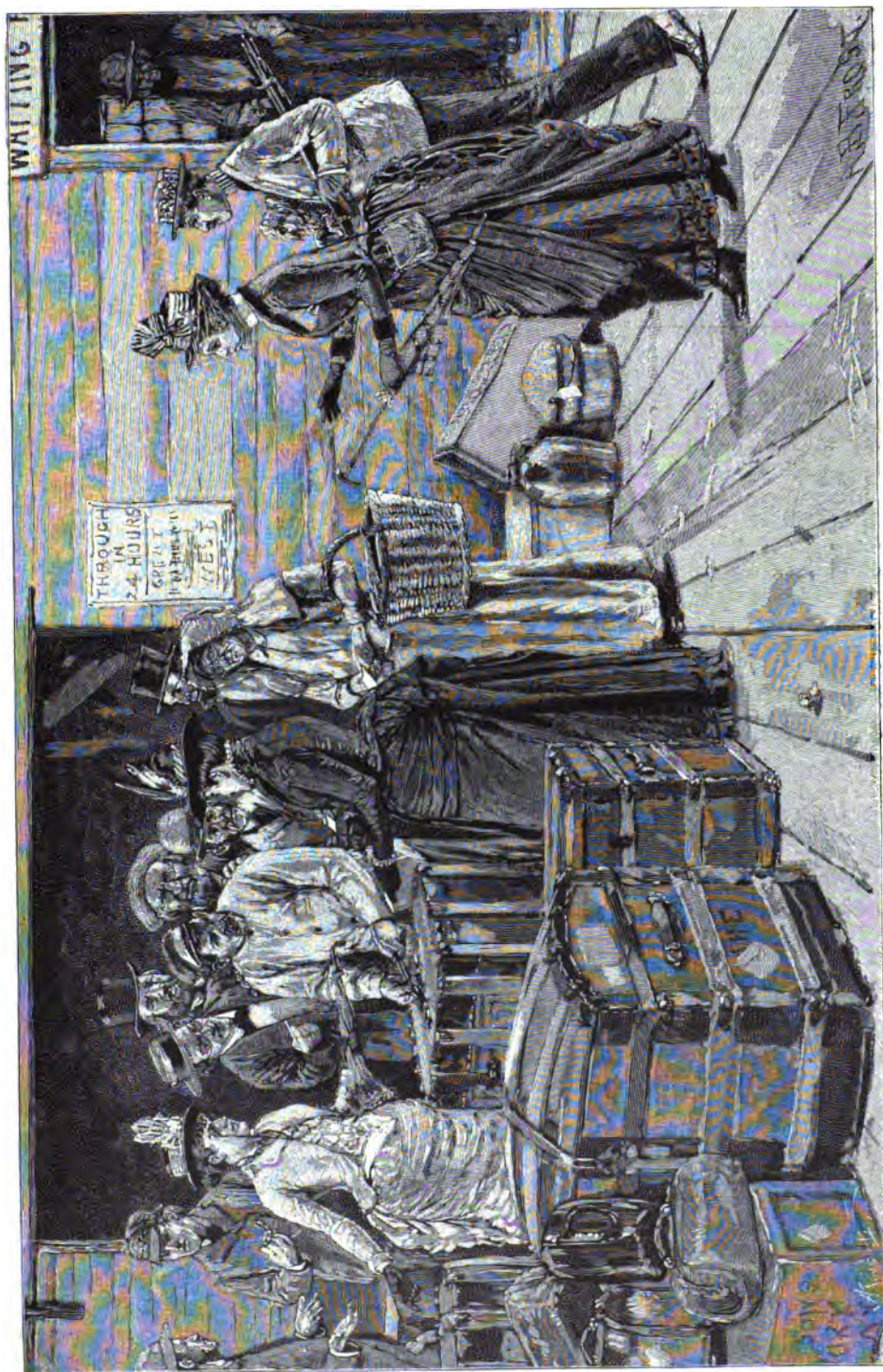
ties that most beset him are those incident to doing everything in a hurry. People who buy tickets wait until the train is about to start before presenting themselves at the office. Then the agent has a dozen other things to attend to and must therefore detect counterfeit ten dollar bills with the expertness of a Washington treasury clerk. Just as a train reaches his station the train dispatcher's click is heard on the wires and he must drop everything and receive (for the conductor) a telegram in which an error of a single word would very likely involve the lives of passengers. At a very small station the checking of baggage devolves on the agent, his over-burdened back being thus loaded with one more straw. He is in many cases agent for the express company and so must count, seal, superscribe, and way-bill money packages and handle oyster kegs and barrels of beer at a moment's notice. Women with wagon-loads of loose household effects to go by freight, and shippers of car-loads of cattle, for which a car must be specially fitted up, will appear just as the distracted station-man is receiving a telegram with one side of his brain and selling a ticket with the other. The household goods must be weighed and tagged, the sewing machine tied up, and tables repaired; the cattle shipper must be given a short lecture on the legal bearings of the bargain for transportation which he is about to make, and his demand that his live stock shall be carried 500 miles more quickly than human animals are taken over the same road is to be gently repressed. It is not every day that a small station is enlivened by this sort of excitement, yet it is common, and is familiar to every station agent. The variety in the duties of this position is, however, a great advantage to the ambitious young man because it serves to give him a good lift toward a valuable business education. He can learn about the methods and knacks and tricks of many different kinds of business, and can profit by the knowledge thus gained. Thomas J. Potter, the lately deceased vice-president of the Union Pacific Railway, whose memory it is proposed to perpetuate by a bronze statue, began his railroad career as agent at a small station in Iowa.

Others of equal ability and perfection of character have risen from similar places and by the same means.

The agent at a small station catches his breath between trains. There is then generally ample time for calming the nerves and preparing for the next onslaught. If he is a telegraph operator he can chat with the operators at other stations—a common resource if the wires are not occupied with more important affairs. In the class periodicals of operators and railroad men, references to this phase of their life may be constantly seen, and incidents of even romantic interest are not infrequent. Many of the men at small stations are young and unmarried, while at places where the business has increased enough to warrant the employment of an assistant, a young woman to do the telegraphing is frequently the first helper engaged. With this combination it is unnecessary to tell what follows. If iron bars and stone walls are the things which Cupid laughs at, an electric telegraph wire is the thing which makes him "snicker right out," if we may use the language of the circus ring.

At the railroad station next larger in size, the work is more divided. One man sells tickets, another attends to the freight office, another to the baggage, and so on. The ticket-seller must make five-cent bargains with the same urbanity that is given to a \$100 trade, and must be able to toss off the latter in two minutes if occasion requires, or to spend an hour in helping the passenger choose the best route among a score of possible ones. The fusilade of questions that must be met by the ticket-seller every time he opens his window is familiar to every one who has ever watched a place of the kind for ten minutes.

The station baggage master has an important but rather thankless place. He must handle 200-pound trunks with as much ease as though they contained feathers, and if he break a moulding off one must meet the reproaches of the owner, who imagines that the time available for handling the trunk was five minutes instead of two seconds. He must handle much dirty and otherwise unpleasant stuff, and on the whole pur-



The Trials of a Baggage-master.

sue a very unpoetic life. He has little to do with train-handling, but he "keeps in with" the trainmen and furnishes them with a share of their entertainment. They lounge in his room sometimes and he keeps on tap a supply of jokes such as that about the new brakeman who sent to headquarters for a supply of red oil for his red lantern, and the engineer who lost time with an excursion train on the fourth of July because the extremely hot weather had elongated the rails and thus materially increased the distance to be travelled over. When "hot boxes" (friction-heated axles) are given as the cause of a delay whose real cause is concealed (by the conductor who is ashamed of it) the baggage master gently punctures the deception by suggesting that perhaps a hot fire-box (in the engine) is what is meant. Whether the roguish clerk to the inexperienced general manager who slyly induced his chief to issue an order to station agents directing that "all freight cars standing for any length of time on side tracks must be occasionally moved a short distance in order to prevent flattening of the wheels," had formerly been a baggage master, history does not state.

The switch tender, whose momentary carelessness has many a time caused terrible disaster, but whose constant faithfulness outweighs a million-fold even that painful record, is one of the essential figures around a station. Nothing but eternal vigilance will suffice to keep switches always in safe position, and the conscientious custodian of these always possible death-traps often takes his burden of care to his pillow. The mishaps which do occur strikingly illustrate the practical impossibility of holding the human brain always to the highest pitch. A conductor in New Jersey (trainmen have to set switches at many places where no switchmen are employed) recently caused a slight collision by misplacing a switch, and on seeing the consequences exclaimed, "I deserve to be discharged; my mistake was inexcusable." And yet an honest man of that type is the kind demanded for such a place.

The interlocking of switches and sig-

nals (the arrangement in a frame of the levers moving the switches and those moving signals in such a way that the signal which tells the engineer to come on *cannot be given* until the switch is actually in proper position) is one of the notable improvements of the last twenty years and is a great boon to switchmen as well as to passengers and the owners of railroads. By the aid of this apparatus and its distant signals connected by wire ropes, the switchman's anxieties are reduced immeasurably. By concentrating the levers of a number of switches in a single room one man can do the work of several, and to the looker-on the perplexities of the position seem to have been increased instead of diminished. But the switchman's task now is of a different sort. Under the old plan he was constantly on guard lest he make a mistake and derail an engine or car. Under the new his calculations are chiefly about saving time and facilitating the work of the trainmen. Questions of danger do not come up, being provided against by the perfection of the machinery. By long familiarity with the ground and the ways of handling the trains, the switch tender in an "interlocking tower" is enabled to safely conduct a score of trains through a labyrinth of switches in the time that the novice would be occupied in making the first move for a single train. Without this admirable apparatus and skilful and experienced attendants, the business of great stations like the Grand Central at New York, would be impossible.

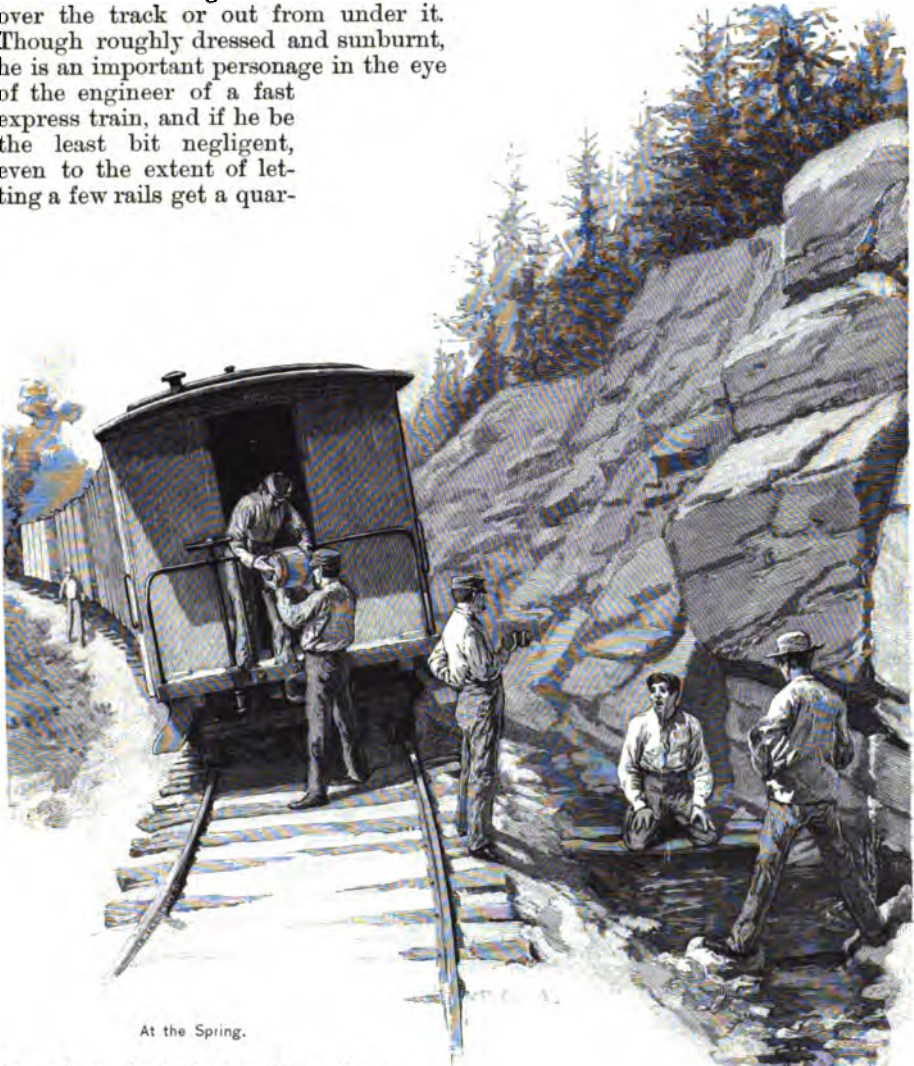
One of the habitués of every station is the section master, who looks after three, five, or ten miles of track and a gang of from five to twenty-five men who keep it in repair. He is not much seen, because he is out on the road most of the time; and his duties are not of a kind that the reader could study, on paper, to much advantage; but he deserves mention because his place is a really important one. Railroad tracks cannot be made, like a bridge, five times as strong as is necessary, and thus a large margin be allowed for deterioration; they must be constantly watched to see that they do not fall even a lit-



tile below their highest standard. This care-taking can be intrusted only to one who has had long experience at the work. In violent rain-storms the trackman must be on duty night and day and patrol the whole length of his division to see that gravel is not washed over the track or out from under it. Though roughly dressed and sunburnt, he is an important personage in the eye of the engineer of a fast express train, and if he be the least bit negligent, even to the extent of letting a few rails get a quar-

for a safe railroad journey should never forget this unseen guardian.

A number of classes of men in the railroad service must be turned off with a word for lack of space. The train dispatcher with his constant burden of



At the Spring.

ter of an inch lower than they ought to, he hears a prompt appeal from the engine runner. The latter could not feel the confidence necessary to guide his 50-ton giant over the road at lightning speed with its precious human freight if he had not a trusty trackman every few miles; and passengers who feel like expressing gratitude

care deserves a chapter. The locomotive fireman, who has not been directly alluded to, is practically an apprentice to the engineer, and, like apprentices in some other callings, has a good deal of hard work to do. He generally has longer hours than the engineer, as he



The Passenger Conductor.

has to clean a portion of the polished brass and iron work of the engine. He has to throw into the firebox several tons of coal a day, and gets so black that his best friends would not know him when washed up. Those who begin young and are intelligent, and conserve their strength, are at length promoted to be engineers. The fireman's twin brother is the "hostler," who is employed at the larger termini to get the iron horse out of its stable, lead it to the watering place and feed-trough (coal bin), and harness it to the train.

The clerk in the freight office has almost as much variety of work as the ticket-seller, and is by no means a mere book-keeper. The workmen at the freight station are not common laborers. Their work requires peculiar skill and experience, and they have diversions worth telling of, if there were space. The men in the shops, and those who go out with derricks and chains to pick up wrecks are an important class by themselves, and bridge builders, gate tenders, and various others bring up the rear.

In conclusion, railroad men as a body

are industrious, sober when at work, and lively when at play, using well-trained minds, in their sphere, and possessing capacity for a high degree of further training. The public is not without its duty toward the million or so of men in the railroad service. The liability to death or maiming from accident is such a real factor in railroad men's lives, that the public, and especially shareholders in railroads, are bound to not only uphold officers in providing every possible appliance and regulation for safety, but to demand the introduction of such devices. Some of the State railroad commissioners have done and are doing noble service in this direction, and should be vigorously supported by their constituencies. The demands of the public, reinforced by the exigencies of competition, have made Sunday trains in many localities almost as common as on week days, so that many train and station men work seven days in the week. In addition to this, holidays oftener increase their work than diminish it, so that there is room for a considerable reform in this regard.

The general moral welfare of railroad men has received much attention in late years, and affords a wide field for work by all who will. Many railroads have co-operated with the Young Men's Christian Association branches, started by a few of the employees, in building and equipping reading rooms, libraries, etc., and they give many hundred dollars annually toward the support of these resorts, which serve to keep many a young trainman away from loafing places of a questionable character or worse. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose millions came largely out of the profits of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, has set a good example to other railroad millionaires in the erection of a building for the employees of that road in New York City, whose luxuriousness is an evidence that he loves his neighbor as himself, even if that neighbor be a plain brakeman earning but low wages. That the resorts provided for railroad men are appreciated is evidenced by their records. Of the trainmen who regularly come into the Grand Central Station in New York, 46 per cent. are members of the Association occupying the building given by Mr. Vanderbilt, and 65 per cent. make use of the rooms more or less regularly. Rooms in numerous other cities also make encouraging showings.

Railroad officers, with their great advantages for enlightenment, owe it to themselves and their men to see that the thousands under them have fair op-

portunities for rising in the world, and that the owners of the immense corporations which stand as masters of such vast armies fully understand their meas-



A Little Relaxation.

ure of responsibility in the premises. Science and invention, machinery and improved methods have effected great changes in the railroad art, but the American nation, which travels more than any other, still recognizes the fact that faithful and efficient *men* are an essential factor in the prosecution of that art. People desire to deal with a personality, and therefore wish to see the *personnel* of the railroad service fostered and perfected.





# THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

*By Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## SUMMARY OF EVENTS DURING THE MASTER'S WANDERINGS.



THE full truth of this odd matter is what the world has long been looking for and public curiosity is sure to welcome. It so befell that I was intimately mingled with the last years and history of the house; and there does not live one man so able as myself to make these matters plain, or so desirous to narrate them faithfully. I knew the Master; on many secret steps of his career, I have an authentic memoir in my hand; I sailed with him on his last voyage almost alone; I made one upon that winter's journey of which so many tales have gone abroad; and I was there at the man's death. As for my late Lord Durrisdeer, I served him and loved him near twenty years; and thought more of him the more I knew of him. Altogether, I think it not fit that so much evidence should perish; the truth is a debt I owe my lord's memory; and I think my old years will flow more smoothly and my white hair lie quieter on the pillow, when the debt is paid.

The Duries of Durrisdeer and Ballantrae were a strong family in the southwest from the days of David First. A rhyme still current in the countryside—

Kittle folk are the Durrisdeers,  
They ride wi' ower mony spears—

bears the mark of its antiquity; and the name appears in another, which common report attributes to Thomas of Ercildoune himself—I cannot say how truly, and which some have applied—I dare not say with how much justice—to the events of this narration:

Twa Duries in Durrisdeer,  
Ane to tie and ane to ride,  
An ill day for the groom  
And a waur day for the bride.

Authentic history besides is filled with their exploits which (to our modern eyes) seem not very commendable; and the family suffered its full share of those ups and downs to which the great houses of Scotland have been ever liable. But all these I pass over, to come to that memorable year 1745, when the foundations of this tragedy were laid.

At that time there dwelt a family of four persons in the house of Durrisdeer, near St. Bride's, on the Solway shore; a chief hold of their race since the reformation. My old lord, eighth of the name, was not old in years, but he suffered prematurely from the disabilities of age; his place was at the chimney side; there he sat reading, in a lined gown, with few words for any man, and wry words for none: the model of an old retired housekeeper; and yet his mind very well nourished with study, and reputed in the country to be more cunning than he seemed. The Master of Ballantrae, James in baptism, took from his father the love of serious reading; some of his tact perhaps as well, but that which was only policy in the father became black dissimulation in the son. The face of his behavior was merely popular and wild: he sat late at wine, later at the cards; had the name in the country of "an unco man for the lasses"; and was ever in the front of broils. But for all he was the first to go in, yet it was observed he was invariably the best to come off; and his partners in mischief were usually alone to pay the piper. This luck or dexterity got him several ill-wishers, but with the rest of the country enhanced his reputation; so that great things were looked for in his future, when he should have gained more gravity. One very black mark he had to his name; but the matter was hushed up at the time, and so defaced by legends before I came into those parts, that I scruple to set it down. If it was true, it was a horrid fact in one so young; and if false, it was a horrid calumny. I think it notable that he had

always vaunted himself quite implacable, and was taken at his word; so that he had the addition among his neighbors of "an ill man to cross." Here was altogether a young nobleman (not yet twenty-four in the year '45) who had made a figure in the country beyond his time of life. The less marvel if there were little heard of the second son, Mr. Henry (my late Lord Durrisdeer), who was neither very bad nor yet very able, but an honest, solid sort of lad like many of his neighbors. Little heard, I say; but indeed it was a case of little spoken. He was known among the salmon fishes in the firth, for that was a sport that he assiduously followed; he was an excellent good horse-doctor besides; and took a chief hand, almost from a boy, in the management of the estates. How hard a part that was, in the situation of that family, none knows better than myself; nor yet with how little color of justice a man may there acquire the reputation of a tyrant and a miser. The fourth person in the house was Miss Alison Graeme, a near kinswoman, an orphan, and the heir to a considerable fortune which her father had acquired in trade. This money was loudly called for by my lord's necessities; indeed the land was deeply mortgaged; and Miss Alison was designed accordingly to be the Master's wife, gladly enough on her side; with how much good will on his, is another matter. She was a comely girl and in those days very spirited and self-willed; for the old lord having no daughter of his own, and my lady being long dead, she had grown up as best she might.

To these four, came the news of Prince Charlie's landing, and set them presently by the ears. My lord, like the chimney-keeper that he was, was all for temporizing. Miss Alison held the other side, because it appeared romantical; and the Master (though I have heard they did not agree often) was for this once of her opinion. The adventure tempted him, as I conceive; he was tempted by the opportunity to raise the fortunes of the house, and not less by the hope of paying off his private liabilities, which were heavy beyond all opinion. As for Mr. Henry, it appears he said little enough at first; his part

came later on. It took the three a whole day's disputation, before they agreed to steer a middle course, one son going forth to strike a blow for King James, my lord and the other staying at home to keep in favor with King George. Doubtless this was my lord's decision; and, as is well known, it was the part played by many considerable families. But the one dispute settled, another opened. For my lord, Miss Alison and Mr. Henry all held the one view; that it was the cadet's part to go out; and the Master, what with restlessness and vanity, would at no rate consent to stay at home. My lord pleaded, Miss Alison wept, Mr. Henry was very plain spoken: all was of no avail.

"It is the direct heir of Durrisdeer that should ride by his King's bridle," says the Master.

"If we were playing a manly part," says Mr. Henry, "there might be sense in such talk. But what are we doing? Cheating at cards!"

"We are saving the house of Durrisdeer, Henry," his father said.

"And see, James," said Mr. Henry, "if I go, and the Prince has the upper hand, it will be easy to make your peace with King James. But if you go, and the expedition fails, we divide the right and the title. And what shall I be then?"

"You will be Lord Durrisdeer," said the Master. "I put all I have upon the table."

"I play at no such game," cries Mr. Henry. "I shall be left in such a situation as no man of sense and honor could endure. I shall be neither fish nor flesh!" he cried. And a little after, he had another expression, plainer perhaps than he intended. "It is your duty to be here with my father," said he. "You know well enough you are the favorite."

"Ay," said the Master. "And there spoke envy! Would you trip up my heels—Jacob?" said he, and dwelled upon the name maliciously.

Mr. Henry went and walked at the low end of the hall without reply; for he had an excellent gift of silence. Presently he came back.

"I am the cadet and I *should* go," said he. "And my lord here is the



"Heads, I go; shields, I stay."

master, and he says I *shall* go. What say ye to that, my brother?"

"I say this, Harry," returned the Master, "that when very obstinate folk are met, there are only two ways out: blows—and I think none of us could care to go so far; or the arbitrament of chance—and here is a guinea piece. Will you stand firm by the toss of the coin?"

"I will stand and fall by it," said Mr. Henry. "Heads, I go; shields, I stay."

The coin was spun and it fell shield. "So there is a lesson for Jacob," says the Master.

"We shall live to repent of this," says Mr. Henry, and flung out of the hall.

As for Miss Alison, she caught up that piece of gold which had just sent her lover to the wars, and flung it clean through the family shield in the great painted window.

"If you loved me as well as I love you, you would have stayed," cried she.

"I could not love you, dear, so well, loved I not honor more," sang the Master.

"O!" she cried, "you have no heart—I hope you may be killed!" and she ran from the room, and in tears to her own chamber.

It seems the Master turned to my lord with his most comical manner, and says he, "This looks like a devil of a wife!"

"I think you are a devil of a son to me," cried his father, "you that has always been the favorite, to my shame be it spoken. Never a good hour have I gotten of you, since you were born; no, never one good hour," and repeated it again the third time. Whether it was the Master's levity, or his insubordination, or Mr. Henry's word about the favorite son, that had so much disturbed my lord, I do not know; but I incline to think it was the last, for I have it by all accounts that Mr. Henry was more made up to from that hour.

Altogether it was in pretty ill blood with his family that the Master rode to the north; which was the more sorrowful for others to remember when it seemed too late. By fear and favor, he had scraped together near upon a dozen men, principally tenants' sons; they

were all pretty full when they set forth, and rode up the hill by the old abbey, roaring and singing, the white cockade in every hat. It was a desperate adventure for so small a company to cross the most of Scotland unsupported; and (what made folk think so the more) even as that poor dozen was clattering up the hill, a great ship of the king's navy, that could have brought them under with a single boat, lay with her broad ensign streaming in the bay. The next afternoon, having given the Master a fair start, it was Mr. Henry's turn; and he rode off, all by himself, to offer his sword and carry letters from his father to King George's government. Miss Alison was shut in her room and did little but weep, till both were gone; only she stitched the cockade upon the Master's hat and (as John Paul told me) it was wetted with tears when he carried it down to him.

In all that followed, Mr. Henry and my old lord were true to their bargain. That ever they accomplished anything is more than I could learn; and that they were anyway strong on the king's side, more than I believe. But they kept the letter of loyalty, corresponded with my Lord President, sat still at home, and had little or no commerce with the Master while that business lasted. Nor was he, on his side, more communicative. Miss Alison, indeed, was always sending him expresses, but I do not know if she had many answers. Macconochie rode for her once, and found the Highlanders before Carlisle, and the Master riding by the Prince's side in high favor; he took the letter (so Macconochie tells), opened it, glanced it through with a mouth like a man whistling, and stuck it in his belt, whence, on his horse passageing, it fell unregarded to the ground. It was Macconochie who picked it up; and he still kept it, and indeed I have seen it in his hands. News came to Durrisdeer of course, by the common report, as it goes travelling through a country, a thing always wonderful to me. By that means the family learned more of the Master's favor with the Prince, and the ground it was said to stand on: for by a strange condescension in a man so proud—only that he was a man still

more ambitious—he was said to have crept into notability by truckling to the Irish. Sir Thomas Sullivan, Colonel Burke and the rest were his daily comrades, by which course he withdrew himself from his own country folk. All the small intrigues, he had a hand in fomenting; thwarted my Lord George upon a thousand points; was always for the advice that seemed palatable to the Prince, no matter if it was good or bad; and seems upon the whole (like the gambler he was all through life) to have had less regard to the chances of the campaign than to the greatness of favor he might aspire to, if (by any luck) it should succeed. For the rest, he did very well in the field; no one questioned that; for he was no coward.

The next was the news of Culloden, which was brought to Durrisdeer by one of the tenant's sons, the only survivor, he declared, of all those that had gone singing up the hill. By an unfortunate chance, John Paul and Macconochie had that very morning found the guinea piece (which was the root of all the evil) sticking in a holly bush; they had been "up the gait," as the servants say at Durrisdeer, to the change house; and if they had little left of the guinea, they had less of their wits. What must John Paul do, but burst into the hall where the family sat at dinner, and cry the news to them that "Tam Macmorland was but new lichtit at the door, and—wirra, wirra—there were nane to come behind him?"

They took the word in silence like folk condemned; only Mr. Henry carrying his palm to his face, and Miss Alison laying her head outright upon her hands. As for my lord, he was like ashes.

"I have still one son," says he. "And Henry, I will do you this justice, it is the kinder that is left."

It was a strange thing to say in such a moment; but my lord had never forgotten Mr. Henry's speech, and he had years of injustice on his conscience. Still it was a strange thing; and more than Miss Alison could let pass. She broke out and blamed my lord for his unnatural words, and Mr. Henry because he was sitting there in safety when his brother lay dead, and herself because she had given her sweetheart ill words

at his departure; calling him the flower of the flock, wringing her hands, protesting her love, and crying on him by his name; so that the servants stood astonished.

Mr. Henry got to his feet and stood holding his chair; it was he that was like ashes now.

"O," he burst out suddenly, "I know you loved him!"

"The world knows that, glory be to God?" cries she; and then to Mr. Henry: "There is none but me to know one thing—that you were a traitor to him in your heart."

"God knows," groans he, "it was lost love on both sides."

Time went by in the house after that, without much change; only they were now three instead of four, which was a perpetual reminder of their loss. Miss Alison's money, you are to bear in mind, was highly needful for the estates; and the one brother being dead, my old lord soon set his heart upon her marrying the other. Day in, day out, he would work upon her, sitting by the chimney side with his finger in his Latin book, and his eyes set upon her face with a kind of pleasant intentness that became the old gentleman very well. If she wept, he would condole with her, like an ancient man that has seen worse times and begins to think lightly even of sorrow; if she raged, he would fall to reading again in his Latin book, but always with some civil excuse; if she offered (as she often did) to let them have her money in a gift, he would show her how little it consisted with his honor, and remind her, even if he should consent, that Mr. Henry would certainly refuse. *Non vi sed sæpe cadendo* was a favorite word of his; and no doubt this quiet persecution wore away much of her resolve; no doubt, besides, he had a great influence on the girl, having stood in the place of both her parents; and for that matter, she was herself filled with the spirit of the Duries, and would have gone a great way for the glory of Durrisdeer; but not so far, I think, as to marry my poor patron, had it not been (strangely enough) for the circumstance of his extreme unpopularity.

This was the work of Tam Macmor-

land. There was not much harm in Tam ; but he had that grievous weakness, a long tongue ; and as the only man in that country who had been out (or rather who had come in again) he was sure of listeners. Those that have the underhand in any fighting, I have observed, are ever anxious to persuade themselves they were betrayed. By Tam's account of it, the rebels had been betrayed at every turn and by every officer they had ; they had been betrayed at Derby, and betrayed at Falkirk ; the night march was a step of treachery of my Lord George's ; Culloden was lost by the treachery of the Macdonalds. This habit of imputing treason grew upon the fool, till at last he must have in Mr. Henry also. Mr. Henry (by his account) had betrayed the lads of Durrissdeer ; he had promised to follow with more men, and instead of that he had ridden to King George. "Ay, and the next day!" Tam would cry. "The puir, bonnie Master and the puir, kind lads that rade wi' him were hardly ower the scaur, or he was aff—the Judis! Ay, weel—he has his way o't: he's to be my lord, nae less, and there's mony a cauld corp amang the Hieland heather!" And at this, if Tam had been drinking, he would begin to weep.

Let anyone speak long enough, he will get believers. This view of Mr. Henry's behavior crept about the country by little and little ; it was talked upon by folk that knew the contrary but were short of topics ; and it was heard and believed and given out for gospel by the ignorant and the ill-willing. Mr. Henry began to be shunned ; yet awhile, and the commons began to murmur as he went by, and the women (who are always the most bold because they are the most safe) to cry out their reproaches to his face. The Master was cried up for a saint. It was remembered how he had never any hand in pressing the tenants ; as, indeed, no more he had, except to spend the money. He was a little wild perhaps, the folk said ; but how much better was a natural, wild lad that would soon have settled down, than a skinflint and a sneekdraw, sitting, with his nose in an account book, to persecute poor tenants. One trollop, who had had a child to the Master and by

all accounts been very badly used, yet made herself a kind of champion of his memory. She flung a stone one day at Mr. Henry.

"Whaur's the bonnie lad that trustit ye?" she cried.

Mr. Henry reined in his horse and looked upon her, the blood flowing from his lip. "Ay, Jess?" says he. "You too? And yet ye should ken me better." For it was he who had helped her with money.

The woman had another stone ready, which she made as if she would cast ; and he, to ward himself, threw up the hand that held his riding rod.

"What, would ye beat a lassie, ye ugly —?" cries she, and ran away screaming as though he had struck her.

Next day, word went about the country like wildfire that Mr. Henry had beaten Jessie Broun within an inch of her life. I give it as one instance of how this snowball grew and one calumny brought another ; until my poor patron was so perished in reputation that he began to keep the house like my lord. All this while, you may be very sure he uttered no complaints at home ; the very ground of the scandal was too sore a matter to be handled ; and Mr. Henry was very proud and strangely obstinate in silence. My old lord must have heard of it, by John Paul, if by no one else ; and he must at least have remarked the altered habits of his son. Yet even he, it is probable, knew not how high the feeling ran ; and as for Miss Alison, she was ever the last person to hear news, and the least interested when she heard them.

In the height of the ill-feeling (for it died away as it came, no man could say why) there was an election forward in the town of St. Bride's, which is the next to Durrissdeer, standing on the Water of Swift ; some grievance was fermenting, I forget what, if ever I heard ; and it was currently said there would be broken heads ere night, and that the sheriff had sent as far as Dumfries for soldiers. My lord moved that Mr. Henry should be present ; assuring him it was necessary to appear, for the credit of the house. "It will soon be reported," said he, "that we do not take the lead in our own country."



"It is a strange lead that I can take," said Mr. Henry; and when they had pushed him further, "I tell you the plain truth," he said, "I dare not show my face."

"You are the first of the house that ever said so," cries Miss Alison.

"We will go all three," said my lord; and sure enough he got into his boots (the first time in four years—a sore business John Paul had to get them on) and Miss Alison into her riding coat, and all three rode together to St. Bride's.

The streets were full of the riff-raff of all the country-side, who had no sooner clapped eyes on Mr. Henry than the hissing began, and the hooting, and the cries of "Judas!" and "Where was the Master?" and "Where were the poor lads that rode with him?" Even a stone was cast; but the more part cried shame at that, for my old lord's sake and Miss Alison's. It took not ten minutes to persuade my lord that Mr. Henry had been right. He said never a word, but turned his horse about, and home again, with his chin upon his bosom. Never a word said Miss Alison; no doubt she thought the more; no doubt her pride was stung, for she was a bone-bred Durie; and no doubt her heart was touched to see her cousin so unjustly used. That night she was never in bed; I have often blamed my lady—when I call to mind that night, I readily forgive her; and the first thing in the morning, she came to the old lord in his usual seat.

"If Henry still wants me," said she, "he can have me now." To himself she had a different speech: "I bring you no love, Henry; but God knows, all the pity in the world."

June the first, 1748, was the day of their marriage. It was December of the same year that first saw me alighting at the doors of the great house; and from there I take up the history of events as they befell under my own observation, like a witness in a court.

## I.

I MADE the last of my journey in the cold end of December, in a mighty dry day of frost; and who should be my guide but Patey Macmorland, brother of Tam?

For a tow-headed, bare-legged brat of ten, he had more ill tales upon his tongue than ever I heard the match of; having drunken betimes in his brother's cup. I was still not so old myself; pride had not yet the upperhand of curiosity; and indeed it would have taken any man, that cold morning, to hear all the old clashes of the country and be shown all the places by the way where strange things had fallen out. I had tales of Claverhouse, as we came through the bogs, and tales of the devil as we came over the top of the scaur. As we came in by the old abbey I heard somewhat of the old monks, and more of the freetraders, who use its ruins for a magazine, landing for that cause within a cannon-shot of Durrisdeer; and along all the road, the Duries and poor Mr. Henry were in the first rank for slander. My mind was thus highly prejudiced against the family I was about to serve; so that I was half surprised, when I beheld Durrisdeer itself, lying in a pretty sheltered bay, under the Abbey Hill; the house most commodiously built in the French fashion or perhaps Italianate, for I have no skill in these arts; and the place the most beautified with gardens, lawns, shrubberies, and trees I had ever seen. The money sunk here unproductively would have quite restored the family; but as it was, it cost a revenue to keep it up.

Mr. Henry came himself to the door to welcome me: a tall, dark young gentleman (the Duries are all black men) of a plain and not cheerful face, very strong in body but not so strong in health: taking me by the hand without any pride, and putting me at home with plain, kind speeches. He led me into the hall, booted as I was, to present me to my lord. It was still daylight; and the first thing I observed was a lozenge of clear glass in the midst of the shield in the painted window, which I remember thinking a blemish on a room otherwise so handsome, with its family portraits, and the pargetted ceiling with pendants, and the carved chimney, in one corner of which my old lord sat reading in his Livy. He was like Mr. Henry, with much the same plain countenance, only more subtle and pleasant, and his talk a thousand times more entertain-

ing. He had many questions to ask me, I remember, of Edinburgh College, where I had just received my mastership of arts, and of the various professors, with whom and their proficiency he seemed well acquainted; and thus, talking of things that I knew, I soon got liberty of speech in my new home.

In the midst of this, came Mrs. Henry into the room; she was very far gone, Miss Katharine being due in about six weeks, which made me think less of her beauty at the first sight; and she used me with more of condescension than the rest; so that, upon all accounts, I kept her in the third place of my esteem.

It did not take long before all Pate Macmorland's tales were blotted out of my belief, and I was become, what I have ever since remained, a loving servant of the house of Durriseer. Mr. Henry had the chief part of my affection. It was with him I worked; and I found him an exacting master, keeping all his kindness for those hours in which we were unemployed, and in the steward's office not only loading me with work but viewing me with a shrewd supervision. At length one day, he looked up from his paper with a kind of timidity, and says he, "Mr. Mackellar, I think I ought to tell you that you do very well." That was my first word of commendation; and from that day his jealousy of my performance was relaxed; soon it was "Mr. Mackellar" here, and "Mr. Mackellar" there, with the whole family; and for much of my service at Durriseer, I have transacted everything at my own time and to my own fancy, and never a farthing challenged. Even while he was driving me, I had begun to find my heart go out to Mr. Henry; no doubt, partly in pity, he was a man so palpably unhappy. He would fall into a deep muse over our accounts, staring at the page or out of the window; and at those times the look of his face, and the sigh that would break from him, awoke in me strong feelings of curiosity and commiseration. One day, I remember, we were late upon some business in the steward's room. This room is in the top of the house and has a view upon the bay, and over a little wooded cape, on the long sands; and there, right over against the sun which

was then dipping, we saw the freetraders with a great force of men and horses, scouring on the beach. Mr. Henry had been staring straight west, so that I marvelled he was not blinded by the sun; suddenly he frowns, rubs his hand upon his brow, and turns to me with a smile.

"You would not guess what I was thinking," says he. "I was thinking I would be a happier man if I could ride and run the danger of my life, with these lawless companions."

I told him I had observed he did not enjoy good spirits; and that it was a common fancy to envy others and think we should be the better of some change; quoting Horace to the point, like a young man fresh from college.

"Why, just so," said he. "And with that we may get back to our accounts."

It was not long before I began to get wind of the causes that so much depressed him. Indeed a blind man must have soon discovered there was a shadow on that house, the shadow of the Master of Ballantrae. Dead or alive (and he was then supposed to be dead) that man was his brother's rival: his rival abroad, where there was never a good word for Mr. Henry and nothing but regret and praise for the Master; and his rival at home, not only with his father and his wife, but with the very servants.

There were two old serving men, who were the leaders. John Paul, a little, bald, solemn, stomachy man, a great professor of piety and (take him for all in all) a pretty faithful servant, was the chief of the Master's faction. None durst go so far as John. He took a pleasure in disregarding Mr. Henry publicly, often with a slighting comparison. My lord and Mrs. Henry took him up, to be sure, but never so resolutely as they should; and he had only to pull his weeping face and begin his lamentations for the Master—"his laddie," as he called him—to have the whole condoned. As for Henry, he let these things pass in silence, sometimes with a sad and sometimes with a black look. There was no rivalling the dead, he knew that; and how to censure an old serving man for a fault of loyalty, was more than he could see. His was not the tongue to do it.

Macconochie was chief upon the

other side ; an old, ill-spoken, swearing, ranting, drunken dog ; and I have often thought it an odd circumstance in human nature, that these two serving men should each have been the champion of his contrary, and blackened their own faults and made light of their own virtues when they beheld them in a master. Macconochie had soon smelled out my secret inclination, took me much into his confidence, and would rant against the Master by the hour, so that even my work suffered. "They're a' daft here," he would cry, "and be damned to them ! The Master—the deil's in their thrapples that should call him sae ! it's Mr. Henry should be master now ! There were nane sae fond o' the Master when they had him, I'll can tell ye that. Sorrow on his name ! Never a guid word did I hear on his lips, nor naeboddy else, but just fleering and flyting and profane cursing—deil ha'e him ! There's nane kent his wickedness : him a gentleman ! Did ever ye hear tell, Mr. Mackellar, o' Wully White the wabster ? No ? Aweel, Wully was an unco praying kind o' man ; a dreigh body, nane o' my kind, I never could abide the sight o' him ; onyway he was a great hand by his way of it, and he up and rebukit the Master for some of his on-goings. It was a grand thing for the Master o' Ball'ntrae to tak up a feud wi' a' wabster, wasnae't ?" Macconochie would sneer ; indeed he never took the full name upon his lips but with a sort of a whine of hatred. "But he did ! A fine employ it was : chapping at the man's door, and crying 'boo' in his lum, and puttin' poother in his fire, and pee-oy's\* in his window ; till the man thought it was auld Hornie was come seekin' him. Weel, to mak a lang story short, Wully gaed gyte. At the hinder end, they couldnae get him frae his knees, but he just roared and prayed and grat straucht on, till he got his release. It was fair murder, a'boddy said that. Ask John Paul—he was brawly ashamed o' that game, him that's sic a Christian man ! Grand doin's for the Master o' Ball'ntrae !" I asked him what the Master had thought of it himself. "How could I ken ?" says he. "He never said naething." And on again in his usual manner of banning and swear-

ing, with every now and again a "Master of Ballantrae" sneered through his nose. It was in one of these confidences, that he showed me the Carlisle letter, the print of the horse-shoe still stamped in the paper. Indeed that was our last confidence ; for he then expressed himself so ill-naturedly of Mrs. Henry, that I had to reprimand him sharply, and must thenceforth hold him at a distance.

My old lord was uniformly kind to Mr. Henry ; he had even pretty ways of gratitude, and would sometimes clap him on the shoulder and say, as if to the world at large : "This is a very good son to me." And grateful he was no doubt, being a man of sense and justice. But I think that was all, and I am sure Mr. Henry thought so. The love was all for the dead son. Not that this was often given breath to ; indeed with me but once. My lord had asked me one day how I got on with Mr. Henry, and I had told him the truth.

"Ay," said he, looking sideways on the burning fire, "Henry is a good lad, a very good lad," said he. "You have heard, Mr. Mackellar, that I had another son ? I am afraid he was not so virtuous a lad as Mr. Henry ; but dear me, he's dead, Mr. Mackellar ! and while he lived we were all very proud of him, all very proud. If he was not all he should have been in some ways, well, perhaps we loved him better !" This last he said looking musingly in the fire ; and then to me, with a great deal of briskness, "But I am rejoiced you do so well with Mr. Henry. You will find him a good master." And with that he opened his book, which was the customary signal of dismissal. But it would be little that he read and less that he understood ; Culloeden field and the Master, these would be the burthen of his thought ; and the burthen of mine was an unnatural jealousy of the dead man for Mr. Henry's sake, that had even then begun to grow on me.

I am keeping Mrs. Henry for the last, so that this expression of my sentiment may seem unwarrantably strong : the reader shall judge for himself when I have done. But I must first tell of another matter, which was the means of bringing me more intimate. I had not

\* A kind of firework made with damp powder.

yet been six months at Durrisdeer when it chanced that John Paul fell sick and must keep his bed ; drink was the root of his malady, in my poor thought ; but he was tended and indeed carried himself like an afflicted saint ; and the minister, who came to visit him, professed himself edified when he went away. The third morning of his sickness, Mr. Henry comes to me with something of a hang-dog look.

"Mackellar," says he, "I wish I could trouble you upon a little service. There is a pension we pay ; it is John's part to carry it ; and now that he is sick, I know not to whom I should look unless it was yourself. The matter is very delicate ; I could not carry it with my own hand for a sufficient reason ; I dare not send Macconochie, who is a talker, and I am—I have—I am desirous this should not come to Mrs. Henry's ears," says he, and flushed to his neck as he said it.

To say truth, when I found I was to carry money to one Jessie Broun, who was no better than she should be, I supposed it was some trip of his own that Mr. Henry was dissembling. I was the more impressed when the truth came out.

It was up a wynd off a side street in St. Bride's, that Jessie had her lodging. The place was very ill inhabited, mostly by the freetrading sort ; there was a man with a broken head at the entry ; half way up, in a tavern, fellows were roaring and singing, though it was not yet nine in the day. Altogether, I had never seen a worse neighborhood even in the great city of Edinburgh, and I was in two minds to go back. Jessie's room was of a piece with her surroundings and herself no better. She would not give me the receipt (which Mr. Henry had told me to demand, for he was very methodical) until she had sent out for spirits and I had pledged her in a glass ; and all the time she carried on in a light-headed, reckless way, now aping the manners of a lady, now breaking into unseemly mirth, now making coquettish advances that oppressed me to the ground. Of the money, she spoke more tragically.

"It's blood money," said she, "I take it for that : blood money for the betrayed. See what I'm brought down to !

Ah, if the bonnie lad were back again, it would be changed days. But he's deid—he's lyin' deid amang the Hieland hills—the bonnie lad, the bonnie lad !"

She had a rapt manner of crying on the bonnie lad, clapping her hands and casting up her eyes, that I think she must have learned of strolling players ; and I thought her sorrow very much of an affectation, and that she dwelled upon the business because her shame was now all she had to be proud of. I will not say I did not pity her, but it was a loathing pity at the best ; and her last change of manner wiped it out. This was when she had had enough of me for an audience and had set her name at last to the receipt. "There !" says she, and taking the most unwomanly oaths upon her tongue, bade me begone and carry it to the Judas who had sent me. It was the first time I had heard the name applied to Mr. Henry ; I was staggered besides at her sudden vehemence of word and manner ; and got forth from the room, under this shower of curses, like a beaten dog. But even then I was not quit ; for the vixen threw up her window and, leaning forth, continued to revile me as I went up the wynd ; the freetraders, coming to the tavern door, joined in the mockery ; and one had even the inhumanity to set upon me a very savage, small dog, which bit me in the ankle. This was a strong lesson, had I required one, to avoid ill company ; and I rode home in much pain from the bite and considerable indignation of mind.

Mr. Henry was in the steward's room, affecting employment, but I could see he was only impatient to hear of my errand.

"Well ?" says he, as soon as I came in ; and when I had told him something of what passed, and that Jessie seemed an undeserving woman and far from grateful : "She is no friend to me," said he ; "but indeed, Mackellar, I have few friends to boast of ; and Jessie has some cause to be unjust. I need not dissemble what all the country knows : she was not very well used by one of our family." This was the first time I had heard him refer to the Master even distantly ; and I think he found his tongue rebellious, even for that much ; but presently he resumed. "This is why I

would have nothing said. It would give pain to Mrs. Henry . . . and to my father," he added with another flush.

"Mr. Henry," said I, "if you will take a freedom at my hands, I would tell you to let that woman be. What service is your money to the like of her? She has no sobriety and no economy; as for gratitude, you will as soon get milk from a whinstone; and if you will pretermitt your bounty, it will make no change at all but just to save the ankles of your messengers."

Mr. Henry smiled. "But I am grieved about your ankle," said he, the next moment, with a proper gravity.

"And observe," I continued, "I give you this advice upon consideration; and yet my heart was touched for the woman in the beginning."

"Why there it is, you see!" said Mr. Henry. "And you are to remember that I knew her once a very decent lass. Besides which, although I speak little of my family, I think much of its repute."

And with that he broke up the talk, which was the first we had together in such confidence. But the same afternoon, I had the proof that his father was perfectly acquainted with the business, and that it was only from his wife that Mr. Henry kept it secret.

"I fear you had a painful errand to-day," says my lord to me: "for which, as it enters in no way among your duties, I wish to thank you, and to remind you at the same time (in case Mr. Henry should have neglected) how very desirable it is that no word of it should reach my daughter. Reflections on the dead, Mr. Mackellar, are doubly painful."

Anger glowed in my heart; and I would have told my lord to his face how little he had to do, bolstering up the image of the dead in Mrs. Henry's heart, and how much better he were employed, to shatter that false idol. For by this time, I saw very well how the land lay between my patron and his wife.

My pen is clear enough to tell a plain tale; but to render the effect of an infinity of small things, not one great enough in itself to be narrated; and to translate the story of looks, and the message of voices when they are saying no great matter; and to put in half a page the essence of near eighteen

months: this is what I despair to accomplish. The fault, to be very blunt, lay all in Mrs. Henry. She felt it a merit to have consented to the marriage, and she took it like a martyrdom; in which my old lord, whether he knew it or not, fomented her. She made a merit, besides, of her constancy to the dead; though its name, to a nicer conscience, should have seemed rather disloyalty to the living; and here also my lord gave her his countenance. I suppose he was glad to talk of his loss, and ashamed to dwell on it with Mr. Henry. Certainly, at least, he made a little coterie apart in that family of three, and it was the husband who was shut out. It seems it was an old custom when the family were alone in Durrisdeer, that my lord should take his wine to the chimneyside, and Miss Alison (instead of withdrawing) should bring a stool to his knee and chatter to him privately; and after she had become my patron's wife, the same manner of doing was continued. It should have been pleasant to behold this ancient gentleman so loving with his daughter; but I was too much a partisan of Mr. Henry's to be anything but wroth at his exclusion. Many's the time I have seen him make an obvious resolve, quit the table, and go and join himself to his wife and my Lord Durrisdeer; and on their part, they were never backward to make him welcome, turned to him smilingly as to an intruding child, and took him into their talk with an effort so ill-concealed that he was soon back again beside me at the table; whence, so great is the hall of Durrisdeer, we could but hear the murmur of voices at the chimney. There he would sit and watch, and I along with him; and sometimes by my lord's head sorrowfully shaken, or his hand laid on Mrs. Henry's head, or hers upon his knee as if in consolation, or sometimes by an exchange of tearful looks, we would draw our conclusion that the talk had gone to the old subject and the shadow of the dead was in the hall.

I have hours when I blame Mr. Henry for taking all too patiently; yet we are to remember he was married in pity, and accepted his wife upon that term. And indeed he had small encourage-

ment to make a stand. Once, I remember, he announced he had found a man to replace the pane of the stained window; which, as it was he that managed all the business, was a thing clearly within his attributions. But to the Master's fanciers, that pane was like a relic; and on the first word of any change, the blood flew to Mrs. Henry's face.

"I wonder at you!" she cried.

"I wonder at myself," says Mr. Henry, with more of bitterness than I had ever heard him to express.

Thereupon my old lord stepped in with his smooth talk, so that before the meal was at an end all seemed forgotten; only that, after dinner, when the pair had withdrawn as usual to the chimneyside, we could see her weeping with her head upon his knee. Mr. Henry kept up the talk with me upon some topic of the estates—he could speak of little else but business, and was never the best of company; but he kept it up that day with more continuity, his eye straying ever and again to the chimney and his voice changing to another key, but without check of delivery. The pane, however, was not replaced; and I believe he counted it a great defeat.

Whether he was stout enough or no, God knows he was kind enough. Mrs. Henry had a manner of condescension with him, such as (in a wife) would have

pricked my vanity into an ulcer; he took it like a favor. She held him at the staff's end; forgot and then remembered and unbent to him, as we do to children; burthened him with cold kindness; reproved him with a change of color and a bitten lip, like one shamed by his disgrace: ordered him with a look of the eye, when she was off her guard; when she was on the watch, pleaded with him for the most natural attentions as though they were unheard of favors. And to all this, he replied with the most unwearied service; loving, as folk say, the very ground she trod on, and carrying that love in his eyes as bright as a lamp. When Miss Katharine was to be born, nothing would serve but he must stay in the room behind the head of the bed. There he sat, as white (they tell me) as a sheet and the sweat dropping from his brow; and the handkerchief he had in his hand was crushed into a little ball no bigger than a musket bullet. Nor could he bear the sight of Miss Katharine for many a day; indeed I doubt if he was ever what he should have been to my young lady; for the which want of natural feeling, he was loudly blamed.

Such was the state of this family down to the 7th April, 1749, when there befell the first of that series of events which were to break so many hearts and lose so many lives.

(To be continued.)

## THE STORM.

*By Zoe Dana Underbill.*

WESTWARD the black clouds part and lighten:  
The sun breaks forth, the storm is o'er;  
Yet the vexed billows writhe and whiten,  
The breakers thunder on the shore.

And thou, Oh foolish heart! art throbbing  
To the old griefs of long ago;  
Like waves, still wrestling, raving, sobbing,  
Though the spent winds have ceased to blow.



# MEMORIES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

By Lester Wallack.

## SECOND PAPER.



OW singularly prejudiced the old managers were against anything like an innovation! It was thought an extraordinary thing when Garrick first put on a pair of Elizabethan trunks for *Richard III*. He played *Macbeth* in a square-cut scarlet coat, the costume of an English general, and a regulation wig with a pigtail of his own period, while Mrs. Pritchard, who played *Lady Macbeth*, wore an enormous hoop. Garrick desired very much to wear a Scotch tartan and kilt, and a plaid, with bare legs, the traditional Highland costume; but this was in the days of the Pretender, when no one was allowed to show a plaid in the streets of London. After Garrick had brought in a great deal of wise reform in the way of dress there was a lull again, and no one dared to do anything new. Many generations later my father was cast for the part of *Tressel*, in Cibber's version of "*Richard III*." *Tressel* is the youthful messenger who conveys to *King Henry VI*. the news of the murder of his son after the battle of Tewksbury. My father, a young, ambitious actor, came on with the feather hanging from his cap, all wet, his hair dishevelled, one boot torn nearly off, one spur broken, the other gone entirely, his gauntlet stained with blood, and his sword snapped in twain; at which old Wewitzer, who was the manager, and had been a manager before my father was born, was perfectly shocked. It was too late to do anything then, but the next morning Wewitzer sent for him to come to his office, and addressed him thus: "Young man, how do you ever hope to get on in your profession by deliberately breaking all precedent? What will become of the profession if mere boys are allowed to take these liberties? Why, sir, you

should have entered in a suit of decent black, with silk stockings on, and with a white handkerchief in your hand." "What! after defeat and flight from battle?" interrupted my father. "That had nothing at all to do with it," was the reply. "The proprieties! sir, the proprieties!"

This simply goes to show how difficult it was to introduce anything new in the matter of acting or costume. Some of the papers spoke very highly of the innovation, and the audience was satisfied, if the management was not.

Elliston was another early manager of my father's. He was a man whose pomposity and majesty in private life were absolutely amazing, but he was a great actor for all that, and an intelligent manager. For example: George IV. was a most theatrical man in all he did, and when his coronation took place he dressed all his courtiers, and everybody about him in peculiarly dramatic costumes—dresses of Queen Elizabeth's time. It was all slashed trunks and side cloaks, etc. Of course the dukes, earls, and barons were particularly disgusted at the way they had to exhibit themselves, and as soon as the coronation ceremonies were over these things were thrown aside and sold, and Elliston bought an enormous number of them. He was then the lessee of the Surrey Theatre, where he got up a great pageant and presented "*The Coronation of George IV.*" He had a platform made in the middle of the pit, and in one scene he strutted down among the audience in the royal robes; at which, with some good-natured chaff, there was a tremendous round of applause. For the moment Elliston became so excited that he imagined he was really the King himself, and spreading out his arms he said, amid dead silence: "Bless you, my people!"

In his later years the habit of drinking became so confirmed that when he

was advertised to appear, the public, as in the case of the elder Kean, was never sure whether it was to see him or not. In one season, when my father was stage-manager of Drury Lane, Elliston was announced to play *Falstaff* in "Henry IV.," Macready being cast for *Hotspur* and my father for the *Prince of Wales*. The anxiety to see the performance was great, not only among habitual theatre-goers, but in the profession itself, and Macready, at his own request, had a chair on the stage to watch Elliston's rehearsals. He was highly delighted with what he saw; and he believed, with others, that Elliston was the most perfect *Falstaff* that ever lived. Even in his feeble and intemperate old age he played it magnificently. On this particular occasion, in the scene of the combat between *Hotspur* and the *Prince of Wales*, while *Falstaff* is encouraging the *Prince*, Douglas enters, fights with *Falstaff*, and leaves him as if dead upon the field. When he is gone *Falstaff*, looking around to see that he is perfectly safe, and that no one is by, gets up, sees *Percy* slain, and cries: "I am afraid of this gunpowder *Piercy*, though he be dead," and stabs the body again in the thigh. The speech ends with the words: "Meantime, with this new wound in your thigh, do thou come along with me." Then there is a great deal of "comic business," in which he tries to get *Percy* on his back to carry him in to the *King*, pretending to have killed him himself. When the *Falstaff* of the evening came to this he made one or two ineffectual efforts to get up; and the consequence was that the scene of his attempt to lift *Percy* and carry him off went for nothing. There they were, *Percy* dead and Elliston dead-drunk. My father, appreciating all this from behind the scenes, went on, and improvised some Shakespearian lines, adding to the familiar "Farewell, I could have better spared a better man"—"Meantime do thou, Jack, come along with me;" and hoisting Elliston on his back he carried him off the stage amidst the wildest applause. It appeared a tremendous feat of strength, the audience forgetting for the moment that *Falstaff* was not so heavy as he looked. All the ill-temper caused by his drunkenness

immediately left them, and they roared with laughter.

Poor Elliston at last was so overcome with the gout that he could not act at all. He was then lessee of Drury Lane, and my father was his stage-manager, appearing in Elliston's old parts, *Captain Absolute*, *Charles Surface*, and the like. At that time there was no zoological garden in London, but there was a place, called Exeter Change, in which were kept a lot of monkeys and parrots, a few wild animals, some lions (particularly the lion Wallace who fought the six bull dogs), and, if not the first, very nearly the first elephant that was ever exhibited alive in England. They did not know as much about taking care of animals then as they do now, and this elephant went mad, and became so dangerous that it was feared he would break out of his cage and do bodily damage to his keepers and the public, and it was determined he should be killed. A dozen men were sent from the barracks of the Foot Guards, who fired five or six volleys into the poor beast before they finished him. At that time "The Belle's Stratagem" was being played, with my father as *Doricourt*, one of Elliston's great parts. Elliston was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, particularly if one of his own celebrated characters was performed, and being wheeled down to the prompter's place in an invalid's chair, he would sit and watch all that was going on. In the mad scene in "The Belle's Stratagem" *Doricourt*, who is feigning insanity, has a little extravagant "business," and, at a certain exit, he utters some wildly absurd nonsense such as "Bring me a pigeon pie of snakes!" On the night in question, when the town talked of nothing but the great brute who had been killed by the soldiers the day before, my father on his exit after the mad scene shouted: "Bring me a pickled elephant!" to the delight of the easily pleased house, but to the disgust of the sensitive Elliston, who, shaking his gouty fist at him, cried: "Damn it, you lucky rascal, they never killed an elephant for me when I played *Doricourt*!"

My father was still stage-manager of Drury Lane in 1827, when Edmund

Kean withdrew his allegiance from that house to Covent Garden, to the great indignation of Stephen Price, the lessee. Kean had placed his son Charles at Eton, and was bringing him up for the Army, or the Church, or some swell profession, and Price was determined, knowing the boy had a tremendous predilection for the theatre, that he would stick a thorn in Edmund Kean's side. Consequently he sent my father down to Eton to see the lad; and the result was that he was brought up from school and persuaded to go upon the stage by Price, who had succeeded in arousing his ambition; and as at that time the elder Kean was treating his wife very badly, Charles of course was less inclined to obey his father. When the advertisements came out that Kean's son was going to appear at Drury Lane Theatre, the sensation with the public was something enormous, the simple announcement affecting Kean's houses at Covent Garden. The lad came out as *Young Norval* in Home's tragedy of "Douglas," and my father played *Glenalvon*. He dressed Kean and absolutely "shoved" him upon the stage, for he was very nervous; but he played that night to a tremendous house and to a great reception. Of course it was a very crude performance, and the endeavor to imitate his father in all the passionate scenes was palpable throughout. For a few nights the curiosity of the town crowded the house, but the excitement did not continue, and he went to the provinces with varying success.

Charles was always devoted to his mother. She travelled about with him in his early days, after his father's death, and when he was between twenty-five and thirty years of age; and he worked hard to make a mere living for the two. During his visits to Brighton he was a frequent guest at my father's house, where he was sincerely liked. On one occasion it chanced that the Duchess of St. Albans was at Brighton while he was playing an engagement there. Moved by an affectionate feeling for the father, with whom, when Miss Mellon, she had often acted, she went to the theatre to see the son; and from the moment she saw Charles his fortune

was made. She said: "This young man shall go to the top of the tree," and he did. Her influence in Brighton was all-powerful. Her tradespeople with their families filled the pit, and their working people filled the galleries. She made parties for him, and even sent the Duke himself to call for him at the Ship Hotel, where he was staying. The Duchess was the queen of fashion, and of course Kean at once became popular. This led to his reappearance in London.

I remember being in Kean's dressing-room in Brighton when Bunn came in to conclude this London engagement. Bunn said: "Don't be alarmed, your success is certain. Your 'Is't the King?' in 'Hamlet' is what will bring them." When Bunn went out, Kean, who was the most suspicious fellow I ever saw, said: "Is that man serious, is that man sincere?" I don't think that in those days he had faith in anybody except Cole, his biographer.

He subsequently became very intimate with the St. Albans family, which included the niece, Miss Burdett-Coutts; and when the Duchess died, the story went around that Kean would have no difficulty in winning the hand of the great heiress. Miss Ellen Tree, who was acting with him, according to rumor had been in love with him for years. He came into the theatre one night and said, abruptly: "Ellen, if you wish to marry me, to-morrow or never!" He was in a white heat of passion, and the story was that he had just received a flat rejection from Miss Burdett-Coutts. Kean and Miss Tree were married the very next day, and on that night, by a curious coincidence, they acted in "The Honeymoon" together. This story was current at the time; I give it as I heard it, but cannot vouch for its absolute truth.

Douglas Jerrold was a great enemy of Charles Kean; there was some feud between them, what, I do not know, but he never could endure Charles and invariably spoke of him as "the son of his father." Macready, who admired the genius of the elder Kean, would not have the younger at any price, and used to refer to him before his London appearance as "that young man who goes about the country."



Lester Wallack and his Grand-daughter; at his Country Home, Stamford, Conn., July, 1888.

When Jerrold wrote "The Rent Day" the plan of the scenery was taken from Sir David Wilkie's great pictures "The Rent Day" and "Distraint for Rent." The part of *Martin Hayward* was written for my father. Sir David Wilkie went to see the play and cried like a baby over it. I have a letter he wrote to the then lessee of the theatre about the acting. He subsequently



Charles Kean.

sent my father one of the engravings with his autograph beneath. I have the picture now. The play made a great success at the time.

Charles Kean's second visit to America was under my father's management in 1839, and he was to have acted *Richard III.* in the National Theatre, New York, the night it was destroyed by fire.

Another very popular actor, William E. Burton, first came to this country at my father's instance, and by his advice. Burton, as did very many of the debutants from the country theatres, had suffered from the envy and



Mrs. Charles Kean (Ellen Tree).

rivalry of those already established in the good graces of London audiences. He appeared in the metropolis, if I remember rightly, at the Haymarket, as *Marall* to the *Sir Giles Overreach* of Edmund Kean. Dowton and other esteemed favorites had been familiar in this part, and Burton had, of course, to suffer the usual agonies of comparison. He was discouraged, and on the whole treated anything but fairly. In his despondent frame of mind my father, who had met him at various provincial theatres, and who well knew his powers, told him there was a fine field open to him

in America. Accordingly Burton came to the United States. He appeared in Philadelphia, was prosperous, became an immense favorite there, and was also much appreciated in literary circles, for he was an accomplished scholar. It was a great pride and pleasure to my father to be the cause of his first appearance in New York, and to bring him out at the National Theatre. His great ability was soon acknowledged and appreciated, and his ultimate success when he took the Chambers Street house was a matter of course.

This leads me to speak here of William Mitchell, for a long time Burton's only rival. Mitchell was originally a country actor in England. I am not quite certain whether my father brought him out or found him



Douglas Jerrold.

here, but at any rate he saw him play and was struck with his cleverness and quickness. He had been stage-manager of some of the provincial circuits in Eng-

land, and my father gave him the same position in the National Theatre, which was then at the corner of Leonard and Church Streets. It had been built for an opera-house for Palmo, but failed in that capacity, and when my father took it, as I have said, he gave Mitchell direction of the stage. I was over here on a mere visit then, in 1838, just as the country was recovering from the great money panic of that year; when they had "shin plasters," as they called them, instead of money, as we had during the late war. In the very zenith of the theatre's success it was burned, and the company, of course, was thrown out of employment. My father, who was a good deal knocked down at first, "shook his feathers," and as he had people coming whom he had engaged in England, he had to find some place for them, so he took Niblo's Garden and there brought out John Vandenhoff's



daughter, who made an immense success. This was very fortunate, because it enabled him to employ a number of actors who would otherwise have been idle and without salaries. When his short lease at Niblo's expired he went



William E. Burton.

back to England; and Mitchell, as well as the others, had to cast about them for what they could get. Mitchell finally took what was then known as Tattersall's, and turned it into the Olympic Theatre, at 444 Broadway. He made it a cheap house and inaugurated what was

the first reduction of prices, namely from one dollar to fifty cents for admission, and twenty-five cents to the pit. He began to produce travesties on everything that was played anywhere else. He had an actor named Horncastle, who had been a tenor singer in my father's company at the National, a fellow who had some talent for turning serious matter into burlesque. When, for instance, the opera of "Zampa, the Red Corsair," was brought out, they travestied it and called it "Sam Parr and his Red, Coarse Hair." This was the beginning of Mitchell's prosperity. He displayed immense activity in getting everything new which was farcical



C. W. Clarke.

and burlesque. He was ahead of everybody else, and the consequence was that his house was crowded every night. I think that under his management Chanfrau first came out as *Mose*. Mitchell used to talk to the boys in the pit, who paid their twenty-five cents admission, and if they were particularly noisy, or misbehaved themselves in any way, Mitchell would go on and make a speech, saying, perhaps, "Boys, if you don't behave I'll raise the price ten cents, as sure as you live," a very effectual threat.

The first serious check Mitchell received was from Burton, who was a very shrewd and exceedingly clever man. He saw from a distance, from his eyrie in Philadelphia, what Mitchell was doing; and he came here and took the Chambers Street Theatre, before long completely smothering Mitchell by doing the things he did; only doing them much better. He was a whole host in himself, certainly the first low comedian of his time. From the opening of the Chambers Street house Mitchell's Olympic went down; there is no doubt about that. Burton at last literally snuffed him out; and that, in very brief, is the history of Mitchell's theatre. Burton took care to present everything with a little better scenery, and a great deal better casts, and then he engaged John Brougham, who was worth fifty Horncastles. It was simply the very strongest attraction in New York for a long time.

John Brougham left Burton, to go into management for himself at the little theatre on Broadway near Broome



George Jordan.



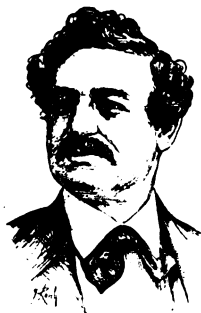
Charles Walcot.

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Miss Henriques.



Chanfrau.



Mrs. Conway.



Mrs. Boucicault (Agnes Robertson).



Charles Fisher.



William Reynolds.



John Dyott.



Mrs. Vernon.

Street, built for him and called "Brougham's Lyceum." Burton engaged Mr. Blake and me ; and having Mrs. Russell,

the rent demanded too high, and Rogers that it was not high enough ; and they had all those little disagreements



Burton's Theatre.

afterward so well known as Mrs. Hoey, and also Mr. Jordan and Mr. Tom Johnston, a strong combination, he wisely determined to present the old comedies, which became his staple commodity for that season and the next. At the end of the first of these I went to England, where I found my father rapidly recovering from what had been a very serious illness ; and under the advice of his physicians I persuaded him to return to America with me. During the season which followed our arrival I was still fulfilling my second engagement at Burton's ; and all this time Brougham's management was, as he himself described it to me, "a struggle ; things continually going from bad to worse." It having been ascertained that Brougham must positively retire from the management, Major Rogers, the owner, determined to offer the house to my father, and the story of the transaction is rather a curious one, and perhaps worth repeating. They had various meetings on the subject of a lease, my father thinking

which occur between people who are striking a bargain. They met finally on the stage one day when the theatre was quite empty and in charge of a janitor, and my father said : "Well, my dear Major Rogers, that ends the affair. I have made the best proposal I can afford, and therefore we must, I suppose, let the matter drop ; but although the house is not a very good one, not so full as I could wish, I will try to explain to the audience ;" whereupon he walked down the stage, and addressed the empty seats as follows : "Ladies and gentlemen, in consequence of the impossibility of a definite arrangement between Major Rogers and myself, I beg first to tender to him my thanks for the patience with which he has listened to my unsuccessful arguments, and to offer to you my regrets that the kind and flattering desires that have been expressed, through the newspapers, and, by many of you, individually, that I should have the honor of catering for your amusement here cannot be real-

ized." He then bowed and turned up the stage to go out at the stage-door, when Major Rogers cried: "Stop! stop! He was a musical man, and he worked



Brougham's Lyceum.

That's enough; I consent to everything!" and the bargain was struck. The first thing my father did when he took possession of the Lyceum was to engage Brougham and Blake; and naturally, of course, I also cast in my fortune with him, and became his stage manager and leading man.

A lady came to me one day and said she had heard that we were going to bring out a burlesque written by John Brougham and called "Pocahontas." This was a Miss Georgiana Hodson, one of the handsomest women I ever saw. My father was ill in bed at this time, and I talked the matter over with her. I thought she looked like the sort of woman we wanted for the part. She had played in Boston, where she was a favorite, but she was anxious to make a New York appearance; so she was engaged, and "Pocahontas" was produced with great success. The piece was immensely clever, and Brougham and Walcott were delightful in it. There was a Mr. Fred Lyster in the company who

matters until at last he persuaded Miss Hodson that there was a gold mine waiting for her in California. One night, when I had acted in the first piece and was, as my father's representative, looking after matters, the prompter came to me in a great hurry and said: "Mr. Wallack, Miss Hodson hasn't arrived." I replied: "The first piece is over; she must be here; she must certainly be dressing by this time." "She has not arrived, sir;" reiterated the prompter. I thought she might be ill, and sent to her residence to inquire; but Miss Hodson had gone, bag and baggage; and the position the management was in was a very peculiar one indeed. "Pocahontas" was a great attraction then, and what to do I did not know. I went down to tell Mr. Brougham and Mr. Walcott, who dressed in the same room. I said: "Gentlemen, we are in a fix; Miss Hodson has cut and run with Mr. Lyster and his company—all gone, I don't know where: except that I heard some talk and gos-

sip of her ultimate intention of visiting California." John Brougham stood speechless, holding the hare's foot with which he was coloring his face. Walcot turned round and gasped, "For Heaven's sake, what are we going to do?" "I don't know, but I'll tell you what, if you are game we will play the piece without her." "Bless me," said Brougham, "play 'Pocahontas' without *Pocahontas*?" "Yes, you will have to improvise; get ready now and I will take care of the audience." I went on to the stage and said: "I am very sorry to appear, ladies and gentlemen, in the character of an apologist. You have seen a good deal of me to-night in the first play and I only wish that the extra sight you have of me could be accompanied by a more agreeable result, but I am obliged to tell you that we have no *Pocahontas*. Of course, under these circumstances we can but do what we should do, and to those who are not satisfied with this fact, and are not content to take what we can give them, we will return the money." Walcot, who was standing at the side, called out like a prompter: "Half the money, dear boy, half the money, they have had half the show," but I paid no attention to him and continued: "We can give you a charming novelty instead." Some of the people who were preparing to leave sat down again, and all were quiet, wondering what was coming. "We will give you the play of 'Pocahontas' without *Pocahontas*." There was a shout directly. I said: "Therefore, as far as giving you 'Pocahontas' goes, there will be no disappointment." The result was one of the greatest sprees ever seen upon the stage. Those two men were so clever that they absolutely improvised all that was required in verse, and the burlesque never went better, perhaps from that very fact. Mary Gannon played the part of *Pocahontas* the next night.

It seemed decreed that when left to take care of the theatre during my father's absence I should meet the sort of things I encountered with Miss Hodson. My father went to Boston to play a star engagement one winter and left me in charge of the theatre. Sheridan's "*Rivals*" was running; Brougham was the *Sir Lucius*,

Blake the *Sir Anthony Absolute*, I was the *Captain Absolute*, and Miss Laura Keene was *Lydia Languish*. A short time before the curtain was to rise on a certain evening the prompter came to me in a great state of mind and said: "Miss Keene has not arrived." (This by the way, was previous to Miss Hodson's flight.) I sent to her house to know if she was ill, and found she had gone off to Baltimore with a man named Lutz. This person, it is said, had induced a lot of wealthy men to take a theatre and fit it up for him, on condition that he engaged Miss Keene, and this he did. Before I had time to tell the audience about the difficulty, a Mr. Meyers, who kept what was known as Meyers's Mourning Store on Broadway, very near the theatre, and who was a great friend of Miss Keene's (he and his daughters), sent word to say that he wished to see me at once. Although I was very busy I consented, because I fancied that he was privy to this whole affair; and thought perhaps he might have some reason to give or some explanation to make. He came rushing in and said: "What are you going to do?" I told him I was going on the stage to tell the people that Miss Keene had left. He replied: "I am going out in front as Miss Keene's friend to hear what you have to say." I went on and told the exact truth; I said: "I am very sorry to have to ask your indulgence for the lady who is going, on a very short notice, to undertake the part of *Lydia Languish*; she may possibly have to read it." There was a great murmur, "Miss Keene, Miss Keene!" "If you will give me your patience for a few moments I will explain." I continued, "Miss Keene has left the theatre and left the city, I do not know anything about where she has gone, nor on what principle she has disappointed



Dion Boucicault.

you to-night ; I only tell you she has left the theatre." The apology was accepted, the comedy was produced, and Mrs. Conway went through with flying colors as *Lydia*. Miss Keene subsequently wrote a letter to the papers in which



Laura Keene.

she said she had gone to Baltimore because she had a brother who was very ill there.

Miss Keene's place as leading lady was filled by Mrs. Hoey, who had retired from the stage upon her marriage to Mr. John Hoey, in 1851. As Mrs. Russell she had been a member of Burton's company for a number of years, and was a great favorite. Not long after Miss Keene's departure I went one New Year's Day to call on Mrs. Hoey and her husband. She said to me : "I want to speak to you ;" took me to the window, and after looking at me a moment added : "I am going back on the stage." "What, does John not object?" She replied : "He only makes the condition that if I go on the stage again, it is to be at Mr. Wallack's theatre and nowhere else." I immediately caught on to this, because Miss Keene's going away had left a gap which was very difficult to fill, and a leading lady is never easy to find. When I went home I told my father of this, and he asked, "But who is this Mrs. Russell?" "Mrs. Russell is the best lady you can possibly get. She has been off the stage two or three years, but she was a very charming person, and is exceedingly and

justly popular, which, after all, is the great thing." So I introduced Mrs. Russell, or Mrs. Hoey, to my father, and the result was that he engaged her, and she made her reappearance in Sheridan Knowles's, "Love Chase." I played *Wildrake*, and she *Constance*. I have seen stage fright very often, but I never shall forget the fright she was in that night. It would have been a very mortifying thing if she had made a failure then, and she was naturally very nervous, but she soon overcame it and was the enormous favorite she had been before. That is the history of her coming back. Burton was very angry that she did not return to him, but Wallack's Theatre had become the fashionable place of amusement, and everything was going up town. Wallack's was a mile and a half above Burton's Chambers Street house ; and that was decidedly in its favor. Then we went at the comedies again, and Mrs. Hoey very soon came to the front and got her old place, and even a higher one. In fact, on or off the stage, no lady had ever been more deservedly popular than Mrs. John Hoey. When she finally retired little Miss Henriques appeared. She, also, was an immense favorite.

After the opening of Wallack's Theatre Burton introduced two admirable



Mary Gannon.

artists to this country, Charles Fisher and Lysander Thompson, who first appeared on the same night, and in the same piece, "The School of Reform," in Chambers Street, in 1852. Burton had a profound knowledge of men and of their capabilities, and very quickly learned where to place the members of

his company to the best advantage for him and for themselves: so much so that when he brought out that clever comedy, "Masks and Faces," by Charles Reade, he played *Triplet* himself, but soon resigned it to Fisher, who made a great deal more of it. I have never seen anybody who could ever approach Fisher as *Triplet*; the whole performance was a gentle, charming, beautiful

thing. When Fisher and Thompson left Burton, naturally they drifted to the new house, which absorbed all the stock talent in the country at that time, including Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, John Dyott, William Reynolds, J. H. Stoddart, Humphrey Bland, George Holland, Sothorn, Henry and Thomas Placide, besides those I have mentioned before.

(Concluding article in December number.)

## THE POET'S HOUSE.

By Mrs. Fields.

"For lamentation may not be in a poet's house. Such things befit not us."—SAPPHO.

Beside the Indian seas,  
Hid in a sloping vale,  
Candulla dwelt, a maid,  
White as a wandering sail  
That yields now to the breeze,  
Now poises, unafraid.

The yellow primrose stands  
Thus at the hour of even,  
And seems to raise her hands  
Thus in the face of heaven;  
And so uplifts her eye  
When the night of love draws nigh.

Candulla rose and passed  
Pure to her lover's home:  
A poet's perfect flower  
Into his garden come;  
But the blossoming day was the last—  
She faded there in the bower;

And the poet stood alone!  
There was silence on the stair,  
There was stillness in the hall,  
There was absence everywhere!  
The summer of life was done,  
She had vanished, his love, his all.

He saw her glimmering dress  
Wave when the breezes blew,  
And where the lilies shone  
Her flying feet he knew:  
Hers all the loveliness,  
The music hers alone.

Therefore the poet said:  
"Stand open, O my door!  
And bid the sun illumine  
Thy sorrow-darkened floor;  
Bring garlands for the maid;  
The song of life resume."

A sound of gladness and song  
Fell from his open door;  
As of one who journeys in hope  
Where love has travelled before,  
Rejoices and is strong  
In his joy for evermore.

Voices solemn and sweet,  
Children laughing and gay,  
Light and purpose of life,  
Dawn and falling of May,  
The garland of life replete  
With flowers that cover the strife.

Such is the poet's home!  
Open the doors to the sun!  
Gladness and glory and song  
Till the day of travel be done  
And the day of the Lord be come!  
Garlands and song to the children of love belong!



# FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE END OF THE EPISODE.



WHEN the train had fairly started, that morning, Flossie sank back into her seat with a certain sensation of relief. Almost immediately, they entered the long tunnel under the city; no conversation was possible, nor could she see Mr. Wemyss's face. She had the back seat herself; Justine sat with him, on the seat in front of her. As they came out of the tunnel and crossed the Harlem River, she looked at him. He met her eye nervously, and she could see that he was embarrassed by the presence of the maid.

"When do we sail?" said she. Flossie was quite indifferent to the maid. What cared she for the maid's opinion? And she ignored his glances beseeching that she might be told to go. But Justine herself asked Mrs. Gower demurely if she should not fetch a glass of water, and went of her own accord.

"The Parthia sails at six to-night," said Wemyss. "You will have ample time to rest in Boston, if you wish, dearest." The expression of affection sounded commonplace; and Wemyss felt that it did, self-consciously. "It is infinitely better we should go from Boston," he went on; "the Parthia is slow, but that makes no difference; and there is certain to be no one in her we know, at this time of the year. I took the passage in fictitious names, of course."

"What did you do that for?"

"I thought you would prefer it," said he; and made bold to take her hand.

"It was very ridiculous and quite unnecessary," said Flossie, withdrawing it. "When I go to Europe, I am willing all the world should know."

Wemyss did not know just what to say; and fortunately the conductor made his first entry at that juncture. He at-

tended to his business perfunctorily; and it struck Wemyss as curious that he did not note anything unusual about their trip. It seemed to him that all the world must see that he was going to England with her, and that she was not his wife.

The newspapers lay unread upon the seat. Mrs. Gower did not care to read them; and Wemyss gave his whole attention to her, as a matter of course. She was looking at the window, watching the familiar landscape fly by; and he began to think how they could pass through Boston with least certainty of being seen. He had had the passenger-list of the steamer telegraphed on the night before; and knew that no acquaintance would be on board; he felt it would be embarrassing to meet an acquaintance, until their position was regularized.

When the train had crossed the Harlem River, Wemyss felt as if the Rubicon were passed. But already the feeling of elation, the flattery to his *amour-propre*, began to pass away. There were certain difficulties, even in the *Décadence*; conventions yet remaining which annoyed him.

It had been tacitly agreed between them that when Gower got his divorce, he was to marry her. In the meantime, he was to escort her to England, where they both had many friends. And Wemyss reassured himself by thinking how these friends had treated similar cases; leniently, he was sure, with result of a not wholly unpleasant notoriety, and even, in the man's case, of a certain glamour. A little temporary retirement, of course, was fitting enough.

How long would that have to last? Six months? A year? They could go abroad—to the Mediterranean—up the Nile—that is, if he could persuade Mrs. Gower to do so. It would be terribly slow, being in England through the London season and not going out; for of course he could not honorably go out without her.—Not but that, of

course, he would always be happy wherever he could be with her; as, correcting himself, he hastened to think.—The train stopped at Bridgeport; and looking out, he saw a company of blue-coated, elderly men, rigged out with swords and divers sashes and parti-colored orders. It was some post of G. A. R. marching in procession, with a brass band; they did not march well, and yet seemed gravely impressed with the importance of the occasion. They took themselves seriously; and had not yet discovered the *Décadence*. Wemyss called Mrs. Gower's attention to them with some amusement; she looked at them listlessly, with her mind on other things. "Don't you want to go and smoke?" said she.

Mr. Wemyss had never felt so much need of a cigar in his life, but he felt bound to deny it. The train pulled out of the station; and he saw the blue-coats, now portly citizens, with weapons that seemed curiously out of place, marching cheerfully through the snow. He wondered what he ought to do, if Gower should challenge him. Wemyss was no physical coward, and he felt he ought to be true to the code of honor. But did not English ideas rather cast ridicule upon duels in such cases? And Wemyss dreaded ridicule more than anything else in the world; and was an Englishman above all things—particularly for the future. There was no question that the bourgeoisie of Boston would never condone his offence. Still, if Gower sent a challenge, he should certainly have to meet him.

"I wish you would go and smoke," said Flossie, impatiently. "I want to go to sleep."

"True—and forgive me, dear—I ought to have remembered you have been up all night, and your triumphs at the ball." He took her hand, and bent over it; and the trivial thought came into his head to wonder if Flossie had any doubts of her complexion; the thought annoyed him, coming at such a time; it was not like a Lancelot, hardly like Lauzun. But he walked away regretfully, and went to the smoking-room, where he did take the cigar he really needed; for he too had been up all night, and he, at least, was worn

and weary. When he was gone, Flossie closed her eyes and went quietly to sleep.

There were two men in the smoking-room; but Wemyss looked in before he entered, and made up his mind that they were neither of them gentlemen. He sat down, and lit his cigar without fear that they could recognize him. He looked at the two other occupants of the place, who were evidently on some business journey, and fancied to himself what they would say if they knew the object of his own. For all his indifference, Wemyss was more nervous after his *grand coup* than had been Jem Starbuck.

He reminded himself that he must think, like other heroes of great passion, of his lady fair. Last night, at the ball, he had really adored her; if, to-day, there was the faintest possible reaction, was it not natural, after all? It takes a Dresden-china shepherd rather than a man of the world to be idyllic in a railroad-car; he was sure that he admired her, that she fascinated him, that if he was not in love with her, he had never been in love. He had contemplated this step for years. He was ready to sacrifice his whole future for her.

Another man entered the car, a younger man; he looked at him almost inquisitively, and Wemyss felt sure that he had seen his face before. His cigar was nearly done; moreover his *savoir faire* reproached him with staying so long away from Flossie, and he left his place to the new-comer. But he found her still asleep; though she opened her eyes at his entrance. "Where are we?"

"New Haven." Flossie sighed.

"Don't let me disturb you," he added.

"Oh, I shall sleep no more." He sat down opposite, looking over at her tenderly; Justine sat up sphinx-like, and he was losing the constraint her presence at first had caused him. The fact that she took the situation so as of course even gave him a certain support. In this French maid's trained face he had much comfort. A new conductor came in to take their tickets; and they drew out again into the gray-white landscape of New-England winter. Wemyss had made the journey many hundred times; and yet, as he sat there looking at Flossie, his one thought was a sur-

prise that it did not seem more novel, even now. He tried, like Claude Melnotte, to think of Italy and Como villas; but his imagination failed to go beyond their arrival in Boston and his arrangements for the voyage.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Gower's thoughts were larger and less troubled. She had no thought for the immediate future, at least. And as to the distant future—well, she, too, had made up her mind. They were both rich; and she had tried her woman's weapons on the world before. She by no means meant to give up her position in society; she purposed leading it with more celebrity than ever; and in Paris, London, not New York. They had no divorce in France; and no one she cared about would blame her for having exercised that envied American privilege. While in England—she could not go to court, of course; but what cared she for that? She had been presented once; and the more fashionable London court, the circle to which all her social friends belonged, would not dream of caring what the status or position of an American had been. Her springs in Paris, her summers in London, her winters in Pau—ah, this last was the life she secretly looked forward to. She knew that she could be as full of conquests, brilliant, captivating, as any of her favorite Feuillet's heroines. She knew that she could still be there a *reine du monde*.

She smiled to herself as she thought how the news would fly around New York. She delighted to think that with Baby Malgam, her nearest friend and rival, a certain almost envious admiration would mingle with pretended triumph. Flossie had led them up to the very end; and then, when she was fairly bored with winning, she had dared the very steepest fence of all. But how the old madams would chuckle to themselves and the blue-blooded coterie she had laughed at so! She had driven a coach-and-four through all their stupid conventions, and led the fashion to its very end. And twenty years ago she had not been "in society."

She took up the newspaper, and read the long account of the ball. She had always liked to see her beauty and her dresses hymned in the daily prints;

and two whole paragraphs were given to her to-day. "No one attracted so much admiration as Mrs. Levison-Gower"—Poor Lucie! She almost wished she had a different husband, though. Poor Lucie was likely to be simply sorry. She almost despised him again for this; if he had been a man like Kill Van Kull, for instance, it would have been an added excitement; and that faint reproach that came rather from her good nature than her conscience would have been gone entirely. She laid the paper down, and fell again into a reverie; not reading the news of that great fire which the ball had relegated to the second page. On such trivial chances do the actions of our lives depend.

She in turn looked over at Mr. Caryl Wemyss, sitting opposite; he met her eye with a glance of adoration that seemed affected to sharp-sighted Flossie. A well-bred, polished person this; but hardly that Guy Livingstone of her youthful fancy. The journey was certainly tedious; they were not at Hartford yet, and she looked out the window and watched the rude fences of her native land fly by, in dwindling perspective. She half-divined his thoughts—he was still reflecting of de Musset and George Sand; of Byron and the Countess Guiccioli; or perhaps, more recently, of Lord Eskdale, his friend, and Mrs. White-Thompson. She, however, for long had had no romance in her composition; but only love of adventure, admiration, social primacy, for good or evil. She tried to banish her companion from her mind, and scheme of future triumphs. Yet she knew that his position was safer in the world than hers.

Already the gray day was growing dark; and the monotonous white wooden houses that they passed were beginning to be lit with evening lamps. The empty fields and wooded hills about them made her lonely; and she pictured to herself, with a shudder, their commonplace firesides. Heavens, how stupid a thing must life be to some! They passed an ugly manufacturing village with its dull wide streets and garniture of unpainted wood; and her fancy seemed to paint to her all their obscurity of life, their ox-like submission, with really no more faith or virtue, as she

thought, than she, only more hypocrisy and less courage. Yet she remembered just such a village, hereabout, in her awkward youth ; and something of the view of life it taught came back to her, now ; abandoned, as it had been, from her very girlhood.

So this was the climax, after all ! And all her triumphs and all her cleverness had led to this ? Some people would call it but a common elopement, and say that her position in respectable society was gone forever. She had not valued this, nor all these things, when she had got them ; not even perhaps as any Jenny Starbuck valued her diamond ring ; would she care for them more, now she had lost them ? She fancied not. And she looked over the unpicturesque New-England landscape and pretended that she was a French duchess, travelling in some barbaric province. And then she looked at Mr. Wemyss once more, and again half wished that it had been Van Kull. She knew very well that there was no *grande passion* in her case.

When they got to Springfield, Wemyss got out ; and came back in some trepidation. "I have seen Charlie Clarendon," said he ; "but I don't think that he noticed me."

"And what does it matter whether he noticed you or not ?" said Flossie, opening her eyes.

"Why, I thought—that you—that is, I wanted——" He broke off in some confusion at Flossie's laugh ; and nothing more was said between them, all his well-worded compliments meeting no response. "She snubs me as if I were her husband," thought he ; and he wished the awkward journey well over, and they were safely on the steamer.

There was something pitilessly practical in the dull light of the winter afternoon ; commonplace, dispiriting, and the twilight hour least suited of the twenty-four for daring deeds. The very way the newsboys cried the evening papers jarred on Wemyss's mood. Mrs. Gower had insisted on opening the door of their compartment, for air ; and he could see his fellow-travellers. As Wemyss sat studying them, they seemed types too simple even to weave imaginations about ; their natures could better be taken apart, like a piston from

its rod, than painted, like a flower. He felt that his orbit transcended their imagination. Opposite him was a girl of twenty or more, but going back to school ; attendant on her was a boy of nearer thirty, most obviously wishing to be contracted to her for matrimony, and most probably about to be. When his eyes returned from this roving, they met Flossie's ; hers were fixed on him, and remained so, though she did not speak, all the way to Worcester.

There she alighted for a little walk ; and so they passed Charlie Clarendon, who recognized them and bowed. "Pray heaven he does not fasten to us in the train," thought Wemyss, devoutly. The young girl of twenty had also got out, and passed them, walking with her adorer, to whose arm she naïvely clung. When they got back to the car, Wemyss drew the sliding-door before their compartment, but Mrs. Gower again objected ; and, as he feared, Clarendon was not the man to lose the chance of recommending himself to such a social shrine as Flossie Gower's. As the train drew out of the station, he stood before their door, smirking with delight and pulling his travelling cap like Hodge his forelock. But Wemyss had to curse him inaudibly ; for Flossie looked up with a brighter glance than she had worn that day, and a certain gleam of her old audacity in her famous eyes.

"So glad to see you honoring Boston in the middle of the season," said Clarendon. "Ah—Mr. Gower with you ?"

"No," said Flossie, "Mr. Wemyss is with me. Do you not know each other ? Mr. Clarendon, Mr.——"

"I have the *pleasure* of Mr. Clarendon's acquaintance," broke in Mr. Wemyss, dryly.

"Er—Gower too busy to get away, I suppose ?"

"Not at all," said Flossie. "He did not know I was coming."

"Ah—quite so," said Clarendon. "I hope you mean to stop some time with us ?"

"No," said Flossie. "I leave Boston to-morrow for——"

But here Wemyss took the word from her. "Mrs. Gower has only come on for the bachelors' ball, to-morrow night," said he. As he spoke, Flossie looked

at him, amazed, as if about to speak ; then pressed her lips together scornfully. Clarendon had been congratulating himself on his success so far ; but now he seemed to meet with difficulties. For Mrs. Gower became obstinately silent ; she turned her face to the window, though it was little better than a slaty square, and looked obstinately out of it. Wemyss made no offer to give up his seat, and answered mostly by unflattering interjections.

When Clarendon had gone, Mrs. Gower continued silent. He watched her for some minutes ; then he ventured a remark. "That little Clarendon is the greatest gossip in Boston."

Flossie made no reply ; and there was silence between them until the train reached Boston. Justine made a motion to go, as if to prepare herself for the arrival ; but Mrs. Gower bade her stay. "We are here, dearest, at last," said he, taking her hand ; but Mrs. Gower withdrew it without a word.

They alighted, and Wemyss looked about him ; the electric light made the faces of a welcoming crowd terribly distinct ; but he was inexpressibly relieved to find no familiar face among them.

He engaged the first carriage that he found, and put Flossie into it with the maid ; and then went in search of her travelling trunks. The coachman put them on ; and Wemyss began to tell him the hotel.

"I have already told him where to go," said Flossie. She shut the door ; and before Wemyss could find his speech, the carriage had driven rapidly off and left him standing there, alone, in the Boston railway station.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### FLOSSIE DECLINES.

FLOSSIE had given the driver the address of her only cousin she remembered ; a certain Mrs. Lyman, whose husband she believed was some instructor or professor at some college, she could not remember where. They had sent her cards upon their wedding ; but Flossie had never been near them in her previous trips to Boston. She had

an idea they might be poor ; and did not wish to trouble them ; and after all, what could there be between her life and theirs ?

So she had some qualms of social conscience when the carriage stopped at the little brick house ; the first time, perhaps, in twenty years that she felt the slightest doubt as to her reception. But she was determined that she would go to no hotel, where Wemyss might find her.

But they proved hospitable people, and really glad to see her, if just the least bit surprised. Evidently they were much afraid of her, and still more of her maid ; but a room was found for Justine too ; and in the morning Mrs. Gower dismissed her, with her wages paid some time ahead. And gradually Flossie found that they doubted not so much their breeding as her own ; they were by no means ashamed of the little house and its two maid-servants, but feared that Flossie might be. And they knew people high-placed enough in the world to be known, by name, even to her. "How different from New York !" she said to herself ; perhaps she should have said, how different from that New York that she had made. They had several children, who all came to the breakfast-table ; and Flossie noted, with much compassion, that Mrs. Lyman was her own nurse. She was persuaded to stay with them over the next day ; their mode of life was a curious study to her. She did not envy it ; possibly she even looked at it with horror, for she never lost her essential love for wealth ; but she was quite clever enough to have for it a certain respect. Her favorite classifications seemed to fail ; they were not bourgeois, but even gentlefolk, such as she had read poor rectors' families were in England. And such as there are many in America, though she did not know it.

Flossie went back to New York on the morning train the next day, the same way she had come. She read in the paper that Mr. Caryl Wemyss was a passenger in the Parthia for Europe. It was the best thing he could do.

She had given much thought to her coming meeting with her husband. Would he suspect anything, she won-

dered? She hoped not; and she turned about the paper to see what had happened in New York. She had not read a newspaper for several days; her own news she had made, and she cared for no other. A black headline caught her eye: *Failure of the Starbuck Oil Company*. Great heavens!

All her fortune was still in that; save only the house upon Fifth Avenue. She read it with avidity. The failure appeared to be complete; and from the account she gathered also the facts of the great fire. It was believed to be incendiary the paper said. How terrible that people could commit such crimes; what were the laws for, and the decalogue? The house of Townley & Tamms had also failed; it was believed the assets would not realize ten per cent. As most of the loss fell upon trusts held for rich private individuals, it was thought the failure would have no further disastrous consequences upon the street, the paper added grimly. Mr. Phineas Tamms was known to be in Montreal; young Mr. Townley was also a fugitive. The Allegheny Central was also heavily involved, but it was believed this property might recover. Warrants were out for the arrest of Mr. Townley, Senior.

Flossie put the paper down with horror. She found it impossible to believe that she was ruined; that she could really ever be poor.

And then the thought came to her, what a fortunate escape; Lucie still had money; but what would she have been, as his wife, undivorced perhaps, who had fled from him with Caryl Wemyss? She shuddered at the idea; well she knew how her world would have regarded her, poor, no longer able to dazzle her careless court into complaisance, no longer materially able to set the fashion she could lead so well. I cannot say she felt any remorse; women like Flossie Gower do not feel remorse; but she was at least devoutly thankful she had not made a worldly blunder.

How would Lucie take it? This was her one thought, now. He had been absent on his sporting trip; but was certain to be back the very day she left. How fortunate, after all, had been poor Wemyss's cowardice! She had all a

woman's ignorance of business; and she felt, for the first time in her life, a need of leaning on her husband. Poverty was the one thing she dreaded, more than death, more even than old age; in dishonor she did not much believe. But she had never been frightened in her life before.

The journey passed much more quickly than her journey on; and arriving, back at the great terminus she had never thought to see again, she got nimbly into a carriage and drove quickly to her house. It was Lucie herself who met her at the door.

"I am so glad to see you again, Flo," said he; and she let him kiss her twice. "I have been so terribly anxious!"

"Tell me, Lucie—is it all gone?"

"All what gone?" said he; and he took her in his arms again. "You left no word where you had gone; and I have been almost crying!" And the honest fellow did let drop two big salt tears upon her little hand.

"I have been to Boston—staying with my cousin—for a little rest. But do tell me—have we lost everything?"

"Lost? Oh, yes, I believe the Starbuck Oil has pretty well gone up," said he. "But what does it matter? I've got enough for two, you know. My dear, I haven't told you, but I've made some money lately! Isn't it a joke that I should make money? And I can't tell you how glad I am that I can give you something at last! Your income shall be just what it always was—I'll take care of that." Flossie gave a sigh of relief; and actually kissed him, all herself.

Poor Lucie! He had never been so happy in his life. Not even when they had first been married; for though he was a simple gentleman, his heart had grown, since then; and hearts do more of God's work than intellects, even now in the world. And that very day, he went down and bought her diamonds, even finer than those he had given her upon their wedding-day.

Did Flossie change? I think not. It is only in novels that such natures change at nearly forty; it is only in novels, too, that the unrepentant are brought up with a round turn, and a moral pointed, in a flare of transformation-scene blue lights. But Flossie is



still rich, and still she leads her set; she is still successful, and will doubtless be so to the very end. It is true some people say she is in her decadence. She seems to have resigned herself to her final place in life; and other younger members of her set, Baby Malgam, perhaps, or Mrs. Jimmy De Witt, are passing her. She will have no catastrophe; and though (perhaps) against all morals of romance, it must be said that she is making simple Lucie happier than he has ever been before.

She still had one great scare, however. It was some weeks or months after this, that the servant brought Lucie word a lady wished to see him. It was in the early afternoon; and he said that it must be for Mrs. Gower; but no, she insisted, the man told him, that it was for him. She was a veiled lady, the servant said, and he ran to his dressing-room and gave orders for her to be ushered to the parlor.

Going down, to his astonishment, he met Justine. He commonly took little note of his wife's maids; but this one he remembered because she had been with them so long. "You must wish to see Mrs. Gower," he said. "I'll go and find her."

But no, simpered the Frenchwoman, her business was with him.

"Has she not paid you your wages? she told me she had dismissed you—and for cause."

A black scowl disfigured the handsome face. "Madame has turned me out—like a dog. And I have had no time to get even the dresses that I left. And—" the maid looked at him curiously. "I do know somesings about Madame Monsieur would like to know—and Madame, she would give almost her beaux yeux not to have me tell."

Lucie's eyes opened wide; but in a moment their honest wonderment was changed to a look that Justine misinterpreted. "If Monsieur will make it worth my while—*je connais la générosité de Monsieur*—I can tell of Madame's voyage to Boston—sings zat he would like to know!"

She stopped; for Mr. Gower was struggling with many words. The sou-brette looked cunningly at the gentleman; and he began with an indignant

burst; but then he mastered himself. He took her by the wrist, and led her forcibly to Mrs. Gower's room. It must be confessed that Flossie's color changed when she saw the strange pair enter.

"Has this woman been fully paid?" said he to his wife.

"Of course," said Flossie. "I had to discharge her for insolence to me, and she went away vowing revenge."

"I thought so," said Lucie. "James, show this woman the door; and hark ye, Pauline, Fifine, whatever your name is, if you even ring this door-bell again, I'll have you arrested."

Ah, Miss Flossie, there are some advantages you had not understood, in marrying a gentleman, though not a clever one—are there not?

And this scene ended Flossie Gower's episode. She lived on, and still went to balls, and gave her dinners; some people even say that she fell in love with her husband. But this the author, at least, takes liberty to doubt; she liked him, in a way, for he made his own way hers so good-naturedly. I do not even know if she be contented; but she certainly has more than her deserts. Perhaps she still hears, with half a sigh, of Kitty Farnum's—the Countess of Birmingham's—success in England; and casts a glance of envy at that lady's varied photographs in the shop windows, if she ever walks down Broadway. But then her whilom protégée had married a peer of the realm; and I am sure that she is glad she has not married Caryl Wemyss.

But Mrs. Gower leads no longer. She even has little influence for ill; or if she has, she does not choose to exert it. She is a model no longer; the débutantes have taken other patterns. I am not sure that Mrs. Haviland even has not greater influence—but this is anticipating. The young men no longer cluster round her carriage at the races; poor Arthur's was perhaps the last of all the lives she injured.

Let us turn to others, in whom, as may be hoped, the reader takes more interest. But first, we turn one glance at Mr. Wemyss. One glance will be enough. No one, of course, ever knew of his great adventure; he has sometimes wished to tell it, but never wholly

dared. Moreover, his honor as a gentleman forbids. Clarendon has sometimes spoken of his queer meeting with him and Flossie Gower; people wonder idly, when they grow scandalous, what has been between them; but no one really cares. Mr. Wemyss himself, as Flossie thought, did the best thing possible under the circumstances; he went to Europe on the Parthia, and has stayed there ever since. Let us dismiss him from our thoughts; he is surely not a hero of romance, nor yet even a man in a French play, as he fondly fancied; nor yet even a real man at all. Perhaps there will even be no *Décadence*.

Of his life he made a poor play; yet could not even play it to the end.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE FLOWERS IN THE HARVEST.

No sheriff's warrant was ever served on Mr. Townley. Lionel Derwent took care of that, and stayed with him (for he was childless) for some few weeks, until the old man died, of softening of the brain. Then Derwent went away again; to Asia, I believe, or to Africa, or Australia. Before he left, Gracie had a very curious call from him. He said a word or two to her of Mamie, and then a word or two of Arthur, and then a word or two of John Haviland; and then he took his leave, shaking hands with her in his awkward English way, and she never saw him more. For he never met another woman whom he loved.

He did not ask to take farewell of Mamie, and she was very glad when she heard that he was gone. She had no love for him; and she had had none even for Charlie Townley. But for this young man she did now feel a vast pity; he was a fugitive from justice, and yet all the world admitted he had been innocent of purposed wrong. Mamie herself could, perhaps, have brought the heaviest indictment against him; but it had never occurred to her that so great a personage as he could have sought her out for any worldly reasons. Now, perhaps, she measures excellence with different eyes; but she was very sorry

for him, and I know not what might have happened had Charlie, in his poorest days, asked her to be his wife. But he never did, and the suits against him were soon withdrawn, and now he is again in business in a small way.

And soon the glass roof, and the tempered light, and the parent trees about which Mamie's pretty flower had thrived so pleasantly, were gone, and her poor vanities were rudely stripped away; for Mr. Livingstone did not survive his loss of fortune and his oldest friend's disgrace, and his wife soon followed him; and Mamie was left—no, not alone; with Gracie. It is only Gracie who was lonely then. Gracie had little money, and Mamie was left almost poor; but she grew up to be a very lovely woman, and I know two or three good fellows who are now in love with her.

And Arthur, our hero—did I say he was our hero? All the world will still tell you, Arthur Holyoke is a successful young man. His practicable ambitions have all been realized. And, after all, which one of us has realized our youthful dreams? Arthur has written no poem, to be sure, but he is making money; enough to pay all his club bills, and his salmon fishing, and his trip to Europe once a year. And nobody blames him for not having written any poem; on the contrary, they praise him for his clever head, and his handsome face, young looking for his age, and admire his faultless style. He is a butterfly, but a butterfly with a bee's brains; he has a head for business; of such is the republic of America, not of woe, unpractical poets. Will he ever marry? Oh, yes, perhaps he will, at forty; perhaps he will not. But what does it matter to the reader?

On that snowless winter's day, Gracie sitting alone in her own room had bidden him in her heart farewell. She was glad to hear that he was doing well, and she will be the kinder to his sons and daughters, when he has them; they will not know why, but they will be fond of her. His friendship with Mrs. Gower continued; but he saw Gracie less and less.

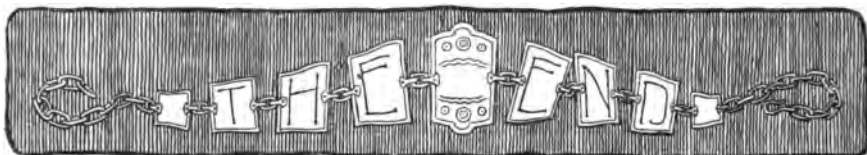
When the old people died, Gracie and Mamie lived together, as I have said; and I wish that I could tell how our

friend Haviland went on, and worked, and watched for her, and dreamed of her, and won her at the last. But that would be writing another novel, would it not?

It is now three years since the great fire. James Starbuck has not been heard of since; not yet, at least. John Haviland and Gracie have been married, and Mamie still lives with them. They live in a smaller house than Mrs. Gower's, to be sure, but they manage to be

happy; and their sons will be strong-souled, large-hearted, to meet the Jem Starbucks that are to come; and Gracie's daughters will be like to her, and bear from her the vestal fire, each one to her own household, not advertised, perhaps, to thousands, but yet a kindly warmth to the few that stand within its circle of light.

For on gentle people such as these shall the future of our land depend.



## WHERE SHALL WE SPEND OUR WINTER?

*By A. W. Greely.*



HE reasons which induce travel in winter are quite apart from the causes that stimulate human migrations in the summer time.

The Northern forest, the Western lakes, and the Eastern sea-coast furnish forth abundant amusement and pleasures to summer saunterers, who quit these resorts and byways just as the fall equinox brings cool, delightful nights and mellow days, while the gorgeous autumnal colorings of the forest foliage and the neutral russet browns along the sea-strand harmonize delightfully with the grays of rock and beach.

Beauties of mountain and seaside, and the tonic of ocean breezes avail not longer. The touch of the first frosts and the wine of autumn air have given tone and vigor to body and mind, so that the tasks and delights of home and the serious affairs of life, after summer outings, are entered on with a new zeal. But the frail folk note too soon that the late autumn rains have washed from the skies the purple haze of Indian summer, and when there follow shortening days and sharpening frosts, the invalid is brought to realize that strength and sun are in the south. The bright sunny

days come less frequently, and in passing only serve to make more keen the contrasts of winter's biting blasts.

The selection of a temporary home for the many thousands who cannot withstand the rigors and changes of their local winter weather is a hardship which is too often aggravated by climatic unsuitability, discovered too late, after often ill-afforded trouble and expense.

The proper adviser in such matters is the physician, and the writer seeks to aid the doctor and patient by simply illustrating that this country can furnish for Americans climatic conditions as genial, delightful, and favorable as any in the world.

The elements which constitute a perfect winter climate are not all meteorological. While ideal weather is the predominating part of a perfect climate, yet the physical characteristics of certain localities often neutralize the effect of blue sky, balmy breezes, and equable temperature. A friable ash-like soil, which easily lends itself to fill the air with fine dust, the presence of low-lying swamp and morass to send forth noisome exhalations and poison the otherwise pure air with germs of malaria or fever, are important elements in winter

climate, but their description and limitations belong rather to the domain of the chemist and physical geographer than to that of the meteorologist. It is the meteorological phases with which this article must particularly deal.

This line of research excludes, then, two important climatic essentials: the purity of the air and the relative dryness of the soil—essentials which for any health-resort must be chronicled by the local scientific and medical authorities.

Other very important qualities are moderate warmth, small *variability* of temperature, with less than the average *daily range*, freedom from excessive phases of either *absolute* or *relative* humidity, genial, gentle winds, frequent but not heavy showers of rain, and a large proportion of possible sunshine. In short, a moderately *temperate*, *fairly dry* and *sunny* climate is the desideratum, the difficulty of finding which in perfection has well been termed an idyllic quest.

Among the winter health-resorts, there is probably none more famous than that of Nice, where the climate is represented to be all that is desired in the way of softness. A critical examination of the climatic conditions of Nice obliges one to believe that the flavor of a foreign name and the fashionable repute of the place itself have contributed largely to its reputation. It is true that at Nice nearly every other winter day is sunny, but at irregular intervals cold, dry, and piercing winds sweep over the place, bringing sudden and violent changes in the temperature, twenty degrees or more in a day. At times, also, the air is so dry that in calm weather the sun acts strongly and induces perspiration at the slightest exertion, a dangerous condition in such a cold, dry atmosphere. The mean winter temperature is barely forty-eight degrees, while that of January is but forty-seven. The temperature occasionally sinks four degrees below the freezing point, and the midday temperature is at times as low as forty to forty-two degrees. In January snow falls occasionally on the surrounding hills, and hoar-frost is not infrequent. The winds in the last half of February and in March are high and exceedingly trying, owing to the dryness

and dust, and such strong winds blow on an average of once in every four days.

Of these winds the great Scotch meteorologist, Buchan, has written: "In the south of Europe during the winter and early spring, peculiarly dry, cold, and violent northerly winds are of occasional occurrence. Of these winds the 'mistral' is one of the most notorious, which is a steady, violent, and cold northwest wind blowing from central and eastern France down to the Gulf of Lyons. It is particularly trying while it lasts to invalids who are spending the winter at the various popular sanatoria which are scattered along this part of the Mediterranean coast. The great cold that took place in the north of Italy and south of France in the beginning of 1868 was a good example of the mistral."

In order to set forth more clearly climatic characteristics, Charts I. to VI. have been prepared, so that the reader may see at a glance the relative merits of widely separated sanatoria during the three winter months. The probability that freezing temperature or rain would occur on any day is best shown by percentages, since February is a short month, and any other treatment would weigh unduly for or against it. For instance, if rain falls on an average fourteen days in each of the winter months, the probability of rain falling on any day in February is fifty per centum, but in December and January only forty-five.

Chart I., giving the probability of freezing temperature, illustrates also, in a general way, the march of temperature, the greatest cold falling in January.

In the annual march of temperature the coldest days, along and to the southward of the 30th parallel (northern Florida and southern Texas) occur about the beginning of the year. To the northward the coldest period falls later—about one day and a half to each degree of latitude—so that in New England and New York the coldest days are in the last decade of January. It is significant and worthy of attention that St. Paul, Minn., has nearly as many freezing days in February as during

January, and that at Boston the percentage increases steadily from seventy-four

data used herein pertain to twenty-two Signal Service stations in the United

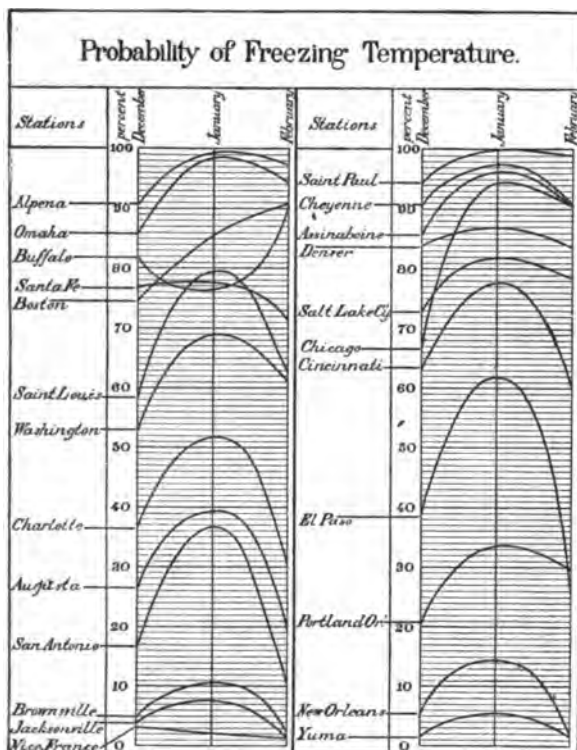


Chart I.

December to ninety-one February. It follows that February is a month to be avoided in New England and other extreme northern portions of the country by those unable to endure freezing temperatures.

The question of moderate temperature is easily determined, since there is but a very small part of the United States which is not subject every winter to freezing temperatures — the southern half of Florida, and, for a hundred miles inland, the California coast region from San Diego northward to San Francisco and Sacramento. Along the northern limits of the districts named, light frosts occur occasionally, and freezing temperatures under rare and unusual conditions, but in the more southerly localities frosts are unknown.

In Chart I. is shown the probability of freezing temperatures occurring on any day during the winter season. The

States, to which, for comparative purposes, these data for Nice, France, are also added. The selected stations are so distributed that from this chart can be closely approximated the chances of freezing temperatures at any point in the United States. Nice is at a great disadvantage compared with a considerable part of the United States in this respect, being surpassed by all central and southern California (except mountain stations of considerable elevation), and the southern half of Florida.

It should be added that the small percentage of freezing days at Nice may be looked on with suspicion, since the *Nice Medical Journal*, from which the data are drawn, says there was no freezing weather in December, 1887, and that the minimum temperature, on December 15th and 16th, was 3.6° Centigrade, or 38.5° Fahrenheit. "On that night, however," continues the *Journal*, "it

froze in the country and in the river bed of the Paillon; there was also seen a little ice in the city on the morning of the 16th around the edge of the basin of the Place Garibaldi and in other exposed localities."

Next in importance to the temperature is the humidity of the air, a subject to which the public generally does not pay due attention, partly through inadvertence and partly through lack of accessible data.

The condition of the atmosphere as to moisture is expressed in two ways, the first of which, often called the *absolute* humidity, gives the grains of water present in each cubic foot of air. The second method shows the percentage, or ratio of the vapor present to the total amount the air can hold at the actual temperature, and is termed the *relative* humidity. While at all times sensations of dryness or moisture (and in summer

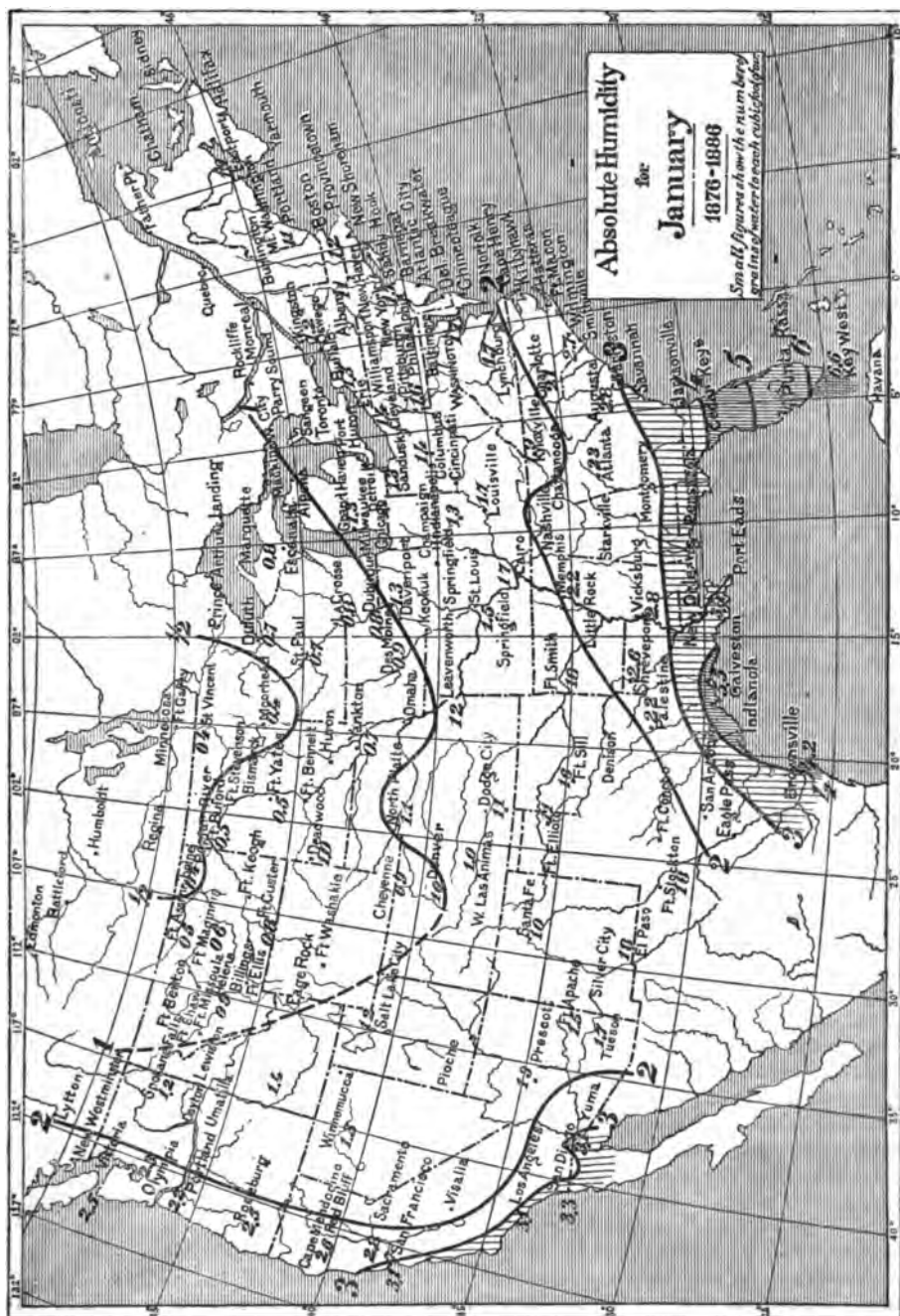


Chart II.

rapid evaporation, which lowers temperature and promotes comfort) depend largely on the relative humidity, yet during the winter season the absolute humidity becomes a most important and

potent factor in determining the fitness of any particular climate as a sanatorium.

The low absolute humidity at Nice, and other adjacent health-resorts of the Riviera, accounts in part for the ability



of prudent, cautious invalids to endure the comparatively low winter temperature. The small amount of aqueous vapor permits the solar rays to transmit their heat, without much absorption by the air, to the body of the invalid. But let him once quit the sunshine and he realizes the force of the Italian proverb: "Only dogs and strangers seek the shade." Since differences of 30° to 40° obtain at Nice between sun and shade, the need of prudence and experience to preserve or recover health is but too evident.

It is significant of the state of public knowledge in respect to humidity that local writers use, and all interested quote, that phase of humidity which best suits their line of argument.

In Chart II. will be found the conditions of absolute humidity for the United States, as determined for January from ten years' observations. Attention is invited to this map, which shows the grains of water in each cubic foot of air. Although less than one grain per foot is present in the air during January over the greater part of the upper Lake region, yet it is not unusual to see the statement made that the air is very moist since the *relative* humidity is high. Similarly in Florida and Georgia where from 2.5 to 5 grains or more of water is present in each cubic foot of air, the atmosphere is often said to be dry or moderately dry, even drier than in the northern section of the country.

Apart from the effect of *absolute* humidity directly on the comfort of man, by abstracting heat from the body, may be mentioned the necessary consequence on the respiratory organs, in cases of a very low or a very high degree of *absolute* humidity. In certain portions of the country, assuming three hundred cubic feet of air to be inhaled daily, a man takes into his lungs in January one hundred and twenty-five grains of water each day, while in other localities he inhales over eighteen hundred grains. Since the amount of moisture exhaled by a man in health is fairly constant throughout the year, it follows that in one case nearly seventeen hundred grains more of water must be extracted from the blood through the lung-tissues than in the other case. The writer has

no knowledge of the physical changes wrought in an invalid transferred from a locality having a very high *absolute* humidity to a very low one, but he deems it desirable to draw attention to this point as illustrating the very great importance of *absolute* humidity as a climatological factor of health conditions.\*

The map of *absolute* humidity for January shows, with other data herewith, that for *dry cold* air one must seek Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, northern Michigan, and northern Iowa. *Dry warm* air is found in southwestern Texas and the southern portions of Arizona and New Mexico, during the winter.

The great German meteorologist, Dr. Hahn, has very accurately and graphically set forth the fact that there is no element of the climate which so certainly marks its softness or severity as the variation of the average temperature from day to day. In determining this *variability* of the temperature, the mean is obtained from the changes which take place, whether they are plus or minus, since a sudden fall in temperature and a sudden rise are almost equally trying and injurious.

Chart III., on the opposite page, shows the average changes in temperature, from day to day, for the entire year, as deduced from many years' observations of the United States Signal Service. It may be fairly assumed that changes in the mean daily temperature exceeding five degrees, from day to day, mark a winter climate which is more or less trying to all, and absolutely injurious to invalids or persons of delicate constitution.

It needs but a casual inspection of the map to show that such mildness of climate obtains in the United States only in the Florida peninsula and in the country to the west of the Rocky Mountains. While the variability in the Peninsula of Florida is slight, yet for weather which is practically unchangeable one must go to the westward of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges.

Along the immediate Pacific coast, from San Diego northward to Vancouv-

\* Those who are further interested in the possible effect of low absolute humidity and low temperatures may find a discussion of the subject in "The Causation of Pneumonia," by Dr. H. B. Baker, Michigan State Board of Health, Lansing, 1888.



Chart III.

er's Island, the days are substantially of the same temperature, not only throughout January, but the entire winter months, the variation from day to day

scarcely exceeding two degrees Fahrenheit, while in the interior valleys of California it barely reaches three degrees.

During February the variability of

the temperature changes is so modified that they average five degrees or less along the immediate Gulf coast, while in March the conditions are further ameliorated, and sudden changes are few and far between as far northward as Charleston, Augusta, Montgomery, or Little Rock; while similarly favorable conditions obtain in the Northern States along the Jersey and southern New England coasts and Long Island. In the north-

and northern or upper Georgia, in order named, most frequently show excessive changes in temperature from day to day. New Mexico is somewhat more equable. California and southern Arizona, however, have remarkably equable temperatures, the least degree of variability being found along the immediate coast from San Francisco to San Diego, with slightly but not materially larger changes from Sacramento southward to Yuma, Ariz.

Of data charted, San Diego and San Francisco show conditions most nearly approaching that of Nice, which latter place, while excelling the California coast stations in this respect, is inferior as regards low temperatures, high winds and especially the presence of snow and ice—unknown conditions along the coast of southern California.

One of the greatest benefits to be derived from health-resorts in winter is the opportunity and inducement for exercise in the open air, and since invalids shrink from chilling temperatures, there is a necessity not only of warm days, but also absence of high winds and low relative humidity, conditions which, especially the winds, tend to rapidly abstract heat from the body.

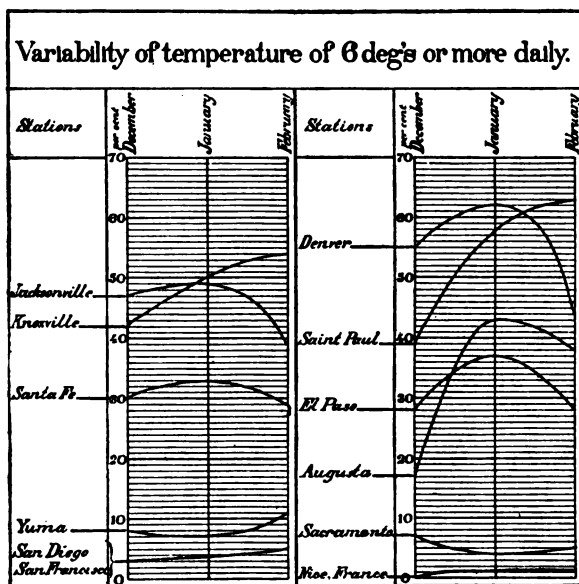


Chart IV.

ern parts of New York and New England, the climate does not, however, soften to this extent until the middle of May.

Chart IV. illustrates further the variability of temperature at Nice, France, and eleven stations in the United States, which cover those sections having strong climatic claims as winter sanatoria. This chart shows, in percentages, the chances of any day in December, January, or February being followed by a day whose mean temperature will be more than six degrees warmer or colder. The limit of six degrees has been assumed as the largest change in mean temperature compatible with comfort, as any greater rise or fall of temperature, even in the United States, is considered a decided change. Colorado, Minnesota, northern Florida,

Besides, clear bright days without too frequent rain are needful to enliven and cheer the invalid, and remove him from the depressing impressions which always result from confinement through stress of dull or stormy weather.

Chart V. gives for fourteen stations, covering the country most frequented in winter, the velocity of the wind at 3 p.m., about the hour at which the wind is at its highest. Winds below ten miles an hour may be considered satisfactory. El Paso, Charlotte, and St. Paul show the least wind. Santa Fé, San Francisco, and San Antonio are most liable to high winds. All these stations are far superior to Nice, where the probabilities of strong winds on any day increase throughout the winter, being 16 per centum of the entire number of days

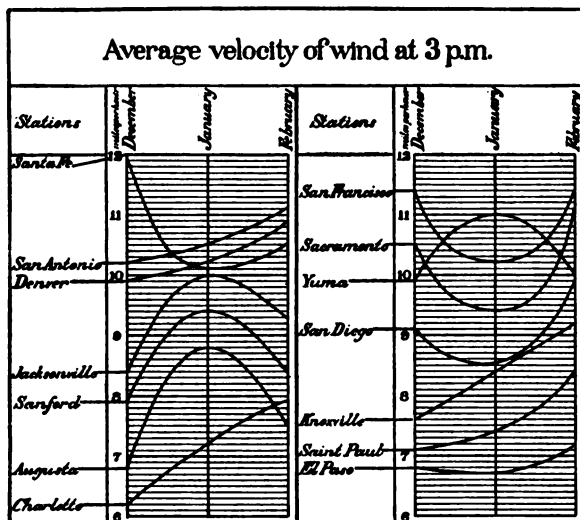


Chart V.

in December, 18 in January, and 25 in February. As many as 16 cases of strong winds, or 57 per centum of days in February, have been known to occur at Nice. In connection with the velocity of the wind, the tendency is general for winds to increase in strength from December to March, which latter month in the United States is marked, if not with the lowest and most sudden changes of temperature, yet with the highest winds. At Augusta and Jacksonville the wind is higher in March than in February, although at Yuma the reverse holds good. This emphasizes the fact that higher winds are usually to be looked for in the opening month of spring.

As regards the number of rainy days, including those on which snow falls, it will probably surprise Americans to know that rain or snow during the winter months is more frequent at Nice than from western Texas to Arizona; and even as shown by the curve of rain for San Diego, the percentages are in favor of southern California during January

and February. California is supposed by many to have continuous rain during the winter, but Chart VI. shows that Sacramento is favored with substantially as many rainless days in winter as northern Florida, while San Francisco has the same as Augusta, and less than Charlotte, N. C. Thirty per centum is about as high a percentage of rainy days as can be commended to invalids.

As one of the ablest and most distinguished physicians of the country has said, little or nothing can be done to modify the course and prevent the development of epidemic diseases dependent on atmospheric changes, but

certainly much can be done in determining the meteorological conditions which promote or facilitate the disease, so that with an accurate knowledge of the varied climatic conditions to be found in our vast territory the skilful physician can ameliorate the conditions, check the

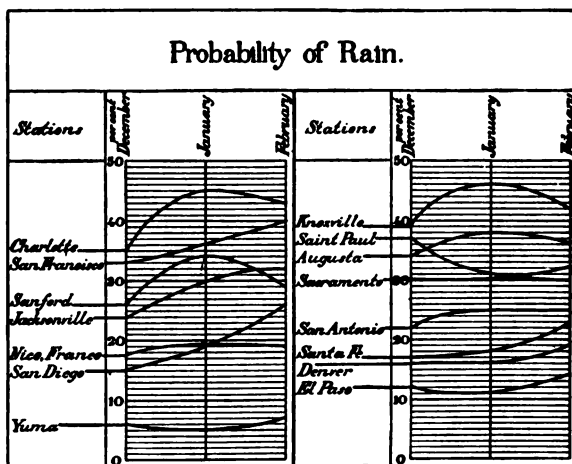


Chart VI.

disease itself, or, better still, forestall it by sending in time for prevention those most liable to attacks into a favorable and proper climate.



## THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS.

*By John R. Spears.*



THE big sky-sail clipper ship Governor George T. Oglesby, of Bath, lay beside the pier at the foot of Wall Street, almost loaded with a miscellaneous cargo for Portland, Oregon. A line of trucks with goods for the big ship reached from the ship's gangway across South Street and nearly half way up to Front Street. The engineer in the little coop that covered the hoisting engine on the pier was red in the face from his extra exertions with throttle and coal shovel, for the stevedore up on the ship's rail was making things jump, in the hopes of completing the cargo before six o'clock that night. The long-shoremen on the pier, about the deck, and in the hold of the ship worked with unwonted zeal, while the ship's mate, having set a young man from the agent's office to checking off the goods that were hoisted from the pier to the tune of the stevedore's whistle, was trying to see how near he could come to standing in two parts of the ship at once without splitting himself, and at the same time keep his two eyes aloft on the riggers at work on all three masts. The riggers were stretching the sails, fresh from an overhauling in the sail-loft, along the yards and making them fast there, and the mate was taking his oath that he "never see such a gang of lubbers as them riggers," and offering to bet his soul against a worn out chew of tobacco that the first capful of wind that struck the ship would strip the canvas off her, fore and aft. The ship's master, Captain Walter W. Allen, of Newburyport, was not in sight, having gone to the office of the agents to settle some accounts and sign the papers, but what with the moving of the trucks, under the shouts of noisy truckmen, and the hoisting of the cargo, with the noise

of whistle and steam engine, and the hoisting and stretching of sails to the orders of mate and riggers, there was no end of animation about the Governor George T. Oglesby; a landsman would have said there was a babel of confusion, but to the eye of the sailorman everything was working with a smoothness and regularity seldom to be found under like circumstances except on the deck of a Yankee clipper.

Just after three o'clock—six bells, the stevedore called the hour—when the stir and noise, as he would have said, had reached flood tide, there was a splash in the water alongside the big clipper. Half a dozen loungers on the next pier on the south side became suddenly animated with the appearance of life, and hurried to the string-piece, over which they leaned and pointed excitedly toward something that was struggling and splashing about in the water.

"It's a woman," said one, excitedly, "I see her har."

"What's yer givin' us? It's the dog off'n the Guv'nor Ojelsby," said another.

"Yer a stuff; it's a man. Why in hell don't some of yous run for a cop?" said a third.

Nobody ran, but every one knew just what was the matter and what some one else ought to do. There was a man drowning in the water close alongside the big black hull; that was plain enough. One big, dirty hand was clawing at the smooth copper in a vain effort to reach up so that the ends of the fingers could catch in the seam between two of the wooden planks. Although unable to reach the seam, the efforts, somehow, kept the man from going under for good, but he was fast getting weaker when the mate of the big ship heard enough of the disturbance on the adjoining pier to cause him to give one impatient glance in that direction. That glance was enough. To his eye it was

plain that some one was overboard; nothing else ever excites the dock loungers enough to make them gather excitedly together at the string-piece of the pier. Grasping a coil of rope that hung on a belaying pin under the main rigging, he gave it a throw that sent it flying, lariat fashion, out over the water. As the end whizzed down he climbed over the rail and in a moment more was up to his waist in the water, clinging to the rope with one hand and holding the drowning man's head by the hair above water. Finding the man docile, the mate supported him by twining his legs under his arms and then made the loose end of the rope fast to him and bawled to the men on deck to "hist away, keerful like," which was done.

The mate himself scrambled up hand over fist and lent a hand, as he said, in getting the man on deck, where he was soon stretched out in the sun. The ship's boy was sent to ask a policeman to call an ambulance, while the mate tore the man's shirt open, wiped his face, neck, and chest dry with a towel and then, finding that he breathed regularly, poured a liberal dose of whiskey, which the ship's steward had brought from the cabin with the towel, down the man's throat, "jest to take the wire edge off the salt water he's been a swallerin'," as he said.

Under this treatment the man revived quite a little, but he "was loony yet," as the mate said afterward.

"Did they both sink?" asked the man.

"Was there more on ye?" said the mate.

"Aye. Did the collision sink ither vessel?"

"What ye givin' us?" The man looked around as if bewildered and then said:

"I say, matey, what ship is this?"

"The Governor George T. Oglesby, of Bath," said the mate.

"I seed she was a Yankee," said the man, glancing with admiring eyes aloft. Then he noticed the riggers and the tackle by which the cargo was hoisted in. He looked perplexed at this.

"Did ye have to jettison the cargo? Carried away every rag, eh, matey? Bendin' on new sails, eh?"

The mate looked puzzled. "What ever is he talking about?" he said.

"What did ye make yer longitude, to-day?" continued the man. The mate turned to the stevedore and said:

"He thinks he's at sea. Crazy as a loon."

Just then the pilot of a Wall Street ferry-boat, starting to leave the adjoining slip, blew a long blast on the steam whistle. The man raised himself on one elbow, looked off over the bow of the ship where the end of the jib-boom seemed about to poke itself into the second story window of a red brick building, looked at the long row of old-fashioned buildings to the south, and then at the endless number of spars that towered at the adjoining piers.

"God," he said, "this is New York. How in — did I get here?"

Then he fainted away. The mate, thinking he had died, had him carried aft and laid out beside the wheel-house and covering him with a tarpaulin left him there to await the arrival of the ambulance.

An hour and a quarter later the ambulance with much clanging of the gong worked its way through the trucks on the pier and stopped at the gangway ladder. The ship's boy had found a policeman around in Water Street talking to a young woman who was selling early editions of evening papers to downtown merchants. The policeman, after hearing what the boy had to say, had walked down to the pier, where he hailed the stevedore.

"Is it all roight about th' ambylince?" he said.

"Yis," said the stevedore. Then the policeman walked hastily to the Old Slip station, where the sergeant, after hearing the facts repeated twice, telegraphed for the Chambers Street ambulance.

Walking up the inclined ladder to the ship's rail the surgeon met the mate, who said that the patient was dead. The surgeon was about to return to the hospital, at this, and notify the keeper of the morgue, but concluded to examine the patient to see whether he really was dead, and on laying his hand over the man's heart found it still beating.

Among the flotsam and jetsam of the



street that had swirled in behind the ambulance as it headed out on the pier were The Kelly, the keeper of a sailor's boarding-house in Peck Slip, and a Sifter of Rumors. Kelly looked at the face of the half-drowned sailor in a queer way for a moment and then said hastily to the surgeon.

"It's Jack Servenmalet, surgeon. He's a frind o' moine, and ef yous can pull 'im through Oi'll take 'im."

The surgeon thought he could pull him through, and the man was accordingly bundled into the ambulance and carried to Kelly's house. As the vehicle left the pier Kelly turned to the Sifter of Rumors and said:

"It's Jack Servenmalet as was wint last out of this port as carpenter into the Nucleus, Captain McDonald, for Rio, and she given up for lost and the insurance paid on ship and cargo more nor a year ago. How'd he git here? Will yez tell me that, now?"

That was a question no one about the ship could answer. The mate of the big ship, the men about her deck, the loungers on the adjoining pier were all questioned, but not one of them had seen him before Spook Maguire, one of the loungers, so called because of his affection for the mysterious, saw him struggling to get his fingers into the seams between the planks near the waterline of the big clipper.

The Sifter of Rumors followed the ambulance to Kelly's place along with the usual ruffraff that forms the wake of these vehicles as they plough their way about the streets of New York. Kelly's place was a four-story brick building, painted yellow, with a cheerful saloon in the basement and a barren sitting-room on the first floor front. Above this the floors were cut up into little rooms with two beds in each of them, except those at the front ends of the halls, which had but one bed each. These were for the use of the mates and captains who sometimes patronized Kelly.

Into one of these hall-rooms Jack was carried and there cared for by the surgeon. The Kelly and the Sifter of Rumors helped to remove the man's clothing and rubbed him with dry cloths and did such other things as are commonly done for the partly drowned. After a

while Jack opened his eyes, and the surgeon gave him a stimulant of some kind that still further revived him. After looking at each of the three men present severely, he recognized Kelly.

"It's all straight and reg'lar," he asked, "about this bein' New York?"

"Yis, hyar y' are, Jack," said Kelly. "What Oi'm wantin' to ax yez is, how'd yez git hyar, and whar yez might av left the Nucleus?"

"Aye, the Nucleus," said Jack in a low voice, with his eyes on the ceiling as if he were looking through it to something a good ways beyond. "She's in port, The.; I don't understand it, but I'd a been there now ef I had kept my eye on the Atlantic steamship when we bumped up alongside of her. I was picking a rope yarn as was dangling about on the spanker boom, ontidy as a cobweb in a parlor, when her guard-rail struck us on the stabbord quarter, and the shock threw me into the water. While I was floundering about some one grabbed me by the hair, and the next I knew I was on the deck of that 'ere big clipper at the foot of Wall Street."

"He's wandering yet," said the surgeon to Kelly. "The Atlantic, you know, was the big steam packet that sailed for Liverpool some time in the fifties and was never heard of again. There were several hundred passengers on her."

"Aye," said Jack. "The deck was covered with 'em, but I was under water and out agin that suddin I don't know whether she lowered a boat or not."

"Tell us all about it," said the surgeon, whose curiosity happened just then to be stronger than his professional zeal.

"Give it to us straight, Jack," added Kelly. "Take yer deparcher from the Hook, see? Did Spencer thump all hands before yez dropped the Neversink as Oi promised yez?"

"Aye," said Jack, rallying, at the thought, "Spencer was as handy with his daddles as any mate I was ever ship-mates with, and he didn't limit himself in nowise in the matter o' implements for the crackin' of a sailorman on the nut. Bein' somewhat quicker on my pins than the most of 'em, ef I do say it, I didn't get my sheer of the

hard knocks, but don't none of you go to thinkin' he was that partial as to neglect me altogether. It was a heap more knocks nor doughboys for all hands.

"How's ever, that's nither here nor there. We had fair slants of wind till we be to strike the no'theast trades, somewhere in about 21 degrees of latitude, and mayhap 32 of longitude, and then the weather began to thicken and the glass went down ter'ble. The wind, as had been singin' sweet for a week or more in the riggin', begin for to tune up. That was during the afternoon watch, and we on deck, somewhere about June 21. The watch be to get in the kites suddin', see, and then all hands was turned to to snug her down.

"'Twant nò reg'lar storm, d'ye mind that. The weather just thickened till the sun got the color of a ghost, then went out like a fog had covered it, and the wind increasin' sure and steady like, and the waves rollin' up faster nor I'm tellin' of it. Not that we had much time for noticin' these things; that 'ere Spencer were right after us. First he scattered us about stowin' the flyin' jib and the fore and mizzen to'-gallant-s'ls. Then he bunched us into two lots and driv one on 'em to the main to'-gallant and t'other to brail the spanker.

"By the time that was done the wind was boomin', and the rain comin' down in solid chunks fit to knock a man off the yard, and things was gettin' lively.

"'Lower away yer fore and mizzen topsail halyards. Lay aft to the main clewgarnets and buntlines. Ease away yer tack and sheet—Made a mistake there, eh? Too much of a hurry, eh?' Up goes the old Nucleus's stern, on a comber as gripes her under the weather quarter and tosses her up where the seffer as was bowlin' along gives 'er one for keeps, and the next minute that 'ere mainsail were slatted clean outen her bolt ropes. Swear? You bet. Knock the men endwise as let go of the tack and sheet? One on 'em, The.; only one on 'em, fer Spencer hisself was at the tack.

"'Now aft agin and get both the mizzen topsails, for no man could steer and she a gripin' so. 'Up you go and furl that

upper topsail. Now, down on deck and clew up the lower.' Jump or Spencer'll lay yer head open. 'Clewlines and buntlines, slack away to leeward. Now you've got 'er. Ease off to windward.' Boom! The old ship rose on another big comber, and away went the upper main topsail.

"'Now git aloft and furl the mizzen before it blows away, too. No use, yer too late.' In spite of yer clewlines and yer buntlines, she begins to slat out and you'd better look for'ard a bit. For'ard we runs, chased by the mate like a flock o' sheep with a dog arter 'em, and lucky we did, for just then one of them combers as had been chasin' us catches up and walks over the quarter, sweepin' things clean. Good luck the man at the wheel had lashed hisself fast, and the captain were under the weather rail, else both 'ud gone overboard sure.

"How long will she stand that? Not long, me b'y. The gale's risin', and the seas gettin' up stiddy. Better lay 'er to. Aye. We'll lay 'er to. 'Man the jib down haul. That's well; now the forestaysail.' Lay out there and furl 'em? No. Too late for that. The man as goes out there washes off. 'Git the fore-lower topsail then, and be quick about it.' Aye. We do that. Now for the foresail, and then we'll put the helm down and see her come up. That's what we think. We man the strings again. We're savin' the ship, now. Ease off the tack first. Zip! zip! Boom! We didn't save no foresail, that's for sartin.

"Ha! she was boiling along in a smother of foam without any canvas a pulling, but the main-lower topsail, but t'want no fun, ef we were a headin' of our course. 'Git a tarpaulin in the weather mizzen riggin' and cut away that flappin' headgear.' No. The gale saves us part of that work, and makes more, for a big sea shoves the ship's nose under like a routin' hog's, and when she wallers up out of it she leaves 'er jib-boom behind in the water and the foreto'-gallant mast goes over to stabbord. Now we go at it with axes to clear the stuff away, and then we're ready to bring her up to the wind.

"It's an even chance that she won't make it, but if we hold on as we are we are lost for sartin'.

"'Lay aft all. Haul in the lee braces and ease away to windward. That's well; belay. Now git yer tarpaulin into the mizzen-riggin'. Stand by, you at the wheel, and when you git the word jump on 'er, d'ye hear? Wait a minute till this big 'un clears us——"

"'Now hard down! hard down! Jam 'er.'"

"'Aye, she's hard down, sir.'"

"Great Lord, and still she hangs, and there's a tidal wave makin' to windward! 'Show the peak of that spanker. Haul her out! Haul, you——"

"Too late! Too late! The wave's atop of us, even as we git the word, and we be to scamper like rats to git under the rail or wherever we could get a line to take a turn around ourselves with and cling for life to it, and so the wave sweeps slow across the deck, and the screamin' o' that 'ere storm and the sight of it is lost in the roaring waters that presses us down and a' most crush the life out of us."

As he told the story of the gale the sailor became more and more flushed and excited until he came to tell how they vainly tried to get her head to the wind. Here he rose up in bed and bel- lowed the orders at the top of his voice, and struck out with his fists as if driving obdurate seamen before him. Then he fell back, saying, "too late," and half gasped for breath as he told of the crushing weight of water that bore down on the ill-starred ship.

This done, he stopped talking for a time, while the look of anxiety that had been on his face slowly gave way to one of peace. Closing his eyes for a time he opened them with a smile on his face and went on with his story.

"How long we was under that 'ere wave is more nor I knows, but it seemed like a trick at the wheel in the mid-watch. We just hung on to our lashin's and held our breath till I was ready to give up that the ship had gone down. Then all onexpected the wave passed away, and the Nucleus was atop agin, but I was that beat out I dropped down on the deck.

"While I was a layin' there onable to help myself and waiting for Spencer to come along and burst in my ribs with the toe of his boot, and order all hands

to jump to that 'ere outhaul again, I feels one o' them catspaws on my face what a sweetheart o' mine used to call gentle seffers. I opened my eyes suddint at that ere, and what d'ye think? The storm—wind, clouds, and the whole smother of it—had passed away with that 'ere tidal wave, and there we was a rollin' in as pretty a seaway as ever the trades kicked up. I never hear of a storm, as lasted like ourn had, goin' away that suddint, but there was no denyin' what I see with my own eyes arter I'd rubbed 'em wery hard to make sure on 'em. So I makes shift to git on my pins again, and has a severe look around to see whar them clouds had gone, and didn't see nothin' of 'em nowhere."

"Wonderful change of the weather, that," remarked the surgeon.

"True for it, sir; but strange things be to happen in them latitudes, and I don't pretend to understand 'em at all, nither, sir. Hows'ever, there was the ship with her top hamper in a ter'ble mess—we be to understand that; there was the men, crawlin' from their lashin's and what not, as they'd been hangin' on to, and nary a one be to lose the number of his mess; there was the officers and the man at the wheel—all on us more nor less used up, in course, but all on us oncommon well pleased to find the Nucleus on top agin, and the storm gone.

"As I was a sayin', though, sailormen on ships as has had their sticks knocked outen them don't have no time to go a pherloserphizin' about things they don't know nothin' about, and you'd a lay yer last dollar on that 'ere ef you'd seen the mate start for'd the moment he'd got a bit over the daze what the weight o' the water 'ud give him.

"'Here, git up, y' lazy dev——' says he; and then he clapped a stopper on to that 'ere, and didn't finish his remark, while a quare sort of a look come over his face. So he swallers wery hard like suthin' was into his throat, and heads away on a different tack, some'at.

"'Now, then, me bullies,' he says, 'clap on to them fore and main staysail halliards and snake 'em up. Hard down with yer wheel thar, Jimmie, and we'll have her nose to sothard agin, eh?'"

"Hold fast, Jack," said Kelly. "Give us the straight on it, see? D'ye mane to soy them was Spencer's wurruds?"

"Aye, in course."

"Poor Jack," said The., mournfully, "and him sich a fine mon in his day. Would a sup of ould rye help 'im a bit, now, doother, do yez think?"

The doctor, impatient at the interruption, gestured dissent, and Jack, with a grin at The.'s mournfulness, continued:

"Done him good to git the life squeezed outen his gall, hey? That's what I thought then, anyhow. But that 'ere's nither here nor thar, for we be to clap on to them halliards, and so, the helm bein' down and the head of her to sou'west, and the wind easted, we 're soon comin' to.

"How's her head?" says Spencer, when the sinkin' sun comes abeam.

"The binnacle's bust," the man says, arter he has a look at the compass; and when the captain and the mates has a look at the binnacle and then at the telltales into the cabin they finds there's nary a compass on board but's bust, while even the two chronomymters was stopped out o' hand when the wave struck us. I don't remember to a ever hearin' of a ship gittin' quite that short-handed in the matter o' navigatin' implements. Hows'ever, matters might a been worse, as the captain said, for any one can steer to sothard when he can see the sun and stars; and so arter a lookout were sent to straddle the r'yal yard if so be any other ship might be sighted as we could get a compass of, as well as the time at Greenwich, we fell to makin' sail and repairin' damages.

"I don't need to go spinnin' to you about that ere, only I make bold to say that when me an' the second mate got the new jib-boom ready for to be shipped at the end o' the mid-watch arter eight hours' work, there didn't never nobody see a dandier one nor it."

"But what about your meals all this time?" asked the Sifter of Rumors.

"Ay, the grub. We didn't even have a biscuit. Forgot it clean, from feeling that oncommon good over our narrer escape, I reckon, and bein' all took up with gettin' of her to rights. Jim McCaig, the doctor, in course he goes ahead

and gits supper ready, but when he were ready to sarve it the old man says:

"'Avast! whatever is the use o' both-erin' and interferin' with men as is en-j'vin' of themselves?' and Jim, he says, 'True for it, sir, whatever is it?' and so there didn't no supper git sarved. But when Captain McDonald see that 'ere jib-boom me an' the second mate had blocked out, he wanted ter do suthin,' I reckon, as 'ud show us he sot a vally on our work.

"'Gentlemen,' he says, 'that's the fashion'blest stick I ever see. Why, any heathen cannible in the middle o' Africa as never see a ship 'ud know what it were; but afore we ship it I'm a thinkin' we'll pipe to breakfast,' and we did. We hadn't had it a weighin' on our minds afore, but when we gits our messkids full we was sharp set and no better stores was ever sarved aboard ship."

"Must 'av served cabin grub to yous *gintlemen*," said Kelly with marked emphasis. He had snorted at Jack's use of the word "*gintlemen*."

"I don't dispute y', The.," said Jack in a helpless sort of a way. "Things never was the same arter that 'ere wave swept over us. I hain't got no learnin', The., and can't give no whys nor whyforsa."

"How far did you find you'd sailed and drifted during the storm?" asked the Sifter of Rumors.

"Ay, the latitude and longitude. 'Twar a lettie cur'us, now I think on it, though nobody didn't hold no convention in the lee of the galley for to consider it then. When the old man found his chronomymters was bust he says, and he says it quite solemn: 'We be to sail by dead reckonin'.'

"We hove the log as soon as ever we got all plain sail onto her and she were a reelin' off eight knots, and from that 'ere time we never teched glass nor reel.

"Arter breakfast, see, which it were arly and afore seven bells, the old man said for to call the watch and the rest turn in, which we weren't expectin' nor axin' for, seein' we was feelin' all right and all that 'ere work to do, and so I makes bold to say as we was ready to turn to. But the captain he says stow that 'ere, for 'taint square for no man to do no more nor hesigned articles for, and so we turns in. As for me, I no sooner

lost my reckonin' in my bunk nor I went off dreamin' I was carpenter an' cooper aboard a whalin' vessel. Hows'ever that's nither here nor thar, only I be to dream the stuff every watch below.

"As I was a sayin', so soon as ever we gits the new spars on end and the yards crossed and the canvas bent, we turns to and begins to paint her. Spencer he explains that this 'ere breeze from eastard and sothard was a liftin' of her across the doldrums, and we be to make port in three or four weeks. So we gits up the paint pots, and the second mate he serves out white lead and ile—say, ye never see the likes of it; none of yer yellorish fever-colored common stuff, mind, but a genuin' white like the smother under the bows of her, see, and we begins at the truck and we paints down, includin' doublin's of the masts and the yards and the lower masts fit fer a gentleman's yachtet. Then, in course, we takes the hull in hand and done that likewise, and what with a runnin' a belt o' carmine around 'er in the wake o' the plankshear, and a touchin' up the gold scrolls under her bowsprit, and a polishin' of the bright work, she were gallus.

"Hows'ever, that wasn't all we done. When Captain McDonald he comes for'd fer to have a severe look around and says as how we'd done him proud, we gives him a surprise party as was a stunner to him, and now I comes to think on it, it were quare. It was as I be to tell, but how it were and the whys and the where-fors, as The. may be puttin' in his oar for to ask, I can't say."

He stopped talking for a moment, at this, as if considering "the whys and the whyfors" but continued shortly.

"We be for to notice afore we'd been puttin' her to rights many days that when we done anything it were done to stay. There didn't no bright work turn yellor and green, nor no iron work as was rubbed up ter sparkle get no rust on to it no more; and no scrubbin' of the decks arter we done it once, nor no chafin' gear wearin' out. So in our trick below we turns to unbeknownst to the captain and polishes up the anchors till you'd a tuk yer dyin' oath they was silver plate from shackle pin to crown, and didn't the old man's eyes bung out some'at, when he see us snatch the tar-

paulins off as we'd covered 'em up with?

"With that we says, 'Captain, is it the standin' riggin' next?' and he says, 'It be and I'm with ye,' and what does we do but turn to and polish them 'ere shrouds and stays, every wire and every inch on 'em, and the chain-plates, until I reckon ef any one 'ud been a steerin' our way, so as he be to get the glint o' the sun on to us, he'd a made sure our top-hamper was a blazin' burnin' offen us. Last of all, one at a time we takes the sails down on deck and scrubs 'em like snow, and when we gits 'em done there we was, sailin' like—sailin'—"

The sailor stopped talking again and lay perfectly still, staring at the blank wall, trying, perhaps, to think of words to fitly describe the ship as she then appeared to him, but after a moment he shook his head and continued:

"How long was we doin' of it? Give it up. All I knows is I didn't care. It were proper work for a sailorman and couldn't last too long. That 'ere evening arter we got it done, and all hands be to eat supper in the cabin in honor on it, we dresses up in our shore togs, and at four bells the starboard watch be to eat first. We was all on the quarter deck and bein' carpenter I was a leadin' the way down into the cuddy and the captain standin' at the foot of the ladder ready to give us a hearty welcome when the look-out as was a straddle the fer-r'yal yard sings out:

"'Sa-a-i-l ho-o-o! One pint for'ard the stab-bord be-e-am!'

"With that we all rushes down to the stabbord rail. Sure enough, there be the r'yals and the to'gallants'ls of a full rig ship jest a pokin' across the sun as was a droppin' rapid out o' sight, and there we stands leanin' out over that rail and strainin' our eyes till she crosses the sun and gets fogged in by them colored hazes and mistees beyand.

"So we be to have somethin' new ter talk about at supper, and we gits that 'ere strung up over it, not a one of us be to sleep a wink that blessed night, only tramp the deck and work our jaw tackles. In course we'd kept a way a bit, if so be we might head her off.

"With the fust streak in the east away we all goes to the r'yal yards and

hangs there, a peerin' into the dark and waitin'. Our trick on lookout weren't fer long, hows'ever, for we soon sees a shadder of her as the gray of the mornin' was a spreadin', and then, suddin like, up comes the sun. Whew! I e'na'most fell offen the yard. She were scrubbed and painted and polished alow and aloft like the Nucleus.

"While we were a starin' there and a never sayin' nothin', only breathin' hard, we sees a line a hardenin' above the horizon beyand her, which all on us recognized to oncet, and we hails the deck together.

"'Land ho-o-o!'

"Meantime the breeze had been freshenin' with the risin' sun, and it drives us swishing and splashing along and the coast rises rapid. While we was waitin' for to git a some'at better squint at it we notices the shore fishes to be oncommon plenty—more nor any of us ever see, and such flocks of birds as I never hearn on afore. In course we don't be to pay much attention to them 'ere, only the captain, as noticed 'em likewise, says he see plenty of birds among 'em as he supposed had been done for long ago, and in consequence we be to cometo a island or coast o' some sort what nobody didn't know much about.

"So the captain and Mr. Spencer be to keep screwin' the binoculars into their eyes and goin' down and lookin' at charts by turns, and the more they looked the puzzleder they gets, especial when they sees a bay or harbor openin' out afore them with two headlands of cur'us form a guardin' of it. The both on 'em had sailed the length of the whole coast of Amerca many's the time, and the Nucleus were oncommon well found in charts, but neither on 'em ever see or hearn of a coast and harbor like this, and so the captain he says we're comin' to a port as ain't down in no chart, and if so be it are a undiscovered country, all we can do is to keep a sharp lookout.

"It were soon settled about it bein' a country as hadn't been discovered, for wery soon arter the captain were sayin' of it we begins to sight sails atween them headlands, and by and by, as that 'ere bay opens out afore us, we sees that a mighty fleet had gathered there. How can I tell it to you what I see and make

you believe it, about the great open hulks as had only one mast and was rowed with oars and yet could carry the Nucleus's cargo; the ships with jib-booms and no jibs but squares'ls instid; ships with lateen fores'ls and others with lateen mizzens, and no end of other rigs such as no man ever see nor no sailorman 'ud have nothin' to do with, not to mention the craft rigged as we've seen ships rigged aforetime, and them as was shipshape, and some as I remember of seein' afore. Wherever did they all come from? whatever were they there for? How did we happen to be sailin' into that ere harbor? Why did hundreds—aye, hundreds on them cur'us hulks, with cur'user flags and streamers, and with their sails embroidered all over with pictur's, and the crews playing on no end o' musical instruments, come out alongside the ship as was ahead of us and give her a welcome heartylike, as we could hear a mile away, and then bear up to meet us?"

"We tumbled down from aloft, and standin' on the rail about the quarter-deck, right glad as we'd got the ship to rights in time, stood by to greet 'em as was becomin' in a Yankee ship. I see them as they comes veerin' around, I sees the smiles on their faces, hears ther shouts and their music, notices in partic'lar that 'ere big side wheeler the Atlantic, as was headin' for our lee quarter like she would give us a line or suthin'; and then Captain McDonald, as was a lookin' aft, happens to see a rope-yarn a danglin' from the end o' the spanker boom as untidy as a cobweb in a lady's parlor. Pintin' at it quick he whispers to me:

"'Mister Servenmalet, kindly remove it.'

"I jumped fer to do it, feelin' wery much ashamed on account of its bein' there, and just as I gets my fingers on to it that 'ere Atlantic with her big paddlewheels reversed sweeps up alongside and the swell bumps her agin our stabbord counter, and off I tumbles, with the shock. I flounders about for a time and then some one grabs me by the hair and pulls me out. I opens my eyes—alas! I finds myself—here."

The Sifter of Rumors had a copy of the *Commercial Bulletin* in his pocket.



He drew it out and began to glance down the column headed "Marine News." An item caught his eye, and he read it aloud. Here it is:

"New LONDON, October 11.

"Whaling schooner *Henrietta Hazeltine*, Norton, from South Atlantic, arrived with full cargo. June 22, 1886, latitude 21° 17' north, longitude 32° 3' west, during prolonged squall, in which had main trysail carried away, saw ship sink about half mile to leeward, being swamped by a tidal wave, which the *Hazeltine* rode in safety. On drifting down to where ship disappeared, found one man clinging to a spare spar, and having bad cut in head. He afterward signed articles as Jack Servenmalet, cooper and carpenter. Never fully recovered mentally from effect of wound, but did duty in a satisfactory manner. He could not remember name of ship, but talked in his sleep a good deal about the New Class or some such name of a ship."

The sailor listened attentively to the reading of the item, and when it was done said:

"The *Henrietta Hazeltine*, whaler, me cooper and carpenter. Sure, that do be the name. Cur'us things be to happen at sea, eh?"

After a few moments he turned on his side, and putting out his hand took hold of Kelly's, and then said, in a lower tone:

"Matey, did ye say the *Nucleus* had been missing nigh hand to a year 'n more, and that that 'ere Atlantic were a missing steamship too. I don't know; I don't think so. I think I be to go back to the *Nucleus*, matey. My head feels a bit quare, but I reckon I'll soon make that 'ere harbor and that 'ere fleet agin."

And he did. He turned to the wall, at this, smiling at the thought of once more joining his shipmates in the beautiful harbor, and closed his eyes as if to sleep. A clock in the barren sitting-room below began to strike, and the sailorman counted the strokes of the bell in a whisper.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Aye, aye, sir; eight bells. All the starboard watch, sir."

He sprang up from his pillow as if to leave the bed, and then dropped back again and lay perfectly still. The surgeon looked alarmed now and hastily felt of his pulse. There was none in wrist nor temple, nor could any beating of the heart be felt. Jack Servenmalet had gone to join the crew of the missing *Nucleus*. He was dead.

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## THE FLIGHT OF JOY.

*By Henry Shelton Sanford, Jr.*

As sometimes in the very heart of June,  
Which still remembers all the buds of May  
And half-foresees the Autumn's rich display  
And all the splendor of the Harvest moon:  
As if November had returned too soon  
Cold winds blow, and the sky is chill and gray,  
And all is dreary that but now seemed gay,  
And nature with herself seems out of tune.  
So, in the early summer of my life,  
Instead of happy strength and strenuous play  
Eld's cares have come, long wearied of the strife  
That youth delights in, and my summer day  
Is darkened as by Death's impending knife,  
And I would die, for joy is far away.

## FRENCH TRAITS—MANNERS.

By W. C. Brownell.



FRENCH manners are artistic; they are systematized and uniform; they are not excessive as we erroneously imagine; they are frank; they are gay and gentle, but they are above all else impersonal. In this sense the French are not merely the most polite nation in the world. They are the only people who of the communication of man with man distinctly and formally make a recognized medium, an objective "third somewhat," in metaphysical phrase, in which the speech and action of each communicant encounter those of the other without in any degree involving either individuality behind them—which is, on the contrary, left pointedly alone in its separate and independent sphere. With regard to this last indeed there is never, except in violation of the social code, any curiosity manifested, unless the degree of intimacy is such that manners themselves are of no importance, or the individuality is of so accentuated a type as to escape divination—both of which contingencies are rare. And it is perhaps this indifference that is mainly accountable for the general Anglo-Saxon position concerning French politeness, for our esteeming it incurably artificial. We no more like to submit to the perfect unconcern as to the subtler points of our individuality which we cannot fail to remark in the way in which the politest Frenchman treats us, than we like the persistence with which he appears to esteem his own personality a matter of no moment to anyone but himself. We are as solicitous to impress him with our qualities as he seems to be to impress us with his accomplishments; and we resent what we insist on considering his carefulness to conceal his real opinions, disposition, character in the same measure with which we are piqued by his concentration upon our own superficial graces—or

our lack of any. Ingrained frivolity, absolute superficiality, is invariably our verdict—secret or outspoken according to the degree of our weakness for seeing the charm of purely objective and impersonal intercourse illustrated by others in a perfection only consistent, as we profoundly, though perfunctorily, believe, with a lack of deep and large sincerity of character. It is so difficult for us to realize that in manners as the French understand them there is no more question of character than there is in any other fine-art. They illustrate the individual's ideal, not himself; his aspirations, not his qualities; and his ideal and aspirations in an absolutely impersonal sphere where what serves as stimulus and all that is at stake are the sense of external propriety and the artistic fitness of things.

How exquisitely adapted the French are to excel in precisely this sphere is indicated, I think, by the most summary view of their most salient characteristics. The social instinct which subordinates the individual and suppresses eccentricity, the social and tolerant nature of a morality which recognizes its lack of jurisdiction in questions of manners, a highly developed intelligence and the absence of that sentimentality in conjunction with which it is impossible to find the refinement of manners which is based on reason, however it may inspire that *politesse de cœur* in which Prince Bismarck finds the French lacking, afford precisely the conditions for producing in perfection an impersonal, artificial, graceful, and efficient medium of social intercourse. And, in fact, of manners as the French understand and illustrate them it may be said that we lack even the conception. Of other manifestations of the artistic spirit we at least permit ourselves the luxury of an ideal. It does not "cost much anyhow" we say; and indeed it does not, much of it; our painting and sculpture and poetry and music have cost as little probably as the fine-art of any nation of the world

that has devoted any attention whatever to fine-art. Our amateurs and artists are nevertheless active and numerous, and it can no longer be said of us that fine-art does not occupy a considerable share of our attention. In what is sometimes esoterically called "household art" we are even already distinguished. A few New York palaces vie with those of Genoa—whose "household art" had a similar origin; on the other hand the chromo and the Christmas-card have penetrated social strata which in France enjoy only white and blue wash. But as for the manifestation of this same artistic expansiveness in social life and manners, the idea simply never occurs to us. It would be a pardonably fanciful exaggeration to say that by manners we are very generally apt to understand "table manners;" it is at least true that we use the terms manners and etiquette interconvertibly and in a narrowly specific sense. In "table manners" as a rule we excel. We are not perhaps so distinguished as the English from whom we inherit the conception, but it is generally conceded in France I suppose that the English and Americans "eat better" than the rest of the world. "Table manners," however, as Anglo-Saxons illustrate them, are rather a department of science than of fine-art. A solecism in them has a fatal importance, and a mistake is mathematically an error; they offer no field for that human quality which is necessary to constitute art. The French certainly do not "eat well;" that is to say, as a rule. French people would at table permit themselves, and overlook in others, phenomena which Anglo-Saxons of the same social grade would not permit themselves and still less overlook in others. But in other ways they certainly carry manners to an extent we but vaguely appreciate and perhaps a little disapprove. It is indeed noteworthy that all other manifestations of the artistic spirit they are apt to make subsidiary and subservient to manners; whereas we consider these ends in themselves very often, as the Talmud does study, and the English neopagans consider dress. In France they are popularly regarded as humanizing agents, a higher class of social influences perfecting the mind and temper and

preparing them for success in the one great art of life from the French standpoint—social intercourse. The opera, the *Salons*, the *expositions rétrospectives*, the *concours hippiques* and *agronomiques*, classical concerts, the theatre itself afford to countless people—secondarily, to be sure, a great deal of indirect enjoyment, more intelligent enjoyment, very certainly, than is anywhere else to be witnessed, as the occasion of it is almost invariably superior to such things elsewhere—but primarily and directly social rendezvous on a large scale and of a gay character. Artists complain loudly of this. The Théâtre Français is, two days in the week, transformed into a social court, as it were, before which the actors play as, *mutatis mutandis*, their predecessors used to before Louis XIV.; the play is distinctly not "the thing;" the thing is the rendezvous. The two arts in which the French excel all peoples ancient or modern, with possibly the exception of the Athenians for a brief period, comedy and conversation, namely, are particularly adapted to French excellence because of their intimate and inextricable connection with manners. Painting and music and poetry are all very well, but they necessarily take the second rank after manners in French esteem, and French proficiency as well, because as professions they are limited, whereas in manners all Frenchmen are artists.

What degree of perfection comedy has reached in France it would be a wholly superfluous undertaking to point out. It is conceived in a larger, more universal way than elsewhere. The muse of comedy presides over every Thespian temple. Tragedy still has her stilts on, not because the French have never heard of Euripides and Shakespeare, but because everything not distinctly grandiose falls naturally into the domain of comedy. The mere titles *la Comédie Française*, *la Comédie Humaine*, *l'Opéra Comique*, where Auber and Hérold dominate Offenbach and Lecocq, indicate the extension given to the term which thus includes every mimic representation of reality from *Le Misanthrope* to the veriest vaudeville. And the stream of French comedy inundates and fertilizes all Europe. From Stockholm to Seville and

from London to Moscow it is a commonplace that every stage-manager and every dramatic author looks constantly toward Paris, where each has learned his trade and whence most have borrowed their substance. And in the art of conversation, which plays in private life the part of colloquy on the stage, the nation is equally unrivalled. All the French activities are called into exercise, and all French qualities are illustrated in the conversational crackle and sparkle of daily intercourse, in which constant practice and ceaseless pleasure lead to a marvellous artistic proficiency. At the table, in the drawing-room, in the cafés, in the open-air public rendezvous which abound everywhere and vary in importance but hardly in character from the Champs Elysées or the *potinière* of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne to the little *place* or *boulevard extérieur* of a village *en province*, at every leisure moment in the day—and overflowing into the hours of industry, which themselves, indeed, are never, even in their most secret recesses, sheltered from its spray—the stream of conversation ripples ceaselessly on and on. All Frenchmen breathe the atmosphere thus affected and, however great their differences, are thus subject in common to a potent unifying influence; so that each individual, even supposing him to have no natural bent therefor, no Gallic alertness and lingual felicity, becomes an educated artist in the great French art. To be convinced of this, one does not need to remind himself of the Hotel Rambouillet, of the *salons* which since Richelieu's time have flourished on every hand, of the society of the *grand siècle*; one has only to enter a café or even a cabaret, or chat with an omnibus-driver, or one's next neighbor in black coat or *blouse* on a seat in a public square.

About this conversation there are two striking peculiarities: It is in the first place literally conversation, and in the second it is, like any other fine-art, practised for its own sake. It need hardly be said that in each of these respects French conversation differs from our own. What in general passes for good conversation with us is really monologue—sometimes, in fact, so circumscribed as to constitute a sort of informal lect-

ure; what the French, indeed (who are strangers to our lyceum, for which they substitute a considerable higher education), call a *conférence*. This is the sense in which it is discussed by Dr. Holmes, than whom no one has touched the subject with a lighter charm. Dr. Holmes's view of conversation is extremely autocratic, and would be intolerable to a democratic people like the French. In his opinion the cardinal offence is interruption; the literal and unimaginative interrupter is the individual he denounces, but it is plain that it is the fact of the interruption not the interruption of fact, as he might say, that really exasperates him. French conversation is in great part made up of interruptions. Its essence consists in "give and take." The most brilliant conversationalist is he, or she (for in France women practise this art as well as men) who succeeds best in *donner la réplique*. Hence epigram and repartee abound. With us the analogous triumph is to state some truth, sentiment, fact most felicitously and to draw from it some apposite conclusion. Hence the little preachments, anecdotes, sermonettes which season our dinners. As for *post-prandial* eloquence, in which our prandial conversation so often culminates upon the slightest excuse, to which it is merely the modest prelude, and toward which it tends with increasing momentum from the soup on, it is nearly unknown in France. Imagine Mr. Evarts at a French dinner. On such an occasion his "speech" (for which the French language has no word) would, we may be sure, be qualified with an epithet for which the English tongue has no equivalent; it would be pronounced *assommant*. And after the formal speaking at a Delmonico dinner, say, is over, and the toasts (another word which illustrates the poverty of the French vocabulary) have all been drunk, and what we understand by general conversation again sets in, conducted by General Horace Porter, that prince of anecdotists, the Frenchman would certainly find himself at fault. In an analogous position at home he would be sure to interrupt. The French *raconteur* is, it is true, a well-known type, but he is oftener than not, perhaps, a bore, owing in great measure to the per-

fection to which he has carried his style, which tempts him to apply it to the decorative presentment of wholly trivial substance. And in France when a man is a bore the fact is discovered with electric promptitude. And in any event, bore or not, the *raconteur* never enjoys the esteem of our "good-story-teller" who frequently possesses not merely a local but a national reputation, as it is called. The introduction of the personal note is distinctly disagreeable. The force of our "good-story-teller" though always personal is often histrionic, and the French have, it is true, a talent and a passion for acting. But even in acting they care most for the *ensemble*. On the stage an actor who should force his part into the foreground would displease, however admirable in itself his performance might be. And in actual life the social comes to the aid of the artistic instinct in protecting an entire company from resolving itself into a lyceum audience and an amateur lecturer.

French conversation thus is social and artistic first of all—never personal and utilitarian. Communication being its end, it is moreover always admirably clear. Precision is as eminent a characteristic of spoken as of written French. Each *nuance*, and *nuances* abound, is unmistakable. More even than by its grace and its vivacity it contrasts with our own more serious conversation in absolute exactness. The exactness is in expression merely; it never becomes literal and exacting. When a trivial mistake is made, a sophism uttered, a person or thing unfairly ridiculed or ridiculously praised, the Frenchman does not experience the temptation, so irresistible with us, to set wrong right at any expense to the conversation. The conversation itself is the object of his solicitude. Besides, he realizes that out of the pulpit *persiflage* is as potent as preaching. His expertness in treating serious subjects with the light touch that avoids flippancy has its moral side as, imitating Carlyle's obtuseness about Voltaire, we are slow to perceive. With us it is the essential levity of the subject discussed rather than a deft and lively treatment of it that causes the superficial sparkle. We associate the two things so closely as to infer one from the presence of the

other, an error which French clearness avoids. Hence French conversation is far freer than ours. It not only compromises no personality, and essays no ulterior result, but its scope and style are in consequence very extensive and very varied. It has terms summing up phases of social life to characterize which we should need long phrases, and employs them as counters, as bankers do checks and drafts instead of exchanging coin. It tends naturally out of its abundance to include topics with which we easily dispense, in mixed company at all events. It is very outspoken without being brutal. It makes, indeed, such a specialty of suggestion for the sake of the art itself as sometimes to lose all sense of the substance suggested; otherwise at least some allusions are unaccountable. And this freedom, which occasionally no doubt fringes license—but probably less often than with us offends the proprieties conventionally determined—helps to confer the great charm of naturalness upon French intercourse. One's impulses find themselves less restrained in being more explicitly directed. The manner is as artificial as you choose, the matter is apt to be genuine and to lack the quality which constitutes pose. On a high level and in a rarefied atmosphere there is far more naturalness because there is a far greater sense of freedom than in the lower regions, amid denser air, in which the sense of freedom is really the lack of energy and to issue out of which demands discipline and attention.

"But are they sincere?" is the universal Anglo-Saxon demand in reply to all that one can say in characterization of French manners and of their articulate manifestation in the exquisite art of French conversation. On this point we are, apparently, all agreed. Charming, intelligent, graceful, everything else you will that is admirable, at that vague quality known to us as sincerity we draw the line. A recent clever book makes a character say that "French sincerity is a subject he never cares to enter upon. He likes too many French people." That is the utmost concession I at least have ever seen made. Yet an intelligent observer familiar with the French must, I think, whether he like them or not,

feel disposed to plead weariness whenever the time-honored question of French sincerity is mooted anew. One sympathizes with Hawthorne's exasperation at the public curiosity concerning the ears of his Donatello. In this instance also a delightful and delicate thing is being brutally treated. The stupidity is carried so far as to awaken that sense of helpless resentment which one feels in the presence of wilful wrong-headedness on a large scale among intelligent people. The truth is the French are as sincere as any other people, only they manifest the virtue in their own way. French manners include a great deal of compliment, and compliment is taken literally only by the savage. To argue individual insincerity from the perfection which compliment has reached among the French is like arguing that every American who pays his bills in silver dollars is personally corrupt. Compliment is merely the current coin of the French social realm. Nor in nine cases out of ten is it actually debased. Very slight familiarity with French compliment is sufficient to enable one to see that the French sense of intellectual self-respect almost invariably prevents them from trusting solely to the intelligence of the complimented for a complete understanding of the fact that the accuracy of compliment is not that of algebra. Somewhere in most French compliments you are sure to find the intellectual corrective of their sensuous charm. Your unfamiliarity with this circumstance and your failure to notice it may lead you to blush at the moment of receiving a genuine French compliment yourself, but subsequent reflection is apt to make you blush at having blushed; there was really, you will infallibly perceive, less cause for confusion than you imagined. Take, for example, a typical compliment by a characteristically courteous and sincere Frenchman. During a visit to England in 1868 the late Prevost-Paradol was received "*avec ces empressements flatteurs*," says a French writer, "*que la société anglaise sait si bien prodiguer pour peu que l'envie lui en prenne*"—"with those flattering attentions which English society knows so well how to lavish when it happens to take a notion to do

so." Ladies contended for the honor of being taken down to dinner by the brilliant French journalist. The London press commenting on this *engouement*, and on its striking contrast with the lack of consideration manifested for English journalists of equal parts, called attention anew to the important rôle which the esteem of his compatriots permits the French journalist personally to play in his own country;—to which the Frenchman naturally replied by a compliment. "*Un Français*," said he, "*a rarement une passion réelle pour le véritable pouvoir ou pour la fortune. Son ambition vise surtout à la réputation, à l'éloge, à l'espoir de donner une haute idée de lui à ses concitoyens, ou même à un cercle étroit de familiers; il se console aisément de bien des déboires s'il peut croire que ceux qui l'entourent le considèrent comme supérieur à sa fortune. . . . Il donne le premier rang aux plaisirs de l'esprit*;"—"A Frenchman rarely has a sincere passion for real power or for fortune. His ambition is above all else to achieve a reputation, to win eulogiums, to succeed in giving a high idea of himself to his fellow-citizens, or even to a narrow circle of intimate friends. He is easily consoled for many mortifications if he can convince himself that those who surround him consider him superior to his fortune. He gives the first place to the pleasures of the mind." Fancy the audience to which that compliment was addressed speculating as to its sincerity!

The truth is that the matter of personal genuineness is not at all in question. So far as sincerity in compliment is concerned it depends upon the specific truth or falsity of the words employed and their impersonal suggestion. Of course the French do intrude the personal equation into this sphere; they do occasionally endeavor to make one believe they mean what they say in a special and intense sense; the phenomenon is not absolutely unknown. But it is far less common than with us; and it invariably denotes in the practitioner a lower grade of person. The large part played by the emotions in our activities of this kind causes us to regard the passage from compliment to flattery as venial whenever the heart is



in the right place. The circumstance that compliment is in France a fine-art makes the same error there far more grave, and consequently far less frequent. It becomes a sign of *grossièreté*—which is the French unpardonable sin.

Furthermore the French compliment never means more than it says. The national turn for intelligence serves as a great safeguard for sincerity here, whereas if we examine closely our own way of allowing the heart to dictate to the judgment we cannot fail to see how inexact our sincerity often becomes. The Frenchman if he wishes to compliment you will select some point about you that will bear it. His language regarding this may at first (and, as I have indicated, only at first) seem exaggerated, but the basis of it will be sound. With us in sincere instances the process is this: a genuine esteem precedes the desire to please; the desire to please takes the form of an expression of this general feeling of esteem; this form itself has nothing more to do with the facts it states than had the compliant admissions of Polonius to Hamlet, "very like a whale," "it is backed like a weasel"—which furnish a not bad illustration indeed of our ordinary form of compliment, all question of Polonius's sincerity, of course, aside.

The foreigner's notion that the French "do everything with an air" is perfectly sound. The author of "Living Paris," who is an unusually liberal observer, adds that "they do it all the same." This is quite true. If there was ever a practical and positive people under the sun it is the French. But it answers only an elementary vulgar error. A more plausible yet equally erroneous notion is that this "air" is affected and theatrical. Theatrical it may sometimes become in that excess which is uncongenial to the French character and therefore rare. But the noticeable thing about it is that it is not theatrical. Such poses, tones, and gesture as are common to our stage and occasionally overflow into so opposite a place as our pulpit would excite amazement at a *théâtre de banlieue*. Dramatic is the true epithet for that systematization of expression noticeable in the French. The "air" with which

they do everything has nothing of ill-regulated emotion in it; nor, on the other hand, is it often characterized by that sensuous magic inseparable from Italian native grace. It is in nowise sentimental; it is simply expressive. It may be more or less ornate, now structural, now decorative, as individuals differ. But what is to be noted is that it is invariably the "air" which the individual deems appropriate, and that fitness is his sole criterion. The reason for our failure to perceive this is that in every serious matter we rely on the impression produced by personal character to convey its importance to the listener or spectator. The more weighty the substance the more condensed the statement, the more poetic the theme the balder or at least the briefer its expression. In fine our idea of expression is repression. We appeal to the imagination, not to the sense or the reason. We find the French "air" theatrical instead of logically and aptly dramatic because our ideal is to have no "air" at all. We are egoists, not artists; it is not what we say or do that we wish to count, but ourselves.

Hence manifestly the paradox of which we are guilty in accusing the French of affectation at the same time that we speak of them as naturally theatrical. But they are no more affected than they are theatrical. By our exaltation of character over manners, by our adjusting of manners to personal expression, by our sentimental and inartistic substitution of a thoroughly contained and intense air for the natural and spontaneous one which fits the thought, we are in far graver peril from this subtle foe than is the Frenchman, whose manner alone, at any rate, is attacked and whose character escapes. Tell over scrupulously the list of your friends, American or English. How many of them are there who do not affect some character or other, some moral rôle foreign to their native disposition, with which their effort to harmonize their demeanor is quite as obvious as it is successful? In one's own case this may be aspiration, but in that of others it is invariably affectation. And the attempt to impose it results in a kind of pervasive and general hypocrisy beside which the explicit and defi-

nite *cafardise* of the French has the merit of being a frank foe. In France a man's valuation of himself is much more nearly that which his friends set upon him. Even in the French manner what we mistake for affectation is merely intention. To bring all one's physical activities into the sphere of culture and reason, to suit the gesture to the word and the word to the thought, to stand and walk and sit decorously, to enter a room, to bow to a lady, to carry on a tête-à-tête, or share a general conversation, to avoid controversy, to attain repose—to do all this respectably requires intention. So far as communities are concerned fine natural manners are a myth, but this probably does not prevent the Sioux and Apaches from considering our manners artificial, or us from finding affectation in those of the French, owing to the distinctness which unfamiliarity gives to intention in either instance, and to the failure in each case to appreciate the importance of intention in everything of importance.

In fine the vulgar mistrust of French sincerity is based on nothing more nor less than the fact that French manners are studied, artificial, conventional, which does not of course mean that they are of necessity inelastic or excessive or superficial, but that the French put the same intention into manners that all civilized peoples do into language, and have systematized them with the same care for correctness on the one hand and pliability on the other. We have no exactly equivalent word for what the French call *tenuë*, and if we have exactly the thing it is infinitely less developed and less nearly universal than in France, where it is as characteristic of manners as are the impersonal and artistic spirit. *Tenuë* means restraint, order, measure, style, consciousness, intention in demeanor and bearing. Owing to his natural turn for these qualities the Frenchman is rarely tempted to permit himself indiscretions. He is not solicited by whimsical impulses. He has no desire for relaxation, and does not chafe under restraint. It is not difficult for him to feel at ease in an erect posture; he supports the greater muscular tension involved with less evident fatigue; his hands do not automatically seek his

trousers pockets nor his knees cross one another. Consciousness and self-consciousness are not identical terms to him. Nor does the artificiality of the drawing-room atmosphere oppress him and entice him into mistaking buffoonery for the talismanic touch of thawing nature, into spasmodic laughter, into long stories, into that amusement of the *ensemble*, which involves neglect of the members of the company. Of course perfect breeding is perfect breeding the world over. But the perfectly bred man is born, not bred, if the paradox may be permitted. The mass of mankind have no more genius for manners than for tight-rope dancing, but it is easy to see that the mass of Frenchmen have a talent for them in adding a talent for *tenuë* to the social and the artistic instincts.

It would be difficult to find in any *bourgeois* interior the entire absence of form characteristic of many of our own average homes. Not that in moments—or hours—of mutual *ennui* and common *délassement*, the average *bourgeois* interior does not, from the point of view of pure form, leave something to be desired. But, in seasons of entire sanity, the respective shapes expansiveness takes in a French home and in one of our own differ prodigiously. Take a large French family reunion. Few social pictures are prettier. There is very likely an entire absence of that hearty familiarity which characterizes our Thanksgiving or Christmas gatherings. The children do not romp, the grown people do not appear as if at last the moment had come when all outward restraint and formality could be thrown aside with a clear conscience. The visitors do not "make themselves perfectly at home," the hosts do not invite them to do so, or treat them as if such were the case. There is everywhere perfectly apparent the French veneer of artificial courtesy. Children are treated with politeness and not hugged; babies are banished—are generally, in fact, in a state of chronic exile; if at times everyone is talking at once it is evidently because of the social desire to contribute to the conversation, rather than because of the unsocial disposition to neglect one's neighbor's appreciations—an abys-

mal difference in itself; there are no uncomfortable silences passed in simply "sitting round" and cudgelling one's brains as to what to do next; the great art and enjoyment of social life being conversation—exchange of ideas, or notions, original or trite, but always cast in more or less careful form—games are far seldomer than among us resorted to as a substitute, and being invariably for money probably owe their popularity to the ingrained French disposition toward avarice; an avarice which always seems curious to us but about which in its milder manifestations there is never any concealment. Games themselves are never conducted in silence. The solemn stillness that with us accompanies the rubber of whist which is more and more tending to become, even as played by the young and frivolous, a tremendously serious thing, and which indicates clearly that the game is an end in itself and not a pastime, is unknown outside the clubs in France. An occasional old gentleman who when the stakes are high insists on a subordination of talk and vigorously represses his partner's tendency to discursiveness is voted a nuisance. Naturally thus, there is nowhere to be seen, perhaps, such wretched whist-playing as in French *salons*.

Universally in French interiors an American perceives at once the absence of effort at "entertaining people," in our phrase. The entertainment is a phenomenon spontaneously generated when people come together. The various social amusements are certainly cultivated; dancing and singing and the piano are, of course, merely subordinated, not suppressed—one cannot converse forever. But dancing is nowhere the passion that it is with us; if it were, the French, who dance detestably, would perhaps dance better. People dance, but then, also, occasionally they desist from dancing; in the cotillion the prettiness of the figure occupies much more attention than its duration. As for music the French are decidedly ahead of us. They already very generally recognize the caricature which ordinary amateur effort is; they are well known to have far less respect than our race for what bores them; and now that so much professional effort is had at *soirées* they have become exacting

and only extraordinary amateur skill is tolerated. As for our readings, Brown-ing societies, and in general the class of literary entertainment provided by the thousands of provincial and rural "sociables" from one end of our country to the other—many of these half-acknowledged *pisallers* would seem grotesque to the most long-suffering Latin; in France, especially, elocution and erudition, general and special information and all cognate acquirements are taken seriously. The end and aim of society is in fact simply human intercourse, decorated with infinite variety but never needing to be buttressed—recognized as a natural satisfaction of a profound instinct and needing no extraneous stimulus, only a careful and elaborate development and ordering.

This ordering necessarily results in uniformity of manners, and uniformity is as foreign to our manners as is the impersonal, artistic, or conventional spirit. But it is to be observed that uniformity of manners is a great humanizer. It is perhaps the simplest means of bringing persons of different idiosyncrasies into sympathetic relations. Our own diversity is grotesque and is responsible for much estrangement between our different sections. A Chicago journal, for example, treating of courtship, apostrophizes plaintively "the turned down light, the single chair," but it would be idle to pretend that the milieu thus briefly characterized is congenial to all of us. As yet with us every man is his own Chesterfield. We have individuals with the charm which in Emerson struck Carlyle as elaborate, not to say excessive. We have the average rural New Englander whom Emerson found picturesque, but whose charm is distinctly not excessive. We have the entire gamut run by the Southron describing a dinner party composed to his sense of "an elegant gentleman from Virginia, a gentleman from Kentucky, a man from Ohio, a fellow from New York, and a galoot from Boston." Our society thus has the advantage of not being monotonous to the artist; but the dead level of steel rails has this superiority over the interesting diversity of corduroy roads that it makes travel easier and arrival more hopeful. The avoidance

of friction secured is incalculably delightful. The social machinery so scrupulously attended to runs far more smoothly than ours, which we imagine will quite take care of itself if we fulfil the condition that made such a carver of men's casques of the sword and such a sure-thruster of the lance of the pure-hearted Sir Galahad. No Frenchman to whom you talk punctuates your sentences with an eager and admonitory "yes, yes, yes." Nor does appreciation of his own wit or of yours involve distracting excursions. Nor does he show you plainly how hard it is for him to wait till you have finished, or let his attention wander, or try to save time by the surreptitious reading of a letter or a glance at a newspaper heading, or indicate in any way as so many of us do, the manner varying with individual character, that conversation is not the most important affair in the world. He knows that for the moment it is. On the other hand susceptibilities escape wounding with a completeness that seems as wonderful as the means by which it is secured is seen to be simple. In France it is in the first place bad manners to be too susceptible; in the second place it is a mark of that conceit always ascribed to a lack of intelligence; in the third place one's susceptibility is justly wounded only when an offence has been committed against the code of manners. These sound, like common-places. But they are practically not accepted by us. Practically we believe in "taking no offence where none is intended;" and we really think that when the social code of the Golden Age comes to be discovered this will be found to have been its spirit, too. On the contrary giving unintentionally just ground for offence is precisely what the French find it impossible to support. Provided with a conventional and uniform code, they concentrate their attention upon the *grossièreté*—to them the most repugnant quality in the world—of the offence, and whether or no it is accompanied by design, by *malhonnêteté*, is a subordinate consideration. Accompanied by *malhonnêteté* it may or may not be, but aggravated by it or by anything it cannot. In this way the French avoid the habit so prevalent with us of

always seeking the motive of everyone's speech or behavior and the suspicion, the morbid sensitiveness, which is the inevitable result of this habit. So long as the *convenances* remain undisturbed people's motives are assumed to be amiable. It is our notion on the contrary that observance of conventions can mean very little, and our own experience, in fact, teaches us that they are often extremely deceptive indices of both the feelings and the character. So long, accordingly, as we are sure that a person is well-disposed and worthy, he may, within certain ill-defined limits, say and do what he chooses; so long as we are convinced that right feeling presides at their sacrifice our solicitude for conventions ceases. We do not in this way reach much eminence in what is strictly defined as civility, but that is a commonplace which does not greatly disturb us; we readily reconcile ourselves to the impeachment; we easily console ourselves with the notion that we possess what is far more important and perhaps after all inconsistent with that "outward grace" which Mr. Lowell assures us we know to be but "dust." But this attitude compels us to be continually "making allowances" for people who are, though kind, still uncouth or inconsiderate; and uncouthness and inconsiderateness are, however tolerable, nowhere agreeable qualities in a positive sense. And one cannot continually "make allowances" or have them made for him without great detriment to his dignity. Consequently we do feel a vague discomfort, which the French with their concentration on the dust of outward grace are spared, in a hundred more or less trifling details of social intercourse. And occasionally when an individual of either of the two great branches of our race contemplates such an individual of the other as chance may be trusted now and then to bring into contact with him, in encounters of this sort with which every travelled American or Englishman is familiar, scales seem to fall from his eyes. French manners appear transfigured to him. Mere "outward grace" rises prodigiously in his esteem. Few cultivated Englishmen probably have escaped a shock when subjected for the first time to the

unrestrained familiarity and the empty-headed effusiveness characteristic of many of our compatriots. Few Americans probably have not flushed with a sense of outrage at the tactless incivility of the worthy but forbidding Briton. The American "drummer" narrating his experiences and making his "effect" at a Continental *table d'hôte*, and the English lady opposite him visibly wondering how he can eat butter with hot meats and carefully manifesting an exaggerated disgust in consequence, tend, for example, to excite in each other a feeling of toleration for manners as the French conceive them—manners which in seasons of calmer weather they find excessive.

Nothing, however, could be more erroneous than the popular Anglo-Saxon notion that French manners are excessive. Like all our notions about the French this is with us an inheritance. English manners are in general reserved, brusque, embarrassed perhaps in reality, if you choose to examine into the real nature of puerilities, but superficially—that is to say in the sole sphere of their action—splenetic, bald, absurdly uncivilized as manifested toward strangers, and characterized in intimacy by what Emerson calls "unbuttoned ease." By force of contrast French manners are bound to appear excessive to Englishmen. Positively speaking, of all possible qualities that of excess is the most foreign to French demeanor as it is to the French mind. The Italian manner is excessive, if you choose—and are ill-natured enough to mention it. And curiously enough our own and that of the English—when any value is attached to it, when account is really taken of it, when we wish to be "especially polite," as the singular phrase is—may certainly be thus described. But French manners are saved from excess by the very fact that they are so thoroughly conventional. Nowhere is convention more esteemed, although nowhere are its terms more elastic. Nowhere, as one has occasion to remark there at every turn, is a given convention so frankly accepted as the formulated opinion of mankind concerning the subject of it. To dispute it, to advance individual notions in modification of it, is clearly regarded as more

*naïf* than even courageous. That "common consent of mankind" which certain moralists make the arbiter in ethics is in France applied to almost every conceivable act of man with an elaborateness and system that rival those of the Code Napoléon itself. Nowhere, perhaps, outside the precincts of the Court of Castille, is etiquette, that codified system of manners, carried so far; nowhere is an offence against it more quickly noticed. Violations of it are readily excused if justifiable; there is no pedantry; there is even a special interest exhibited in *originalité*—a word which it is significant that we have to render by eccentricity. But violations are invariably remarked and the proper deduction made therefrom. Nevertheless, etiquette itself being not a court affair but something thoroughly understood and practised by everybody, French manners are thereby saved from excess, as they are from every other form of eccentricity. They strike one, rather, as being almost business-like; at any rate their design is clearly to remove friction as well as to decorate intercourse. In Peking, doubtless, the French manner would seem meagre. In Virginia, "before the war," the Frenchman would certainly have found much in that courtly and elaborate bearing of which we still read in Southern literature and of which we observe the majestic remains whenever a Southern orator delivers a set speech, which would have seemed to him Oriental. The grandiose is almost never to be encountered in France—except in art or literature where it is sought of set purpose and expressly, as who should say "let us now intone instead of simply speaking." On the other hand the sincerely familiar manner, that manner which is the absolute absence of manner, is quite as uncommon. Drop into the little stuffy hall in the Boulevard des Capucines of a Thursday evening, and listen to one of M. Francisque Sarcey's charming *conférences* on the stage, on poetry, on literature. His manner is admirably free from pose of any kind; it passes in Paris for the manner suited to a *bonhomie* almost, if not quite, *bourgeoise*. It is familiar in a sense unknown to our lyceum; M. Sarcey, who is in the first place seated, stops over a citation to laugh or admire with

his auditors ; occasionally one of these hazards a suggestion to which the *conférencier* bows agreement or shrugs dissent ; one is almost *en famille*. But the family is clearly a French family. There is no relaxation, no unbending, no flaccid abandonment. Of familiarity as we understand the term and as we illustrate it on the rostrum, as well as in the "back-store," there is none at all. Quite as watchful a guard is kept over the moral muscles as if the occasion were a wholly different one. M. Sarcey and his auditors are as much on "dress-parade," as we sometimes say of this attitude, as the soldiers at a Longchamps review. They have simply, morally speaking, learned so well to use their faculties by the habit which is a second nature that that first nature which as Pascal observed (long before Mr. Darwin) is perhaps only a first habit, seems to them rudimentary rather than specifically *natural*, as it appears to us. Suppose—if such a thing can be supposed—M. Sarcey forming one of the late Mr. Beecher's audience at Plymouth Church on a Sunday morning. The time, the place, the theme are sacred, but he would be certain to find a lack of correspondence between this fact and the manners of the occasion—he would be sure to esteem unfair any criticism of French manners as excessive which should be based on the standard there confronting and surrounding him. He would be sure, on the other hand, to find excess in the occasion's absence of *tendue*. He would reflect : "Our manner is business-like rather than Italian, it is direct rather than rococo. We are familiar, we are free, we are frank, we are gay ; but we are not gay like *that*."

Finally, French manners are gentle. A certain mildness of demeanor, which is among us mainly confined to such individuals as do not fear the consequences of failure in self-assertion, is everywhere observable. The fiercely mustachioed concierge shares it with the bland academician. It is the rarest imaginable chance to hear an oath. There is something feeble and inefficient, an acknowledgment of inarticulateness, about the intenser sort of expletives, which are wholly foreign to the French

temper, accustomed to perfect facility and adequacy of expression. Similarly with slang. French *argot* is almost a language by itself. Slang as we comprehend the term, and as Walt Whitman eulogizes and employs it—namely, as the riotous medium of the under-languaged, is unknown. One may in a week hear more oaths and more slang of the coarse and stupid sort in Wall Street, at the seaside, in the hotel corridors and street-cars and along the sidewalks of New York and Philadelphia, say, and in public generally among us than in the length and breadth of France in a year. There is not the same burlesque of "heartiness," the same slapping on the back, the same insistent invitations to drink, the same *brutalité* ; in fine there is infinitely more gentleness. Their occasional savagery strikes us as ineffective and amateur, their fury seems fustian. The "rapier-thrusts" of sarcasm, the kind of writing and talking to which some of our newspapers apply their most eulogistic epithet, "scathing," the bitter banter to which not a few of the best bred of our young girls seem just now especially addicted would excite amazement in France. *Persiflage*, there, is never personal when it is not also good-natured. In any event there is far less of it than of compliment ; and this compliment is less factitious than are our personalities of the uncomplimentary kind. The difference shows an important temperamental distinction as well as anything can. The French are as inclined to the amiable, the agreeable, the social, the impersonal as we are to avoid being the dupe of these qualities ; perhaps they are less duped than we are, and at any rate the amount of fruitless friction which they save over us is very great. Indeed with us this friction grows by natural selection ; it is popular because, conscious of immense kindness at bottom and our own withers being for the moment unwrung, we like to see the galled jade wince. The Chamber of Deputies is sometimes a bear garden, and the air is thick with denunciation, but such a speech as Mr. Blaine's famous characterization of Mr. Conkling or Mr. Conkling's of Mr. Curtis was never heard there. In private life there is more refined *malice*, more gayety, and more



gossip—if possible—in a Paris *salon* than in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room or on a Newport piazza: but there is nothing of what we have come to know as personal “rallying,” and the gossip is about the absent.

We, on the other hand, are all familiar, Mr. Arnold reminds us, with the notion of “hewing Agag in pieces,” and our ungentleness of manners proceeds largely from the astonishing way in which this Teutonic and Puritan passion has penetrated our very nature. How English literature witnesses this from the time of Milton to the very latest number of the *Saturday Review* we all know. The greatest and kindest natures are not exempt from it on the other side of the water. Not only does Macaulay riot in it, but such a good-natured soul as Mr. James Yellowplush indulges in many a swing of the axe—when Agag is for the moment personated by Bulwer, let us say. Not only is the hewing done with the grandiose strokes of Carlylean brutality, but it is amiably and dexterously performed by the advocate *par excellence* of “sweet reasonableness” and the chief critic of the custom, Mr. Matthew Arnold himself. Carlyle’s description of Mr. Swinburne as “sitting in a sewer and adding to it” differs mainly by its outrageousness from the implacable way in which a long catalogue of saints and sinners is subjected at the hands of Mr. Arnold to an illumination as indiscreet as it is discriminating. There is much discussion as to whether it is as a critic or a poet that he will appeal to “the next ages,” but there is a side of his admirable and elevated genius in virtue of which it is not difficult occasionally to fancy him gracing the Pantheon of the future in the harmonious guise of Apollo flaying Marsyas. No Anglo-Saxon would wish Mr. Arnold different, but it is worth pointing out that the respectably sized and felicitously executed “Dunciad” which might be collected from his works is incontestably due to the personal attitude, the personal way of looking at many questions and discussing many subjects. His gentleness in consequence is rather express than ingrained and now and then has something feline in its velvety caress.

In this country, I think, we are less disposed to censoriousness. At any rate our more refined spirits are—from the various reasons which spring from the American differentiation of the race. We have more room, and more equality. Our manners are affected by our greater amenity. But we do not need the abundant testimony of the daily journals to assure us how thoroughly personal is, in general, our point of view, how instinctive is our protest against the impersonal and artistic way of discussing and deciding any serious problem, how distrustful we are of the earnestness of whatever bears no personal indorsement. “It makes a great difference to a sentence,” says Emerson somewhere, “whether or no there be a man behind it.” That is our universal feeling. It is impossible to conceive the serene and charitable Emerson finding the flaying of Marsyas work so congenial as to be worthy his best and most vivacious effort, but it cannot be doubted that the operation would awaken his interest and, if neatly performed, win his approval. To the most malicious Frenchman on the other hand, the flaying of Marsyas by Apollo would seem a work of supererogation. Neither in literature nor in life does he practise it. “That is a fine legend, a most significant myth,” he would remark to us, “but you materialize it atrociously. The only part of it with which we are directly and actively concerned is the contest—that part which Raphael painted with a real personal feeling, as you may see in the Louvre. The consequences to incompetence of its insolence are, as he has conventionalized them in the Vatican, natural and necessary; they follow without the interposition of the god, who was born for higher things. Agag is sure to be satisfactorily hewn in pieces, and the work is accomplished by the matter-of-course operation of impersonal forces. Individually and socially we are only concerned with recognizing Agag when we see him and with showing ourselves superior to him. He is so little liked among us, his following is so entirely inconsiderable compared with that he can boast among you that his fate, indeed, is sealed from the beginning. To denounce him would be to utter platitudes.”

## BARUM WEST'S EXTRAVAGANZA.

*By Arlo Bates.*



BARUM WEST threw down his pen and looked about his attic with a gloomy face. The light from his one window, a dormer, facing the east, was too faint to permit his writing any longer, even had he been in the mood; and how far he was from desiring to go on with his work was shown by his seizing the sheets which were the result of his afternoon's labor and angrily tearing them into bits.

The room was not unlike the traditional abode of that melancholy thing, a poor devil author. The roof sloped from the middle of the ceiling almost to the floor—the niche of the dormer-window where his writing-table stood being the only part of the eastern side of the chamber where one could stand upright. In the corner on the opposite side stood an old-fashioned high-posted bedstead; a bureau, over which hung a tarnished mirror of antique frame, was placed opposite the tall stove, in which was carefully cherished a frugal coal fire; a black trunk was pushed under the eaves; while some pine shelves held the young man's unimposing library. Both carpet and wall-paper were dingy and faded, and in the darkening winter twilight the attic was gloomy enough to depress the spirits of one in a far more cheerful frame of mind than that in which West found himself.

Most authors are too unhappily familiar with the fact that a financial crisis is apt to be so desperately unproductive of marketable ideas that even the excitement of a definite order is likely at such a time to beget in the brain rather a confused sense of impotence than a creative inspiration. One must be well seasoned in the vicissitudes of a literary career to be able to do his best under the combined pressure of sore need and the necessity of seizing at once an unusual opportunity. West was still young in his profession as well as in

years, and the wild exhilaration of receiving a conditional commission had given place to an awful feeling of despairing helplessness. A friend who had considerable confidence in him, and, what was more to the purpose, some acquaintance and influence in theatrical circles, had persuaded a manager to promise to consider an extravaganza from the pen of the would-be playwright, and Barum felt as if his whole future depended upon his success.

He had started upon his task with the utmost hope and confidence. He had for a couple of years been studying stage work, writing plays that nobody would touch, and serving that dreary apprenticeship which comes before literary success, but which is, unhappily, not always followed by it. He had pinned above his writing-table a sentence from "Earl's Dene," which had afforded him a sombre support often enough: "The only road to the skies, Mademoiselle, is up the garret stairs. Mozart climbed them, Moretti climbed them, . . . everybody who has ever done anything has had to climb them; and you, Mademoiselle, are one whose duty for the present is to starve." It may be because he secretly felt that he had starved long enough, or it may have been from the buoyant hope pathetically natural to youth, that West was convinced that his time had come; but at least he had no doubt of that fact.

When, however, he sat down to write, in place of valuable ideas he found his brain teeming with the notion that this time he must succeed; instead of a plot, his mind spun visions of coming greatness; and in place of elaborating witticisms his thoughts turned alternately to dismal memories and yet more gloomy forebodings. To-day ended a week of futile endeavor, and the unlucky writer was forced to confess to himself that, so far from being farther on in his work than he was seven days earlier, he was where he set out, and encumbered with the fatal hindrance of a self-distrust which benumbed all his powers.

It grew quickly darker as he brooded, the brief February twilight shooting down rapidly. It was so dark when at last he got heavily upon his feet that he was obliged to fumble about for his shabby hat and coat in the shallow closet which held his scant wardrobe. He muttered to himself as he did so a quotation from Octave Feuillet. He could hardly have been an aspirant for literary honors and not be crammed to the throat with quotations.

"*Ce n'est donc pas un vain mot, la faim ?*" he said aloud, with so much bitterness that a hearer, had there been one, might have forgiven his sentimentality. "*Il y a donc vraiment une maladie de ce nom-là.*"

He went down the three flights of stairs which lay between his chamber and the sordid street, taking his way to a cheap restaurant, which his soul loathed, but to which the narrowness of his purse constrained him. The waiter girls, gossiping together, knew his shabby figure too well to hasten to serve him with any alacrity born of expectation of tips; but one of them came to stand, leaning by one hand upon the table, while he studied the bill of fare in a vain attempt to discover some dish which would be alike satisfactory to his appetite and his finances. There were stains of coffee and of soup upon the card, which gave him a feeling of disgust as if his food had been served in an unwashed dish; but he repressed his feelings and made his meagre order. The damsel filled him the usual glass of ice-water, gave him an evening paper, and betook herself to cry the supper he had called for into the mouth of a rubber tube, which hung flabbily out of the wall. West could hear the voice of somebody underground repeating the order, and he was peevishly half inclined to fling a plate at the head of a man at the next table on the supposition that that individual might have been listening to this double disclosure of the straitness of diet to which his poverty constrained him.

He tried to interest himself in the paper which had been given him. He picked out the smallest paragraphs with a feeling of being so much at variance with the world in general that noth-

ing could possibly interest him which was not held to be of no especial moment to the majority. Suddenly he felt that little thrill with which a man always comes upon his name in print. Among a lot of brief jottings was the statement that a man in Chicago had left \$200,000 to Barum West. For a moment his heart seemed to stand still, but instantly his common-sense reasserted itself and he smiled with the bitter but fleeting cynicism of youth at the impossibility that a fortune should come to him by any lucky throw of Fortune's dice. The name was sufficiently uncommon, however, to make the coincidence striking, and what artistic youth, so placed, with his wits more or less disconcerted by the unevenness of life, could fail to make the paragraph the starting-point for a thousand dreams.

All that night, when he should have been sleeping, and when he really was under the influence of slumber, Barum West's thoughts, which should have been devising stage situations, droll dialogue, and popular allusions, occupied themselves with that illusive fortune. He considered what he would do, how he would enjoy it, what delights he would purchase and what miseries escape. In dreams his fancy wove a gorgeous tissue of enchantment, at which he smiled when he waked, although in reality it was little more extravagant than the airy fabric of his waking fancies. When once an imaginative youth gives rein to his fancy, especially if hope and need prick the tricky steed forward, there is no telling to what lengths the race run may not stretch. West certainly did not believe that the legacy of which he had seen mention was really intended for his pocket, and yet the coincidence of the name seemed to him so good proof that it went far toward persuading him that he was in truth the legatee. For the rest, he perhaps not unconsciously humored a little a dream which at least amused for the time being a life all too little lightened by frivolity of any sort.

It was not until the following evening that it occurred to West that, having a fortune in hand, it would be necessary for him to invest it. He was once more at the eating-house, which to-night he

regarded with less bitterness than hitherto, so strong was the effect of his dream in putting him in better temper toward life and the world. As he scanned the paper in the hope that he might come upon some further information in regard to Barum West's fortune, his eye lighted on the stock reports, and with a sudden sense of importance he reflected that with \$200,000 to take care of, it behooved him to furbish up whatever knowledge he possessed of stocks. The unintelligibility of the stock reports was sufficient proof that he had little knowledge to furbish, but this only aroused his combativeness, and made him determined to learn.

When he left the restaurant he bought a paper of his own, and, taking it to his room, he passed the evening in studying finance as represented in the columns of the daily journal. There was something amusing or pathetic about the absorption with which he gave himself to the occupation of deciding what he should do with \$200,000 if he had it. He reflected shrewdly that it were wise not to invest his whole capital in a single stock, and he tried to recall whatever he had heard of the relative safety of different classes of security. He guessed at the amount of commission he would be obliged to pay a broker, his guide being a confused remembrance that in a play he had heard a certain rate mentioned. He carefully tabulated his investments, and retired at length the possessor of an income of something over \$11,000, all commissions having been paid.

It was perhaps not strange that Barum was in absolute ignorance of the fact, since the vagaries of the stock market were decidedly outside of his world, but the truth was that he had begun to manage his fancied fortunes on a falling market when the bears were raging in Wall Street. While he slept that night a combination was being completed which was the next day to run down twenty-five per cent. the conservative railroad stock in which West had felt it safe to put half his fairy gold. When Barum took up the paper at the restaurant on the third evening he had lost about \$40,000: a fact which could hardly have caused him more chagrin had he really possessed the money to

lose. The game he was playing interested him like a new novel. His quick imagination had taken fire, and this defeat spurred him to a fresh endeavor. He felt himself in honor bound to regain what he had lost; and this evening went like the last, in complicated and decidedly amateurish efforts to bring his imaginary finances into a satisfactory condition. The writing of the play of which he was to read the skeleton to the manager in a fortnight advanced not at all. He took his pen to write, and laid it down to refresh his memory on the latest quotation on some stock; he tried to think of his plot, and found himself reflecting concerning debenture bonds and second mortgages, with the vaguest possible notion of what either might be.

The strange possession which a vivid fancy may take of a lonely and imaginative mind is a phenomenon not unfamiliar to those who have studied the lives of men of fervid temperament; and the whim to which West now gave himself up was no more extravagant than many another which has had consequences far more serious. For days he went on, becoming more and more completely engrossed by the folly he was following. His writing-table was covered with papers upon which he had memoranda of stocks, of sales, of investments, calculations of commissions, and all the rest of it. He even thought of going down town to watch the bulletin boards at some broker's, but he would hardly have been the fanciful dreamer he was, had he not shrunk from actually coming in contact with men and the reality of the business at which he played.

For a week this absurdity continued. Sometimes West gained a little in his visionary speculations, and this inspired him with new courage, although whether he won or lost he was still possessed with the fatal gambling mania. His work meanwhile was not advancing. It is true that he sat for hours at his table nominally at work upon his play, but he interrupted himself constantly to consider whether there were not some way of recovering the money he had lost.

When Saturday night came he looked back over his week with regret and shame. The date fixed for his presenting his sketch to the manager was

now only eight days off, and he was practically no further advanced in his preparation than on the day when his friend brought him the delightful news that that elusive personage had consented to make the appointment. He had wasted the past week in a foolish day-dream, as profitless as it was absurd. Yet he smiled to himself at the reflection that his day-dream had at least been amusing. It had been like creating a story or the plot for a play; and with a characteristically bachelor thought, he added to himself that it was at least less dangerous to play with visions of fortune than of love, and quite as sensible.

He could not, on the whole, however, be satisfied with the result of his week, and he determined to have no more of this folly. He must set to work in earnest, and he resented the consciousness which forced itself upon him that his lonely life and imaginative turn made it possible for him to fall into vagaries which to the practical common-sense of mankind in general would be held to indicate anything but a sound mind. He started up suddenly and gathered all the papers upon which were recorded his unlucky stock transactions, and began to thrust them into the stove. He would make an end of the whole foolish business. And yet, so far from entirely burning his ships, he at least left for himself a little boat in which to continue his explorations into the delusive regions of financial fairy-land, since he saved the one slip which contained the statement of the present condition of his much-diminished fortune. He condescended to the weak, but eminently human trick of attempting to humbug himself in regard to his reasons for doing so. He said to himself, exactly as if he were explaining to another person, that the bit of paper would serve as a warning to him, should he ever be tempted to indulge in so idiotic a diversion again; and he added, as if to quiet the least suspicion that he meant to use the memorandum, that the morrow being Sunday there would be no market with which he could play.

And yet, so weak is human resolution, such a rope of sand is it to fetter the resistless progress of character which is

destiny, that the next evening found West with the Sunday paper spread before him, carefully studying the financial article, and elaborating his plans for a grand *coup*, by which he should regain all the thousands he had lost. He had become very canny during the week's study of the market reports, and he felt this Sunday evening all the pleasant satisfaction of one who, out of sight, cunningly devises the overthrow of clever enemies. On Monday morning he would—in imagination, of course—go into the field with a shrewdly devised scheme of buying and selling, which should result in the triumphant re-establishment of his financial standing. When one is dealing with life in imagination merely, there is, of course, no limit to the extent to which one may make himself master of events, and partly from a keen fancy, partly from pure *naïveté*, West's plan involved nothing less than bulling the market himself, upon his visionary capital, now shrunk to some \$70,000.

All day Monday West was in a state of excitement absurd when one considers that the course was wholly fancy. When a drunkard returns to his cups he is notoriously more intemperate than before, and in delivering himself up for a second time to the intoxication of his vagaries Barum plunged more recklessly than ever into its extravagances. On Tuesday he was once more to be rich, and then he would speculate no more. Safe mortgages and government bonds should suffice him as investments, even though the rate of interest they paid was low. He would not again expose himself to the chances of such feverish excitement as that in which he had spent the past week. So real had the whole business become to him, that while he smiled at his own folly as he took up the Tuesday evening paper, he actually felt a pang of disappointment to discover that his imaginary operations had produced no effect on the stock market. So far from rising, stocks had that day gone almost out of sight, so great had been the fall in the price of securities of all sorts. A feeling almost of despair came over the young man as he read. He had gone out into the street to buy the earliest edition

which would contain the account of the sales that day, and as he walked toward his attic he experienced almost as sharp a pang as if the absolute wreck which he found had overtaken his imaginary fortune had befallen a genuine bank-account. That unreasonable youthful disappointment which arises from a sense of failure *per se*, with little reference to the real importance of the stake, stung him keenly; and he was one of those men who cannot but confound real and æsthetic grievances.

He returned to his attic and figured it out. He was absolutely and hopelessly ruined. He had not only lost every dollar of his imaginary fortune but he was—on paper—some seven or eight hundred dollars in debt to his brokers for commissions. He was so overwhelmed by this catastrophe that he sat brooding over it in the darkness of the February twilight and gathering night, until it was far past the hour when he usually took his apology for a dinner. He was not without a sense of humor sufficiently vivid to make him laugh at himself, and mentally mock at the vexation which the result of his airy speculations caused him; but this did not prevent his being vexed or take his thoughts from laborious calculations how a different result might have been reached. He went off to dinner at last with a sober and abstracted mien, ordering a repast even more economical than usual, as befitted one who had just lost his whole fortune in ill-starred speculation.

It was his custom to time his visit to the restaurant so as to dine before the crowd of customers came for their evening meal. To-night, however, he was behind them. The place was no fuller than he usually found it, but it bore signs of the recent crush. The cloth of the table was crumpled and soiled, the glass in which the inevitable ice-water was poured was yet warm from being washed, while the evening paper the waiter gave him was adorned with an irregular stain of coffee. In the midst of the brown blotch of this stain was a

patch undiscolorled; and by an odd coincidence, in the midst of this spot of dingy white Barum West once more caught sight of his own name. The whimsical fate which had started the fantastic train of thought in his mind ten days before now finished its work by a paragraph stating that the will by which \$200,000 had been bequeathed to Barum West by Richard Granger, of Chicago, was now found to antedate a second testament by which the money was left to Harvard College.

Barum West went home with the light step of a boy. A great responsibility seemed suddenly lifted from his shoulders. The capricious fancy which had insisted that he should be depressed because he had lost an imaginary fortune had apparently been willing to accept the fact that even in hypothesis the possession of the money had been a mistake, and the unlucky speculator was formally acquitted at the bar of his inner consciousness. He lit his lamp and his pipe, seated himself in his chintz-covered rocking-chair, with his heels on the top of the coal stove, and ruminated. He reflected upon the fact that it was only five days before he was to meet the manager, and nothing was done in the way of a play which he could for an instant regard as at all satisfactory.

"Instead of writing an extravaganza," he thought, with mingled amusement and self-reproach, "I have been living one."

The form of the thought struck him instantly. His feet came down to the floor with a crash, and in his excitement his pipe went smashing down beside them.

"By Jove!" he cried aloud, "I have it!"

And the plot of the extravaganza, which everybody will remember as being so successful the following winter, "A Speculator in Air," and which set Barum West on his feet financially, was only a properly modified version of the vagaries in which the author had indulged in the handling and the losing of his imaginary fortune.





## THE EDUCATION OF AN ENGINEER.

MORE RANDOM MEMORIES.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.



ANSTRUTHER is a place sacred to the Muse; she inspired (really to a considerable extent) Tennant's vernacular poem *Ans'ter Fair*; and I have there waited on her myself with much devotion. This was when I came as a young man to glean engineering experience from the building of the breakwater. What I gleaned, I am sure I do not know; but indeed I had already my own private determination to be an author; I loved the art of words and the appearances of life; and *travellers*, and *headers*, and *rubble*, and *polished ashlar*, and *pierres perdues*, and even the thrilling question of the *string-course*, interested me only (if they interested me at all) as properties for some possible romance or as words to add to my vocabulary. To grow a little catholic is the compensation of years; youth is one-eyed; and in those days, though I haunted the breakwater by day, and even loved the place for the sake of the sunshine, the thrilling sea-side air, the wash of waves on the sea-face, the green glimmer of the divers' helmets far below, and the musical chinking of the masons,

my one genuine pre-occupation lay elsewhere, and my only industry was in the hours when I was not on duty. I lodged with a certain Bailie Brown, a carpenter by trade; and there as soon as dinner was despatched, in a chamber scented with dry rose-leaves, drew in my chair to the table and proceeded to pour forth literature, at such a speed and with such intimations of early death and immortality, as I now look back upon with wonder. Then it was that I wrote *Voces Fidelium*, a series of dramatic monologues in verse; then that I indited the bulk of a covenanting novel—like so many others, never finished. Late I sat into the night, toiling (as I thought) under the very dart of death, toiling to leave a memory behind me. I feel moved to thrust aside the curtain of the years, to hail that poor feverish idiot, to bid him go to bed and clap *Voces Fidelium* on the fire before he goes; so clear does he appear before me, sitting there between his candles in the rose-scented room and the late night; so ridiculous a picture (to my elderly wisdom) does the fool present! But he was driven to his bed at last without miraculous intervention; and the manner of his driving sets the last touch upon this eminently youthful business. The weather was then so warm

that I must keep the windows open ; the night without was populous with moths. As the late darkness deepened, my literary tapers beacons forth more brightly ; thicker and thicker came the dusty night-fliers, to gyrate for one brilliant instant round the flame and fall in agonies upon my paper. Flesh and blood could not endure the spectacle ; to capture immortality was doubtless a noble enterprise, but not to capture it at such a cost of suffering ; and out would go the candles, and off would I go to bed in the darkness, raging to think that the blow might fall on the morrow, and there was *Voces Fidelium* still incomplete. Well, the moths are all gone, and *Voces Fidelium* along with them ; only the fool is still on hand and practises new follies.

Only one thing in connection with the harbor tempted me ; and that was the diving, an experience I burned to taste of. But this was not to be, at least in Anstruther ; and the subject involves a change of scene to the sub-arctic town of Wick. You can never have dwelt in a country more unsightly than that part of Caithness, the land faintly swelling, faintly falling, not a tree, not a hedgerow, the fields divided by single slate stones set upon their edge, the wind always singing in your ears and (down the long road that led nowhere) thrumming in the telegraph wires. Only as you approached the coast, was there anything to stir the heart. The plateau broke down to the North Sea in formidable cliffs, the tall out-stacks rose like pillars ringed about with surf, the coves were over-brimmed with clamorous froth, the sea-birds screamed, the wind sang in the thyme on the cliff's edge ; here and there, small ancient castles toppled on the brim ; here and there, it was possible to dip into a dell of shelter, where you might lie and tell yourself you were a little warm, and hear (near at hand) the whin-pods bursting in the afternoon sun, and (further off) the rumor of the turbulent sea. As for Wick itself, it is one of the meanest of man's towns, and situate certainly on the baldest of God's bays. It lives for herring, and a strange sight it is to see (of an afternoon) the heights of Pulteney blackened by seaward-looking fishers, as when a city

crowds to a review—or, as when bees have swarmed, the ground is horrible with lumps and clusters ; and a strange sight, and a beautiful, to see the fleet put silently out against a rising moon, the sea-line rough as a wood with sails, and ever and again and one after another, a boat fitting swiftly by the silver disk. This mass of fishers, this great fleet of boats, is out of all proportion to the town itself ; and the oars are manned and the nets hauled by immigrants from the Long Island (as we call the outer Hebrides), who come for that season only and depart again, if "the take" be poor, leaving debts behind them. In a bad year, the end of the herring fishery is therefore an exciting time ; fights are common, riots often possible ; an apple knocked from a child's hand was once the signal for something like a war ; and even when I was there, a gunboat lay in the bay to assist the authorities. To contrary interests, it should be observed, the curse of Babel is here added ; the Lews men are Gaelic speakers. Caithness has adopted English ; an odd circumstance, if you reflect that both must be largely Norsemen by descent. I remember seeing one of the strongest instances of this division : a thing like a Punch-and-Judy box erected on the flat grave-stones of the churchyard ; from the hutch or proscenium—I know not what to call it—an eldritch looking preacher laying down the law in Gaelic about some one of the name of *Powl*, whom I at last divined to be the apostle to the gentiles ; a large congregation of the Lews men very devoutly listening ; and on the outskirts of the crowd, some of the town's children (to whom the whole affair was Greek and Hebrew) profanely playing tigg. The same descent, the same country, the same narrow sect of the same religion, and all these bonds made very largely nugatory by an accidental difference of dialect !

Into the bay of Wick stretched the dark length of the unfinished break-water, in its cage of open staging ; the travellers (like frames of churches) overplumbing all ; and away at the extreme end, the divers toiling unseen on the foundation. On a platform of loose planks, the assistants turned their air-mills ; a stone might be swinging be-

tween wind and water; underneath the swell ran gayly; and from time to time, a mailed dragon with a window glass snout came dripping up the ladder. Youth is a blessed season after all; my stay at Wick was in the year of *Voces Fidelium* and the rose-leaf room at Bailie Brown's; and already I did not care two straws for literary glory. Posthumous ambition perhaps requires an atmosphere of roses; and the more rugged excitant of Wick east winds had made another boy of me. To go down in the dress, that was my absorbing fancy; and with the countenance of a certain handsome scamp of a diver, Bob Bain by name, I gratified the whim.

It was gray, harsh, easterly weather, the swell ran pretty high, and out in the open there were "skipper's daughters," when I found myself at last on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead upon each foot and my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woollen underclothing. One moment, the salt wind was whistling round my night-capped head; the next, I was crushed almost double under the weight of the helmet. As that intolerable burthen was laid upon me, I could have found it in my heart (only for shame's sake) to cry off from the whole enterprise. But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the hurdy-gurdy and the air to whistle through the tube; some one screwed in the barred window of the vizor; and I was cut off in a moment from my fellow-men; standing there in their midst, but quite divorced from intercourse: a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own. Except that I could move and feel, I was like a man fallen in a catalepsy. But time was scarce given me to realize my isolation; the weights were hung upon my back and breast, the signal rope was thrust into my unresisting hand; and setting a twenty-pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponderously to descend.

Some twenty rounds below the platform, twilight fell. Looking up, I saw a low green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque but very restful

and delicious. Thirty rounds lower, I stepped off on the *pierres perdues* of the foundation; a dumb helmeted figure took me by the hand, and made a gesture (as I read it) of encouragement; and looking in at the creature's window, I beheld the face of Bain. There we were, hand to hand and (when it pleased us) eye to eye; and either might have burst himself with shouting, and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing. Each, in his own little world of air, stood incommunicably separate.

Bob had told me ere this a little tale, a five minutes' drama at the bottom of the sea, which at that moment possibly shot across my mind. He was down with another, settling a stone of the sea-wall. They had it well adjusted, Bob gave the signal, the scissors were slipped, the stone set home; and it was time to turn to something else. But still his companion remained bowed over the block like a mourner on a tomb, or only raised himself to make absurd contortions and mysterious signs unknown to the vocabulary of the diver. There, then, these two stood for awhile, like the dead and the living; till there flashed a fortunate thought into Bob's mind, and he stooped, peered through the window of that other world, and beheld the face of its inhabitant wet with streaming tears. Ah! the man was in pain! And Bob glancing downward, saw what was the trouble: the block had been lowered on the foot of that unfortunate—he was caught alive at the bottom of the sea under fifteen tons of rock.

That two men should handle a stone so heavy, even swinging in the scissors, may appear strange to the inexpert. These must bear in mind the great density of the water of the sea, and the surprising results of transplantation to that medium. To understand a little what these are, and how a man's weight, so far from being an encumbrance, is the very ground of his agility, was the chief lesson of my submarine experience. The knowledge came upon me by degrees. As I began to go forward with the hand of my estranged companion, a world of tumbled stones was visible, pillared with the weedy uprights of the staging: overhead, a flat roof of green:

a little in front, the sea-wall, like an unfinished rampart. And presently, in our upward progress, Bob motioned me to leap upon a stone; I looked to see if he were possibly in earnest, and he only signed to me the more imperiously. Now the block stood six feet high; it would have been quite a leap to me unencumbered; with the breast and back weights, and the twenty pounds upon each foot, and the staggering load of the helmet, the thing was out of reason. I laughed aloud in my tomb; and to prove to Bob how far he was astray, I gave a little impulse from my toes. Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as to the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders, my heels continued their ascent; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet again like an intoxicated sparrow. Yet a little higher on the foundation, and we began to be affected by the bottom of the swell, running there like a strong breeze of wind. Or so I must suppose; for, safe in my cushion of air, I was conscious of no impact; only swayed idly like a weed, and was now borne helplessly abroad, and now swiftly—and yet with dream-like gentleness—impelled against my guide. So does a child's balloon divagate upon the currents of the air, and touch and slide off again from every obstacle. So must have ineffectually swung, so resented their inefficiency, those "light crowds" that followed the *Star of Hades* and uttered "exiguous voices" in the land beyond *Cocytus*.

There was something strangely exasperating, as well as strangely wearying, in these uncommanded evolutions. It is bitter to return to infancy, to be supported, and directed, and perpetually set upon your feet, by the hand of someone else. The air besides, as it is supplied to you by the busy millers on the platform, closes the eustachian tubes and keeps the neophyte perpetually swallowing, till his throat is grown so dry that he can swallow no longer. And for all these reasons—although I had a

fine, dizzy, muddle-headed joy in my surroundings, and longed, and tried, and always failed, to lay hands on the fish that darted here and there about me, swift as humming-birds—yet I fancy I was rather relieved than otherwise when Bain brought me back to the ladder and signed to me to mount. And there was one more experience before me even then. Of a sudden, my ascending head passed into the trough of a swell. Out of the green, I shot at once into a glory of rosy, almost of sanguine light—the multitudinous seas incarnadined, the heaven above a vault of crimson. And then the glory faded into the hard, ugly daylight of a Caithness autumn, with a low sky, a gray sea, and a whistling wind.

Bob Bain had five shillings for his trouble, and I had done what I desired. It was one of the best things I got from my education as an engineer: of which however, as a way of life, I wish to speak with sympathy. It takes a man into the open air; it keeps him hanging about harbor-sides, which is the richest form of idling; it carries him to wild islands; it gives him a taste of the genial dangers of the sea; it supplies him with dexterities to exercise; it makes demands upon his ingenuity; it will go far to cure him of any taste (if ever he had one) for the miserable life of cities. And when it has done so, it carries him back and shuts him in an office! From the roaring skerry and the wet thwart of the tossing boat, he passes to the stool and desk; and with a memory full of ships, and seas, and perilous headlands, and the shining pharos, he must apply his long-sighted eyes to the petty niceties of drawing, or measure his inaccurate mind with several pages of consecutive figures. He is a wise youth, to be sure, who can balance one part of genuine life against two parts of drudgery between four walls, and for the sake of the one, manfully accept the other.

Wick was scarce an eligible place of stay. But how much better it was to hang in the cold wind upon the pier, to go down with Bob Bain among the roots of the staging, to be all day in a boat coiling a wet rope and shouting orders—not always very wise—than to

be warm and dry, and dull, and dead-alive, in the most comfortable office. And Wick itself had in those days a note of originality. It may have still, but I misdoubt it much. The old minister of Keiss would not preach, in these degenerate times, for an hour and a half upon the clock. The gipsies must be gone from their cavern; where you might see, from the mouth, the women tending their fire, like Meg Merrilies, and the men sleeping off their coarse potatoes; and where in winter gales, the surf would beleaguer them closely, bursting in their very door. A traveller to-day upon the Thurso coach would scarce observe a little cloud of smoke among the moorlands, and be told, quite openly, it marked a private still. He would not indeed make that journey, for there is now no Thurso coach. And even if he could, one little thing that happened to me could never happen to him, or not with the same trenchancy of contrast.

We had been upon the road all evening; the coach top was crowded with Lews fishers going home, scarce anything but Gaelic had sounded in my ears; and our way had lain throughout over a moorish country very northern to behold. Latish at night, though it was still broad day in our subarctic latitude, we came down upon the shores of the roaring Pentland Firth, that grave of mariners; on one hand, the cliffs of Dunnet Head ran seaward; in front was the little bare, white town of Castleton, its streets full of blowing sand; nothing beyond, but the North Islands, the great deep, and the perennial ice-fields of the Pole. And here, in the last imaginable place, there sprang up young outlandish voices and a chatter of some foreign speech; and I saw, pursuing the coach with its load of Hebridean fishers—as they had pursued *vetturini* up the passes of the Apennines or perhaps along the grotto under Vir-

gil's tomb—two little dark-eyed, white-toothed Italian vagabonds, of twelve to fourteen years of age, one with a hurdy-gurdy, the other with a cage of white mice. The coach passed on, and their small Italian chatter died in the distance; and I was left to marvel how they had wandered into that country, and how they fared in it, and what they thought of it, and when (if ever) they should see again the silver wind-breaks run among the olives, and the stone pine stand guard upon Etruscan sepulchres.

Upon any American, the strangeness of this incident is somewhat lost. For as far back as he goes in his own land, he will find some alien camping there; the Cornish miner, the French or Mexican half-blood, the negro in the South, these are deep in the woods and far among the mountains. But in an old, cold and rugged country such as mine, the days of immigration are long at an end; and away up there, which was at that time far beyond the northernmost extreme of railways, hard upon the shore of that ill-omened strait of whirlpools, in a land of moors where no stranger came, unless it should be a sportsman to shoot grouse or an antiquary to decipher runes, the presence of these small pedestrians struck the mind as though a bird-of-paradise had risen from the heather or an albatross come fishing in the bay of Wick. They were as strange to their surroundings as my lordly evangelist or the old Spanish grandee on the Fair Isle. Years after, I read in the papers that some defaulting banker had been picked up by a yacht upon the coast of Wales; the two vagabonds of Castleton (I know not why) rose instantly before my fancy; and that same night I had made the framework of a blood-and-thunder tale, which perhaps the reader may have dipped through under the name of *The Pavilion on the Links*. But how far more picturesque is the plain fact!









NEAR THE FOOT OF MT. WHITEFACE.

(From a drawing by Bruce Crane, engraved by Fillebrown.)

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

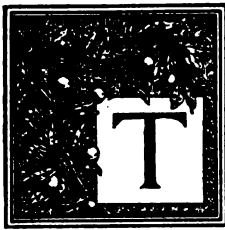
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## WINTER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

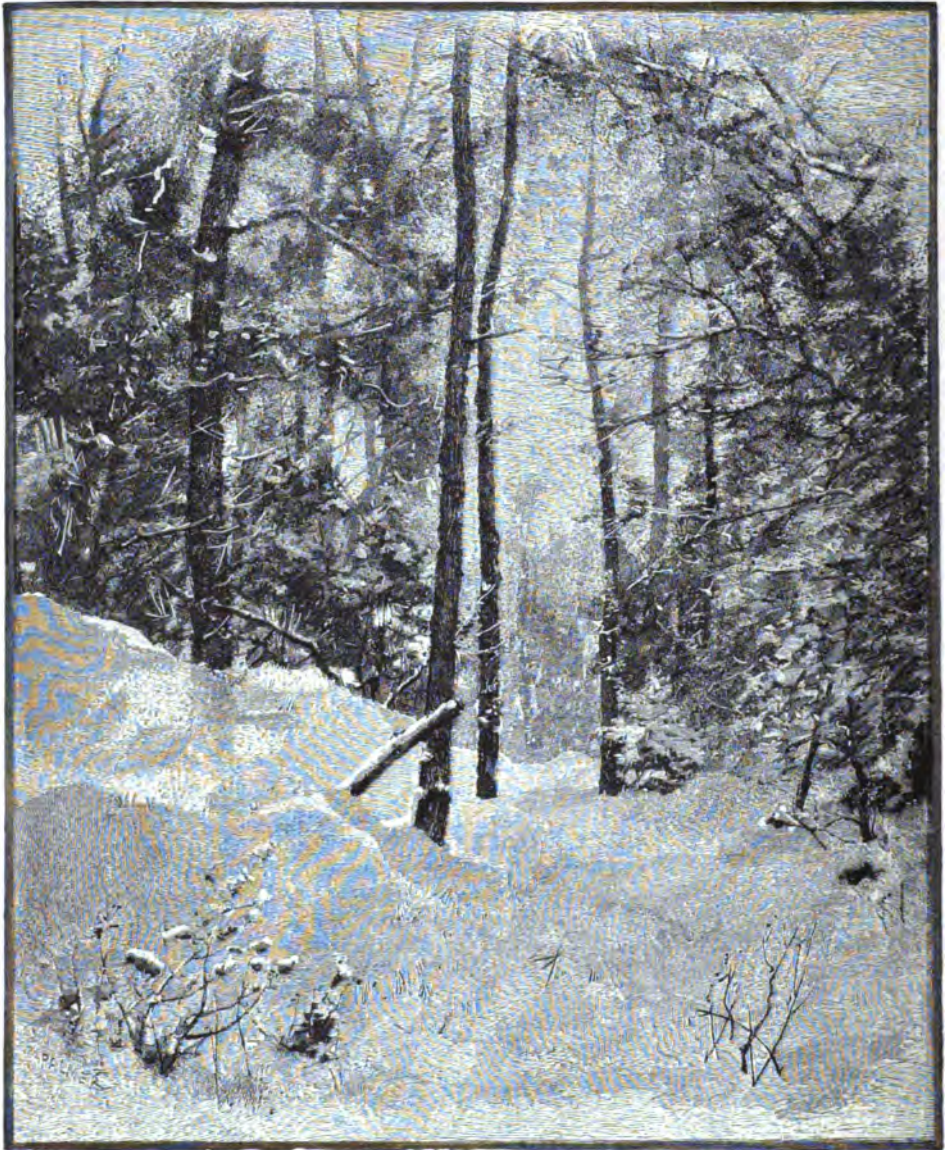
*By Hamilton Wright Mabie.*



THE easy self-confidence and unaffected air of superiority which the woodsman always wears in his intercourse with persons less fortunate in early surroundings and training is not without substantial basis in fact; knowledge of nature acquired at first hand, and mastery of the arts and resources of out-of-door life confer a distinction which, although not academic, is much more readily recognized and much more immediately available. The education which familiarity with the woods confers is distinctly fundamental; and he who possesses it may justly challenge every comer to disclose a kindred training or acknowledge his inferiority. The wise man who finds himself in this dilemma will frankly confess his lack of early advantages, and promptly begin to supply his defective education by the use of such powers of observation and imitation as nature has given him. In this endeavor he will feel the spur of a certain sense of humiliation: no sensitive man ever walks through the woods without feeling that every tree ought to be familiar to him, and that every sound ought instantly to suggest to his mind the form and habit of life from which it issues. There is always in the consciousness of such a man an instinctive recognition that this knowledge from which he is debarred is not a department of science, which one educated

along other lines can well afford to leave untouched on some principle of selection, but that it is elemental and essential; that no man is really trained without it. It is a kind of knowledge which does not go to the making of special skills and dexterities, but to the making of a man. To be without it is not to know how to use the eye and the hand, not to know how to form instantly a general impression from the reports of all the senses, and to focus every power of body and mind in a swift and unerring decision. To be without this knowledge is to be a stranger in one's ancestral home and to miss the unfailing joy of intimacy with one's mother. It is to lose one of the finest results of that long and painful process of education which we call heredity: for no person of imagination ever fails to recognize in the spell which the woods throw over him the subtle potency of centuries of earlier and more intimate association between man and the forest. It is such a great piece of good fortune to have had a sound, healthy, vigorous, barbarian ancestry that one ought to revive and conserve those normal instincts which long identification with forest life developed. Out of the woods we came, and to the woods we must return, at frequent intervals, if we would redeem ourselves from the vanities of civilization. Emerson says somewhere that the defect in Webster was his inability to go behind the Constitution: the social order as he found it was to him, as to Burke, a finality. Every



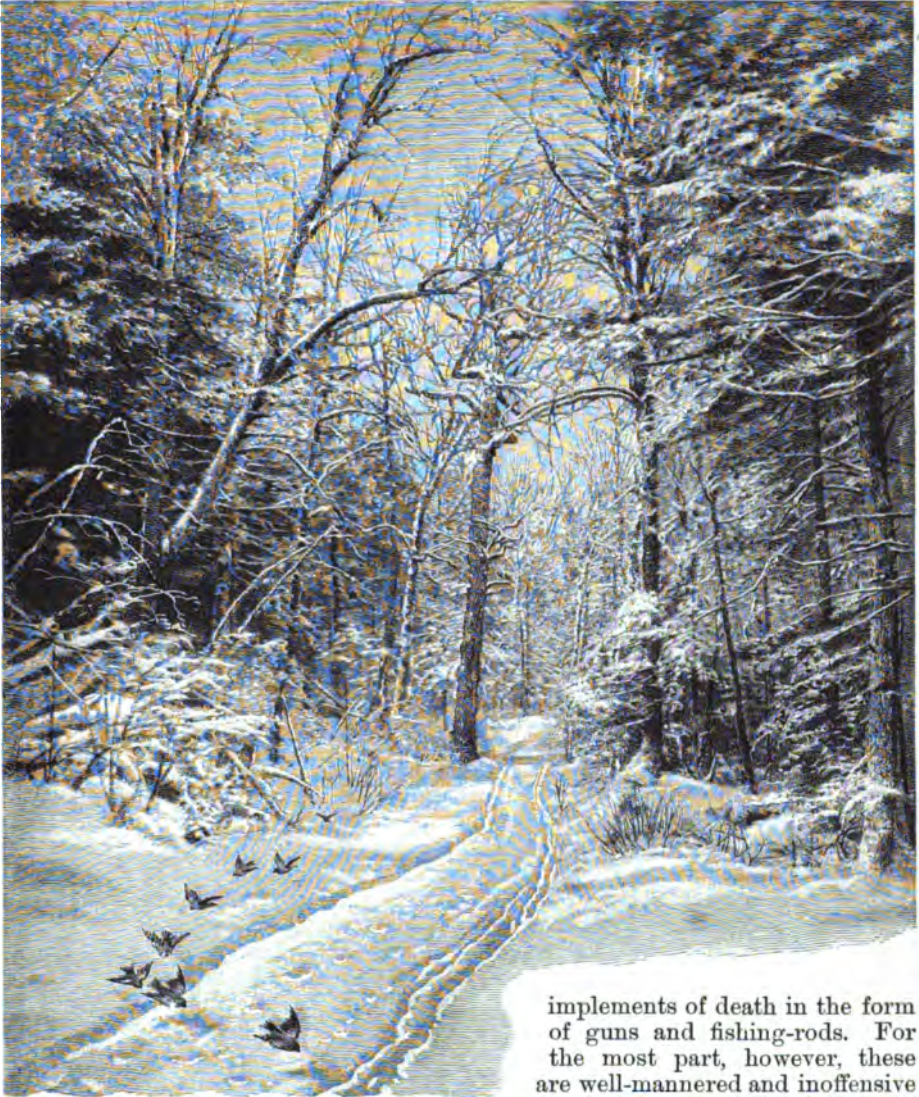


vigorous life needs a retreat and a playground outside the bounds of organized society, a place where no images of the god Terminus are ever set up. Fortunately, the advance of civilization has not yet destroyed these places of antique simplicity and manliness. Nature has still room enough to dispense her boundless hospitality; we may go to her, as Thoreau says, for "a place beyond the jurisdiction of human governments." "I love nature partly because she is not a

man, but a retreat from him; none of his institutions control or pervade her."

Those who feel the friction of the game laws will probably dissent from the statement that the Adirondacks supply one of these play-grounds for suppressed activity and undeveloped sentiment; society is never more obnoxious than when it steps in between a man's skill and its natural prey. But the sportsmen are a small and fortunate class, to whom the railroads have opened





"The snow, lodged in every crevice, caught by every branch."

up the most remote hunting-grounds, and whose exceptional felicity ought to be tempered by a little self-denial. It is also true that the functions of nature as a healer of the wounds which the sensitive spirit suffers at the hands of society are seriously disarranged by the throngs of people who traverse the region during the summer months, carrying from hotel to hotel, and from lake to lake, arsenals of ornate and costly

implements of death in the form of guns and fishing-rods. For the most part, however, these are well-mannered and inoffensive persons, whose murderous intentions toward fish, fowl, and quadruped are rarely put into effect. Every cup of wholesome pleasure contains at least a drop of sacrifice, and the lover of nature ought to find some consolation for the loss of solitude in the thought that the beneficence of that noble country is bestowed with royal generosity. That which gives the Adirondacks their peculiar charm is inviolable; tourists cannot stain a sky visible always from horizon to horizon; nor despoil those countless lakes in which another sky floats responsive to every wind and wave;

nor blur the vision of the great hills, in which the silence and solitude of the woods seem to be sublimely visible. This noble country, whose value as a means of sane and wholesome living we have hardly begun as yet to understand, is in imminent danger; not from the throngs who visit it, but from rapacious land speculators, from selfish lumbermen, and from the aggressions of the railroads. If the woods can be secured and kept for public uses; if the destructive axe of the lumberman is restrained, and the extension of the railroads resisted, the Adirondacks may be safely committed to the custody of the people, whom they will educate to the proper care of so noble a possession.

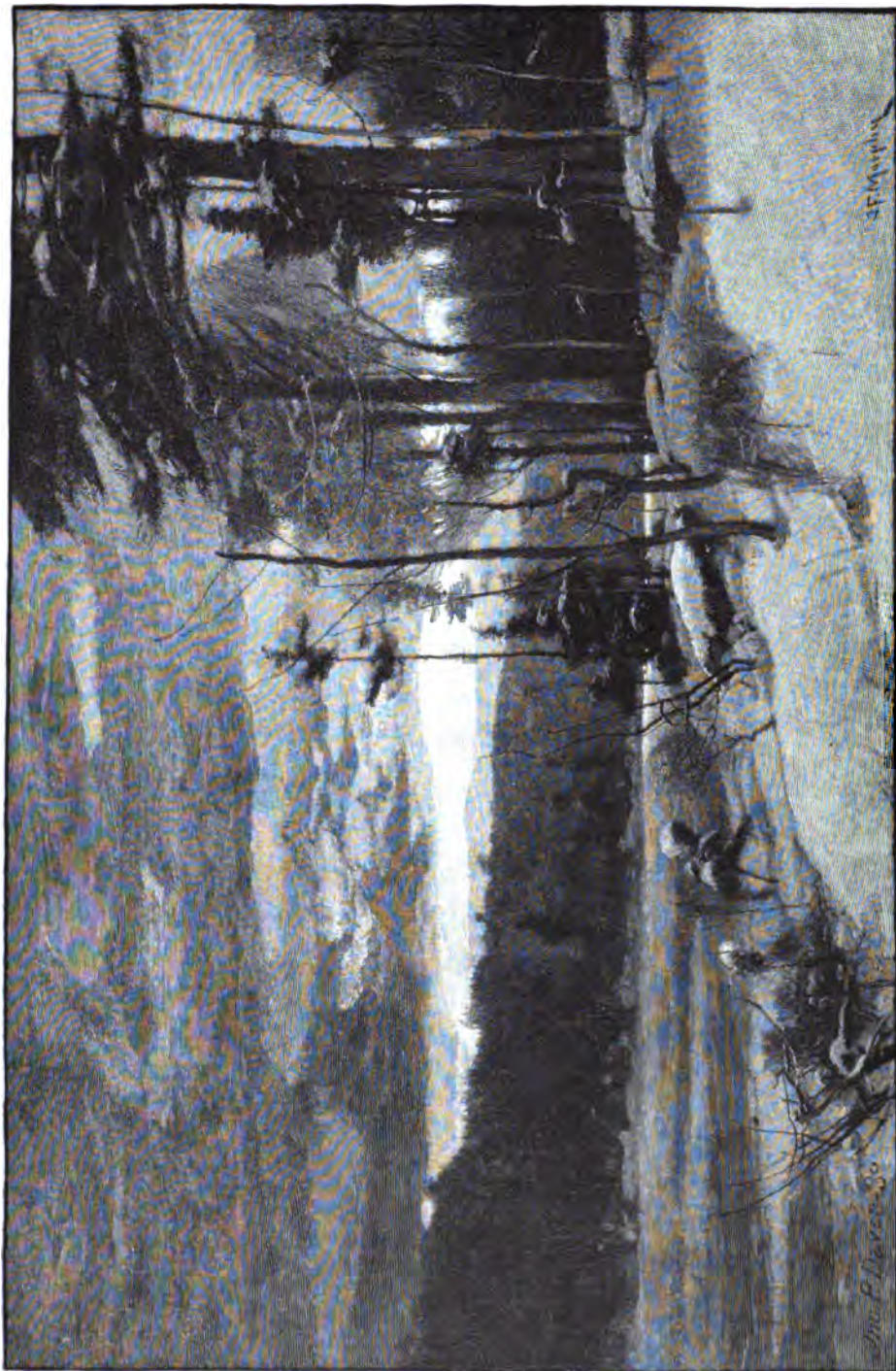
There is one season, however, when the most jealous lover of nature will find himself in undisturbed possession of the landscape and all its resources. In summer the crack of the rifle may break the stillness of the most remote woods, or the splash of the oar disturb the tranquillity of the most secluded lake; at every carry one may meet adventurers pressing on to the heart of the wilderness, or returning from their novel voyaging; but in winter the crowds have vanished, and no trace of their coming and going remains save the deserted hotels, given over to utter silence, or to those deliberate and long-continued repairs which are sometimes made in the Adirondacks. Nowhere is there a broader or more effective contrast between winter and summer than in the North Woods; nowhere are the divergent sentiments and aspects of the two seasons more sharply accented. Not only is the population vastly reduced in winter, but its character is entirely changed; not only are the activities of life immensely restricted in volume and variety, but they suffer a notable change of direction; not only is one aspect of nature substituted for another, but the whole appearance of things is completely transformed. So radical is the change that takes place that one cannot lay claim to real knowledge of the woods until he has seen them when the hand of winter, like a more spiritual artist, has struck into sudden prominence the structure of the landscape by disrobing it, and, discarding all the tricks of color, has substituted for end-

less variety of hue and tint the stainless purity of the most delicate monochrome, and the exquisite beauty of pure form. If the figure were permissible, one might say that in summer one sees the woods under the spell of the romantic mood; while in winter one looks upon them with the clear vision of the classical spirit; in summer affluence of color, splendor and variety of verdure compose the charm of every landscape; in winter flawless perfection of form, delicate precision of outline, exquisite tracery of bough and twig, imposing disclosure of mass create a different and more complex impression. In summer the senses are fed by a series of charming aspects; in winter the mind receives more directly an image of the harmony and completeness of a world whose bare structure stands out in naked majesty.

The summer life of the Adirondacks is diffused over a vast tract of country, heavily wooded for the most part, and thickly strewn with lakes and ponds. In winter this volume of life contracts, the wilderness is practically deserted, and only a few outposts are held as bases of supplies and activity. Chief among these winter retreats, and, indeed, the only community in the heart of the woods, is the village of Saranac. The Saranac region is the most beautiful and healthful section of the wilderness. Commanding at numerous points the noblest views of the mountain groups dominated by Marcy and Whiteface, including, within a comparatively small territory, lakes of such diverse beauty as St. Regis, Loon, Placid, the Upper and Lower Saranac, it offers the sportsman and nature-lover an inexhaustible variety of resources and attractions. Its elevation, its sandy soil, its vast environment of forest, full of spruce and pine, and the dryness of its atmosphere make this region a natural sanatorium, to which the victims of lung and throat diseases are drawn in increasing numbers. The village of Saranac is the only resort which the wilderness offers to invalids and semi-invalids in winter, although one or two of the larger hotels keep cottages open for guests during the same season.

Before the extension of the Chateaugay Railroad, a year ago, the long stage-





A Corner of Lake Placid.



ride to Saranac was often in severe weather no slight hardship; but now that one can leave New York by a night express, breakfast at Plattsburgh, and reach Saranac by noon without further change, the journey has lost its terrors. It is, in fact, no small pleasure in itself. If one makes it by daylight the winter scenery of the upper Hudson and of Lake Champlain furnishes a charming introduction to the wilder and more solitary winter landscapes of the woods. I was so fortunate as to make this journey for the first time on a day of crystalline purity and phenomenal frigidity. The thermometer registered fifteen degrees below zero at eight o'clock, and the mercury sank steadily during the day and the succeeding night until it touched forty-five degrees. The country was covered with snow of a dazzling purity, and the light was of a brilliancy unknown to summer days. The narrow-gauge railroad between Plattsburgh and Saranac makes its devious way through a sombre and lonely country, thinly settled, sparsely wooded, with tracts of dreary upland denuded by the axe of the woodcutter and by forest fires. It steadily climbs skyward until, on the ridge of Lyon Mountain, it reaches an altitude of two thousand feet. Noble outlooks break the monotony of the landscape from time to time, and after leaving Lyon Mountain the country rapidly takes on a bolder and more impressive character. Commanding mountain ranges interrupt the horizon line, great forests stretch away toward the wilderness of which they form the outskirts, snow-covered lakes and ponds are skirted and left behind, and one begins to feel the sentiment of the wintry woods. In the intense cold every outline of tree or mountain-peak is sharply defined, and the stainless white below and the stainless blue above give the day a dazzling radiancy. The trackmen, in their red overstockings, their many-colored blouses, and their brilliant toques, look like gnomes, the frost having whitened their beards so artistically that Father Time himself might well be envious of the skill which effects so striking a transformation.

In the keen, clear air the little village of Saranac takes on an almost pictu-

resque air, and nestles among the wintry hills as if conscious of the immense capital of health and pleasure upon which it can draw at will. The white smoke from every chimney rises in a straight or sinuous column, sharply defined against the blue sky; the minor uglinesses are concealed by the charitable mantle of snow; and the mere fact of the presence of human life in the wilderness, at such temperature, inspires one with interest and respect. With the exception of an occasional load of logs one sees few indications of active life in the little community. It is the vacation season with many of the permanent residents, whose brief harvest-time is during the summer months; others are in the lumber camps; still others are in the service of the winter colony of visitors. The natives of the Adirondacks are, as a class, a kindly and trustworthy people, thoroughly capable in their own lines of work, frank in speech and courteous in manner. They are not given to undue rapacity in their dealings with the throngs who annually invade their territory, and in their civility and honesty they certainly differ very pleasantly from most men whose fortune it is to live on the tourist, the sportsman, or the invalid. The Adirondack guide is often a man of parts and resource—skilled in woodcraft, apt in emergencies, full of good sense and good humor, and a companion of one's vacation mood who adds not a little to its zest and pleasure.

One readily falls into the ways of the winter colony at Saranac, and finds them ways of pleasantness; not at all akin to the rigor of the climate, but rather suggestive of tropical deliberation and leisureliness. The health-seekers usually number from fifty to seventy persons, and although some form of pulmonary trouble has transplanted them to this wintry clime there is no suggestion of invalidism in the atmosphere of the place. A more aggressively active set of persons is probably not to be found the world over. Now that the physicians have practically agreed that air and nutrition are the principal if not the only means of overcoming pulmonary weakness or disease, out-of-door life is the invariable prescription for all



At the Entrance of a Carry.

troubles of this kind. Four or five hours a day in the open air, in all kinds of weather, serve the double purpose of securing an abundance of pure air and stimulating a vigorous appetite. The temperature is often very low, but the dryness of the atmosphere takes the sting out of the cold. Those who have not had the opportunity of comparing a moist with a dry atmosphere in winter can hardly understand how little physical comfort depends on the mercury, and how much it depends on the presence or absence of humidity. One may feel far more discomfort on the coast, with the mercury at twenty degrees above zero, than in the Adirondacks with the mercury at ten or even twenty degrees below zero. On a clear day without wind, a low temperature has no terrors in a dry air; it necessitates a certain amount of vigilance in the surveillance of ears and nose, but it means pure exhilaration. Fatigue is an unknown sensation on such days; one walks miles without any sense of weariness, and without any consciousness of unusual cold. In the crystalline air the mountains stand out in startling distinctness; every tree is individualized; the dark masses of spruce or pine accentuate the whiteness of the snow and the blue of the sky; and one walks on and on with a sense of buoyancy and vitality which are a physical inspiration. On such a day no task seems too great to be accomplished, so powerfully does nature reinforce one with the tonic of dry mountain air. Returning from a three hours' ramble through the woods one can hardly accept the statement of the thermometer, which reports twenty-three degrees below zero.

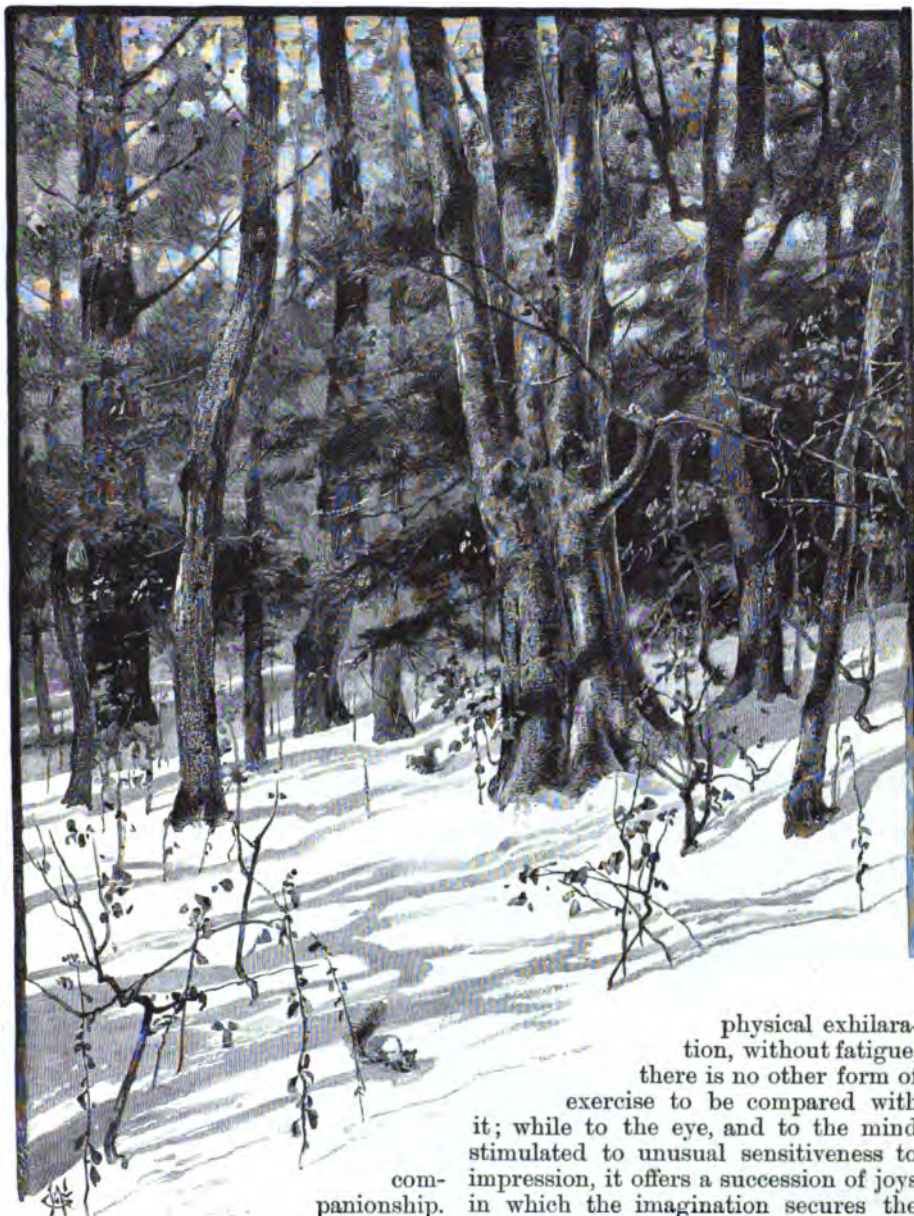
The tonic quality of the air during the periods of low temperature is by no means the only delightful effect. The landscape assumes a distinctness which is a revelation to one unfamiliar with it; there is a splendor of light, a delicacy and softness of color in the morning and evening skies, which are unknown to balmier days. The little village, seen by moonlight, becomes almost poetic in its suggestion of domesticity under a marvellously brilliant sky, and encircled by hills whose covering of snow fairly shines in the radiancy of a night so still

that nature seems to be waiting, in her most brilliant mood, for the coming of some favored guest. One lingers in the prosaic streets, and walks again and again from bridge to bridge, under the spell of a new enchantment; the softness and mystery of the moonlight of summer nights has yielded to the spell of an almost overpowering brilliancy. Within doors generous open fires keep the cold at bay, although the thick incrustation on the window-panes shows how sharp the struggle is, and by how fragile a line the summer within is separated from the winter without. During the night the mercury falls rapidly, and one is awakened at intervals by sharp explosions. If he happens to be a reader of Thoreau he recalls certain records in which the Concord naturalist reports similar experiences. On the 11th day of January, 1859, the mercury having fallen to twenty-two degrees below zero, he writes: "Going to Boston to-day I find that the cracking of the ground last night is the subject of conversation in the cars, and that it was quite general. I see many cracks in Concord and Cambridge. It would appear, then, that the ground cracks on the advent of very severe cold weather. I had not heard it before this winter." Domestic architecture suffers not a little from the same cause, and in the spring nails that have been drawn by the invisible fingers of the frost must be driven into place.

Nature is not to be trifled with in very low temperatures; ceaseless vigilance is the price of comfort and safety. To insure both in the open air, coats of buffalo or coon skin are worn, with felt boots, and fur caps of many kinds and shapes to complete the outfit. Add to these a pair of fur gloves, and one is armed cap-a-pie against all the assaults of the enemy. Indeed, the appearance of a sleighing party in the Adirondacks would fill the uninitiated with nameless terror; so lost is all human resemblance in a mass of skins, furs, and uncouth apparel of ingenious design.

Those who have had large experience of the delights and discomforts of sleighing know that the pleasure which it may yield depends on a nice adjustment of road, scenery, weather, temperature, and





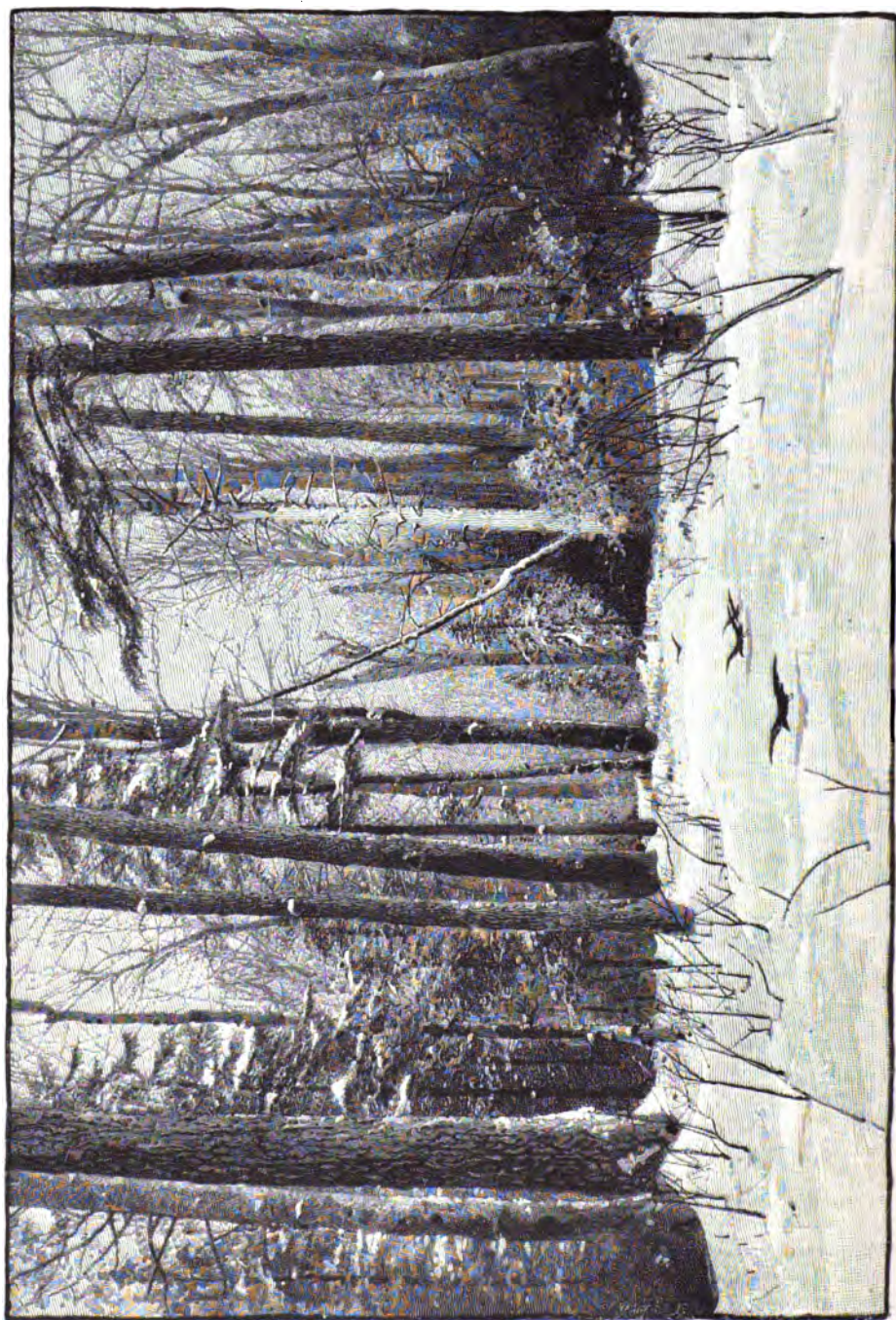
physical exhilaration, without fatigue, there is no other form of exercise to be compared with

it; while to the eye, and to the mind stimulated to unusual sensitiveness to impression, it offers a succession of joys in which the imagination secures the most complete satisfaction. A pleasure which finds its way to the mind through a quickening of the senses is generally of that high order which leaves no sting in the memory. Certainly no physical delight can harvest so many lasting impressions of color and form and beautiful grouping as sleighing through the winter woods. It is not an incidental pastime with the

companionship.

It is, at most times and under most circumstances a purely speculative venture; but like all speculative ventures it sometimes yields very large returns. In the Adirondacks, on a brilliant day, it comes as near perfect enjoyment of sense and soul as anything which the narrow resources of our planet afford. For pure





In the Heart of the North Woods.

Saranac colony ; it is a serious business, seriously undertaken. The outfit is as complete as the exigencies of the country and the climate demand, and the best hours of each day are given up to this flying pursuit of health along the woodland roads or on the surface of the frozen lakes. One leaves no cares behind to steal after and ride with him ; one forebodes no unwelcome engagements when the horses are turned homeward. To clear one's mind of care is a Saranac injunction as often and as vigorously repeated by the lips of authority as Dr. Johnson's famous advice about cant. One starts with a free and open mind ; "black care" is shaken off with the civilization which has done so much to increase its weight and deepen its hue.

It is a clear, brilliant morning, with a temperature a little below the zero-point. The snow lies fresh and stainless over the fields and woods as one turns into the road to Lake Placid, leaves the little village behind him, and is soon speeding through a solitary world. The heavy, sandy road of bitter memory on hot summer days is now barely definable across the level reaches of snow. Two narrow tracks afford the only evidence that other adventurers have penetrated these remote and silent woods. The sense of isolation is fed by every turn of the road and by every vista through the forest ; one feels alone with nature. Cities and the arts of men seem not only remote, but unreal. The road winds along the base of a low hill, whose crown of spruce and pine is dark and green amid the universal monotone of white ; it climbs the upland, bare but beautiful now that its unsightly logs and stumps have been transformed by the magic of frost ; it runs through an occasional clearing, where the drifts lie so deep that a catastrophe is only avoided by extreme care and skill. On either side there is a succession of winter landscapes, a series of winter incidents, which make one oblivious of time and distance. It is a silent, deserted world, and yet how much goes on within it ! The snow, lodged in every crevice, caught by every branch, interrupted by every leaf, has wrought upon the landscape with that unconscious art

which holds the most magical spell of beauty. In all that wilderness there is nothing common or unclean. The unsightly *débris* of dead trees has now a plastic purity of form and color, and every boulder shows some sculpturesque effect. Through the woods the road almost ceases to be definable ; in advance or behind, the trees close up in apparently unbroken ranks, and one wonders whence he came or how he is to find his way out. The long aisles through which one passes noiselessly seem to lead into the very heart of a sanctuary—so silent, so solitary, so profoundly impressive to sense and thought are the snow-covered woods. The great trees, in their vigorous life, are not more beautiful than the dead, which have fallen against them and caught the snow in outspread branches. The trunks that lie prone among their more fortunate fellows have lost all trace of scars and decay ; and the under-brush fills in the picture with a free and careless grace of outline and grouping which hints at nature's prodigality of beauty when she turns artist. Above all shines the delicate blue of the wintry sky.

Meanwhile the mountains have come into clear view, and lure one on to their fastnesses. To the east rises the noble mass of Whiteface, to the south the peak of Marcy overtops all its aspiring companions. The White Mountains show no more impressive grouping of hills. The sleigh suddenly leaves the road, descends a steep hill, and glides out onto the smooth surface of Mirror Lake. The ice-cutters are at work, and the blue tint of the great pieces piled about them suggest that last season's reflections of sky have been frost-bound and frozen in with the waters which received them. The lake is an open plain, through which one may take his own course ; the snow is so light and dry that the horses pass through it without difficulty, and a light wind obliterates all trace of travel. The circuit of the lake is soon made, and in the meantime the sky is dimmed by a gathering haze which portends snow. A short drive through the woods, by a rough and uncertain road, brings one to Lake Placid, never so beautiful as now when it lies snow-bound among the mountains. To-





On the way to The Lodge.

day it is a virgin solitude, and following swiftly the lines of its wooded shores, one feels that here the genius of winter is incarnated. The sky has become gray, the lake is a stainless plain, the clustering hills show their green masses touched with snow, while Whiteface rises from the shore, as noble a pile, seen from the surface of the lake, as stars ever rested upon in their long journeying. It is the hour of enthronement, and a few fortunate persons are present at the very moment when winter takes its seat and puts on its crown. A great wreath of snow gathers about the summit of the mountain and slowly descends, expanding as it sinks; the sky becomes more and more indistinct; snow-flakes begin to fall, slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity, until the landscape is folded out of sight and the whole world is given up to the silent mystery of the storm.

The Lower Saranac offers a driving-track of a unique kind on a clear, cold day, when its surface is an unbroken stretch of snow, and one passes swiftly from island to island over the frozen waters, through which his fragile boat may have carried him under the enchantment of summer skies. I was so fortunate as to make the circuit of this charming lake during a driving storm, when all traces of travel were instantly obliterated, all landmarks concealed, and nothing remained but the whirling snow. The silent fury of the storm, the remoteness and solitude of the scene recalled those studies of winter life and scenery with which the genius of Schreyer has made the world familiar. Another novel experience awaited me when for the first time I left the road and followed the winding course of the Saranac River. The lumber sledges had made a smooth, narrow track on the ice, but not sufficiently marked to make it distinguishable at a distance from the level whiteness of the surface. The river is narrow and full of curves, trees line the shores in many places, and to the east there is a noble background of mountains. One charming bit of scenery gives place to another in a long succession of winter pictures, touched with a refinement of form and a delicacy of color denied the ripper and more affluent beauty of summer. As

one returns the sun is sinking and the mountains are passing through that magical transformation of light by which their massive outlines are softened and spiritualized. Instead of flat surfaces of dead white, each tree is individualized and stands out in marvellous distinctness, with every branch and leaf outlined in exquisite frost-work. While the light of the western sky falls on those rich masses of frost-tracery a vision of evanescent loveliness passes before one, the flush of the rose slowly fading into the light of the first star.

But there are pleasures afoot in the wintry woods, and one of the most exhilarating is associated with the snow-shoe. This ingenious device of the higher latitudes adjusts man to a winter environment which would otherwise narrowly circumscribe his activity. When the snow lies deep along the woodland roads or in the depths of the forest, the pedestrian is practically imprisoned; walking through snow-drifts is a form of exercise from which even the most vigorous shrink. But the snow-shoe, by diffusing one's weight over a larger surface, makes the heaviest snow tributary to a new kind of pleasure. There is no art which is learned with so much personal humiliation as the art of putting the snow-shoe to its normal use; the novice invariably discovers a marvellous inventiveness in turning it to other and more calamitous uses. Once mastered, the snow-shoe puts the whole country into one's possession; road and field, hill and wood offer no obstacles which cannot be overcome. There is, indeed, no other way in which one may really see all there is to be seen, and do all there is to be done. The charm of the winter woods can only be felt when one seeks the very heart of their solitude, and the key of these remote recesses is the snow-shoe. The stimulating air, the consciousness of freedom to scale all heights and to storm the very citadel in which winter has intrenched itself give the man on snow-shoes a feeling of superiority over his fellows which only the noblest natures can bear with equanimity. One comes back from such an exploration of the woods enriched beyond his deserts; he recalls the exquisitely etched branches





of the tree that stands solitary on some snowy upland ; he recalls the silence of the mountain gorge, the music of whose summer brook still lingers softly cadenced in the ear of memory ; he recalls a whole world of impressions so personal, so intimately related to his own imagination, that if he ventured to set

them down he would be accused of romancing. Add to these out-of-door occupations the excitement of the toboggan slide, when nature acts as architect and constructor ; coasting, skating, and walking, and it is evident that time need hang heavy on no man's hands in the Adirondacks during the winter.

The game laws conspire with the climate to limit the activity of the sportsman from December to May. During this period the cunning trout and the retiring deer are constructively secure from the hand of the spoiler. It is generally believed, however, that both venison and trout are sometimes served on Adirondack tables, and numbers of innocent persons are made accessories after the fact to flagrant violations of the law. When trout are caught during these months they suffer a change of name and are known as "chubs." Under various names venison also appears during the same period. The legitimate sport of the season, however, is the hunting of the fox and rabbit; an occupation full of zest and excitement for those whose love of the chase makes them indifferent to long tramps and extreme cold. To the uninitiated the lion's share of the excitement of fox and rabbit hunting seems appropriated by the dogs, who discover the scent, follow the game, and are engrossed in the absorbing interest of pursuit, while the hunter warms his hands, keeps up his spirits, and waits as patiently as he can for the chance of a shot. It not unfrequently happens that the fox takes a course of his own and disappears early in the day with the dogs on his track, leaving the hunter to cultivate that philosophy which Socrates is reputed to have domesticated among men. On the other hand, there are clear, bracing days when the game comes within range with the most considerate promptness, and the brush is the symbol of an experience whose zest none but the lover of sport can adequately appreciate.

There is a large class of men in the Adirondacks to whom the winter months bring the real work of the year, a work of much hardship even under the most favorable circumstances. As one drives along the roads in some sections of the woods he comes not unfrequently upon the deserted log-houses that have served as lumber camps. In winter these rude but warmly built huts are centres of the greatest activity. A camp generally numbers from twenty to thirty men, mostly French-Canadians, with some admixture of the native woodsmen. The season of work begins early in the au-

tumn, when the trees are felled and cut into logs of uniform length. In this part of his work the Adirondack woodsman has exchanged the picturesque axe for the more manageable saw. The logs are then "skidded" by horses or oxen into skidways, which hold from one to two hundred. In the meantime, wood roads are made, and preparations are completed for the coming of snow. In December winter sets in, the roads are broken, and the logs are drawn to the nearest river, where they are piled in great roll-ways either on the ice or on a high bank, there to remain until the spring floods launch them and carry them to the various mills. The timber is often cut on the mountain sides, and the logs are shot down substantial slides built for that purpose. The descending logs in long slides attain such velocity that they sometimes shoot hundreds of feet through the air with the impetus of a cannon-ball. The life of the wood-cutters, although a hard one, is not without its enlivening features; indeed a vein of gayety runs through it. The French Canadians retain something of the cheerfulness of the Latin temperament, and in point of general good feeling and light-heartedness the lumber camp differs very sharply from the mining camp. Every hut contains at least one self-instructed fiddler, and when the pipes are lighted for the after-supper smoke Kanuck songs shorten the long winter evenings. Hard work in the intense cold naturally promotes early retiring, and the twenty or thirty men are in their bunks at an hour when the evening has hardly begun for social purposes in more luxurious circles. One does not care to dwell even in thought on the quality of the air in those huts, hermetically shut against cold, and shared by such a company of sleepers. The wages earned by the wood-cutters vary from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a month, and in spite of their narrow quarters and coarse fare the health of the men is said to be uniformly good. The impression prevails that all cutting of timber is injurious to the forest; as a matter of fact, much of it is highly beneficial. There are lumbermen whose rapacity spares nothing and leaves behind it barrenness and devastation; there are

others whose intelligent management of their business conserves the woods by removing superfluous and dying trees. Some of these far-seeing men have studied the systems of forestry abroad, and are adapting them to the very different conditions of timber-cutting in our own forests. The spruce in the Adirondacks is dying rapidly, and its removal is a matter of the highest importance to the preservation of the woods. Proper legislative restrictions, with intelligence and vigilance on the part of the lumbermen, would make the business of wood-cutting conservative of the public interests in this noble park.

Thoreau says that a broad margin of

leisure is as beautiful in a man's life as in a book. It is perhaps the most penetrating charm of winter life in the Adirondacks that it conveys a sense of the amplitude of nature and of man's life enfolded in it. One feels himself continually in the presence of a power so deep and great that all its processes are hushed into silence, and something of its own beautiful security enters into the soul. The stillness of the woods on a winter day, the vastness of the sky, the spaciousness of a snow-bound world allay the fever of life, calm the pulses of its unrest, and assure one that he too is part of this eternal order which nature keeps inviolate.



## THE MADONNA.

*By Ellen Burroughs.*

THE years may enter not her shrine ;  
Forever fair and young she stands,  
And with her gracious, girlish hands  
Folds tenderly the child divine.

Her lips are warm with mother-love  
And blessedness, and from her eyes  
Looks the mute, questioning surprise  
Of one who hears a voice above

Life's voices,—from the throng apart,  
Listens to God's low-whispered word  
(Strange message by no other heard)  
And keeps his secret in her heart.

Sweet maiden-mother, years have fled  
Since the great painter dropped his brush,  
Left earth's loud praise for heaven's kind hush,  
While men bewailed him, early dead,—

Yet mothers kneel before thee still  
 Uplifting happy hearts ; or, wild  
 With cruel loss, reach toward thy child  
 Void arms for the Christ-love to fill.

Time waits without the sacred spot  
 Where fair and young the mother stands ;  
 Time waits, and bars with jealous hands  
 The door where years may enter not.

## SQUIRE FIVE-FATHOM

*By H. C. Bunner.*



THERE had been a heavy rain the night before, and I was playing with sand and water in the deep trench between the road and the lower wall of my father's garden, and enjoying it as much as a boy of eight years can enjoy anything without the company of other boys. A swift stream of clear water rushed down this sandy gutter, and made for me a far-western river, on whose bank I was constructing a fort to defy the hostile Indians. I had selected a grassy promontory, jutting out into the stream, and had pulled all the grass out by the roots and levelled the earth, and was beginning on my fortifications, when I observed with alarm the dissolution of the point of my site, which, no longer held together by the fibrous grass roots, was rapidly turning into black mud and going down the current in a cloud.

I tried to stem the flood with a flat stone set on end ; but it would not stay on end, and I was contemplating the necessity of a change of base for my military operations, when the end of a thick walking-stick was thrust between my face and the water, and I heard a tremulous, eager old voice cry earnestly :

"Farther up—farther up, my lad—

there—there where you have it now—set off the current ever so little—ay, that's it ! Now build your sea-wall—good boy !"

I obeyed him mechanically, and in a few seconds saw the stream swirl off from my point, leaving it in a safe space of calm water. The Indians on the other shore must have felt gloomy forebodings.

I looked up. A tall, gaunt old gentleman, with a Roman nose and a delicate mouth, with deep wrinkles about it, as though he drew his lips together a good deal, stood and looked hard at the water. He did not look at me at all ; but I looked hard at him—at his sad old face, his shabby brown broadcloth coat, the great rusty black satin stock about his neck, and his napless beaver hat with its rolling brim.

He stared at the water for a moment or two, gave an odd sort of half-choked sigh, and passed on his way.

That was the first time Squire Five-Fathom spoke to me.

The town where I lived and fought Indians was called Gerrit's Gate. (For the benefit of a generation that pronounces Coney Island and Hoboken as they are spelled, that knows not oely-koeks, and that desecrates suppawn by calling it mush, let me say that Gerrit to the eye is Garrit to the ear.) The story of Gerrit's Gate is the story of Myndert Gerrit and his son, the old



gentleman who helped me in my civil-engineering.

Myndert Gerrit came from Schenectady to found the place. He was a rich man by inheritance, and he had more-



"That was the first time Squire Five-Fathom spoke to me."

over inherited pride, ambition, and a high temper—a mental and spiritual outfit which put him sadly out of place in a conservative old midland town. I do not know just what was his quarrel with Schenectady; but I know he bought his square mile of "military lots" on the shore of Lake Ontario with the avowed intention of building up a town that should be to Schenectady as a mountain to a hill—and that should incidentally outrival Rochester and Oswego. He said, and indeed it seemed, that the finger of heaven had pointed out the place.

As he stood on the hill to the southwest of his new purchase, Myndert Gerrit saw before him three wooded promontories stretching out into the lake—Near Point to the east, Far Point to the west, and Middle Point, shorter by half than its neighbors, nestling between them, and dividing a large bay into two snug harbors. Middle Point must have been, centuries ago, as long

as the others, but it had been fighting a slowly losing battle with the mighty current from the west that swept inward from Far and out again past the end of Near Point. This current made entrance to the western harbor difficult—even dangerous—but the eastern it was an easier matter to reach, and, once in, the largest ship on the lake could lie in safe water while the northwester went by Far and Near and the current hammered away at Middle, making a poor foot a year out of the firm, root-bound soil. And at the head of this little haven the land lay in a low plateau, forming a natural levee.

Here came Myndert Gerrit, in 1822, with his only son (he was a widower) and his whole household, including ten free negroes, formerly his slaves. The son was then a man of thirty, unmarried and devoted in all things to his father. They were constant companions, and as far as I could learn, they cared little for other society. Gerrit reserved the high eastern promontory for his own mansion. He laid the foundation that year, while he and his people lived in log-cabins. During the summer he surveyed the level land, and staked it out for streets. In the fall he went to New York, and he returned the next spring, leading a caravan of some twenty families, and bringing with him the machinery for a saw-mill and a grist-mill. It was a long and tiresome journey: a great labor of transportation; but, by water and by wagon, they made it in about a month.

Laborers came from neighboring villages (or rather settlements) and ground was broken without delay. They cut a good road running two miles to the eastward, where it opened up a branch of Gravelly River, which gave them flat-boat navigation to the line of the Grand Canal, as they called the Erie, at that time within a year or two of completion.

The mansion on Near Point was finished in September, and the two Gerrits went to live in it. Standing at his west window late one afternoon, he looked out and saw a sight that filled him with pride. Middle Point was shorn of every tree, and bristled only with surveyor's stakes. Only the great gaps in the earth showed where the twisted roots



"Myndert Gerrit saw before him three wooded promontories stretching out into the lake."

had been, and these were growing into larger holes, that marked the sites of houses to be. Up in the streets back of the levee a few light structures had already arisen. Two or three temporary docks stretched out into the quiet blue waters of the harbor. Myndert Gerrit looked longest at Middle Point, now a low table of land with water on both sides. A street—or what was to be a street—ran down its middle, from the water to where, at the mainland, it joined the great road that stretched away through the woods to the river—to the great world—to trade and life and fortune.

"Now," he said to his son, "my part is done. I have made all ready for them. Now we may begin to look for returns."

Ay, Myndert Gerrit, your part is done, and it was done when you uprooted the first tree and dug the first well on Middle Point. Look from your window to-day in the red fall sunset, and see if you can, in your fancy, the town of your love and hope. See the glister of the evening sun on the low roofs of houses, on steeple and spire rising serenely above them! See it redden the chimneys of homes and set its dazzling blaze in the window-panes. Hear, if you can, in your thought, the sound of people moving about the streets, of children's voices at play, of clanking anvils, of horses' feet on the roadways, of creaking cordage and flapping canvas where your laden ships lie at their docks with their white sails emblazoned by the warm light of the west! See it—hear it—be glad of it in the pride of your heart: rejoice in the town in which you have sunk all your wealth and the heritage of your son! For when you wake to-morrow you will awake from a dream, your returns shall be water and the

wind of the north; your house shall be taken from you, and in a little while you shall have no part or lot in this home of your own choosing—save in six feet of earth above your face.

That night Myndert Gerrit heard the northwester come roaring down from the Canada forests; but he paid no heed to it. He had heard it many a night before. It might knock at his headland gates till it wearied, for all he cared.

But the next morning at five o'clock, his son, looking pale and frightened, came to his bedside, and told him he must go at once to the town—so they called it already. He dressed himself and hastened to Middle Point, and there he found all the towns-people gathered. They stood in little knots, or wandered about trying to make out the full extent of the damage. Their faces were pale, and showed ghastly in the gray and doubtful light. A chill of alarm and apprehension had seized them. They looked suspiciously and almost resentfully at the old man and his son. What had these two men brought them to?

Myndert Gerrit saw his great mistake with his eyes, but his heart at first refused to accept the truth. He was like a man who sees death for the first time, knows it is death, and yet cannot make it real to his own mind that the blood will no more flow in the cold veins, that the heart shall not beat again; that breath and life have gone out together. At first he went about bravely, showing the people how a jetty here, and a dyke there, and a sea-wall in a third place would put all to rights; but even before his hearers had seen that the remedy was far beyond any means that they possessed, he himself knew that the danger to come was not to be met by any scheme of his devising. The greater

part of the Point was still there, but fifty yards were gone from the further end, and the unprotected earth was still crumbling into the turbid current. The cellars were full of water, and along the western side deep gullies ran up to the line of the main street. The framework and foundation of the Point were gone; it was a mere bank of earth before that violent and uncontrollable inland ocean.

When he saw this, he went back to his house and locked himself in his room, and not even his son saw him until the next day. Then he appeared again, and tried, for a little, to save the day by moving his settlement further back. But the panic was too strong for him; the people would have none of him or of his settlement. Some of them were for going back to their old homes; but the most went over to Far Point and bought land there, for Gerrit paid back to every man what his land had cost him. Then he took to his bed, and died on New Year's day, leaving his son to straighten out the tangle of his affairs. This task, prosecuted with the sternest economy and industry, occupied seven years. At the end of the seven years, he had paid off every cent that his father owed, and he himself was able to live on a pitiful remainder of their great fortune, just enough to pay for what little he ate and drank. He lived rent free in one of the old cabins on the level land. That marshy strip was his yet, for no one cared to take it from him.

Middle Point was gone entirely. A low earth bluff marked its landward end. The water had crept up, urged by the current, that now set far in, and out along Near Point, and a shallow inlet ran far up into what had been the levee. On the edge of this inlet, among the low trees and underbrush at the base of the high point on which his father's house had stood, old John Gerrit dwelt in his little log-cabin, that had once been the temporary shelter of his father's negroes. He was fifty years old when the sad work of his life was done; and, knowing of no other work for himself, having no other aim in life, he sat himself down to live life out without troubling his neighbors.

A quarter of a century passed between the wreck of the Gerrit fortunes and the

days when I first saw the old man, who had once been the young man of the house, walking about the streets of Gerrit's Gate in those unaccountable rusty clothes of his, which, though he changed them often enough, never looked new or fresh. Gerrit's Gate, in the meanwhile, had thriven, after a fashion, in the very teeth of fortune, and in spite of being settled upon the site despised of Myndert Gerrit. In my boyhood it had a couple of grain-elevators (which changed hands every year or so), a steam saw-mill, a lumber-yard, and a patent-medicine factory. It had old residents and new residents, a conservative party and a progressive party. Need I say that the progressive party was divided from its opponents on the question of getting such an appropriation from Congress as would stimulate the town's consumptive prosperity with the glow of commercial health, and make her the Metropolis of the Northern Lakes?

What I have here set down of John Gerrit's early history I gathered in part from my father, in part from John Gerrit himself. But it was not until after the old man's death that I learned why the old folks of the town called him Squire Five-Fathom. It seemed, an old lake sailor told me, that the water off the end of what had been Middle Point stood just thirty feet deep, and the ridge of rock that had formed the Point's foundation was marked "Five-Fathom Point" on old charts—marked as a dangerous spot, where the current had seized more than one storm-driven ship and cast her against the stony shore.

But what I had heard was quite enough to fire a boy's imagination, and from the day he first spoke to me, Squire Five-Fathom was to me a figure of romance and mystery who got tangled up in my dreams with Old Mortality and Robinson Crusoe and Ethan Brand—I had no "Jack Popaways" or "Young Gold-Coiners" to read about in my lone provincial youth. I stood at the gate to watch him as he went past the house every morning toward the town, on the pitiful little errands of his commissary. How long he made those errands—how much ground he contrived them to cover! Many a time, in later years, I



"His son, looking pale and frightened, came to his bedside."

have seen him going from shop to shop, and even wandering in search of street stands, that he might buy the one apple that seemed to him best worth a "penny."

Thus I worshipped, for a long time, in silence and at a distance. Then came a dull, cloudy, summer Saturday afternoon, when my parents went to Catullus Corners, a town some miles down our little branch railroad, for the funeral of some aunt or cousin, and I was left alone, in charge of an Irish handmaiden, who presently swore me to secrecy, and herself went off to a christening. She told me, as she departed, that if I stirred "off the block"—my usual limits of solitary excursion, set by paternal decree—the banshee of the family would catch me. But, ah! I was beyond the day of faith in

the banshee, and the Celtic wraith had no terrors for me. I hung awhile on the gate, waiting for some wandering boy, that I might lure him in to play with me; but no boy came. As I look back now, it seems to me that boys must have been very scarce at Gerrit's Gate. Perhaps they were all fishing on that day, for it was cloudy and still. All I know is, they came not. I looked up and down the road. I walked to the east corner and back, and then to the west corner, and then temptation seized me. It was only a couple of hundred yards down the dusty high-road to the head of the lane that led down to the inlet. There, in the mysterious, enchanting thickets by the water's edge lay the dwelling of the one human being of my acquaintance who looked as though he had come out

of one of those books which were far more real to me than than real life.

Far off, the clock in our kitchen struck three. Three long hours before my father and mother should return! Three long hours of a lonely summer afternoon



"Three minutes later I was running down that bough-roofed avenue."

—and only a feeble and inadequate conscience of eight years' growth to stiffen my moral backbone and nerve me to heroism and renunciation! One stray, momentary glimmer of sunlight flashed through the clouds, and lit up the leafy entrance to the lane.

Three minutes later I was running down that bough-roofed avenue, my pace gradually slowing, for the gleam of sunlight was gone, and it was dimly dim under the trees. But the delicious thrill of illicit adventure was in all my small body, and by and by I was out of the dim shade and on the broad open path that the pot-hunters had trodden all around the inlet. Then I saw below me its shallow reaches of water, paved with round stones, and bordered with bushes. Then, almost before I knew where I was, the log-cabin lay almost under my feet, between the path and the edge of the inlet.

There were bushes all about it, except for a little space in front. A mountain-

ash, at one end, towered above it, and tossed high in the air its bunches of reddening berries. In my memory of that guilty hour, the smell of the mountain-ash is stronger than the picture of the dark cabin, the dull sky, and, to the northward, the gray, uneasy lake, restless even in that heavy, storm-breeding calm.

I stole cautiously down into the little clearing, and viewed my field of exploration. Smoke rose from the chimney; a smell of broth on the fire overcame the rank, raw smell of the ash-berries. I was too deeply steeped in crime to attempt to resist an irrational impulse which came over me, and I walked up to the door and knocked loudly. Then I stood there with my heart beating hard, like a repeated echo of my knock. Would he come to the door? What would he say? What should I say? Would he speak pleasantly to me? Would he talk to me of his strange history? Should we stray into delightful confidences? Could I trust him with certain speculations which I had long nursed concerning the treasures of Captain Kidd? What was before me—the magic vista of romance, or the bitter ignominy of a snub?

The door opened, and the tall figure of Squire Five-Fathom leaned over me. Between his legs I saw the fire on the cabin hearth. All else was a smoky darkness. He looked down at me, and his great dark eyes stared, startled, questioning, out of their deep sockets. My hand was in all human probability the first that had knocked at his door in a quarter of a century. Even the tax-collector left him alone.

"What do you want, *little boy*?" he asked, in a voice that seemed to come from the ground underneath him.

Inwardly I was something dashed; but the spirit of my impulse was not to be overcome.

"I have come to call," I said, and I said it firmly.

His eyes, still troubled with the wonder of lonely old age at any unusual thing, looked me all over. Slowly he seemed to comprehend that I was but a natural, mortal boy. His voice had lost its startled tone of depth and had come back to the quaver of old age when he spoke again, asking my name. I





"'It was very kind of you to call—very kind, indeed,' said the Squire."

gave it, and he repeated it in an accent of recognition mixed with reserve, which I noted at the time, without understanding it at all. But I have not forgotten that delicate inflection, and I know now that my grandfather and his father were warm friends, and that their sons knew each other only by name.

However, if Squire Five-Fathom remembered anything of this sort, he checked his memory suddenly, for he drew back with a courteous bow, invited me to enter, and asked me to be seated with a grace so fine and stately that be-

fore I had put myself on a low old-fashioned chair I had forgotten that I had ever been addressed as a "little boy."

While I talked with the Squire I looked furtively around the cabin. I saw first the great fireplace of logs and flat stones, where was a crane from which a pot hung simmering over a light wood fire. Then my eyes rose above the high mantel-shelf, and saw the old flint-lock shot-gun that had been Myndert Gerrit's, hanging on its hooks. Then, bit by bit, out of the dull gloom of the place, I picked the strange appointments



of the last home of the Gerrits. Odd bits of make-shift fishing-tackle were all about ; some nets hung on the wall over a mahogany sideboard with great claw-feet, on the top of which stood a brush and comb, and a poor little square of looking-glass. Opposite these things a pair of oars, wound with twine to cover many breaks, leaned against a lady's work-stand, with its faded green silk bag all in shreds and tatters.

Two miniatures, rimmed with thin bands of gold, hung over the Squire's bed, which was a hospital cot. The white spread was clean, but there were holes in it, and the edges were frayed. On this bed the Squire sat down, by the side of a heap of old clothes. We looked shyly at each other for nearly a minute before we began a formal and elegant conversation.

"It was very kind of you to call—very kind, indeed," said the Squire ; "but unexpected—quite unexpected."

"Yes, sir," I replied, in all sincerity ; "it was very unexpected indeed. I only made up my mind when I heard the clock strike three."

The Squire looked puzzled.

"Do you—do you make many calls?" he inquired.

"No, sir," I replied. Then, after reflection and self-examination, I added : "I think this is the first one I ever made."

The Squire somehow brightened up at this.

"I make very few calls myself," he said ; "ve-ry few. In fact," he continued, in a burst of confidence like my own, "I don't think I've made a call in twenty-five years—tween-ty-five years !"

He had a habit of repeating words, by way of giving a gentle emphasis to his speech. That is a trick that rather belongs to old ladies than to old men. He had, in truth, something of an old lady's manner of talking, with an occasional hesitancy, as though he were not much in the way of using his tongue.

"It must be lonely for you, sir," I ventured.

"Lonely !" he repeated, in surprise, "why, no ! Oh, dear me, not at all." Then he reflected. "Perhaps it is, though. I am not sure but that you are right. Yes, I suppose it *is* lonely. I had not thought of it, however."

He mused over this new idea for some moments.

"You see," he began again, "one has so much to think of—so *many* things to think of, that there is really no time to think of being lonely—aha!"—he



"'It's Abe,' said the Squire."

laughed a crackling, pleased little laugh—"d'ye see? no time to think of it—aha!"

He smiled over his little ghost of a joke, and I laughed too, for I saw he expected it. That broke the ice, and we became more friendly.

"Why," he said, "there's many a night—many and many a night—when I don't get to bed before half-past eight or nine. But then, you know, I lie awake a good deal, in the course of the night—thinking, too. I suppose that's what keeps me awake. It's wonderful what a deal of thinking there is in this life !"

He stopped to think over this, and I hastily took up the conversation, lest he should give over talking altogether.

"I suppose, sir," I said, "you are a great sportsman?" and I glanced at the gun on the wall.

"Oh, no!" he returned, hastily, "I was fond of my gun, at one time; but I have lost the fancy. I have so much else to do—" Here his hand wandered involuntarily to the heap of clothes by his side—then it went quickly back to his lap. (I thought he colored faintly.) He looked at me and then at the clothes in irresolute hesitation, and at last said, anxiously:

"Would it disturb you if I were to continue my work? It need not interrupt our conversation in the least, I assure you."

"Oh, please don't stop for me, sir," I cried, much shocked at the idea. (It is within the memory of the present generation that it was once held improper for little boys to disturb the occupations of their elders.)

"Thank you," he said, gravely, and, lifting a faded coat from the heap, he laid it across his lap, and began sewing a worn velvet collar upon it.

"I must have it ready for Sunday," he said; "pray converse."

I stared at him and forgot my manners.

"Is it *your* coat, sir?" I asked.

"It was my father's coat," he replied; "but I have cut it over for myself, and it fits me very well—very well indeed."

Every child is something of a snob, and I do not think we can fairly blame the child. We must consider that he has only material standards of comparison; that a fine coat is to him clearly and naturally an object of admiration, while it may take a life-time to learn the beauty of an ethical virtue; that, moreover, he is, by the necessity of his condition, a dependent, a pauper, who has not yet worked for his freedom and his self-respect. I felt ashamed of my hero when I saw him making over his father's old clothes for himself.

But he was unconscious of my secret condemnation, and he went on cheerfully:

"I should prefer to patronize the tailor in the town—the little tailor from Germany, I mean—he is a worthy man, and it is our duty, of course, to encourage the industries of the place; but my income—owing to circumstances which occurred very long ago—very long ago—is limited, yes, quite limited."

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Whatever I may have felt in my small secret heart, I was mannerly enough to keep it to myself, and even to feign an interest in the old gentleman's confidences—for he went on to tell me with some pride of his achievements in tailoring, and of the almost inexhaustible stock of garments which his father had left behind him—garments, he assured me, much finer, in fabric and workmanship, than anything that later days could produce. The interest at last became real, in spite of myself, and although I felt that my sympathies were low and reprehensible, when the Squire (with grave apologies for the informality of the act) took off his old coat and tried on his new-old coat, I helped him with conscientious criticism on the set of the back and the fulness of the skirts.

We got to be quite easy and friendly with all this, and when we heard a knock at the door, I hastened to save my host the trouble of opening it.

"It's only an Indian, sir," I reported, with easy contempt.

This may sound like a startling announcement; but it was no painted brave who stood before me. It was only a very old Reservation Indian, hideous and wrinkled. Yet he was no darker, no more coarse of hair, and but little dirtier than any one of the French Canadians who lived on the outskirts of the town. I knew him for an Indian only by his high cheek-bones and his tall hat. I regarded him with scornful disgust; but it was only because I conceived that to be the feeling which an American boy ought to bear toward a colored person who could not speak English, and who lived by selling baskets and feather fans and bunches of Seneca grass.

"It's Abe," said the Squire; "come in, Abe."

Abe came in, thrust an empty basket into the Squire's hand, and stood still and silent, regarding me. One of his eyes was wholly blinded by a cataract; the other, as if it were uncomfortably conscious of having to do double duty, rolled about in a gruesome way. With this eye Abe examined me; and there was no friendship in his look.

The Squire took the basket, and put into it some packages which he took

from a corner cupboard, talking all the while in a tone of cheery affability, of which I thoroughly disapproved. The Indian responded only by half-audible grunts, which might have meant either Yes or No.

"Ah, Abe," said the old gentleman; "and how is Abe to-night? How is the back, Abe? Did you have any difficulty in finding your way?—it's getting dark." (I had noted this, as I opened the door, and I had a twinge of conscience.) "Here's the bacon, Abe, and the beans, and the tea—but I can't let you have more than a quarter of a pound—you'll have to put catnip with it. And you have a little sugar left, have you not?—ah, yes, a little sugar left—well, that will have to do for the present, till better times come, Abe."

Then, with a kindly pat on the back, Abe was dismissed; but on the threshold he paused and turned to say:

"Um biddle new house this side town."

"Yes, yes, Abe," said the Squire, with a smile on his lips and a sad look in his eyes, "it'll come, it'll come. They will recognize our advantages some day, never fear."

And Abe vanished into the stormy twilight that was fast settling down.

"Abe was my body-servant when I was—when I was a young man," said the Squire; "he taught me to shoot—yes, to ride and to swim. We were great friends, Abe and I. And now he is old and half blind, I—I—we help each other along—yes, help each other along."

I had taken my hat to go, but the Squire did not notice me. He had gone to the fire, where he lifted the lid of the pot to glance at its contents. Then he sat down on the low chair I had just quitted, and talked, half to me, half to himself. At first he recalled the days of his hunting and fishing with Abe, and lingered over their common scrapes and adventures. Then he began to speak of his father—in a lower tone, almost reverential in its fondness—and at last he began the story of the wreck of the old man's great ambition. I stood with my hat in my hand, ready to take my leave; but I could no more have gone home than if I had stood on Robinson Crusoe's Island, and looked over his shoulder at

the footprint on the sand. I heard the patter of the first rain-drops on the one window of the cabin, and the growling of the distant thunder; I heard the full rush of the summer storm break upon us, and the rain pouring gusty torrents upon the roof, but I stayed and listened and forgot all things, for my excited spirit was back in Myndert Gerrit's world, in Myndert Gerrit's generation.

"But it will all come back some day," he said, as he made an end of the story; "some day Congress will recognize the vast importance of this location, and build the pier we have asked for. And then it will be only a question of time—only a question of time—till they enclose the whole harbor. And then—and then—which is the better site—I ask you on your honor, sir, on your honor as a gentleman, which is the better—this, or *that*?"

He stretched out his long right arm and pointed to the new town, with an infinite contempt on his fine old face. His eyes glowed; his voice had grown deep and hollow, and firm once more.

"Some day we shall get the appropriation—"

"But we've got it now," I broke in, speaking for the first time.

"What—what do you mean, sir?"

"We got the appropriation yesterday. I heard Father say so last night—I mean, Mr. Tappan told Father."

He caught at the sleeve of my coat with his bony fingers.

"What do you say, sir? Say it again, sir!"

"I heard Mr. Tappan tell Father that we got the appropriation yesterday—yes, and he said something about three hundred thousand dollars, too!" I asserted, with vigor.

"Tappan!" he said; "they ought to know. You aren't mistaken? Say it again!"

His voice had now grown tremulous. He was standing erect, trembling with an excitement that frightened me. As well as I could, I repeated the brief conversation between the mayor of the town and my father. He heard me through, I thought, though his eyes glared straight ahead, as though he heard some distant sound. Then, when I ceased, he turned

away from me and fell on his knees by the side of the bed, burying his face in his faded coat.

He knelt there so long that I was frightened, and after a while I touched him gently on the shoulder. He arose

parents might be anxious—so we will postpone that pleasure—we will postpone it.”

As we walked along, he held my hand, and occasionally patted it gently. He kept his face lifted somewhat toward the sky, although the rain beat on it. I



“He knelt there so long that I was frightened.”

with a start, and I saw that he hardly knew where he was. Then his look fell upon me, and an expression of compunction came over his face.

“My poor boy!” he said; “I have been shamefully careless—shamefully careless. You should have been at home long ago. How have I treated the messenger of good tidings!” He smiled again, and this time not only with his lips. There was a light in his eyes that almost made me think him young.

“You cannot go home by yourself,” he said; “you must let me go with you.” With this he bustled about and brought from a corner a great mohair cloak, with a cape to it. The cape he took off, and fastened over my shoulders. Then he put on the cloak, and we set forth.

“I would ask you to stay and sup with me,” he said, “but I fear your

thought it must be unpleasant for him; but when he glanced down at me I saw that he was smiling.

We came soon to the dark lane, and here he gently insisted upon carrying me. I made some protest; but he lifted me up, and I felt the muscles of his arm like a bar of iron under my thighs. His tall figure swayed a little; but he set a firm foot upon the slippery ground under the trees, and in a little while we were in the high-road. I got down then, and we walked together to my father’s door. My heart was beating hard—harder than when I set out.

I am afraid it would have gone hard with me, for it was past six, and the maid was discharged, and my mother wellnigh in hysterics, and my father just setting out with a lantern to call the neighbors, when we arrived. But the Squire took so much blame upon

himself, and pleaded for me with such courtly and gentle grace, that my parents contented themselves with harrowing my feelings, which were sore enough already, and so when my mother and I had wept enough, I was forgiven, and the Squire went back down the dark highway. He would not be persuaded to stay to supper. "His own was waiting," he said. Perhaps he found in his thoughts better company than we could offer him.

That evening I told my tale, and it excited interest enough to satisfy even a boy. When I came to the part about the tailoring, my mother drew in her breath as though she were in pain.

"Oh," she cried; "I wish we could do something for him—but I suppose——"

My father shook his head.

"We could only wound him."

The comments of my parents on the whole story cleared my infant mind of one set of snobbish ideas, and I perceived that even old coats and Indians were entitled to respectful consideration from a white American boy who was still walking around in the clothes his parents had bought for him.

Nor was it long before Abe and I were friends. This friendship came as a corollary to my greater friendship for his patron. I was allowed to visit the Squire at all proper times and seasons, and there grew up between us a strong attachment. This association was of infinite value to me, and I humbly trust that it brought some pleasure into the dear old gentleman's life. It certainly drew him somewhat nearer to his fellow-men. On dark evenings he would walk home with me, and stay to chat with my father for a half-hour. Never could he be prevailed upon to share our evening meal, save on a formal invitation, delivered the day before. Then he would come in his best black satin stock and his favorite coat, and would hand my mother in to the dining-room with pomp and circumstance.

On one of these occasions we had a Distinguished Guest, a Travelled Celebrity at the house, who fell in love with the Squire's sweet and simple courtliness. "Madam," said the Celebrity to my mother, after Mr. Gerrit was gone; "I need no inducement to avail myself

of the chance of accepting *your* hospitality; but were I invited to meet that gentleman who has just left, in the hovel of a Pawnee Indian, I would come, if I had to come from the Cape of Good Hope." This praise of my idol so filled my boyish heart that I lay awake half the night, thinking of it.

As the years went on the Squire and Abe took me into their united lives, and we formed a triple alliance. Poor Abe's part in this was but small. He lived on the Squire's slender bounty, and the only "help" he could give in return was a lively sympathy with his benefactor's ambition. Of this he knew more than I had thought possible. As I grew older, and acquired an intelligent comprehension of the hope that was the old Squire's life, I found that Abe had concentrated all the mental powers he possessed on that one subject.

When I was fourteen, the great pier was nearing completion. It ran north-eastward from Far Point, and was to be supplemented by a similar structure extending due north from the eastward end of the town. From the mouth of the inlet we watched its daily growth, expectant of an end unforeseen by the builders.

It was the first warm day in June, and the three of us sat on the shore. Abe, with his head cocked on one side, so as to bring his work within the range of his good eye, was making a fleet of toyships out of the chips washed to our beach from the distant lumber-yard. We watched him intently.

He launched eleven ships, and was setting the twelfth in the water when, of a sudden, he turned his one eye toward the lake, and with his trembling thin brown fingers pointed to a stake set amid heavy stones, a hundred feet from the shore. There the first ship of his fleet danced in the breeze—danced out to the stake—beyond it—into how many feet of smooth water I know not, for it had not gone two yards before the Squire was laughing and crying at once, I was shouting with all the strength of my lungs, and even the old Indian had raised his stiff arms above his head, and stood swaying them from side to side, thanking his Indian God after his Indian fashion.

The great pier on Far Point had crawled out till it stemmed the current and turned it off from the shore. With every stone that should be laid, with every day's work, that terrible stream would be forced further and further out—further and further away from our level shore. Our day had come.

The engineers had builded better than they knew. The old Gerrit site had been such a thing of tradition, such a futile memory of the past, that it had been left out of the towns-people's calculations, and no one, save the Squire, had considered that the removal of the current from its low shore must bring it once more into usefulness. But Gerrit's site spoke for itself. The pier crawled out fifty feet further, that summer, and the water in the inlet began to sink. No longer fed by the resistless current, it fell away in scattered pools. In September I walked dry-shod where I had waded ankle-deep in June.

"Our time has come," the Squire said, his face beaming; "we'll buy the old house back, and when you come to pass the night with me, my boy, remember that your room is the little one over the front entry—you won't forget—eh?—you won't forget?"

It was true enough. Something that looked like fortune lay close ahead. The ship-captains brought the news of the shifted channel; the towns-folk came out to look at "the flats a-dryin' up;" hard-featured men of business discussed the ways and means of draining and filling in. By September there was no talk of building the second pier between the Squire's land and Gerrit's Gate—it was to go westward from the extremity of Near Point, and there was to be a Gerrit's Gate in very deed between the two breakwaters, where-through Prosperity should come from the North, scattering plenty from full hands.

Of course the lands should have been sold for taxes, over and over again; the Squire had but the simplest notions of business, and altogether he would have reaped little good of his fortune had not my father and a few of the older residents made a friendly league to protect him. He was deeply grateful to them, although he had not the slightest

comprehension of what they did for him. They secured his property to him, and he sold his first lot in October, and marked it off on his father's map. He would recognize no later survey.

He sold one or two more lots, and then the sale stopped. Nobody was willing to invest money where it could only lie idle until the completion of the harbor-works gave the new port a positive value. This grieved the old gentleman's soul. He had begun to look upon his father's old house as his own; it seemed a hardship to be kept out of it another year just for the want of a few beggarly thousands of ready money. That was all that he needed. The present owner was ready and willing to sell. He was a prosperous Westerner, who had brought an ailing wife to Gerrit's Gate in the hope that the strong lake winds might strengthen her. They had, however, availed only to keep her within doors and make her fretful. Mr. Garbutt, for himself, was disgusted with the whole town. He despised its petty hopes, he laughed at its modest future; he called it old-fashioned and behind-the-times, and he openly expressed his desire to sell out at cost and go to some region where, as he expressed it, things were alive.

Fifteen thousand dollars would buy the whole Point, and the Squire made several attempts to get this money at a ruinous sacrifice. The friends who had saved him before stepped in and drove off the sharpers who would have taken advantage of him, and for the first time I saw the old man bitterly and unjustly angry. He was kept out of his house, he cried—why were they keeping him out of his house?

By November the Squire had become so fretful and unreasonable that his friends decided upon raising the money for him at their own risk. This took some time. Money was not plentiful in the town, and it was hard to negotiate a loan that must wait a year or eighteen months for its interest and arrears of interest. During the week required for this piece of financiering, I was deputed to keep an eye on my old friend, and I passed most of my time, out of school-hours, in the little cabin which the Squire had declared he would not quit



until he took possession of his father's house.

The last day of my watch, I went to the post of duty with a heart less light than usual. For two days the old gentleman had been silent, dull, and depressed. I wished the financiers would hurry up, and let the Squire and me be happy and cheerful once more.

I was surprised to find the Squire cheerful, even gay. His depression had vanished; had I been a little older I might have suspected the feverish excitement that had taken its place. Being only a boy, I accepted it gratefully, and we set about cooking our supper. We had royal suppers nowadays. There was a hot, peppery fish-chowder that the Squire alone could make, a great slice of smoked eel, broiled to a rich golden brown, and baked potatoes, the best in the world—baked in the ashes. And new cider to wash it all down!

But though all was good, and I ate as a healthy boy should eat, the Squire hardly touched his food, and seemed to be in haste to make an end of the meal. When it was done, he changed his everyday coat for his best—the same old best coat—and took down his great cloak from its hook.

"Come, my boy," he said, excitedly; "come with me! I've triumphed at last—at last—at last!"

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked.

"I've got the money!" he shouted, almost like a madman: "they'll keep me out of my own house no longer. I've got the money. I sold the water-front to-day, my boy, and I've got the money, here, here, here!" and he slapped his breast-pocket with his trembling old hand.

"Sold the water-front?" I cried—"oh, sir—"

"Never mind, never mind!" he said, frowning; "there's more—there are acres and acres. And what do I care for it all? I'll have my father's house this night—this night—you hear me, sir!"

I loved him well, but I was only a boy, and I had neither the wit nor the strength to combat his resolution. I felt that my father should be sent for; but I knew that I could not find him in time to be of service. The Squire was

determined to go to Mr. Garbutt that night and buy the house. I spoke of necessary papers; but he would have none of them. What did he care for papers? Let the lawyers see to the papers in their own good time. That was their work. He would pay his money, and own his house. He could not sleep in it; but he would sleep owning it.

The northwest gale was a tempest when we started up the hill. It was hard work to fight our way across its path; and the booming of the great waves far off at the end of the point frightened me, long as I had known that dreary sound.

When the great door of the house opened for us, and we stepped into the broad entrance hall, we were breathing hard, I from exhaustion, he, I verily believe, from sheer excitement. He looked about him with a wild, uncertain stare. Perhaps, for the moment, he thought it was a dream. Then he grasped my hand firmly, and stalked ahead of the servant into the drawing-room, a vast apartment where Mr. Garbutt sat in his velvet smoking-jacket, grand and lonely.

In Mr. Garbutt I found a friend. He was short, he was fat, he was vulgar in every stitch of his clothing; but he had brains in his big bald head, and a heart sound as the diamond on his breast. The Squire stated his errand, struggling between dignity and impetuosity, and Mr. Garbutt listened, at first in astonishment, and then with a quick understanding of the situation, which he promptly conveyed to me by a quick, significant twist of one eyelid. It was not even a wink; but I knew that he understood. When the Squire ended, he rose, politely.

"Set down, Mr. Gerrit," he said; "set down, sir. We folks out West do business putty lively, but we ain't got to your style of speed yet. This thing ain't to be done quite so quick."

The Squire forced himself to sit down.

"It must be done to-night, Mr. Garbutt," he began.

"It'll be done to-night," said Mr. Garbutt, reassuringly; "but it's got to be done business-like. I can't give you a deed—"

"Your word, your word, Mr. Gar-

butt," cried the Squire; "your word is quite enough for me!"

"Ef I sh'd die to-night," said Mr. Garbutt, impressively; "my word ain't wuth shucks to my executors, without papers to back it. *I know them, 'n' you don't.* Now, you jest dror up to that little desk there, an' you write me a little sort of a letter, makin' me an offer for the prop'ty, an' I'll write a letter acceptin' your offer. Then I can stow your money away 'n' feel that all's business-like 'n' right. How's that?"

The Squire sat down at the gaudy little desk, and tried to write; but his hand trembled so that what he wrote (I have the sheet now) was but a tremulous scrawl that no man could read.

Meanwhile, Mr. Garbutt was addressing me in my capacity of guardian.

"Know your pa, don't I?" he said. "You kinder look after the old man, eh? Got sorter crazy on this business, ain't he? Well, you tell your pa that I'll lock the old man's money up safe for the night, an' he can call 'n' get it when he wants to. Oughter have some one appointed to take charge of him. Heard he sold out his whole water-front to-day to them swindlin' speculators from Buffalo. Well, I'll fix him up somehow to-night, and quiet him down a bit. Can you git him home?"

Mr. Garbutt kept his promise, and he managed matters with a skill at which I marvel as I look back upon it. When the Squire had finished his poor pretence of writing, the Westerner took the scrawled sheet, made an effective pretense of reading it slowly and critically, and then sat down at the desk and wrote a business-like acceptance, which he made me read, after the Squire had looked at it. He examined the drafts which the Squire tendered him, and laid them away in a gorgeously bedizened safe in the wall.

"There," he said, "that's settled. Possession in May, as per my letter. But if you don't conclude to close, Mr. Gerrit, it ain't no more than an option. Suit yourself. Anyways, we'll wet the transaction."

He rang for a servant, and had a decanter of sherry and three heavy cut-glasses set on the table. We must each take a drink, to bind the bargain, he said.

We filled our glasses and lifted them. Mr. Garbutt and I were about to drink, when we saw that the Squire held his glass poised before his lips, and that he looked expectantly toward us. I did not understand what this meant; but Mr. Garbutt did.

"Thinks he's at home," he whispered to me, with a chuckle. Then he inclined his head toward the Squire.

"Your health, Mr. Gerrit," he said; and we both drank, and the Squire after us, bowing courteously.

"I don't blame you, Mr. Gerrit," said Mr. Garbutt, lolling back in a great velvet easy-chair, "for buying this piece of prop'ty, as a matter of fancy. It's a first-rate house, an' a good bit of land, I'll say *that* for it. But as for me, this town ain't 'live enough for me. Mrs. Garbutt, she mostly goes to bed long about eight or ha'-pas'-eight, an' I set here 'n' read Patent Office Reports till I go to sleep. If there's any society here, it ain't took the trouble to root me out."

Here he noticed that the Squire's glance was wandering about the room. The old man was looking at the unfamiliar furniture in a puzzled way.

"Things seem a kinder new, eh?" suggested Mr. Garbutt. "Well, I put some money into this here set. Rosewood, the hull of it. Good stuff—the best there was when I bought it. Maybe you'd like to take it off my hands?—well, no, I s'pose not. Come pretty high. Well, now! I hadn't thought of that. There's all your old traps up garret. Found 'em here when I come here, an' couldn't quite get a straight title to 'em with the house, so I packed up these. Plenty of room, says I—might 's well be filled 's not. I didn't jest feel safe to give 'em away—don't know as anybody 'd want 'em. First-rate furn'cher, too; but mahogany—old 's the hills—out 'f fashion. No sort of good to me."

"Did you say, sir," asked the Squire, with a suppressed earnestness that suggested a return of his earlier excitement, "that my father's furniture is now in the attic story? I should greatly like to see it, sir, I should greatly like to see it."

"Why, cert'nly," said Mr. Garbutt, rising, with an uneasy glance at me; "glad to have you see it if you want to ;

but I don't think you'll find any use for it. Putty well eaten up by this time, I guess."

It was clear that the Squire had set his mind on it, in spite of anything that his host could politely suggest, and as soon as Mr. Garbutt could procure a hand-lamp, we began the toilsome ascent of the back-stairs. Here the windows faced the north, and caught the fury of the storm. The external wall of the house fairly shivered as the recurrent blasts struck it, and the strong wind, coming in through the cracks of the windows, set our lamp flickering. I was second in our line, and, looking over my shoulder, I saw the Squire's familiar face distorted in the wavering light. Up and up we mounted, until we crawled through a narrow hole, and a smell of dry dust and seasoned wood told us that we were in the garret.

Mr. Garbutt lifted the lamp above his head. Its light illumined but a small space in that great chamber under the roof. It fell upon the old furniture of the old house—great pieces of solid mahogany, of broad and generous lines. The cushions were moth-eaten and faded to the color of the dust that covered the polished wood. Still there was a stern dignity about their dishonored forms: almost a sentient resentment of the indignity put upon them. "First-class furniture—in its time," said Mr. Garbutt, as if he felt the need of apology.

The Squire said nothing. He walked among the flickering shadows, and looked from one thing to another with a steady gaze. Once or twice he laid his hand on some table or chair, and I thought that he had a particular reason for doing so.

After he had seen all that lay within the light of Mr. Garbutt's lamp, he came back to where we were standing, and, laying his hand on my head, gently stroked my hair. He must have stood thus full a minute, while neither Mr. Garbutt nor I spoke. Then he turned aside, and going to the west window (he walked through the darkness as one who knows his way) he opened it and looked out. I followed him, and looked over his shoulder.

The Squire looked out upon the same view on which his father had gazed when

the fortunes of the Gerrits were at their height. Only, now, he could see nothing of the plain of promise upon which his father had rested his eyes. All below us was hid in blackness. Looking toward the west, we could see the mad turbulence of the bay, and just beyond it a line of clear white—a line that came and went, was broad and dazzling for a second, and then narrowed into darkness. It was the sea breaking on the great pier.

As we stood there, we could hear nothing but the deafening roar of the wind as it rushed in great shuddering blasts through the window. Then, as the ear grew accustomed to the noise, we caught the tremendous undertones of the storm, and at last could distinguish the heavy fall of each successive wave upon the far-off pier.

I was gently drawing the Squire away when there came one of these falls so tremendous that it seemed as though the house shook in answer to it. We all stood still, and then came a second so awful that our very thoughts stood still, and we were like stunned men for the moment. When we turned our eyes to the window, we saw the line of white for the last time; a fainter sound of falling billows reached our ears, and we saw only the confused turmoil of dark waves where the pier had been.

"Where is the old man?" Garbutt asked, a moment or two later; and we both listened. "Great God!" he cried, "where is he going?"

We could hear his footsteps going down the uncarpeted stairs, and we followed him as fast as we could; but he was outside before we got to the outer door at the foot.

Garbutt tried manfully to run; but he had no strength for such a race. I was strong and swift, for my age, and I ran at full speed down the winding path, and in the first flash of lightning saw the Squire far below me, rushing down the hillside, through the trees and over the rocks—taking, as I saw him, a leap that would have killed any sane man.

He was far ahead of me when I reached the level of the shore. I had lost him in the darkness, but a great wave rolled up a wall of light, and against it I saw the



"He walked among the flickering shadows."

Squire's form, with his arms raised high above his head. He ran upon the wave; I saw him beat his arms against it as if to drive it back, and then the wave melted into the night, and when the next wave came, I could not see him.

It was six o'clock in the morning when

I again came to the place with the searching party. A dim sun shone from the east over the heaving waters. Against its light we saw Indian Abe coming up from the lake, along the edge of the flooded inlet, bearing on his back his master's body.

## WHEN LOVE PASSED BY.

*By Solomon Solis-Cohen.*

I WAS busy with my ploughing,

When Love passed by.

"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging;  
Life's delights are few and grudging;  
What hath man of all his striving,  
All his planning and contriving,

Here beneath the sky?

When the grave opes to receive him  
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—  
Love endures for aye!"

But I answered: "I am ploughing.  
When with straight and even furrow  
All the field is covered thorough,  
I will follow."

Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing,

When Love passed by.

"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;  
For thy toil thou hast but moiling:—  
Follow me, where meadows fertile  
Bloom unsown with rose and myrtle,

Laughing to the sky:

Laugh for joy the thousand flowers  
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours  
All unnoted fly."

But I answered: "I am sowing.  
When my acres all are planted,  
Gladly to thy realm enchanted  
I will follow."

Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping,

When Love passed by.

"Come," she cried, "thou planted'st grieving,  
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.  
If the heart lie fallow, vain is  
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is  
Less than Love's least sigh.

Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle  
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle  
In life's western sky."

But I answered: "I am reaping.  
When with song of youth and maiden,  
Home the hock-cart comes, full-laden,  
I will follow."

Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest,

When Love passed by.

"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,  
Turning not, my cry unheeding,—  
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,  
Stay thy flight, O fleet-winged swallow  
Cleaving twilight sky!"

I am old and worn and weary,  
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,  
With thee would I fly.

Garnered woe is all my harvest,  
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,  
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—  
Stay!—I follow!"

Love passed by.





*By Will H. Low.*

WHEN the late Matthew Arnold, in the pursuit of the elusive quality of Distinction, questioned the German artist whom he found painting in the States concerning the condition of the Fine Arts here, it is probable that his inquiry was of too general a character to include a particular question as to what this young country had achieved in so old an art as

glass-staining. Had he done so we may assume (basing our supposition on the recorded answer to Mr. Arnold's general inquiry) that the worthy German, gazing through the myopic spectacles which had served him so well in other directions, would have answered that in this, as in the other graphic arts, we had nothing to our credit. Nor could we complain of either question or answer, had they been made by these strangers within our gates, for here, at home, great numbers of cultivated people, including a large class of men directly interested, hold the same opinion.

And yet here in New York, and in the shadow of this indifference, the art of the glass-stainer, which in the hands of its more legitimate heirs in Germany, France, and England, by the grafting of elements antagonistic to its growth, had become a mere shadow of its former self, has acquired new vigor, and even now blossoms as the rose. That this art, which is so nearly allied to the old world of the past, should find its re-

naissance in the last years of the nineteenth century amidst the dust and clamor of our new-world mart is curious enough. But in a country where, in default of cathedrals inherited from ages gone by, our interest in the church is in part manifested by the fact that there are more than four thousand religious edifices of different denominations now in course of construction, this revival is more than curious; it becomes a question of eminent artistic importance. In the old world the field of the glass-stainer is virtually limited to the Roman Catholic Church and the Established Church of England. Here, with the widening of sect-distinctions, the churches of nearly all denominations are open to him, and it needs no gift of prophecy to foresee, in the near future, the clear sunshine gaining admittance to all our churches through colored glass, and carrying with it messages of faith and fortitude, of joyous hope and reverent memory.

To uphold frankly the theory that the stained glass now made in the United States is better than that obtainable elsewhere, and by reference to ancient standards to explain the reason for this belief, is the object of this paper; but first it becomes necessary to go back to the origin of stained glass as we know it.

Glass, colored either by mixture of coloring matter in its making, or by painting the glass already made with vitrifiable colors, was known to the Greeks; but although writers as ancient as Grégoire de Tours (544-595) speak with more or less detail of leaded glass, the earliest specimen that can be authenticated is that in a church at Neuweiler, in Alsace, which dates from the eleventh century. It would appear from its purely decorative character, and from its inherent limitations, which to this day surround it, that stained glass had arrived at its apogee at a time when the art of painting was just bursting from the



Byzantine bud. Well on in the thirteenth century the Italian glass had accomplished more than the sister art of fresco, and the designs for the windows in the Duomo at Florence made by Taddeo or Agnolo Gaddi seem much more modern than their painting. The glass of this and the following century, much of which still exists, is notable for the subdued splendor of its color, and is almost (in the earlier specimens entirely) without painting. In fact it was not until the fifteenth century that elaborate glass painting was attempted, and from that period ensues a decadence in which the French and Germans, and to a great extent the English, still remain. For it is from the period of Raphael, when men began to paint freely and became high-priests at the altar of art instead of humble worshippers, that the mosaic of glass began to disappear and that transparent painting usurped its place.

Before this, the windows depending upon the actual color of the glass were made in a manner not unlike the common dissected map of our childhood. To make a window, a design was made, generally the simple figure of a saint, with a purely decorative background; pieces of glass of varying and appropriate colors were cut and placed in their proper places, and it only remained to bind these pieces firmly together by a ribbon of lead with a groove on either side, which was soldered at the junction of the pieces, and to place the whole in an iron frame, crossed at intervals by thin bars placed horizontally, to which the leads were fastened by wires. The result would be a stained-glass window somewhat resembling that of the thirteenth century, or, so little have methods changed, that of the present time. When this frame, filled with glass, was placed in the opening of the wall for which it was destined, it would be seen that the light coming through the transparent glass brought into dark relief the lead-lines, which thus served as the outlines of the various forms represented. This was the earliest development of stained glass.

In the two centuries that followed, painting with vitrifiable colors was resorted to in order to represent modelled

surfaces, and commencing from rude and timid outlines to define the features of the face or the division of the fingers, painting was at last used with little discrimination on all portions of the window. Another of the limitations of the early glass-stainer, which was a blessing in disguise, was also to disappear with the mechanical improvement in the manufacture of glass. At first his glass was blown, not cast or rolled (indeed the latter method of fabrication is of late date), and therefore the glass came to him in small pieces, and as the mixture of the ingredients or the intensity of the fire would vary, so would the quality of the color. This gave him great variety of tint from which to choose, although it occasionally entailed arbitrary leading, such as, to take a common instance, a lead-line crossing the neck of a figure between the chin and shoulders, and thereby giving the saint a decapitated look. But by improvements in the fabrication of glass, larger pieces were obtainable, and always it would appear as though the makers had an ideal only admirable in a plate-glass window manufacturer, of making a sheet of glass uniform in color and texture. On these large sheets of glass the painter had full swing; more and more vitrifiable colors were invented; a process of cutting away the surface so as to make a design appear in light upon the darker body of the glass was devised; the colors became more and more uniform, until, proceeding rapidly, we reach this century—though in taking this arbitrary step, which the limits of an article such as this command, we must pass by much that is admirable.

Anyone who has lingered in the aisles of the old cathedrals, moved by the color of the glass, which is glowing and jewel-like, never garish or harsh, and then has turned, as we can do in some cathedral towns, to the modern fabric, and has seen how crude in color, how small in treatment, how uniform in texture, how manufactured, turned out by the *mètre carré* it all is—such an one is apt to count glass-staining as one of the lost arts. The Continent is full of such places, where literally acres of stained glass are made each year. The designs are sometimes admirably drawn, though

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**Leland**  
**Memorial**  
**Window,**  
 by  
**John**  
**La Farge.**

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**Church**  
 of the  
**Ascension,**  
 New  
**York.**

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somewhat too conventionally composed; the painting of heads and hands is of marvellous dexterity; while the drap-

tain archaic features in design and arbitrary leading, some of the English artists—Burne Jones notably—have de-



Stained-glass Window, "A Spring Scene"—designed by Louis C. Tiffany.  
(In the residence of Wm. A. Slater, at Norwich, Conn.)

eries are generally overloaded with painting, the painting being universally done on a flat piece of glass, of which the original color remains for the high lights, the half-tones and shadows being obtained by vitrifiable pigments. England has profited rather more than France or Germany by the study of old examples, for while in the latter countries such study has resulted apparently in nothing more than a retention of cer-

signed windows in which the sentiment expressed is more personal, while they respect the limitations of their material more than the designers of the Continent. The English, also, by a systematic employment of semi-neutral tones, avoid the harsh primary reds, yellows, and blues of the German and French makers, and their glass, although unfitted for the strong light prevalent in our climate, has nevertheless a subdued



Central Panel of Chancel Window, designed by Francis Lathrop.  
(In Bethesda Church, Saratoga, New York. Spencer Trask, donor.)

charm of its own. All of these countries, it is needless to say, have, until a comparatively recent date, furnished our churches with their windows, and opportunities to judge them are not lacking.

But a change was at hand, and if the result had been less good than we maintain it to be, the attempt at making stained glass in this country would still have been interesting from the spontaneity of its growth, from its resemblance to the manner in which, in the old days, painting sprung full-blossomed from the Florentine soil. It came about the Centennial year, the date from which our future Vasari, if we ever deserve one, will trace the first concerted art movement in this country. Before that time we had in more or less isolation men who perhaps under happier auspices would have developed more, who at any rate, in a community that was more in sympathy with them, would have found more employment for certain of their faculties.

To such a man, Mr. John La Farge, who had been known for years as a painter possessed of a deep-seated feeling for color and a largeness of sentiment in composition which had found expression only in easel pictures, was given, in the year 1876, the task of decorating Trinity Church, Boston. From this building, the work of Richardson by which he is best known, and which is perhaps the most cathedral-like of our churches, the transition to stained glass seems to have been a natural one; or possibly the moment was propitious, for no sooner was Mr. La Farge engaged in his first experimental glass than Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, who, like Mr. La Farge, was a painter by profession, became interested in the same direction. Under the impetus given by these two men—working in different ways—Mr. Tiffany's sense of color and feeling for ornament leading him rather toward the Orient, and Mr. La Farge remaining more true to classic influence—the first steps of glass-making were taken.

I say first steps advisedly, for at the commencement everything had to be done anew. The rays from the lamp of convention by which the makers of glass in Europe had guided their steps did not reach across the Atlantic, and

the first windows were made by virtually reinventing the whole process. Makers of the commoner kinds of stained glass had long been established here, and the genius of the American mechanic had devised or adapted machines by which large sheets of colored glass could be rolled, sheets both broad and long, and of uniform color and depth throughout. These were admirable results of mechanical skill, but essentially inartistic. They furnished the first glass, but as they proved inadequate and as other colors and textures were imperatively demanded, the proprietor of a large glass-making establishment, I think in Brooklyn, grudgingly conceded the use of some of his material and men who, under the direction of our pioneer glass-stainers, made glass that was slightly better in quality. And then the interesting discovery was made that glass made by the one-man power, as we may say, in small quantities, of uneven thickness, and undoubtedly improved by happy accident (as when by a failure to make one color another, and perhaps better one, was obtained) was greatly more varied in tone and color than that made by modern improved processes. By this discovery, and by the consequent demand for such glass, a new field was opened for ambitious men, who from workmen became masters on a small scale, and it is from men such as these, constantly experimenting and working with a small force and by hand-power, that the best glass is still obtained. As uniformity had been the criterion of excellence, now variety obtained the palm, and it has kept it, until to-day the larger stained-glass-window manufacturers carry a stock of glass that in its variety of hue and shade far exceeds the range of the painter's palette.

Soon after the commencement of the new-old art came the introduction of the opalescent glass. The credit of its introduction has been a matter of controversy which need not enter here, and the claim has also been made that it was known to the old glass-makers, but, as far as I know, this claim is supported by little proof. The opalescent glass, which has formed so large an element in the beauty of American glass, is by itself somewhat porcelain-like in appearance;





Window in Grace Church, Providence, R. I., representing "St. John in the Island of Patmos."  
(Designed by Maitland Armstrong, and erected by Mrs. Byron Smith.)



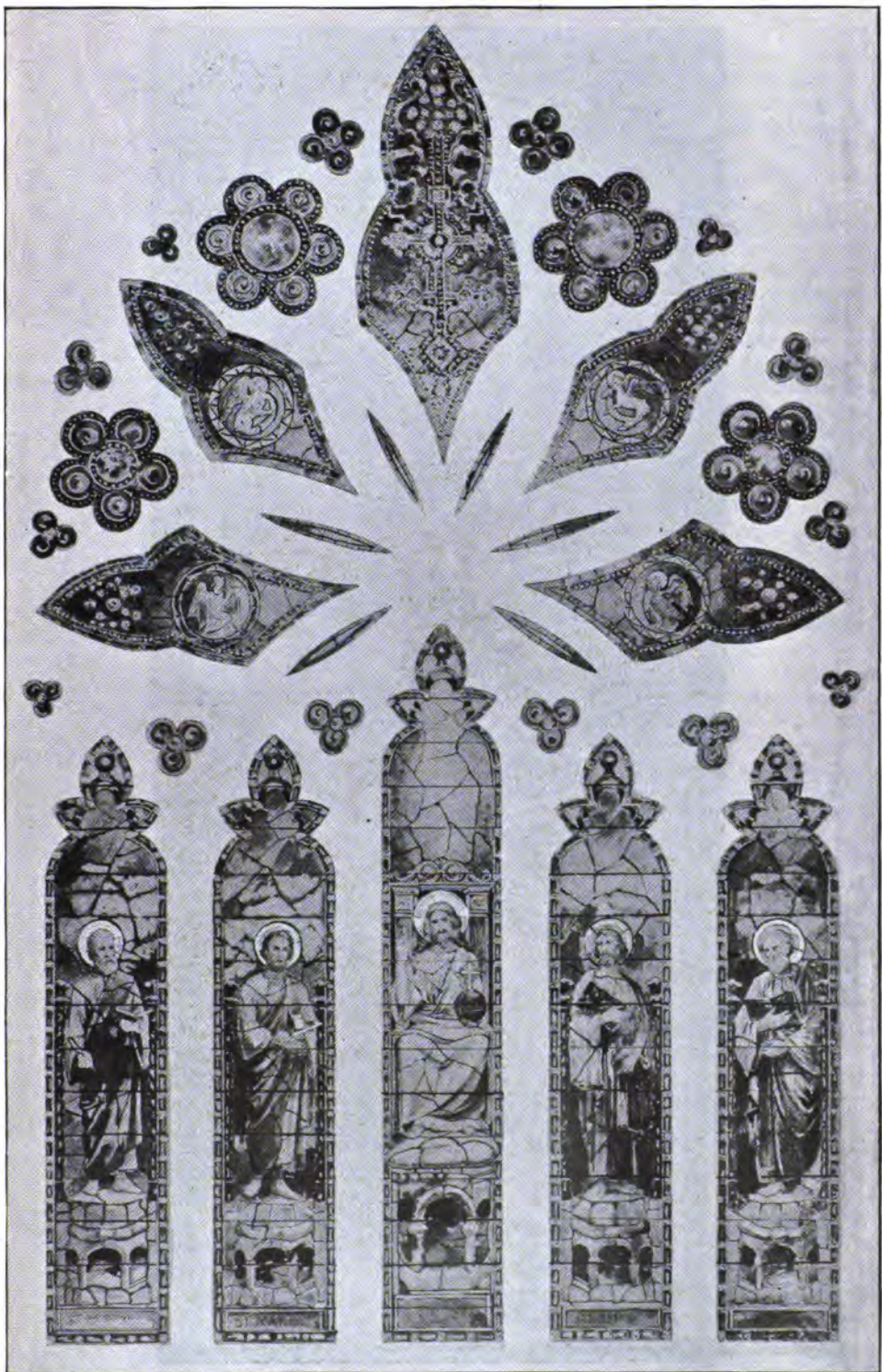
but against the light, and at certain angles, has much of the fire and the changing hue of the opal. It can be combined with any other color, which then partakes of the same characteristics. Used with discretion in a window it is capable of charming effect, lighting up and vivifying tones which by themselves would be sombre and quasi-opaque.

Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany had from the commencement men who worked with them and very near them, and soon the number increased, until to-day, with the facilities which are common or nearly so to them all, there is a remarkable unity of merit in American glass, the differences being largely matters of taste or dependent upon the artistic merit of the original design. Here, of course, there can be the usual variety of opinion; but it is, I think, almost without parallel that the means employed to render the effect of the original cartoon should be so uniformly good. It is somewhat like a school of painting, where the technical execution of every artist should be the same, leaving only the difference which the temperament of the different men would impose in subject and sentiment. But this fair edifice was not built in a day. Many were the failures, many the paths diligently followed only to find that they ended in quagmires, before this uniformity of excellence, worthy to be classed as a school, was reached. In the effort to avoid the error into which the European makers had fallen, of depending too largely upon painting the glass, our early makers tried various expedients. The first and most natural of these was little else than an adaptation of the principle on which are made the familiar porcelain glass lamp-shades, with landscapes modelled on their surface. As the picture is seen in transparence it is necessary to make the darkest accents the thickest and most opaque portions of the glass, and proceeding in this manner, making thinner or thicker the glass as the intensity or the delicacy of the tone requires, a curious sort of bass-relief is made, which, placed in front of a light, appears to be painted on the surface.

With great effort heads and draperies were modelled in this manner and cast

in glass, but the effect was never satisfactory; and having learned the lesson that one may be too much of a purist, our glass-makers now use vitrifiable colors when it is necessary. In the course of this experiment an advantage was gained by the making of what is now technically known as drapery glass. This is made from the glass, as it is thrown, in a melted state, upon a flat table of iron to be rolled into a disk. When the glass is spread out, very much like pie-crust, the roller by which it is spread keeping up the resemblance, the edges are seized by the glass-maker, armed with short tongs, who overlaps an edge, or pulls and twists it in various directions as his fancy may suggest. This glass when annealed and cooled reveals in great variety the flow and twist of folds of drapery, and when the artist-artisan, with the main direction of the lines of the draperies of the cartoon which he is following firmly fixed in his mind, visits the racks in which, row upon row, the disks of glass are stored, he is generally able to select pieces which, placed in the window, represent in the color of the glass, unaided by the painter's skill, the most subtle gradations of light and shade in the form of the drapery. For the heads, and indeed whenever it becomes necessary, recourse is had to the painter. Here the French and Germans, with their long experience, have been, until very lately, greatly our superiors. Painting upon glass is at the best a tedious mechanical process, and a clever piece of painting may be utterly spoiled in the "firing" which is necessary to vitrify the colors used. But already we have acquired experience, and some of our work is in effect as good as that done abroad, while the grade of artists employed is somewhat better, giving occasionally a more personal character to the work.

In fact as the art stands here to-day, it has kept a more distinctly artistic character than in the old world. In Europe, with governmental patronage, and with museums ready to receive works of a large size which such encouragement creates, it is an inferior class of artists, as a rule, who engage in making stained glass. Here, on the contrary, almost every man who has the technical equip-



Memorial Window in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, representing Christ and the Four Evangelists.  
 (Erected to the memory of the Rev. Robert Shaw Howland, D.D., by his successor, the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, and several members of the congregation; made by the Tiffany Glass Company from a cartoon by LYELL CARR.)

\* \* \*  
 Central  
 Panel  
 of a  
 Window  
 in  
 Rock Creek  
 Church,  
 Washing-  
 ton.



\* \* \*  
 Designed  
 by  
 Will  
 H.  
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ment to create large decorative work has been more or less engaged in designing for or making stained glass. In addition to Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany, we have had Mr. F. D. Millet, Mr. Francis Lathrop, Mr. E. H. Blashfield, Mr. Elihu Vedder, Mr. G. W. Maynard, Mr. Robert Blum, and Mr. Kenyon Cox, —to name a few of our foremost figure-painters.

Given the extreme variety and richness of our glass, it has been possible to attempt subjects of such complexity of effect that we have gone beyond the limit by which the European glass-maker is restricted. Herein lies the ground for a reproach which is often aimed at our glass, generally by men of strict adherence to ecclesiastical formulæ. The reproach, which affects only glass for church purposes, is, in sum, that it is too vivid, too realistic, and has too great similarity to mere decoration, irrespective of the sacred character of the place for which it is destined. While the same reproach could be applied with equal justice to the whole Venetian school of painting—to which our glass is somewhat allied—there is a foundation for it in the fact that, from the limitations which restriction in the manufacture of glass imposed upon the old makers of church windows, a more conventional treatment and greater austerity of effect was usual with them. But as Viollet le Duc has pointed out, in the thirteenth century glass, where perspective is often grossly violated, this was not done in order to keep the window within the limits of mural decoration, but through sheer ignorance of the laws of perspective. In a similar vein, we may remark that in coming from the glowing windows of Santa Croce, in Florence, it is hard to believe that a thirteenth century glass-stainer would have willingly resigned the opportunities which come with the curious and beautifully variegated glass which we have at our command, and which enable us to approach somewhat nearer to the glories of sun and shadow, of tinted cloud or far-reaching horizon. The sad-colored harmonies of our English cousins seem too arbitrarily restrained, as does their deliberate archaism in making a lead-line—which

is purposely kept as heavy as those in the old glass, although a lead-line always makes itself evident enough, and we have to-day much lighter lead at our service—cut across an arm or a fold of drapery where no actual need of construction calls for it.

To take an instance near at hand: in the city of Boston, in Trinity Church, we have some of the best English windows that have come to this country, designed by Mr. Burne Jones, and made in a nearly avowed competition with the glass by Mr. La Farge, in the same church. In the English work we have, undoubtedly, elements of beauty, such as go with the design of Mr. Burne Jones, but little else. Considered as colors, they hardly exist, while by their side the work of the American artist has a depth and richness which adds to the dignity and beauty of the design. That these English windows are more in the character of old work, as regards superficial features, such as the archaism referred to above, is true enough; but as old work has, as its most essential characteristic, great beauty of color, which is almost always absent in English work, there seems but little ground for a marked preference which certain of the clergy have for English glass. There is in this a question of design made in obedience to conventional law, which, with the freedom of men who feel called to do individual work, we upon this side of the water have neglected; but latterly attempts have been made, with success, to combine, in a design which is cognizant of ecclesiastical requirements, the elements of color inherent to American glass, and the skill which we have acquired in its use.

An example of such a design is given herewith, that of a window made by the Tiffany Glass Company for the Church of the Heavenly Rest of New York. It is of the familiar Gothic description, the design of which, while studiously conventional, is rendered interesting by a certain personality in the character of the figures, which were designed by Mr. Lyell Carr. This is as it should be, the windows by Mr. Burne Jones, for instance, being full of the characteristics of their designer while fulfilling the re-



quirements of the church. But although adherence to convention is common to the German and French glass-stainers, there has not, to my knowledge, come to this country any window by them which is above the level of good mediocrity; nor, indeed, are there men in these countries of the same relative artistic importance as the Americans who are engaged in designing and making stained glass.

But it is as a means of expression of artistic qualities which could hardly find their vent in any other direction, that our stained glass rises to the height of a definite achievement. The windows by Mr. La Farge in Trinity, that in the Ames Memorial at North Easton, and the sumptuous windows adorning the hall and stairway in the residence of the late William H. Vanderbilt, could only have been done by the fortuitous possession by a gifted artist of a material of surprising richness. In like manner the design by Mr. Tiffany which graces these pages was carried out much as a painter working with color made by pulverizing gems might have done it. This exceeding wealth of color, aided by the network of the lead-lines, carries with it, moreover, a certain solidity of impression that keeps our most audacious experiments thoroughly within the realm of mural decoration; so that, despite the lamentations of our pseudo-archaic critics that we occasionally represent too much distance, our glass seems more on the plane of the wall into which it is set than most of the thinner and clearer glass of foreign manufacture.

But this plea for greater public rec-

ognition of our most truly national achievement in the arts of design must draw to a close. While it is not intended to call attention to individual works in general, brief mention may be made of Mr. Francis Lathrop's dignified figure of Christ in the window in Bethesda Church, Saratoga, of Mr. Maitland Armstrong's window in Grace Church, Providence, characterized, as is all Mr. Armstrong's work, by good taste and a somewhat more strict adherence to approved methods than some of his brother artists, though the designs reproduced here tell their own story. Excellent work has also been done by Mr. Frederic Crowninshield, Mr. John Johnston, Mr. Prentice Treadwell, Mr. Frank Hill Smith, and others, mere registration of this fact must suffice. But in conclusion I may say, as I commenced, that here is to-day an art practised with much of that originality which our foreign critics call for as a manifestation of the American spirit. That this should be fostered and encouraged would appear to go without saying; that it is properly so encouraged is not as yet the case; but if anyone of those interested in the actual erection of a stained-glass window will dispassionately study the subject, and learn what is being done here and elsewhere, the conclusion will be forced upon him that here is an art that is native, and that has taken root from a small beginning; that even now the vigorous young trunk spreads forth its blossoming branches to delight and make proud the land where the arid waste has become the fair garden.



## AT THE STATION.

*By Rebecca Harding Davis.*



**N**OTHING could well be more commonplace or ignoble than the corner of the world in which Miss Dilly now spent her life.

A wayside inn, near a station on the railway which runs from Salisbury, in North Carolina, up into the great Appalachian range of mountains; two or three unpainted boxes of houses scattered along the track by the inn; not a tree or blade of grass in the "clarin';" a few gaunt, long-legged pigs and chickens grunting and cackling in the muddy clay yards; beyond, swampy tobacco fields stretching to the en-

circling pine woods. For Sevier Station lay on the lowland; the mountains rose far to the west, like a blue haze on the horizon. The railway ran like a black line across the plain, and stopped at their foot at a hamlet called Henry's; thence an occasional enterprising traveller took "the team" up the precipitous mountain road to Asheville, then a sleepy village unknown to tourists.

Nothing, too, could have been more commonplace or ignoble than Miss Dilly herself: a pudgy old woman of sixty, her shapeless body covered with a scant, blue homespun gown, with a big white apron tied about where the waist should have been; a face like that of an exaggerated baby, and round, innocent blue eyes, which, when they met yours, you were sure were the friendliest in the world. Miss Dilly always wore a coarse white handkerchief (snowy white, and freshly ironed) pinned about her neck, and another tied over her ears, for she had occasionally a mysterious pain, commonly known to us as neuralgia, but which the Carolinian mountaineers declare is only caused by being "overlooked" by someone who has an evil eye.

"They tell me it must be so," Miss Dilly would say. "But, of course, my dear, it was done by accident. Nobody would hurt a person thataway, meanin' it. An' it's a mighty tarrible thing to have that kind of an eye! I hope the good Lord don't let any poor soul know that he has it."

Miss Dilly had had this pain only since she had lived in the lowland. It had almost disabled her. She was born in the mountains—up on the Old Black—and she fancied if she would go back to them she would be cured. But her younger brother, James, owned this farm and inn, and when their mother died, twenty years ago, he had agreed with Preston Barr that he should have both, rent free, if he would give Dilly a home and the yield of one field of tobacco yearly. James then set off to the West to make his fortune. Letters at first came regularly. But it was ten years now since she had heard from him.

Nobody ever heard a groan from Miss Dilly when the attacks of pain came on. "When the good Lord gives you a load to cahry, I reckon 't ar'nt the clean thing to lay it on other folks' shoulders," she would say, laughing. She shut herself up, therefore, in her own chamber, and would let nobody in, though everybody at the inn, from Squire Barr himself to Sam (the black cook, ostler, and chambermaid), besieged the door.

A gloom like that of a funeral overhung the whole clarin' when Miss Dilly had one of her spells. After the passing of the two trains a day it was the one topic of interest.

"I've knowed wimmen as was younger," old Colonel Royall would say,



solemnly wagging his head and winking his bleared eyes; "but Aunt Dilly is the jokingest and most agreeable of her sex in this part of Cahliny, to my think-in'."

"Yes," Squire Barr would answer, nodding gravely. "And how any human fiend can lay the devil's look on her, passes me!"

When the attack was over she would come down, pale and pinched about the jaws, but smiling, kissing and shaking hands all round as if she had come back from a long journey.

The Squire invariably addressed her with ponderous gravity, after this fashion:

"Ef it be so, Aunt Dilly, 's you think goin' back to yer home on th' Old Black 'd give you ease, say the wohd. I cah'n't pay you rent in money, foh Godamity knows, I've got none. But in traffic, tobacco, cohn, an' millet—it'll be all sent up reg'lar. Though what we'd do with-out you all, passes me!"

At which Mrs. Missouri Barr would look at Miss Dilly with tears on her gaunt cheeks, and the girls would hang about her, patting her, and the Colonel would declare with an oath that "the whole clarin' had been powerful interrupted while you all was gone."

These were the happiest moments of Miss Dilly's happy life. She would explain carefully to them, for the thousandth time, her feeling on the matter. "T seems to me ef I was in the old place, facin' Old Craggy, 'n the Swan-annoa a-runnin' past the door, 'n could go set by father 'n mother every mornin', whar they're lyin' among the rowan trees, I'd get young agin 'n lose this torment. But then, what 'd James think ef he'd come back hyar ready to cahry me to his home in Colorado or them furrin countries? Me gone, after my promise to wait? 'N it would go hard too to leave you, Preston, 'n Missoury, 'n the girls, 'n Sam, 'n all—very hard!"

The girls always surprised Miss Dilly with a good supper on these recoveries, and the Colonel and Squire Preston felt it their duty to go to bed drunker than usual, in sign of joy.

At other times, life at Sevier Station was stagnant enough. Miss Dilly sewed

or knit in her own room, sitting at the window where she could see the six men of the village sitting in a row in the gallery of the inn, smoking. She called them her boys, and when one chanced to have the rheumatism or tooth-ache or a snake-bite, clucked about him like an old hen over an ailing chick. All the children in the hamlet were free of her room: there was always one at least with her, listening to her old Bible stories. Neither they nor Miss Dilly were at all sure how far exactly Palestine was from Carolina; indeed, Dilly had a dim conviction that the mountains on which her Lord walked and suffered and died as man were part of the mountains yonder, which were all the world that she knew.

There was no church near the station; there were not even the monthly "pra'ars" which keep up the religious and social life of the mountains. Miss Dilly with her Bible and her incessant innocent talk of "the good Lord" was all the pope or preacher known to these people, the only messenger sent to show them how to live or to die.

In the morning the train passed the station, going up to Henry's; in the afternoon it came down; it halted for five or ten minutes each time. These brief pauses were the end of life for the population of Sevier Station; the whole twenty-four hours merely led up to them. When the train came in sight, the six men, the women, children, pigs, and chickens dropped the work they had in hand and waited, breathless. It came up out of the great busy world and swept down into it again—a perpetual miracle—leaving them in silence and solitude. Miss Dilly was always at her post by the window to see it go by. The conductor and engineer had learned to watch for the wondering old baby face, and often threw to her a little package of candy or a newspaper. Her heart thumped with terror and delight as the wonderful thing rushed past her. If she could only ride on the cars once, only for a mile! This was the one secret ambition of her life.

Sometimes, but very rarely, the train was belated and stopped long enough for the passengers to take supper. Then excitement rose to fever height. Mrs.

Barr, the girls, Preston, even the Colonel were busy in the kitchen, cooking and scolding Sam. Miss Dilly, who could do nothing, hurried to the parlor, in fresh apron and handkerchiefs. It was a stuffy little room with plaited rugs on the floor, a chromo of the death-bed of Washington on the wall, and a red-hot stove in the middle. But the passengers who were waiting for supper, to Miss Dilly's mind, were all dear good folk who had come up from the world to talk to her awhile. She took the keenest interest in them all: nursed the babies, pulled out some candy from her pocket for the children, ran for a drink for the tired, dusty women, or sat listening eagerly to the talk of the men, now and then asking a timid question. "And you really been at New Yohk, sah? Dear me! I doan know what anybody thet has bin at New Yohk wants to come to the mountings foh. No, I never travelled. Much, that is. I was once at Asheville, foh two days. I reckon New Yohk is differint. But Asheville is a vely large town, sah. You suhtinly ought to visit it."

It was singular to see how they all, women, children, and men, seemed to understand Miss Dilly at once, and treated her with a tender kind of respect. She usually felt quite intimate with them all before the evening was over, and when they entered the train and were swept out of sight would stand looking after them, the tears in her eyes.

"The dear friends hardly come till they go again," she would say to the girls.

One stormy night in winter the train was delayed two hours beyond its time. A child of one of the passengers had been taken sick, near Henry's; the train was stopped, and a man who was said to have considerable skill in physic was sent for, two miles distant. The passengers waited willingly. They were in no hurry; nobody in Carolina was ever in a hurry in those days. Everybody was anxious to help the baby, and proposed his own favorite remedy, brandy being the most popular.

There were only two men in the car who did not join the group about the sick child. They sat side by side on a back seat; one of them, a swarthy,

middle-aged man, with eyes like those of a stupid, affectionate dog, stooping forward, listening eagerly to its moans and the advice of the crowd.

"Poor little kid!" he said, earnestly. "I reckon it's its head as is wrong. I had a boy once. He only lived to be seven. It was the head as ailed him. The brain, sah. Enormous! Ef that little fellah had lived he'd have made his mark in the world, alongside of Alick Stephens."

"Died at seven?" said his companion with an inarticulate murmur of sympathy. "Well, sah. Him thet's above, He knows. It's all foh the best."

"Not foh me; not foh me!" with a fierce growl, after which he was silent. Presently he said: "Captain, I used to quiet my boy a-strokin' of his temples. Ef they'd try it on the baby——"

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Judson," said the other man, with sudden gravity, "thet I can't let you try it yohself. But duty, sah——"

"I didn't think of doin' it myself!" exclaimed Judson, angrily. "You don't suspect me of a trick? Dy'e think I'm a sneak?"

"God forbid! No, no, Mr. Judson. I know a high-toned gentleman when I see him. When Sheriff Royston give me this commission he says: 'Treat Mr. Judson as a high-toned gentleman.' And as such I reconized you. And as such I treated you."

Judson made no answer. He had dropped back into his seat and pulled the wide-rimmed hat over his brows.

The child by this time was asleep; the passengers crept softly back to their places, and the train was again in motion. As, an hour later, it rushed along through the gathering twilight, Judson glanced out of the windows from side to side with a terrified apprehension on his face.

"Isn't this the old Sevier plantation?"

"Yes. Consid'able altered since the railway was laid."

After a few minutes Judson again broke the silence. "Thah was a house jest beyond the Branch hyah. 'T used to belong to a family named—Holmes."

"Yes. Station's nigh thah now. Holmes house's took as inn. Squire Barr's the proprietor, sah."

"Any of the Holmeses livin' thah?"

asked Judson in a tone which made Captain Foulke turn and look at him curiously.

"Miss Dilly. She resides with the Squire. Colonel James Holmes, he's gone

or any other gentleman who was in difficulty.

The engine gave a shriek. The conductor, who had been dozing near the stove, got up, yawning.



"I cahn't get out hyah! Thah—thah are folks in thet house thet know me."

out West thataway. I hear as he's made a fortin out thah. So I've heered. I never knowed Colonel James myself. I belong down in the piny woods kentry. I've heered, though, as he was a powerful agreeable gentleman. Very free an' friendly. The folks hyahbouts think a heap of the Colonel yet, though he's bin gone a good many year."

"Do they?" said Judson, with a queer intonation.

"Friend of yours, may be?" asked the Captain, curiously. Judson's back was turned toward him; he was staring out into the darkening fields. He did not answer for a moment.

"No. He was no friend of mine," he said at last in a tone which made Captain Foulke keep silent. He was the last man in the world to annoy or suggest unpleasant subjects to Mr. Judson,

"Sevier Station, gentlemen," he suggested, mildly. "Train stops hyah foh supper."

The train ran bumping along the track and stopped. The passengers rose and made their way out leisurely. In the noise, they did not hear an altercation that was going on at the back of the car. Judson had stiffened himself back in his seat.

"My God! I cahn't get out hyah! Thah—thah are folks in thet house thet know me." He panted for breath with sheer terror; his eye gleamed dangerously. Foulke and the conductor stood over him anxiously. For the first time the conductor saw that he was handcuffed.

"Yes," explained Foulke rapidly, in a whisper. "Bringin' him to Raleigh from Tennessee, on requisition from Governor

to stand his trial for manslaughter. Mr. Judson!" raising his voice; "let me make you acquainted with Captain Arny. Mr. Judson," he proceeded in a hurried, deprecating tone, "hes come with me clar from the Nantahela range, whah I—whah I—met him, and has give me no trouble whatsoever. He has conducted himself like the high-toned gentleman which Sheriff Royston——"

"—I will make no trouble now," panted Judson. "Only let me stay in the car. Foh God's sake, Captain!"

The deputy sheriff and conductor exchanged perplexed glances.

"Come, come, Mr. Judson," said Arny, authoritatively, "Captain Foulke must have his supper 'n somethin' warmin'. So must you. See hyah now!" wrapping the gray shawl which was common in use among men at that time about the prisoner so as to conceal his arms, and pulling his hat well over his brows. "Yoh own wife wouldn't know yoh, sah. Come now. You can sit in the parlor if yoh doan keer to take supper. On yoh parole, sah."

Judson hesitated, looking through the lighted windows of the inn with a terrified yet longing eye. Figures moved dimly within.

"I'll go," he said, starting forward. "I'll sit thah. I'll not try to escape, so help me God."

What with the sick baby and the tired mother, Miss Dilly had much to do that evening. She soon, however, had both of them comfortably disposed in her own room for the night, and then hurried down to see if any one else needed her.

"Why, Squire," she said, bustling into the kitchen, "thah's a gentleman alone in the parloh, eatin' nothin'."

"He's ailin', Miss Dilly. Never mind him. He doan want nothin'."

But Miss Dilly was not used to leave ailing people alone. She made ready a steaming cup of tea.

"I'm so sorry yoh feelin' porely, sah," she said. "Won't yoh take this, jest to warm yoh?"

"No," said the man, gruffly. Miss Dilly, unused to rebuff, stood hesitating. The lamplight shone full on her gray hair and kind blue eyes.

"Don't go," said Judson. "Stay with

me. It will only be for a few minutes. I'll never see you again."

Something in the voice startled the old woman. She looked at him, raised her head, listening, and then, recollecting herself, sat down, laughing.

"Thet's just what I allus say to myself," she said. "The folks come up hyah, 'n stay jest long enough foh me to find they're dear friends, 'n go, 'n I never see them again."

"And yoh're satisfied with sech friends as the cars bring yoh every day?" he sneered, savagely.

Miss Dilly drew herself up with a certain dignity. "They're all my friends, as I said. But I have my own people, sah. Blood of my blood and bone of my bone. The dear Lord sent them an' me into the world together."

"Who are they?" he said in a lower tone.

"Our family? Thar's my brother, sah, Colonel James Holmes. I'm waitin' hyah for him now. I'm expectin' him every day. An' my father 'n mother: they're up on the Old Black. An' thah's a child in our family," she added with a proud rising of the voice. "He's my brother's son. He is sech a boy 's yoh never hear of now, sah. He was jest seven when he—went away."

She turned her head, the tears creeping down her withered cheeks.

The prisoner half rose, with a muttered exclamation.

"What's that? Who——" cried Miss Dilly. "I beg yoh pardon, sah, I thought I heard a name——"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing—nothing. I thought yoh said a name that I used to be called at home—mother an' Jem an' all of them. I haven't heard it foh years. I reckon it was talkin' of them made me fancy it. I'm afeerd my mind's gettin' foolish stud'in' about Jem, an expectin' him."

"An' yoh think he'll come?"

"I know it," said Miss Dilly, quietly. "Squire Barr, sometimes he says: 'Maybe the Colonel's merried a rich wife, in some of those big Western towns, and hes done forgot us all.' An' the girls, I know they're afeered he's dead. But he'll come. Every day since he went away I've asked the Lord to send him back: so he—hes to come."



"The lamplight shone full on her gray hair and kind blue eyes."



Judson did not speak for some time. His jaws sank deeper in the mufflers about his neck. He said at last:

"An' when he comes, I reckon yoh'd be pleased to hear of the rich wife and grand house?"

Miss Dilly winced. "Ef Jem's home is like thet, it's all right. I'd go if he wants me. But what I've thought I'd like——" She hesitated.

"What?"

"Ef we could go back, jest our two selves to our house on the Old Black, an' him' an' me live thah together a few year before we went away——"

The man's head dropped on his chest. He was so still that she jumped to her feet frightened.

"Yoh're very porely! I'll bring something—I've gum camphor in a jar of whiskey——" She laid her hand on his arm.

At that moment the passengers came in from supper, Army and Captain Foulke, who had kept their eyes on the prisoner through the open door, foremost. They thrust themselves between him and Miss Dilly.

"Come, Mr. Judson, take somethin' warmin'."

They talked loudly, bustling about him, that she might not see the handcuffs. The passengers crowded out of the door, going to the train.

Judson with a fierce gesture motioned the men aside. "I must speak a word to her." He crossed the room to where Miss Dilly stood.

"Doan yoh git tired prayin' foh him! For God's sake doan git tired! An' maybe he kin come back!"

The train was gone, and Miss Dilly went about her work, stupefied. Why had she talked of Jem and his boy to this man? She never spoke of them to strangers. It seemed as if the good Lord had made her do it to-night.

She prayed for her brother that night as she never had prayed before. She did not know why she did it. Nothing in this gruff stranger had reminded her of saucy, affectionate Jem.

But when everybody in the inn was in bed and asleep, she crept on to the porch and stood looking out into the gray, fathomless night. Somewhere out in that great unknown world—he was. He might

be in that grand house—he might be sick and starving among beggars; but wherever he was, he must come back to her. Her childish, faithful soul went out in an agony of supplication.

"Lord, bring him back to me. To me—me!"

The fog was thick and cold, and Miss Dilly was used to the warmest corner of the house. But it seemed to her that she must go out into the open wide night to come nearer to him. He was there alive, needing her. "Lord, bring him back to me," she cried.

The people at the station noticed a change in Miss Dilly after that night. She had always been kind, but now she was tender to every living thing she could reach, with the tenderness which a mother shows to a sick child. She had always been cheerful, but now she was breathlessly anxious to make every one about her happy and merry.

"I reckon," said Colonel Royall, shaking his head, "she's a ripenin' fur the end. The doors is openin' an the glory's a shinin' down on her."

An uneasy dread seized the station when this opinion was made known. Everybody whispered and kept an anxious watch on Miss Dilly's coughs and appetite. Mrs. Barr, who was a dribbling woman as to mind, at last told her what they feared.

Miss Dilly laughed a sound, healthy laugh.

"It's not death at all that's comin', Missouri," she said. "It's Jem! The Lord isn't deaf. Nor hard of heart. Neither hes he gone on a journey, as the prophet says. He'll send my brother back to me. I'm thinkin' of it continually now. If one of you's sick I think—what if that was Jem? An' I try to help you. And if another one's downhearted, I think, what if that was Jem? An' I try to cheer him up. That's the truth, Missouri. It isn't death, it's Jem."

"If the Lord shud disappoint her after all," the Squire muttered with bated breath when he heard this report from his wife.

Summer came, and winter, and summer again, until two years had gone by.

Judson had stood his trial and been convicted and served out his brief term



of imprisonment. The day he received his discharge, the warden of the prison, as usual, spoke a few kind words of warning and counsel to him at parting. He was startled when Judson, who was noted as a reticent, gruff man, answered him formally:

"Sah, yoh're quite right. I'd been runnin' down, steady for ten year. Down. Sudden, one day, like a flash of lightnin' across my path, I was made to know of a woman—who shall be nameless hyah—who hed loved me an' believed in me all my life. Thet has made a different man of me. Sah, she's kep' a holt on me! She's tied me to God with her pra'ars! I cah'n't get loose!" he cried with a nervous gulp in his throat.

"Sah, I thank yoh foh yoh words. I'm goin' to her to try to be the man yoh say. I'm goin' to trust to her an' God to pull me through!"

Before he left, the warden gave him more advice. "Take your own name, Judson," he said. "I suspect you are now under an alias. Say nothing to this woman of your past life. Begin afresh where it is not known, and may God bless you, sah."

This was in October.

Christmas, that year, brought, as usual, a stir of delightful excitement to the inn. Sevier Station knew nothing of the high significance which modern thought attaches to the great festival of the Christian Year. It was the day, however, on which Colonel Royall sent, before breakfast, a bumper of foaming egg-nog to every white man and woman in the clarin'. Every negro who asked for it had "a warmin'" of whiskey, at the Colonel's expense. It was the day, too, on which Squire Barr gave his annual tremenjous dinner of turkey and chicken pie, at which the six families of the village all sate down together. Mrs. Missouri Barr, also, made a practice of sending dishes of roast pork and hominy, or 'possum stewed in rice and molasses, or some such delicacy, to every negro cabin. There was a general interchange of gifts: brier-wood pipes, or pinchbeck scarf-pins, or cakes of soap in the shape of dog's heads, all of which elegant trifles had been purchased from travelling peddlers, months before, and stored away for the great occasion.

Miss Dilly, you may be sure, was quite ready for Christmas. Her locked drawer was full of socks and mufflers knitted by herself, all of bright red, as "bein' more cheerin'." Nobody was forgotten in that drawer, from the Squire to the least pickaninny in the quarters.

There was a vague idea throughout the clarin' that the day was one in which to be friendly and to give old grudges the go-by: the Lord (with whom Aunt Dilly was better acquainted than the rest) was supposed, for some reason, to be nearer at hand on that day than usual, though not so near as to make anybody uncomfortable.

Father Ruggles, the jolly old Methodist itinerant, was up in the mountains, and had sent word he was coming down for his Christmas dinner.

"He'll ask a blessin' on the meal, thank Heaven!" said Mrs. Missouri with a devout sigh.

The Squire hurried with the news to find the Colonel.

"It'll be a big occasion," he said, triumphantly. "Father Ruggles 'll be equal to a turkey himself. I depend on you foh makin' de coffee, Colonel. Sam's that eggsgasted now he doan know what he's about."

"Suhtenly, suhtenly! But really, Mrs. Missouri 'd better double de supply of mince-pie," he suggested, anxiously. "Father Ruggles is tahrrible fond of mince."

Preparations went on with increasing force and vigor. They reached full completion the day before Christmas. Then the station paused to take breath before the great event.

Father Ruggles arrived at noon, and in five minutes had shaken hands with everybody, black and white, and put them all in good humor with him, themselves, and each other.

"A doan like Miss Dilly's looks," he said, lowering his voice, when he and the Colonel and Squire were seated together in high conclave on the gallery. "She's blue 'n peaked about the jaws. Old age, heh?"

"Not a bit of it!" rejoined Preston, quickly. "She's a young woman, comparatively. It's Jem. Colonel James. She's done tired out waitin' on that man. These last two year she's took to expect-

in' him every day. She watches the train night 'n mornin'. It 'ud make yoh sick to see her old face when it goes by."

"Natuhlly," the Colonel struck in pompously, "we want to make Miss

"What ails Jabez?" wondered the Colonel. "Somethin's happened."

Nutt hurried up the steps. "Mail's in, gentlemen. Two circulars an' this letter. Foh Miss Dilly. I just run over with it; I thought——"



"When she saw the writing on the envelope she turned and went to her own room and shut the door."

Dilly happy to-morrow, long o' the rest. She doan forget none of us in her knittin's an buyin's I'll warrant! I says to the Squire hyah, 'suppose de clarin' com-bine, 'n buy somethin' wuth while—a cheer or new calico or somethin'.' But he says, 'Whah's de use?' he says, 'she wants nothin' but her brother. Kin we give her her brother?' So thahs how it is!" filling his pipe, with a gloomy nod.

The men glanced furtively at Miss Dilly, who, in her blue gown and white apron, stood in the yard below feeding a noisy flock of chickens.

The sun going down through a frosty sky threw red lights upon the vast white plains and the cluster of little gray houses huddled closely together. Their hoods of feathered, crusted snow made them almost picturesque,

Across the road came a black, paunchy figure. It was Nutt the carpenter, who kept the post-office in a box in his shop.

"Quite right, quite right!" exclaimed Father Ruggles. "It may be——"

The men all rose in their excitement. "Do you give it to her, Squire," said the old minister. "You've been her best friend."

Miss Dilly came up the steps. The Squire handed her the letter without a word. His red, pudgy face fell into queer grimaces as he watched her.

"Foh me! A letter! Foh——?"

The blood stopped in her old body as she took it, smiling but very pale. When she saw the writing on the envelope she turned and went to her own room and shut the door.

The news spread. In ten minutes the whole clarin' was gathered on the gallery.

"It may not be from Colonel James at all," suggested Jabez. "It may be on business."

"Business! Doan be an ass, Jabez Nutt," said the Colonel.

The station waited breathless.

She came out at last, her face shining with a great inward peace.

"Jem," she said to them in a low, quiet voice, "has gone back to our house on the Old Black, an' put it an' the farm to rights, and him an' me is to live thah together. He's comin' to-night on the train."

Nobody spoke. The tremendous tidings took their breath.

"An'—an' when is yoh a-goin', Miss Dilly?" gasped Sam, who was the first to recover.

"Not jest rightaway. He'll stay hyah a week, to see his old friends," she said. "An'—thah's the train!" Then she broke down and began to tremble and cry. The women gathered about her and cried too, while they smoothed her hair and re-pinned her handkerchiefs.

The men hurried down to meet the train.

"What an occasion to-morrow'll be!" panted Squire Barr. "It's nothin' short

of providential that the Colonel shud come on this Christmas. Father Rugles hyah 'n all. The station kin give him a suitable reception. Ef the turkeys only hold out! I count on you foh the coffee, Royall."

"You kin. But it isn't victuals I'm keerin' foh, sah," said the Colonel, with a quaver of genuine feeling in his voice. "It's thet pore soul yonder. Goda-mighty hes sent her her Christmas gift, shore. Hyar's the train, gentlemen!"

It rolled up the track, stopped.

A short, heavy man, with gray hair and a kind, resolute face, came out on the platform.

"Thet's him! Thet's Jem!" shouted the Colonel. Then they all broke into a rousing cheer, pressing round him, waving their hats, and shaking his hand, after the hearty Southern fashion.

"She's up thah, Colonel," said the Squire. "Go right away up, sah. She's been waitin' a long time."

## TELL ME SOME WAY.

*By Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

Oh, you who love me not, tell me some way  
Whereby I may forget you for a space;  
Nay, clean forget you and your lovely face—  
Yet well I know how vain this prayer I pray.  
All weathers hold you. Can I make the May  
Forbid her boughs blow white in every place?  
Or rob June of her rose that comes apace?  
Cheat of their charm the elder months and gray?  
Aye, were you dead, you could not be forgot;  
So sparse the bloom along the lanes would be;  
Such sweetness out the briery hedges fled;  
My tears would fall that you had loved me not;  
And bitterer tears that you had gone from me;  
Living you break my heart, so would you dead!



# THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

*By Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## II.



ON that day, I was sitting in my room a little before supper, when John Paul burst open the door with no civility of knocking, and told me there was one below that wished to speak with the steward; sneering at the name of my office.

I asked what manner of man, and what his name was; and this disclosed the cause of John's ill humor; for it appeared the visitor refused to name himself except to me, a sore affront to the major-domo's consequence.

"Well," said I, smiling a little, "I will see what he wants."

I found in the entrance hall a big man very plainly habited and wrapped in a seal cloak, like one new landed, as indeed he was. Not far off Macconochie was standing, with his tongue out of his mouth and his hand upon his chin, like a dull fellow thinking hard; and the stranger, who had brought his cloak about his face, appeared uneasy. He had no sooner seen me coming than he went to meet me with an effusive manner.

"My dear man," said he, "a thousand apologies for disturbing you, but I'm in the most awkward position. And there's a son of a ramrod there that I should know the looks of, and more by token I believe that he knows mine. Being in this family, sir, and in a place of some responsibility (which was the cause I took the liberty to send for you) you are doubtless of the honest party?"

"You may be sure at least," says I, "that all of that party are quite safe in Durrisdeer."

"My dear man, it is my very thought," says he. "You see I have just been set on shore here by a very honest man, whose name I cannot remember, and who is to stand off and on for me till morning, at some danger to himself;

and to be clear with you, I am a little concerned lest it should be at some to me. I have saved my life so often, Mr. — I forget your name, which is a very good one—that faith, I would be very loath to lose it after all. And the son of a ramrod, whom I believe I saw before Carlisle . . ."

"O, sir," said I, "you can trust Macconochie until to-morrow."

"Well, and it's a delight to hear you say so," says the stranger. "The truth is that my name is not a very suitable one in this country of Scotland. With a gentleman like you, my dear man, I would have no concealments, of course; and by your leave, I'll just breathe it in your ear. They call me Francis Burke: Colonel Francis Burke; and I am here at a most damnable risk to myself, to see your masters—if you'll excuse me, my good man, for giving them the name, for I'm sure it's a circumstance I would never have guessed from your appearance. And if you would just be so very obliging as to take my name to them, you might say that I come bearing letters which I am sure they will be very rejoiced to have the reading of."

Colonel Francis Burke was one of the Prince's Irishmen, that did his cause such an infinity of hurt and were so much distasted of the Scots at the time of the rebellion; and it came at once into the mind, how the Master of Ballantrae had astonished all men by going with that party. In the same moment, a strong foreboding of the truth possessed my soul.

"If you will step in here," said I opening a chamber door, "I will let my lord know."

"And I am sure it is very good of you, Mr. What is your name," says the Colonel.

Up to the hall I went, slow footed. There they were all three, my old lord in his place, Mrs. Henry at work by the window, Mr. Henry (as was much his

custom) pacing the low end. In the midst was the table laid for supper. I told them briefly what I had to say. My old lord lay back in his seat. Mrs. Henry sprang up standing with a mechanical motion, and she and her husband stared in each other's eyes across the room; it was the strangest, challenging look these two exchanged, and as they looked, the color faded in their faces. Then Mr. Henry turned to me; not to speak, only to sign with his finger; but that was enough, and I went down again for the Colonel.

When we returned, these three were in much the same position I had left them in; I believe no word had passed.

"My lord Durrise deer no doubt?" says the Colonel, bowing, and my lord bowed in answer. "And this," continues the Colonel, "should be the Master of Ballantrae?"

"I have never taken that name," said Mr. Henry; "but I am Henry Durie at your service."

Then the Colonel turns to Mrs. Henry, bowing with his hat upon his heart and the most killing airs of gallantry. "There can be no mistake about so fine a figure of a lady," says he. "I address the seductive Miss Alison, of whom I have so often heard?"

Once more husband and wife exchanged a look.

"I am Mrs. Henry Durie," said she; "but before my marriage my name was Alison Graeme."

Then my lord spoke up. "I am an old man, Colonel Burke," said he, "and a frail one. It will be mercy on your part to be expeditious. Do you bring me news of—of—" he hesitated, and then the words broke from him with a singular change of voice—"my son?"

"My dear lord, I will be round with you like a soldier," said the Colonel. "I do."

My lord held out a wavering hand; he seemed to wave a signal, but whether it was to give him time or to speak on was more than we could guess. At length, he got out the one word—"good?"

"Why, the very best in the creation!" cries the Colonel. "For my good friend and admired comrade is at this hour in the fine city of Paris, and as like as not,

if I know anything of his habits, he will be drawing in his chair to a piece of dinner.—Bedad, I believe the lady's fainting."

Mrs. Henry was indeed the color of death, and drooped against the window frame. But when Mr. Henry made a movement as if to run to her, she straightened with a sort of shiver. "I am well," she said, with her white lips.

Mr. Henry stopped, and his face had a strong twitch of anger. The next moment he had turned to the Colonel. "You must not blame yourself," says he, "for this effect on Mrs. Durie. It is only natural; we were all brought up like brother and sister."

Mrs. Henry looked at her husband with something like relief or even gratitude. In my way of thinking, that speech was the first step he made in her good graces.

"You must try to forgive me, Mrs. Durie, for indeed and I am just an Irish savage," said the Colonel; "and I deserve to be shot for not breaking the matter more artistically to a lady. But here are the Master's own letters; one for each of the three of you; and to be sure (if I know anything of my friend's genius) he will tell his own story with a better grace."

He brought the three letters forth as he spoke, arranged them by their superscriptions, presented the first to my lord, who took it greedily, and advanced towards Mrs. Henry holding out the second.

But the lady waved it back. "To my husband," says she, with a choked voice.

The Colonel was a quick man, but at this he was somewhat nonplussed. "To be sure," says he, "how very dull of me! To be sure." But he still held the letter.

At last Mr. Henry reached forth his hand, and there was nothing to be done but give it up. Mr. Henry took the letters (both hers and his own) and looked upon their outside, with his brows knit hard as if he were thinking. He had surprised me all through by his excellent behavior; but he was to excel himself.

"Let me give you a hand to your room," said he to his wife. "This has come something of the suddenest; and

at any rate, you will wish to read your letter by yourself."

Again she looked upon him with the same thought of wonder; but he gave her no time, coming straight to where she stood. "It will be better so, believe me," said he; "Colonel Burke is too considerate not to excuse you." And with that he took her hand by the fingers, and led her from the hall.

Mrs. Henry returned no more that night; and when Mr. Henry went to visit her next morning, as I heard long afterwards, she gave him the letter again, still unopened.

"O, read it and be done!" he had cried.

"Spare me that," said she.

And by these two speeches, to my way of thinking, each undid a great part of what they had previously done well. But the letter, sure enough, came into my hands, and by me was burned, unopened.

To be very exact as to the adventures of the Master after Culloden, I wrote not long ago to Colonel Burke, now a Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, begging him for some notes in writing, since I could scarce depend upon my memory at so great an interval. To confess the truth, I have been somewhat embarrassed by his response; for he sent me the complete memoirs of his life, touching only in places on the Master; running to a much greater length than my whole story, and not everywhere (as it seems to me) designed for edification. He begged in his letter, dated from Ettenheim, that I would find a publisher for the whole, after I had made what use of it I required; and I think I shall best answer my own purpose and fulfil his wishes by printing certain parts of it in full. In this way my readers will have a detailed and I believe a very genuine account of some essential matters; and if any publisher should take a fancy to the Chevalier's manner of narration, he knows where to apply for the rest, of which there is plenty at his service. I put in my first extract here, so that it may stand in the place of what the Chevalier told us over our wine in the hall of Durrисdeer; but you are to suppose it was not the brutal fact, but a very varnished version that he offered to my lord.

#### ACCOUNT OF THE MASTER'S WANDERINGS.

*From the Manuscript of the Chevalier de Burke.*

. . . I left Ruthven (it's hardly necessary to remark) with much greater satisfaction than I had come to it; but whether I missed my way in the deserts, or whether my companions failed me, I soon found myself alone. This was a predicament very disagreeable; for I never understood this horrid country or savage people, and the last stroke of the Prince's withdrawal had made us of the Irish more unpopular than ever. I was reflecting on my poor chances, when I saw another horseman on the hill, whom I supposed at first to have been a phantom, the news of his death in the very front at Culloden being current in the army generally. This was the Master of Ballantrae, my Lord Durrисdeer's son, a young nobleman of the rarest gallantry and parts, and equally designed by nature to adorn a court and to reap laurels in a field. Our meeting was the more welcome to both, as he was one of the few Scots who had used the Irish with consideration, and as he might now be of very high utility in aiding my escape. Yet what founded our particular friendship was a circumstance by itself, as romantic as any fable of King Arthur.

This was on the second day of our flight, after we had slept one night in the rain upon the inclination of a mountain. There was an Appin man, Alan Black Stewart (or some such name,\* but I have seen him since in France), who chanced to be passing the same way, and had a jealousy of my companion. Very uncivil expressions were exchanged; and Stewart calls upon the Master to alight and have it out.

"Why, Mr. Stewart," says the Master, "I think at the present time, I would prefer to run a race with you." And with the word claps spurs to his horse.

Stewart ran after us, a childish thing to do, for more than a mile; and I could not help laughing as I looked back at last and saw him on a hill, holding his hand to his side and nearly burst with running.

\* Note by Mr. Mackellar: Should not this be Alan Brock Stewart, afterwards notorious as the Appin murderer? The Chevalier is sometimes very weak on names.



"But all the same," I could not help saying to my companion, "I would let no man run after me for any such proper purpose, and not give him his desire. It was a good jest, but it smells a trifle cowardly."

He bent his brows at me. "I do pretty well," says he, "when I saddle myself with the most unpopular man in Scotland, and let that suffice for courage."

"O, bedad," says I, "I could show you a more unpopular with the naked eye. And if you like not my company, you can 'saddle' yourself on some one else."

"Colonel Burke," says he, "do not let us quarrel; and to that effect, let me assure you I am the least patient man in the world."

"I am as little patient as yourself," said I. "I care not who knows that."

"At this rate," says he, reining in, "we shall not go very far. And I propose we do one of two things upon the instant: either quarrel and be done; or make a sure bargain to bear everything at each other's hands."

"Like a pair of brothers?" said I.

"I said no such foolishness," he replied. "I have a brother of my own, and I think no more of him than of a colewart. But if we are to have our noses rubbed together in this course of flight, let us each dare to be ourselves like savages, and each swear that he will neither resent nor deprecate the other. I am a pretty bad fellow at bottom, and I find the pretence of virtues very irksome."

"O, I am as bad as yourself," said I. "There is no skim milk in Francis Burke. But which is it to be? Fight or make friends?"

"Why," says he, "I think it will be the best manner to spin a coin for it."

This proposition was too highly chivalrous not to take my fancy; and strange as it may seem of two well-born gentlemen of to-day, we spun a half-crown (like a pair of ancient paladins) whether we were to cut each other's throats or be sworn friends. A more romantic circumstance can rarely have occurred; and it is one of those points in my memoirs by which we may see the old tales of Homer and the poets

are equally true to-day, at least of the noble and genteel. The coin fell for peace, and we shook hands upon our bargain. And then it was that my companion explained to me his thought in running away from Mr. Stewart, which was certainly worthy of his political intellect. The report of his death, he said, was a great guard to him; Mr. Stewart having recognized him, had become a danger; and he had taken the briefest road to that gentleman's silence. "For," says he, "Alan Black is too vain a man to narrate any such story of himself."

Towards afternoon, we came down to the shores of that loch for which we were heading; and there was the ship but newly come to anchor. She was the *Sainte-Marie-des-Ange*s, out of the port of Havre-de-Grace. The Master, after we had signalled for a boat, asked me if I knew the captain. I told him he was a countryman of mine, of the most unblemished integrity, but, I was afraid, a rather timorous man.

"No matter," says he. "For all that, he should certainly hear the truth."

I asked him if he meant about the battle? for if the captain once knew the standard was down, he would certainly put to sea again at once.

"And even then!" said he; "the arms are now of no sort of utility."

"My dear man," said I, "who thinks of the arms? But to be sure we must remember our friends. They will be close upon our heels, perhaps the Prince himself, and if the ship be gone, a great number of valuable lives may be imperilled."

"The captain and the crew have lives also, if you come to that," says Ballantrae.

This I declared was but a quibble, and that I would not hear of the captain being told; and then it was that Ballantrae made me a witty answer, for the sake of which (and also because I have been blamed myself in this business of the *Sainte-Marie-des-Ange*s) I have related the whole conversation as it passed.

"Frank," says he, "remember our bargain. I must not object to your holding your tongue, which I hereby even encourage you to do; but by the

same terms, you are not to resent my telling."

I could not help laughing at this; though I still forewarned him what would come of it.

"The devil may come of it for what I care," says the reckless fellow. "I have always done exactly as I felt inclined."

As is well known, my prediction came true. The captain had no sooner heard the news, than he cut his cable and to sea again; and before morning broke we were in the Great Minch.

The ship was very old; and the skipper although the most honest of men (and Irish too) was one of the least capable. The wind blew very boisterous, and the sea raged extremely. All that day we had little heart whether to eat or drink; went early to rest in some concern of mind; and (as if to give us a lesson) in the night the wind chopped suddenly into the northeast, and blew a hurricane. We were awaked by the dreadful thunder of the tempest and the stamping of the mariners on deck; so that I supposed our last hour was certainly come; and the terror of my mind was increased out of all measure by Ballantrae, who mocked at my devotions. It is in hours like these that a man of any piety appears in his true light, and we find (what we are taught as babes) the small trust that can be set in worldly friends. I would be unworthy of my religion if I let this pass without particular remark. For three days we lay in the dark in the cabin, and had but a biscuit to nibble. On the fourth, the wind fell, leaving the ship dismasted and heaving on vast billows. The captain had not a guess of whither we were blown; he was stark ignorant of his trade, and could do naught but bless the Holy Virgin: a very good thing too, but scarce the whole of seamanship. It seemed our one hope was to be picked up by another vessel; and if that should prove to be an English ship, it might be no great blessing to the Master and myself.

The fifth and sixth days we tossed there helpless. The seventh, some sail was got on her, but she was an unwieldy vessel at the best, and we made little but leeway. All the time, indeed, we had been drifting to the south and west,

and during the tempest must have driven in that direction with unheard-of violence. The ninth dawn was cold and black, with a great sea running, and every mark of foul weather. In this situation, we were overjoyed to sight a small ship on the horizon, and to perceive her go about and head for the *Sainte-Marie*. But our gratification did not very long endure; for when she had laid to and lowered a boat, it was immediately filled with disorderly fellows, who sang and shouted as they pulled across to us, and swarmed in on our deck with bare cutlasses, cursing loudly. Their leader was a horrible villain, with his face blacked and his whiskers curled in ringlets: Teach, his name; a most notorious pirate. He stamped about the deck, raving and crying out that his name was Satan and his ship was called Hell. There was something about him like a wicked child or a half-witted person, that daunted me beyond expression. I whispered in the ear of Ballantrae, that I would not be the last to volunteer, and only prayed God they might be short of hands; he approved my purpose with a nod.

"Bedad," said I, to Master Teach, "if you are Satan, here is a devil for ye."

The word pleased him; and (not to dwell upon these shocking incidents) Ballantrae and I and two others were taken for recruits, while the skipper and all the rest were cast into the sea by the method of walking the plank. It was the first time I had seen this done; my heart died within me at the spectacle; and Master Teach or one of his acolytes (for my head was too much lost to be precise) remarked upon my pale face in a very alarming manner. I had the strength to cut a step or two of a jig and cry out some ribaldry, which saved me for that time; but my legs were like water when I must get down into the skiff among these miscreants; and what with my horror of my company and fear of the monstrous billows, it was all I could do to keep an Irish tongue and break a jest or two as we were pulled aboard. By the blessing of God there was a fiddle in the pirate ship, which I had no sooner seen than I fell upon; and in my quality of crowder, I had the

heavenly good luck to get favor in their eyes. *Crowding Pat* was the name they dubbed me with; and it was little I cared for a name so long as my skin was whole.

What kind of a pandemonium that vessel was, I cannot describe, but she was commanded by a lunatic, and might be called a floating Bedlam. Drinking, roaring, singing, quarrelling, dancing, they were never all sober at one time; and there were days together, when if a squall had supervened, it must have sent us to the bottom, or if a king's ship had come along, it would have found us quite helpless for defence. Once or twice we sighted a sail, and if we were sober enough, overhauled it, God forgive us! and if we were all too drunk, she got away, and I would bless the saints under my breath. Teach ruled, if you can call that rule which brought no order, by the terror he created; and I observed the man was very vain of his position. I have known marshals of France, ay, and even Highland chiefs that were less openly puffed up; which throws a singular light on the pursuit of honor and glory. Indeed the longer we live, the more we perceive the sagacity of Aristotle and the other old philosophers; and though I have all my life been eager for legitimate distinctions, I can lay my hand upon my heart, at the end of my career, and declare there is not one—no, nor yet life itself—which is worth acquiring or preserving at the slightest cost of dignity.

It was long before I got private speech of Ballantrae; but at length one night we crept out upon the boltsprit, when the rest were better employed, and commiserated our position.

"None can deliver us but the saints," said I.

"My mind is very different," said Ballantrae; "for I am going to deliver myself. This Teach is the poorest creature possible; we make no profit of him and lie continually open to capture; and," says he, "I am not going to be a tarry pirate for nothing, nor yet to hang in chains if I can help it." And he told me what was in his mind to better the state of the ship in the way of discipline, which would give us safety for the present, and a sooner hope of deliverance

when they should have gained enough and should break up their company.

I confessed to him ingenuously that my nerve was quite shook amid these horrible surroundings, and I durst scarce tell him to count upon me.

"I am not very easy frightened," said he, "nor very easy beat."

A few days after, there befell an accident which had nearly hanged us all; and offers the most extraordinary picture of the folly that ruled in our concerns. We were all pretty drunk; and some bedlamite spying a sail, Teach put the ship about in chase without a glance, and we began to bustle up the arms and boast of the horrors that should follow. I observed Ballantrae stood quiet in the bows, looking under the shade of his hand; but for my part, true to my policy among these savages, I was at work with the busiest and passing Irish jests for their diversion.

"Run up the colors," cried Teach. "Show the —s the Jolly Roger!"

It was the merest drunken braggadocio at such a stage, and might have lost us a valuable prize; but I thought it no part of mine to reason, and I ran up the black flag with my own hand.

Ballantrae steps presently aft with a smile upon his face.

"You may perhaps like to know, you drunken dog," says he, "that you are chasing a king's ship."

Teach roared him the lie; but he ran at the same time to the bulwarks, and so did they all. I have never seen so many drunken men struck suddenly sober. The cruiser had gone about, upon our impudent display of colors; she was just then filling on the new tack; her ensign blew out quite plain to see; and even as we stared, there came a puff of smoke, and then a report, and a shot plunged in the waves a good way short of us. Some ran to the ropes and got the *Sarah* round with an incredible swiftness. One fellow made for the rum barrel, which stood broached upon the deck, and rolled it promptly overboard. On my part, I made for the Jolly Roger, struck it, tossed it in the sea; and could have flung myself after, so vexed was I with our mismanagement. As for Teach, he grew as pale as death, and incontinently went down to his cabin. Only

twice he came on deck that afternoon ; went to the taffrail ; took a long look at the king's ship, which was still on the horizon heading after us ; and then, without speech, back to his cabin. You may say he deserted us ; and if it had not been for one very capable sailor we had on board, and for the lightness of the airs that blew all day, we must certainly have gone to the yard-arm.

It is to be supposed Teach was humiliated, and perhaps alarmed for his position with the crew ; and the way in which he set about regaining what he had lost was highly characteristic of the man. Early next day, we smelled him burning sulphur in his cabin and crying out of "Hell, hell!" which was well understood among the crew, and filled their minds with apprehension. Presently he comes on deck, a perfect figure of fun, his face blacked, his hair and whiskers curled, his belt stuck full of pistols, chewing bits of glass so that the blood ran down his chin, and brandishing a dirk. I do not know if he had taken these manners from the Indians of America, where he was a native ; but such was his way, and he would always thus announce that he was wound up to horrid deeds. The first that came near him was the fellow who had sent the rum overboard the day before ; him he stabbed to the heart, damning him for a mutineer ; and then capered about the body, raving and swearing and daring us to come on. It was the silliest exhibition ; and yet dangerous too, for the cowardly fellow was plainly working himself up to another murder.

All of a sudden, Ballantrae stepped forth. "Have done with this play-acting," says he. "Do you think to frighten us with making faces? We saw nothing of you yesterday when you were wanted ; and we did well without you, let me tell you that."

There was a murmur and a movement in the crew, of pleasure and alarm, I thought, in nearly equal parts. As for Teach, he gave a barbarous howl, and swung his dirk to fling it, an art in which (like many seamen) he was very expert.

"Knock that out of his hand!" says Ballantrae, so sudden and sharp that my arm obeyed him before my mind had understood.

Teach stood like one stupid, never thinking on his pistols.

"Go down to your cabin," cries Ballantrae, "and come on deck again when you are sober. Do you think we are going to hang for you, you black-faced, half-witted, drunken brute and butcher? Go down!" And he stamped his foot at him with such a sudden smartness that Teach fairly ran for it to the companion.

"And now, mates," says Ballantrae, "a word with you. I don't know if you are gentlemen of fortune for the fun of the thing ; but I am not. I want to make money, and get ashore again, and spend it like a man. And on one thing my mind is made up : I will not hang if I can help it. Come : give me a hint ; I'm only a beginner ! Is there no way to get a little discipline and common sense about this business?"

One of the men spoke up : he said by rights they should have a quartermaster ; and no sooner was the word out of his mouth, than they were all of that opinion. The thing went by acclamation, Ballantrae was made quartermaster, the rum was put in his charge, laws were passed in imitation of those of a pirate by the name of Roberts ; and the last proposal was to make an end of Teach. But Ballantrae was afraid of a more efficient captain, who might be a counterweight to himself, and he opposed this stoutly. Teach, he said, was good enough to board ships and frighten fools with his blacked face and swearing ; we could scarce get a better man than Teach for that ; and besides, as the man was now disconsidered and as good as deposed, we might reduce his proportion of the plunder. This carried it ; Teach's share was cut down to a mere derision, being actually less than mine ; and there remained only two points : whether he would consent, and who was to announce to him this resolution.

"Do not let that stick you," says Ballantrae ; "I will do that."

And he stepped to the companion and down alone into the cabin to face that drunken savage.

"This is the man for us," cries one of the hands. "Three cheers for the quartermaster !" which were given with a will, my own voice among the loudest,

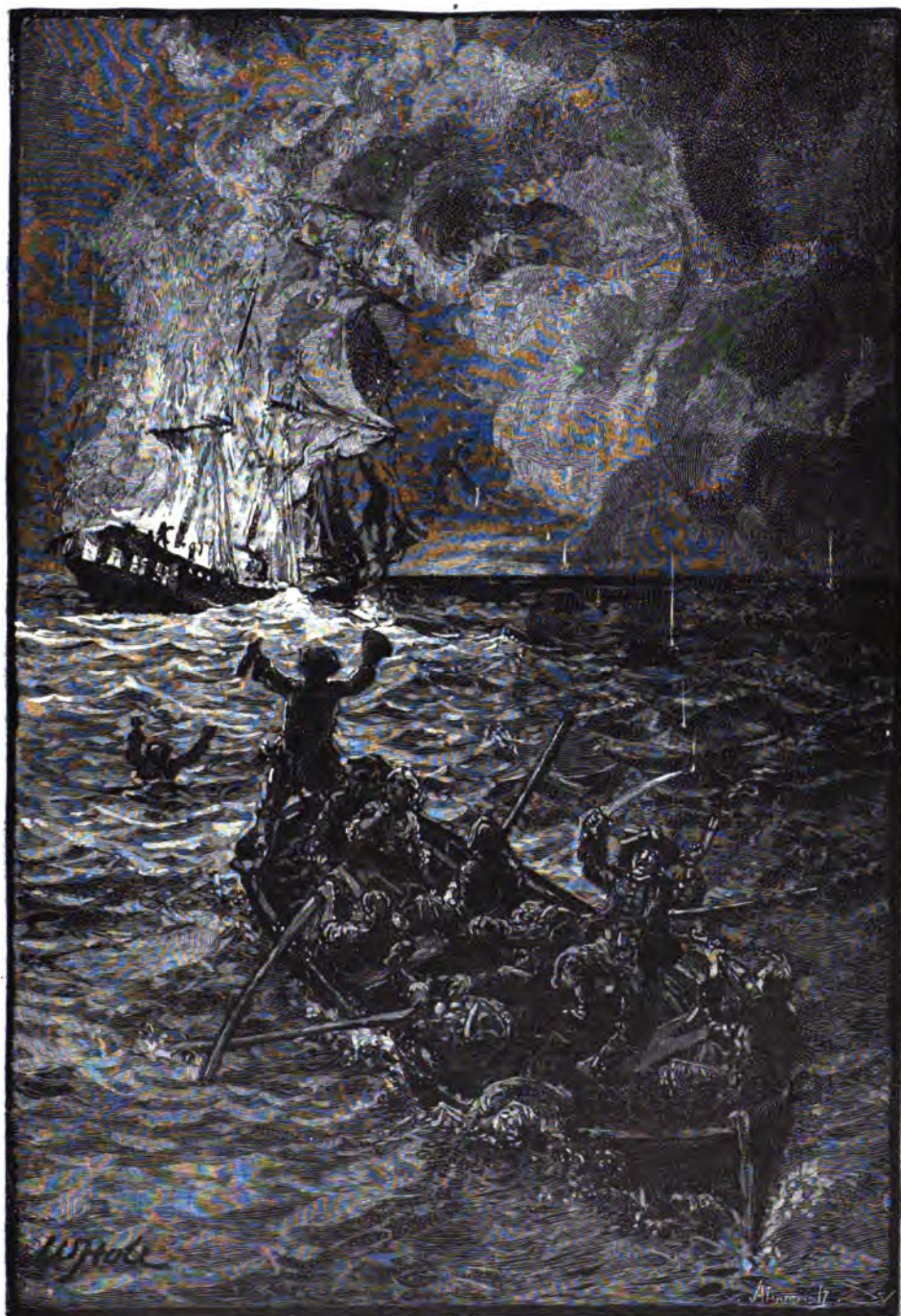
and I dare say these plaudits had their effect on Master Teach in the cabin, as we have seen of late days how shouting in the streets may trouble even the minds of legislators.

What passed precisely was never known, though some of the heads of it came to the surface later on ; and we were all amazed as well as gratified, when Ballantrae came on deck with Teach upon his arm, and announced that all had been consented.

I pass swiftly over those twelve or fifteen months in which we continued to keep the sea in the North Atlantic, getting our food and water from the ships we overhauled, and doing on the whole a pretty fortunate business. Sure no one could wish to read anything so ungenteel as the memoirs of a pirate, even an unwilling one like me ! Things went extremely better with our designs, and Ballantrae kept his lead to my admiration from that day forth. I would be tempted to suppose that a gentleman must everywhere be first, even aboard a rover ; but my birth is every whit as good as any Scottish lord's, and I am not ashamed to confess that I stayed Crowding Pat until the end, and was not much better than the crew's buffoon. Indeed it was no scene to bring out my merits. My health suffered from a variety of reasons ; I was more at home to the last on a horse's back than a ship's deck ; and to be ingenuous, the fear of the sea was constantly in my mind, battling with the fear of my companions. I need not cry myself up for courage ; I have done well on many fields under the eyes of famous generals, and earned my late advancement by an act of the most distinguished valor before many witnesses. But when we must proceed on one of our abodages, the heart of Francis Burke was in his boots ; the little egg-shell skiff in which we must set forth, the horrible heaving of the vast billows, the height of the ship that we must scale, the thought of how many might be there in garrison upon their legitimate defence, the scowling heavens which (in that climate) so often looked darkly down upon our exploits, and the mere crying of the wind in my ears, were all considerations most unpalatable to my valor. Besides which, as I was

always a creature of the nicest sensibility, the scenes that must follow on our success tempted me as little as the chances of defeat. Twice we found women on board ; and though I have seen towns sacked, and of late days here in France some very horrid public tumults, there was something in the smallness of the numbers engaged and the bleak, dangerous sea-surroundings that made these acts of piracy far the most revolting. I confess ingenuously I could never proceed, unless I was three parts drunk ; it was the same even with the crew ; Teach himself was fit for no enterprise till he was full of rum ; and it was one of the most difficult parts of Ballantrae's performance, to serve us with liquor in the proper quantities. Even this he did to admiration ; being upon the whole the most capable man I ever met with, and the one of the most natural genius. He did not even scrape favor with the crew, as I did, by continual buffoonery made upon a very anxious heart ; but preserved on most occasions a great deal of gravity and distance ; so that he was like a parent among a family of young children or a schoolmaster with his boys. His likeness to the first was even laughable, when he would sometimes condescend to divert our leisures with his sleight of hand, an art to which he was singularly given. What made his part the harder to perform, the men were most inveterate grumblers ; Ballantrae's discipline, little as it was, was yet irksome to their love of license ; and what was worse, being kept sober, they had time to think. Some of them accordingly would fall to repenting their abominable crimes ; one in particular, who was a good Catholic and with whom I would sometimes steal apart for prayer ; above all in bad weather, fogs, lashing rain, and the like, when we would be the less observed ; and I am sure no two criminals in the cart have ever performed their devotions with more anxious sincerity. But the rest, having no such grounds of hope, fell to another pastime, that of computation. All day long they would be telling up their shares or glooming over the result. I have said we were pretty fortunate. But an observation fails to be made : that in this





"The bleak, dangerous sea-surroundings that made these acts of piracy far the most revolting."

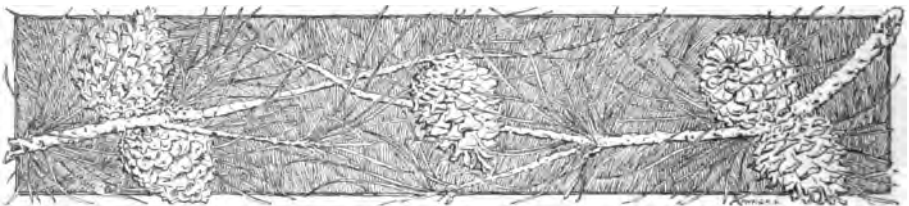


world, in no business that I have tried, do the profits rise to a man's expectations. We found many ships and took many; yet few of them contained much money, their goods were usually nothing to our purpose—what did we want with a cargo of ploughs or even of tobacco?—and it is quite a painful reflection how many whole crews we have made to walk the plank for no more than a stock of biscuit or an anker or two of spirit.

In the meanwhile, our ship was growing very foul, and it was high time we should make for our *port de carrénage*, which was in the estuary of a river among swamps. It was openly understood that we should then break up and go and squander our proportions of the spoil; and this made every man greedy of a little more, so that our decision was delayed from day to day. What finally decided matters was a trifling accident, such as an ignorant person might suppose incidental to our way of life. But here I must explain: on only one of all the ships we boarded, the first on which we found women, did we meet with any genuine resistance. On that occasion, we had two men killed, and several injured, and if it had not been for the gallantry of Ballantrae, we had surely been beat back at last. Everywhere else, the defence (where there was any at all) was what the worst troops in Europe would have laughed at; so that the most dangerous part of our employment was to clamber up the side of the ship; and I have even known the poor souls on board to cast us a line, so eager were they to volunteer instead of walking the plank. This constant immunity had made our fellows very soft, so that I understood how Teach had made so deep a mark

upon their minds; for indeed the company of that lunatic was the chief danger in our way of life. The accident to which I have referred was this. We had sighted a little full-rigged ship very close under our board in a haze; she sailed near as well as we did—I should be nearer truth if I said near as ill; and we cleared the bow-chaser to see if we could bring a spar or two about their ears. The swell was exceeding great; the motion of the ship beyond description; it was little wonder if our gunners should fire thrice and be still quite broad of what they aimed at. But in the meanwhile the chase had cleared a stern gun, the thickness of the air concealing them; and being better marksmen, their first shot struck us in the bows, knocked our two gunners into mince meat, so that we were all sprinkled with the blood, and plunged through the deck into the fore castle, where we slept. Ballantrae would have held on; indeed there was nothing in this *contretemps* to affect the mind of any soldier; but he had a quick perception of the men's wishes, and it was plain this lucky shot had given them a sickener of their trade. In a moment they were all of one mind; the chase was drawing away from us, it was needless to hold on, the *Sarah* was too foul to overhaul a bottle, it was mere foolery to keep the sea with her; and on these pretended grounds, her head was incontinently put about and the course laid for the river. It was strange to see what merriment fell on that ship's company, and how they stamped about the deck jesting, and each computing what increase had come to his share by the death of the two gunners.

(To be continued.)





## THE LION OF THE NILE.

### A MYSTERY OF CHAMPIONSHIP.

WHELPED on the desert sands, and desert-bred  
 From dugs whose sustenance was blood alone—  
 A life translated out of other lives,  
 I grew the king of beasts: the hurricane  
 Leaned like a feather on my royal fell;  
 I took the Hyrcan tiger by the scruff  
 And tore him piecemeal; my hot entrails laughed,  
 And my fangs yearned for prey. Earth was my lair;  
 I slept in her waste places without fear;  
 I roamed the jungle depths with less design  
 Than e'en to lord their solitude; on crags  
 That cringe from lightning—black and blasted fronts  
 That crouch beneath the wind-bleared stars, I told  
 My heart's fruition to the universe,  
 And all night long, roaring my fierce defy,  
 I thrilled the wilderness with aspen terrors,  
 And challenged death and life.

Still near to man—

For to his miracles and teeming proofs  
 I felt my presence kindred—'round his homes  
 In the hushed dusk I prowled, and harmed him not. . .  
 I came by night to where Cephrenes' slaves  
 Had left their tools, building his pyramid—  
 The deposition of immortal longings  
 Against the fate of change,—not less of those  
 Who served the guiding mind and found therein  
 Their own accomplishment. . . I saw red lights,  
 And horses numberless—the world was won!  
 The world was late: Hephæstion he was dead,  
 And stars regretful crossed the revelry  
 Of Alexander, drunk in Babylon.



Hid in the musky shadows, above Thebes,  
I heard the stoutest of the truculent three  
To whom the knives of Brutus and the rest  
Triparted Cæsar's world, with Ptolemy's daughter  
At midnight on the low and loitering Nile,  
Cry "Kiss me, Egypt!" there beneath the stars,—  
And cry "All else is but an interlude  
To the great play of Love!" I heard her gibing:  
"She smiled—Octavia, when you told her this?"  
The fighter bit his lip: "Thou namest our wife  
And Cæsar's sister: less we wish her not,  
Nor will not for the earth—nay, not for thee!"—  
I might have sprung upon them as they passed,  
Yet would not, but the low and luted waves  
And amaranth boughs to the far Nubian hills  
Resounded the up-roar of my approval;  
A shout replied, lights gleamed, and hurrying feet  
Romped the low deck, urging the barge ashore.  
I lingered, for the spell was on my being;  
A horse charged on me, and a barbéd spear  
Stung in my flank; I leaped on the tame brute  
And clutched him quivering till he fell and died,  
Entranced as of the greatness that effaced him;  
Then, with my fore foot spurning, back I glared  
(While all the sprites of Art took note of me),  
Till a quick shaft out of the fated hand  
Pierced eye and brain, and, all my sense confused,  
I breathed my heedless force into the ground,—  
Yet not, at last, until the cygnus down  
Of a queen's palm lay soothing on my side,  
And a queen's lips had sighed reproachfully,





“Were I Antonius I could name a name!”—  
“JULIUS!” he murmured: and they mused apart.

Aye—I had many names, and many forms.  
’Twas I that, upright, helmed in beaten brass—  
My beard half-reft, plucked of my trenchant claws,  
And in their stead a weltering cut-and-thrust,  
Strode through Corioli gates and heard them clang  
Between me and all aid:—one taunt I breathed  
Toward Tiber’s spawn without, who failed my leading,  
Then single-handed fenced the Volces back,  
And cut my way to Rome. And other time:



Human I stood upon the raked arena  
Beneath the pennants of Vespasian,  
While serried thousands gazed—strangers from Caucasus,  
Men of the Grecian isles, and Barbary princes,  
Who saw not that I fought the counterpart  
Of that I had been—the raptorial jaws,  
The arms that wont to crush with strength alone,  
The eyes that glared vindictive. Fallen there,  
Vast wings upbore me; from the treacherous peaks  
Whose avalanches swirl the valley mist  
And whelm the Alpine cottage, to the crown  
Of Chimborazo, on whose changeless jewels  
The torrid rays recoil with ne'er a cloud  
To swathe their blistered steps, I rested not,  
But preyed on all that ventured from the earth,  
An outlaw of the heavens. But evermore  
Would death release me to the jungle shades,  
And there came forth my Samson locks again  
In the old walks and ways, till 'scapeless fate  
Won me as ever to the haunts of men,  
Luring my lives with battle and with love.

Was that in dream? Nay, rather this the dream:  
That these of ancient heart and widest mould,  
And deepest life and patience, now conspire  
To make this reminiscent verse a phase  
Of the world's championship.—Let be what may.  
The gods are dreary as the worshippers:  
As the wide cycles tire they too have changed.  
Faint 'neath its newest garb of charity  
Flutters the heart divine in these last years,  
And low the purple trails, and justice stoops  
To mercy weaker than the sin forgiven;  
Yet the patrician pride, the red disdain  
Self-sustenant—more gracious in its scorning  
Than e'er, alas! Christ-love in piteous tears,  
Remembers me on the Judean banners,  
O'er lands Levantine rampant without peer:  
The shuddering wilds grew firm; the haggard cliffs,

Where conscience flings her troubled victims down,  
Caught peace from my sane eyes ; e'en vulgar life,  
That knows no other boast, was great through me.

And still my worship lives in longing hearts,  
Human or brute or bird—for these are one  
In love and longing, as my sphinxes know  
That couch beside the brooding of the River.  
Many are the altars but the flame is one :  
Of every hell the misery is fear,  
And every heaven is mockery but mine.

Is thy tongue blunter than the Spartan mob's—  
Thy thick breast-muscle hungry for hot blows ?  
Feelest thou in crowds the catamountain crouch  
That longs to leap among the heads 'o the throng,  
Or worst thy way through threatening contumely ?  
Doth thy pulse, rushing through the pose of Ajax,  
Confront the lurid blood of the strong gods  
As one with them at last—and one with Him,  
The longest wing in heaven, the deepest crown,  
Who, ever-vanquished, fighting as he falls,  
Still proves himself immortal with the good ?  
Lo ! It is I—the Lion of the Nile :  
The mystery of the winged human brute  
Couchant—the CHAMPION spirit of the world.



IN order to find the man who above all others gave an impulse in the right direction to the new art of the Christian world, who created an epoch in art, we must go behind the magnificent paganisms of Michael Angelo, behind Raphael and Da Vinci, to him who revealed the true path to a consummation of which he was but the beginning, to Sandro Botticelli. Before him Giotto, Fra Filippo, and the earlier masters had been content to express a wonderfully sincere and deeply pious feeling in a stiff and strictly conventional manner, the patrons for whom they painted being chiefly holy people, monks and nuns, asking nothing in their artistic darkness save that the feeling of sacrifice and sorrow, the individual property of their faith, should be plainly shown ; and while

nothing can be more powerful than their representation of the sufferings of the Saviour and the saints, distantly based upon the most sad and ascetic faces of the monks whom they saw about them, and nothing more beautiful at times than their artless conceptions, however falsely expressed, of the Madonna and her attendant angels, yet from an artistic point of view they left more undone than they accomplished. With Botticelli came a new and grand era : retaining all that his predecessors had shown of true feeling, he accentuated a thousandfold their ideas of celestial beauty and purity, and he first saw the necessity of giving a more truthful form to the symbols by which the ideas of Christianity were to be expressed ; to him then belongs the glory



of having completed the art, of having added truth to feeling. This great step, this almost discovery, unseen and unsympathetic critics have attributed not him far away from any religious feeling, and lost him in a maze of heathen gods and goddesses and unutterably beautiful allegorical conceptions.



to him but to others whose paths were thus made easy. How easy it was then for a Filippino, a Ghirlandajo, or a Raphael to arise, and how much better if Michael Angelo had listened more to the devout and simple lessons of Christianity which Botticelli taught, in the creation of his *Christian* works, instead of being blinded by Greek beauty and the perfections of pagan art, which led

No man, however great, can paint as did Botticelli, without the living and ever-present belief in the truths of Christianity. In this feeling he sought what was to him the purest and most perfect type of womanly beauty, idealizing and elevating it by his art and sincerity into what has become, even to scholarly unbelievers of the nineteenth century, one of the most sacred symbols of a compara-

tively dead faith. This type of woman is still to be seen in the streets of Florence: the same pearly skin, golden hair, and deep gray eyes, teaching us, upon observing closely, how faithful he was even to the slight fulness about the eyes, the slender form, and a certain touching grace,—but search a thousand years,

fine is the action—this is not the work of conventionalism, of the school of Giotto; this is pure realism. No better proof of his truth can be given than his works of mere portraiture, which were acknowledged to be perfect by his contemporaries. The greater the painter, the more pronounced and individual is his work,



Head of the Madonna, from "The Coronation of the Virgin" in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

and not one of his Madonnas will ever be found: the feeling of sacred purity, of divine motherhood, is not, nor ever was, in the streets of Florence.

No bit of realism was too small for him; nothing was slurred or conventionalized in the essentials of his pictures—the heads and hands; and his superb modelling shows that he, equally with us, understood "atmosphere." Take for example his "Round Madonna" of the National Gallery; can anything be more perfect in drawing and modelling? How

and no more peculiar individuality exists in art than that of Botticelli. He gave the world what it asks from each of us—what we have and what no one else has: each one of his works worthy of him (and no really great painter is ever uniformly good) is just so much of his heart, as unlike all which preceded as which followed him. He used color, much as Michael Angelo later used muscular form, as an idealism; the pale purity of his Madonnas and angels, the radiant colors of his accessories, the

touching introduction of white as a refinement of purity necessary to the full realization of his feeling for the "Moth-

A painter is more or less the reflex of his time. Nor is our master free from the errors of his day: the success of



The Figure of Spring from the "Birth of Venus."

er of God," the golden glancing lights in the hair, the charming color of roses, whose delicate texture seems only to make his figure more ethereal, and the deeper and more dignified tones of his draperies, which supply relief and give value to his more transient color—all are a material and essential part of his creations. So important does this idealization of color appear to be, that none of his greatest heads have dark eyes; an harmonious gray or violet is his usual choice, lest the simplicity of his color scheme be interrupted by the introduction of a dark spot; nor are there any faces half background—the human head was far too dignified to be used merely as decoration.

Cosimò Rosselli, with his gaudy red and blue pictures, liberally supplied with gilding, which so pleased the taste of the greatest authority, that of Sixtus IV., had a most serious effect upon him; and while the art of landscape owes much to him, since he first found the light in the sky, yet his distances are hard and his out-door foregrounds more symbolical of grass and flowers than a serious rendering of nature.

The mannered form of his draperies and the introduction of gold in these and other accessories—even the hair of his figures—were demanded of him by his patrons, and are the legacy of Byzantine art, the true parent of painting.

Botticelli was not a realistic painter



as we understand the word ; nor did he, as his celebrated Venetian successors, paint the portraits of his noble patrons in different poses of adoration, and among them a soulless, lifeless figure of a woman with an infant, and call it all a "Madonna;" nor (as Caravaggio later) did he paint a brutal group of models, and give them a high-sounding religious name. When he has named his picture

perhaps the greatest of his works. It has more soul, a more elevated religious symbolism, and at the same time more absolute truth, more fidelity to nature, than any other. It consists of four figures : the central and dominant figure, and idea, is that of the Virgin, a delicate, pale woman, filled with the feeling of sweetest piety ; and the two supporting figures, of St. John and an angel,



"The Annunciation," Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

a *Madonna*, what he has painted is the most beautiful of all the truths of Christianity, and only that—that of a humanly divine motherhood. The central figure is a woman, as was the historical Virgin ; she is a goddess, as she was to him and to his world : you do not have to look into the corner to find a more or less well painted group as a reason for the picture.

The National Gallery "*Madonna*" is

are among the most graceful creations of the human mind. It is simple in construction, almost to a fault, the color well restrained, no landscape suggested, no gorgeous accessories—a simple, noble, divinely beautiful representation of an equally divine and noble idea.

This picture is in great contrast to a "*Coronation of the Virgin*" in the Uffizi in Florence, in which he seems to have given free rein to his sense of



The Louvre "Madonna."



the beautiful and luxurious, and yet there is not a single note of vicious taste. In this the Madonna, of the most ethereal beauty, sits with an infant upon her knees, bending gracefully forward, serene and blessed. Around her hover a circle of joyous angels; the two at either extreme form an arch with their arms, holding a crown over her head; three others gaze in artless benignity upon an open book over which she holds a pen; and while it is painted with a wealth of delicious color—flashes of pale rose and turquoise, gold and green, with floating, diaphanous draperies—yet the whole color scheme is kept subservient to the central idea and sentiment. The glow of light upon the face of the Mother is one of the most masterly things in art, and serves to focus attention upon the real intention of the work. It is upon these two pictures that Botticelli must be judged—not but that there are many and varied excellences in much of his other work, but on them he has shown his ultimate strength in his peculiar province.

The Uffizi "Annunciation" is more comprehensive and more ambitious in composition: two full-length figures; the Virgin kneeling at her devotions is suddenly aware of the presence of God's messenger, and turns with bowed head and outstretched arms, meekly and gracefully accepting the great blessing. The action of flying, or alighting after flight, is most charmingly expressed in the pose of the angel and in the floating lines of his garments; in color it is dull, owing to the smoke of the altar candles which burned before it for three centuries, and to injudicious restoration; and perhaps it is not entirely by the master's hand; yet it shows a great grasp of the truths of nature, and breathes a most marked religious sentiment.

Botticelli seems to have deeply felt the beauty of nature and endeavored to place his figure "out-doors," as in the Louvre "Madonna;" and though he has evidently in this case not studied his head in the open, yet the charm of nature is freely given in the rose blossoming hedge and the foliage in the background, relieved as it is against a brilliant sky of pale turquoise. With all our knowledge of to-day, the "values"

of this landscape could not be better expressed; the composition is most natural and original, and were it not for the lack of truth in the "values" of the figures, and for the intense piety of the sentiment, it might have been painted yesterday. In this picture the infant Saviour is particularly well and feelingly given, which was not usual with Botticelli. He seems always to have concentrated himself upon the Madonna, as the central and important element of his work, and to have given his whole soul to the realization of that figure.

It would be asking too much to expect that Botticelli could have remained entirely outside of the current of classical thought, so ripe in his time, due to the revival and discovery of the remains of a great refinement; and yet he did to an extent. He did not fill his pictures with broken columns or restored Roman buildings, and his heart was evidently not in the Venuses and allegorical pictures his patrons called upon him to paint. It is not as a pagan painter that he excelled, and yet there are passages in some of his later and heathen work which the world could ill spare, notably a certain wonderfully truthful figure of Spring in his "Birth of Venus," a most graceful conception, with flying, flower-embroidered garments; but in this, almost the latest of his works, is plainly shown a great advance. This figure is studied in the open, and no better effect of suffused out-door light was ever painted upon a human face. In his large representation of "Spring," at the Academy in Florence, painted for one of the Medici, wrongly and blindly called his best work, he has painted a group of the Graces with so much feeling and so tender a grace that they seem to be Madonnas masquerading in mythology; he was far too serious and pious to be able to let himself down to such work. He simply could not understand any gods but the gods of the Christians, and the beauty he gave to them is as unique in its way, and as different from Greek beauty, as the foundation of Christianity is different from the scheme of Heathenism.

A true painter should be judged from his work only. He then shows all there is of him for good or evil; he cannot



then disguise his soul. Botticelli's temperament, so judged, shows him to have been of the highest artistic nature—impulsive, pious almost to fanaticism (history tells us he was one of the Piagnone of Savonarola)—and to have possessed an overwhelming love of the beautiful. In him there was no power of apostolic rebuke; he inspires no feeling of terror, nor portrays the hysterical horror of the crucifixion. He points out the "primrose path" to Heaven, and wins by gentleness. He chose for his theme the most tender of all the doctrines of his faith, a subject most commonly painted by all that brilliant concourse of *Cinquecentists* before and after him; yet never in any manner was his conception *approached* by any of them. His creations of the Madonna are more perfect in piety, more Christian in sentiment, and more truthful in detailed perfection than any the world has ever seen, and always painted with an originality and freshness characteristic of only the greatest of masters.

There was never a question in his work; he instinctively avoided the commonplace; no matter with what fidelity he attempted to present nature, animate or inanimate, his temperament made it easy for him to render it with the appropriate sentiment. His genius was of

the best order, and his place in 'art should be in the rare atmosphere of the greatest heights; but he speaks in so gentle a note, in such quiet tones, that only the gifted can hear them. While he lived he was at one time called the most considerable painter of Florence, and yet he died in poverty, dependent upon the bounty of his patron. Like a true artist he had no time for the commonplace things of life, and though his work was widely sought, he was often idle for a long time, knowing that when the creative faculty is weary, work is but an unworthy sham.

Even in his Florence to-day, in the great Pitti gallery, one of his most sincere and perfect works hangs in an obscure corner, while all down that succession of splendid rooms, in the centre of the walls, and in the best and quietest lights, hang the works of Del Sarto and Raphael and their inferiors. But in the English National Gallery, where ten years ago Botticelli's Madonna was hanging high up and in obscurity, it is to-day enshrined upon a screen, in the best place in that magnificent gallery, and is admired by thousands. This incident is evidence of the return to true art under the influence of the "New Renaissance"—that of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

## BE KIND TO THYSELF.

*By E. S. Martin.*

Comes the message from above—  
 "As thyself, thy neighbor love."  
 With myself so vexed I grow—  
 Of my weakness weary so,  
 Easier may I tolerate  
 My neighbor than myself not hate.

*Take not part of thee for whole.  
 Thou art neighbor to thy soul;  
 The ray from Heaven that gilds the clod  
 Love thou, for it comes from God.  
 Bear thou with thy human clay  
 Lest thou miss the heaven-sent ray.*

# MEMORIES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

By Lester Wallack.

## THIRD PAPER.



Macready.

I HAVE frequently been asked, both by interviewing people and by my friends, what my method of study is, almost every actor having a method; and apropos of this there comes in an anecdote about Macready. He always objected to a redundancy of gesture, and once said to my father: "My dear Wallack, you are naturally graceful; I am not. I know that in gesture I do not excel, and facial expression is what I principally depend upon. In fact, I absolutely make Mrs. Macready tie my hands behind my back and I practise before a large glass and watch the face." My father replied: "Well, Macready, I suppose that is all very good,

but did you ever try it with your legs tied?"

But in answer to this question which has been so often asked concerning my method of study, I may say that the first thing is to get a thorough knowledge of the play. At first I generally studied the other parts even a little more than I thought of my own; and when I came to my own I studied it scene by scene to get the words perfect. I did not think so much of what I was going to do with them until I got them so correctly that I could play with them in two or three different ways. Having one scene in my head I would go to the next, there being perhaps two or three scenes in one act. I would then go to work to perfect the first act as a whole. My first thought was to try to get the author's meaning; to pay that respect which was his due by carefully following his text. Having done that, I worked on the different modes of expressing the author, picked what I thought was best, etc., and then put that act by. Suppose we had four acts, for instance; I would then study the second after the same fashion, and so on, using the same method all through with the four. I studied alone, of course, at first; but when I thought myself sufficiently *au fait* I would get Mrs. Wallack, or one of my sons, to hear me in the part, and then play it in two or three different ways in order to see how it affected them. While I was perfect in the room, the moment I got upon the stage at rehearsal the positions, uses of furniture, etc., interrupted all this. The use of these had to be blended properly with what I had done before. With a chair here and a table there, and the footlights here and the audience there, I had to study how all this could be worked in so as to make as perfect an *ensemble* as possible.

I do not know the systems of other artists, but that was mine. Of course, after all this preparation, when I came

before the audience things would suggest themselves to me in the very midst of what I was doing—inspirations, if I may use so fine a word; and I then sometimes got effects I did not dream of when studying, because I was playing before the audience and found out their mood. I do not think I ever sacrificed my study very much to the caprice of my audience. I have done it at times perhaps, and to a certain extent in cases where I could execute just as gracefully (though not quite so correctly) and with equally telling effect. Ease of study depends a great deal upon whether the author is a practical playwright. The motives of the old writers were so clear, and their mode of illustrating their meaning was so thorough that they were a great deal easier, at least to me, than the more modern dramatists. There is a sort of power about them which seems to communicate itself. Personally I think that Shakespeare is almost the easiest study; perhaps because of my being accustomed as a boy to see Shakespeare's plays; but he always impresses himself upon one as he is read, and we are more likely to get greater ease of words. I always found Sheridan a very easy study, but I have had more difficulty, curious



Tom Robertson.

to say (and I think many of my profession, at least the best of them, will bear me out in this), in studying the extremely modern school of writers than I ever had with the older ones. In speaking Tom Robertson's lines for instance, one is talking "every-day" talk. It looks very easy, but it is most difficult, for if you are illustrating Sheridan or Shakespeare you are speaking in a language that is new to you, which on that account impresses you all the more; whereas if you have a speech from Tom Robertson or Boucicault you can give it just as well in two or three

different ways. You cannot in Shakespeare find any words to improve the text, but if you say "How *do you do* this morning," or "How *are you* this morning," one is just as good as the other, and yet, as a rule, to give the author textually is both proper and just.

As to my study, of course it depended upon how often I had seen a part and how familiar I was with the piece. *Don Felix*, for instance, I had seen my father play frequently, and naturally it was comparatively easy with me. But take *Don Caesar de Bazan*. Some time after my father's death I was requested to play *Don Caesar*, a character he had made peculiarly his own, and of which he was the original in the English language. It was fourteen or fifteen years since I had played it, and I said to Mrs. Wallack, "Before I look at this part again I want you to see if I remember anything of it." I not only recollected the words, but I did not miss a syllable. She laid down the book in perfect astonishment. It seemed to come upon me directly, as though I had performed it the night before. This gift of memory has been always of inestimable service to me.

With regard to self-consciousness on the stage, I have often noticed that actors are blamed for this as a fault; and when I happened to see a criticism upon myself, which seemed based on anything like reason, and was written by anybody worth listening to, or was worth reading, or worth thinking of over again, I would do a little self-questioning upon the subject, and ask myself exactly what it meant, and how I should treat, in my own mind, the argument of the writer. I found, particularly in comedy, that if an actor is not self-conscious it is simply because he has not studied his effects. For instance, if I am preparing to play a comic part I calculate necessarily where I think the points will tell, or, to use a common phrase, where "the laugh will come in," as it must come in if one is going to be comic. And in doing that, of course, there must be self-consciousness. I have studied a line, for example, which I felt would "go with a roar," and if the laughter came, there was the self-consciousness. I was perfectly conscious that I had been very funny; I had studied to be

so, and I was so. There never was, in my opinion, a *raconteur*, from Charles Lamb or Theodore Hook, down to Gilbert à Becket or H. J. Byron or Thackeray or Dickens, or any of these men who spoke and told anecdotes at a dinner-table, there never was one of them that was not conscious that he was going to be funny. He may have made a mistake and missed it sometimes; but as a rule he enjoyed the story with the audience. Tragedy and comedy are very different. If a man is playing a serious part he is wrapped up in it, to the utter exclusion of the audience; but the moment the comedian has uttered his first line, and the laugh comes, there is a sort of *en rapport* between himself and the audience, and the thing *must* go. It is a matter which Charles Mathews and I very often made the subject of our conversations, of which we had a great many, and he thoroughly agreed with me. I said to him: "Now, Charles, suppose yourself in one of those great parts in which no one can approach you; do you mean to say you play as well with a dull audience as with a bright one?" "No," he replied, "it is out of the question to play if the audience don't go with you. You cannot play a part with spirit; and for me it is simply impossible."

A comedian can never forget his audience as much as a tragedian can. I am giving merely the experience of *one* comedian, but I know perfectly well it is the feeling of many. I know that John Gilbert would say the same, and that Blake felt the same. If I am studying in my room a serious part I become very intense, and do not think of the applause; but if I am studying a comic part I want to feel the fun myself—then I feel sure of my audience. In fact, to sum the matter up, the actor wants the audience in comedy a great deal more than in a tragic part.

He must never, however, appear to be conscious of his clothes. Take a man like Montague, for instance; he was charming in trousers and coat and "cigarette parts," wore the dress of our day with the ease of a thorough gentleman; but put him in costume and he was gone, miserably conscious that he was awkward and out of place. Now

Mr. Bellew, on the other hand, is better in doublet and hose. His appearance is romantic, he is naturally graceful, and the costume of other days suits him admirably. Apropos of this I must tell you of the elder William Farren, who was the greatest old-man comedian I ever saw. When Boucicault wrote "*London Assurance*," his audiences had never seen Mr. Farren in anything but knee breeches, silk stockings, diamond buckled shoes, and so on. His



Montague.

friends thought he could never play *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, but he went to Stultz, the great tailor then—the Poole of the day—and ordered the most correct style of modern costume. His dressing was absolutely perfect, and his manner was as perfect as his dress. One would suppose that he had never worn anything but frock-coat and trousers or an evening dress all his professional life. *Sir Harcourt* should be made up exactly as a young man. Later actors have made it too evident to the audience that they wear a great bushy wig. Farren was faultless in the part, the veritable elderly young man of real life, the man who had left off taking snuff because it was not the young thing to do at all; the man to be seen daily, even yet, in White's and at the club windows.

Talking of "*London Assurance*," I remember standing behind the scenes at the Haymarket one night during the run of Bulwer's "*Money*," then at the

very zenith of its first and great success, when someone came hurrying in and announced, "An enormous hit at Covent Garden! The third act is over



C. W. Couldock.

and it is tremendous; if the other two acts go in the same way it is an immense go." This was "London Assurance." I saw it the second night. It was really the first time that the perfection of the modern boxed-in scenery was displayed to the public. It was most beautifully done; I can see the whole thing now, the scenes and everything. It was, as I have said, something quite novel, and was, of course, a great success. When the curtain went down on the first act, the first night, there was dead silence. It is a very ineffective ending, and the scene was simply an ante-room, in which there was no chance for very great display; but when the curtain rose on the second act, the outside of "Oak Hall," there was an enormous amount of applause, and that act went with the most perfect "snap." The audience was in good humor from the moment of the entrance, as *Lady Gay*, of that most perfect actress, Mrs. Nisbit, for whom Boucicault wrote the part. He describes her as the seventh daughter of an earl, the baby of the family, married to a man considerably older than herself. Mrs. Nisbit's tall, lovely figure, her baby face, her silvery laugh, carried the whole house; while the contrast with Keely, who was the original *Dolly*, was delicious. He was a country squire of about forty years of age, dressed to perfection in his top-boots, etc. The fault of all later *Dollys* is that they are made

to look and act too young. The first cast of "London Assurance" was a wonderful one throughout, even to the actor who played *Cool*, Mr. Brindal, and to the afterward celebrated Alfred Wigan, who played *Solomon Isaacs* and had about four words to say. That *ensemble* was one of the most perfect I ever saw. It had for that time a very great run, and it built up the declining fortunes of Covent Garden.

As to what Brougham had to do with the play, I have heard Charles Mathews on the point, I have heard Boucicault on the point, and I have heard John Brougham himself on the point. There is very little doubt that Brougham first suggested the idea; and there is no doubt that he intended the part of *Dazzle* for himself. Charles Mathews was the original *Dazzle*. So far as I know, Mr. Brougham, for a certain sum of money, conceded to Mr. Boucicault his entire rights in the comedy. John was far less officious in the matter than his friends were. They invented all sorts of tales; but there is no question that the success of the whole thing was due to Mr. Boucicault, to his tact and cleverness, and to the brilliancy of his dialogue. The speech we technically call "the tag" of the play was written for *Max Harkaway*, and of course was con-



Sara Stevens.

sistent with the character of the honest old Squire, but Farren insisted upon speaking it. Here is this old man, this *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, who has been trying all the time to impress upon everybody what a virtuous thing vice is, who

has been plotting to run away with his friend's wife, who has all through been showing that he is a man totally without principle, making this very moral speech at the end. They represented to him that it was inconsistent, but he insisted upon it. Boucicault, who was a young man just rising, felt flattered as a young author to have all these great people acting his play, and was not in a position to do what he would certainly do now, say "I won't have it;" and consequently had to give in to Farren.

On one occasion Drury Lane was in a very bad way, and when they were making engagements for the next season, Farren was asked if he would not, in consideration of the poor business, come down a little in his salary. He said: "Certainly not, sirs; Mr. Jones and all these people can be replaced, there are others in the market; but suppose for a moment, if you please, the market to be a fish-market, that you must have a cock-salmon, and that there is but one cock-salmon to be had. You will have to pay for the cock-salmon. Now, gentlemen, in *this* market I am the cock-salmon!"

Therefore Mr. Farren, who really was unrivalled at that time as the leading comic old-man actor of certain parts that required certain gifts, a certain manner, etc., carried his point. There was no appeal from him at all; if they wanted to keep him they had to give him what money he asked, and also let him do what he liked with the parts he acted. He was known as "The Cock-salmon" as long as he lived.

When Lord Lytton wrote "Money" my father was engaged in the Haymarket Theatre, and was acting with Macready. One day he came to the house and said: "Jack, here is a great chance for you. You can read 'Money,' the play which they say is going to out-celebrate 'The School for Scandal.'



Frederick Conway.

They want to ring me into it, but I do not see anything in it I can do." When I had read the manuscript I exclaimed, "Good Heavens, it will take three weeks to play it once through." It was terribly long, and certainly it would have taken a good six hours. My father said: "Macready and Bulwer want me to play *Captain Dudley Smooth*. I have read the part but have not read the play, so you can tell me what you think of it." Well, I sat up all night over it, and felt it a tremendous compliment to have a chance to read the comedy which was to set the whole town on fire. My father then read the play and told Sir Edward and Macready that he could not see himself in the part, and that he was perfectly sure he could not do it justice. Macready said: "Will you let me read the part to you as I conceive it?" My father, of course, consented, and Macready came to the house for that purpose, and when he had finished my father said: "I can see the merit of the part, but I do not see the merit of Mr. Wallack in it. Do you think Sir Edward would allow me to make a suggestion?" Macready said he thought so, and my father continued: "You have the very man for the part in the theatre—Wrench." The result was that Wrench was the original *Smooth* and played it admirably. The first night the piece seemed to the audience unconscionably long, and some of the very scenes that afterward became most celebrated and most liked were hissed. I do not know why; probably it may have been because of Sir Edward's personal or political enemies who were in the house, or perhaps the audience thought it too bold a departure from the old style. At all events there was a good deal of doubt about its success. But it was continued; people got used to it; Mr. Webster pushed it, and the consequence was that it began to



Samuel Lover.



grow popular after about the twentieth night, and it was destined to enjoy a long or great run. Years afterward, when Macready was in this country, he was asked to play the part of *Alfred Evelyn*, and he was reported to have replied, "I



Tom Taylor.

will not play that damned 'walking gentleman' any more."

There are very few people now living, strange to say, who remember much of Macready's acting. I do not know why, because it is not so long ago that he retired, but I think that some description of his style and method would be interesting here.

I was struck one day at rehearsal by a little altercation, although not a very ill-natured one, between two members of my company, one a lady and the other a gentleman. The lady said: "Mr. Wallack, may I request Mr. Blank not to reply too quickly upon the ends of my speeches?" I turned to him and said: "Do not be quite so quick in your cues." He replied: "I see what you mean, Mr. Wallack, but I have not been used to these Macready pauses." I was puzzled to know what was meant by "Macready pauses," but the thing passed by, only to occur again when another gentleman of my company, who was relating an anecdote, said: "Well, she made one of those 'Macready pauses,'" and then I began to think seriously what the phrase might mean, and on the next occasion, which was the third time I had heard it, I said: "Stop," my pa-

tience being rather exhausted; "what do you mean by 'Macready pauses?'" All you people, who have never seen Mr. Macready, but have merely heard of him as an eminent tragedian, seem to have a ridiculous idea about this; tell me what you mean by 'Macready pauses?'" They replied: "Well, we have always heard that phrase used, Mr. Wallack." I replied that Mr. Macready was no more given to making unnecessary pauses than any other actor I ever knew, and that if he did make a pause there was a purpose in it, a meaning and a motive, which was always evident by its effect on the audience. There never was a man more effective than Mr. Macready, and in certain of his famous parts, since acted by other eminent artists, I have never seen anybody to equal him. Sir Frederick Pollock gives no idea of his acting at all. He does not show where Macready made his great effects. Macready, if he was anything in the world, was a student, and a great characteristic of his acting was that he was always *in earnest*; he never was guilty of what is called playing to his audience. The elder Kean sometimes did this; but Macready never. His eye and his heart and his mind and his feeling were always with the author, always what the French call *en scene*. I remember in a play called "Nina Sforza," in which Miss Faucit and my father supported him, one speech of his that greatly impressed me. His profile was toward the house as he stood facing the actor upon the stage; and looking directly at his enemy he uttered the most bitter of speeches as an aside, making his audience understand fully that what he seemed to speak he only thought. I do not remember any other actor who could have accomplished this as he did it. He had a marvellous command of voice. His even-speaking, in its way, was the most melodious I ever heard. In a whirlwind of passion I have known many voices more powerful and quite as effective, but I remember nothing in really classical acting nearly so beautiful as Macready in what we used to call "even-speaking." In this piece of "Nina Sforza" my father played a part called *Raphael Doria*. The drama was

founded on the feuds of the *Dorias* and the *Spinolas*, in which the *Dorias* had been victorious and had completely ruined their enemies. This man, *Ugone Spinola*, had been pardoned by *Doria*, who had made a sort of companion of him out of pity and because he had ruined him, and *Spinola* followed *Doria* everywhere, ministered to his pleasures, tempted him to do everything that was evil, and, in fact, was insidiously leading him to his ruin. In one scene of the play Macready as *Ugone* had a soliloquy that was superbly given, the lines, as well as I remember them, beginning :

"Oh Doria, Doria,  
When wilt thou pay me back the many  
groans,  
The tears, I've wept in secret.

When the red conduits ran *Spinola* blood  
And all our old ancestral palaces  
Were charred and levelled with the cumbent  
earth,  
In irreparable and endless shame."

During this entire speech he played with his dagger in a nervous, semi-unconscious manner, drawing it half-way out of its sheath, and letting it fall back, to be half-withdrawn again, this action, simple as it appeared, emphasizing most significantly the vengeful spirit of the words he uttered. It was a well written play. Helen Faucit was excellent in it, and my father had a very fine part.

I remember one night when walking home with my father from the Haymarket Theatre, after the performance, which had been the play of "*Virginus*," that I asked him if he thought anything could be finer than Macready's acting of the titular part. He replied : "My boy, you cannot excel perfection !"

I stood in front of the Astor Place Opera House on the night of the famous Macready-Forrest Riot, where the crowd was thickest, with my back to the railings of Mrs. Langdon's house ; and when the military—the Eighth Company of the Seventh Regiment—came up, there were, curious to say, a great many women in the crowd. After the second volley was fired I heard a cry from behind me, and turned to see a man seated on the railings of Mrs. Langdon's house. He had been shot, and with a groan toppled

over to the ground at my feet. I afterward saw him lying dead at the hospital. After the firing I left the porch of the Union Club, then in Broadway, where I had taken refuge, with a "man about town," well known as "Dandy Marks." He was very well known about town at that time. We stopped at a restaurant on Broadway and found there a crowd made up of all sorts of people discussing this riot. The town was in a fearful condition, and for several days after was like a city in a state of siege. Some were saying it was a rascally thing that the people should be shot down and murdered in the streets, and others were arguing that the military had only done their duty. Marks naturally was all on the side of the military, because he commanded a troop of horse,



Charles Peters, the original Binney in "Our American Cousin."

which dressed after the English Tenth Hussars, and was composed of young men of the best families in the city. One debater got so extremely excited

discussing the riot that the tears ran down his face, and at length, in a sort of frenzy, he took off his coat and began "letting out" at everybody around him, no matter whether his victims were on his side of the question or not. He hit here, and there, and cracked right, left, and centre, clearing the whole place in a very few moments. When the thing was over Marks was not to be found; and I had retired early myself.

Forrest in the engagement during which the riots occurred played *Macbeth*, and when the lines came, "What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug will scour these English hence?" the whole house rose and cheered for many minutes.

Fredericks, an actor who died recently, was an exceedingly good-looking, tall, and finely built man. He was an Irishman and of a rather cynical and

negro-looking wig, and a long gown, in which he was very awkward; indeed he looked more like a very tall woman than a soldierly man. Fredericks was afterward at a party at which there was a great deal too much praise of Macready floating about to please him; and at last he was appealed to for his opinion, and said: "I have nothing to say about the man's acting! But he *looked* like an elderly negress of evil repute, going to a fancy ball!"

Mr. Bancroft Davis, an old friend of my father's, came to him one day with a play which Mr. Tom Taylor, of London, who knew nothing of American theatres or American dramatic possibilities, had sent out to this country for a market. Mr. Davis wished to have it produced at our house. I read the manuscript, was struck with its title, "Our American Cousin," but saw that it contained no part which could compare with the titular one, created by Mr. Taylor no doubt with an idea of pleasing theatre-goers on our side of the Atlantic as well as his. I told Mr. Davis that it was hardly suited to our requirements, that it wanted a great Yankee character-actor, that Mr. Joseph Jefferson—then a stock actor in Miss Laura Keane's company—was the very man for it, and advised its presentation to her. Mr. Davis replied, "At any rate I have done what my friend Mr. Taylor wished; I have given you the first choice." I said, "I think it is only right to tell you that if the play is to make a success at all Jefferson is the man to make it." He took the play to Miss Keane, who read it. She did not see any great elements of popularity in it, but she thought that it might do to fill a gap some time, and she pigeon-holed it. She was just then busy getting up a Shakespearean revival, "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." She had Mr. Blake with her, and Mr. Jefferson, as well as Mr. Sothern, who was engaged to play such parts as I was playing at the other house. She was taking great pains with the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," in which these people were all to appear; but it so happened that her scene-painters and her mechanics disappointed her with regard to the time in which she could produce it, and she found that this would delay her quite



Joseph Jefferson.

jealous nature. Macready, who was always rather dictatorial, worried Fredericks a good deal at rehearsals, and Fredericks, on Macready's last visit here, chanced to see him play *Othello*. Now it is a fact that the great tragedian's appearance in "*Othello*" was very opposite to, and very much belied, the beauty of his acting. He wore a big

two weeks. Then she bethought her of the "American Cousin," and she cast Mr. Blake for *Binney the Butler*, Mr. Couldock for *Abel Murcot*, Sara Stevens for *Mary Meredith*, Mr. Sothern for *Lord Dundreary*, with Mr. Jefferson, of course, for *Asa Trenchard*. Blake positively refused the part of *Binney*. Sothern, on looking over *Lord Dundreary*, found it was a part of forty or fifty lines, a sort of second old man; at least that was the view he took of it, and he went to Miss Keene, laid it upon her desk, and told her that he absolutely declined to play it. "You engaged me for Mr. Lester Wallack's parts, and I cannot possibly consent to undertake a thing of this sort." Miss Keene did not know what to do; she thought the play was a weak one, and she wanted all her best talent in it, though Sothern was not considered a great man then. Finally she appealed to his generosity, and asked him to do this thing as a mere matter of loyalty to her. At last he said, "Well, Miss Keene, I have read the part very carefully, and if you will let me 'gag' it and do what I please with it I will undertake it, though it is terribly bad." Miss Keene said, "Do anything you like with it, only play it," and then Sothern set about to think how he should dress it. That was a time when the long frock-coat was in fashion—a coat that came down almost to the heels and was made like what is now called an Albert coat; a coat that *Punch* took hold of and caricatured unmercifully. It happened that Brougham had borrowed from me the coat in which I had played a part called *The Debilitated Cousin* in "Bleak House," and with true Irish liberality, and without thought that it was the property of somebody else, he generously lent it to Sothern; and that was the garment in which Sothern first appeared as *Lord Dundreary*. Jefferson was the star, but as the play went on, week after week, *Asa Trenchard* became commonplace, and up came *Lord Dundreary*. Sothern added every night new "gags," he introduced the reading of *Brother Sam's* letter, etc., until at last nothing else was talked of but *Lord Dundreary*. After Sothern had worn it pretty well out here he went to London. On the first night "Our American Cousin" made such a

dead fiasco at the Haymarket that Buckstone put up a notice in the greenroom: "Next Thursday: 'She Stoops to Conquer.'" Charles Mathews, who was in



E. A. Sothern.

front, went behind and said, "Buckstone, you push this piece." "But it is an offence to all the swells." "Don't you believe it," replied Mathews; "you push it, and it will please *them* more than anybody else." Buckstone was induced to give it further trial, and the consequence was four hundred consecutive nights. Sothern told me that Buckstone cleared thirty thousand pounds by it.

During my long career I have naturally been brought into contact with some of the most interesting men of my own profession and of the world at large. I saw a great deal, for instance, of Samuel Lover when he was in America in 1848. He was advertised to appear at the Broadway Theatre, and when he attempted to play in his own piece, "The White Horse of the Peppers," he was certainly the most frightfully nervous man I ever saw in my life. There was a great house because of the natural curiosity to see the poet in his own play. He was a very intimate friend of my

father's. I stood in the wings when he came down as *Gerald Pepper*. The costume was the military dress of a cavalier of the time of James II., the scene of the play being the Revolution—William III. coming over and turning James II. out of the country—and *Gerald Pepper* was one of the Irish who remained faithful to the Stuart king. His feathers on this occasion were stuck in the back of his hat, his sword-belt was over the wrong shoulder, one of his boots was pulled up over his knee, and the other was down over his foot. He looked as if somebody had pitchforked his clothes on to him, and he was trembling like a leaf. I induced him to put a little more color in his face, took his hat off, and adjusted the feathers properly, put his sword on as it ought to go, fixed his boots right, and literally pushed him on to the stage. Of course there is no harm now in saying that it was one of the worst amateur performances I ever saw in my life, and I don't think Lover ever acted after that uncomfortable night.

Maurice Power, a son of Tyrone Power, played an engagement in New York at about the same time. Tyrone Power was perhaps the greatest delineator of Irish character of the middle and peasant class that has ever been seen. His melancholy death in the lost steamer *President* will be well remembered by all who take an interest in theatrical affairs. A son of the Duke of Richmond, who had delayed his return to England for the sake of accompanying Power in the same vessel, was also lost, and I can well remember the many applications to my father, who it was well known had made the voyage to America and back so very often, for his opinion upon their chances of escape. It was his painful duty at last to convey to Mrs. Power the melancholy news that all hope was lost. It was the more touching perhaps from the fact that when he entered the house on his sad mission he was confronted by all the little gifts that the children had prepared as surprises for their father when he should arrive. The sympathy and good feeling that was shown afterward in England was as general as it was unusual; and the thoughtful kindness of Lord Melbourne, who was then Prime

Minister, was exhibited in a very marked manner. Almost his last act before he resigned the premiership was the gift to Power's eldest son, William Tyrone Power, of a commission in the army Commissariat Department. I remember very well the glee with which young William Power came to announce to our family the gratifying news. He was well versed in languages, speaking German, Italian, and French; the consequence was that his promotion was unusually rapid. He served all through the Crimean War, and became finally Sir William Tyrone Power, and absolute chief of the English Commissariat Department. It is not often that patronage is so wisely and successfully bestowed.

A very different man from Power was Mr. Goffé, "the man-monkey," a capital performer in his own way, although naturally very low in the professional scale. Frederick Conway, who always stood upon his dignity as the representative of high and noble parts, regaled Romans and the like, was getting on famously in this country when he chanced to meet one night in a theatrical bar-room Goffé, with whom in his humbler days and in the old country he had had intimate social and professional relations, playing with him in some of the smaller provincial towns, and upon pretty even terms. Goffé was delighted to meet his old companion and addressed him thus: "Well now is it? yes it is Conway! Why, Conway, old man, how are ye?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I do not recognize you," said Conway. "Oh come, I say now, none of that, that won't do, let's take a glass together," said Goffé. There were some very swell members of the profession around them, and Conway felt exceedingly uncomfortable, but he replied: "I will certainly imbibe with you, sir; I have no objection." "I heard you were in America, but I didn't think I'd meet ye. Well, now we are together here, Mr. Conway, can't we make something hup?" "I do not understand, sir," said Conway. "I have, at your request, just taken something down, and I think that is all that is necessary between us." "No, you don't see what I mean," persisted Goffé; "there's money for both of us; suppose we 'ave a benefit together. You do a Roman part.





Mr. Wallack at "Elmsmere," his Country Home at Stamford, Conn., July, 1888.

I'll do my scene as the hape between the hacts, and we'll draw a lot of money." At last Conway lost all patience and retorted: "Sir, I have endured the ups and downs of life in my time, I have met with various indignities, I have been appreciated and slighted, I can stand a great deal, but *Cato* and a ring-tailed monkey—never!"

When Thackeray was here on his last visit I was presented to him, at the old theatre, at the corner of Broome Street and Broadway. I thought him, with his

great height, his spectacles, which gave him a very pedantic appearance, and his chin always carried in the air, the most pompous, supercilious person I had ever met; but I lived to alter that opinion, and in a very short time. He saw the play, "*A Cure for the Heartache*," in which Blake and I played *Old Rapid* and *Young Rapid*. When the piece was over Mr. Blake and I went into the greenroom and were introduced to Thackeray by my father, who knew him intimately in London. I remember his saying: "I



have seen to-night an illustration of what I have preached over and over again, the endeavor of the artists to remember that they are presenting, not only in personal appearance, but in manner, the picture of what is past and gone, of another era, of another age almost, certainly of another generation. I wish to tell this to you two who have presented these characters so admirably. I shall go back to London and say 'I have seen acting.'"

Thackeray then lived with a very great and dear friend of mine and my father's, and they had rooms together in Houston Street. I had a house next door but one to them, and this is how I became so intimate with Thackeray. The name of this gentleman was Will-



Tyrone Power.

iam Duer Robinson, a member of an old and well-known family, a family whose property was confiscated in Revolutionary times because they stuck to the King. Thackeray I suppose took a fancy to me; at any rate it was understood every night when I came home from acting that if I saw a light in a

certain window I was to go in, and if not it was a sign they had gone out to dinner or to bed. When I did find them in we never parted until half-past two or three in the morning. Then was the time to see Thackeray at his best, because then he was like a boy; he did not attempt to be the genius of the party; he would let Robinson or me do the entertaining while he would be the audience. It did not matter how ridiculous or impossible might be the things I said, he would laugh till the tears ran down his face; such an unsophisticated, gentle-hearted creature as he was. He gave a large dinner at which I remember were Mr. Denning Duer, my father, George William Curtis, W. Robinson, myself, and others, eighteen in all. It was the

most delightful evening that could possibly be imagined. Thackeray two nights before had been to see my father play *Shylock*, and he said: "Wallack, that is the first *Shylock* who ever gave me the idea of what an ill-used man he was." On that evening I remember my father telling a story, which many an old actor here will recollect. It was the tale of a shipwreck as told by a clergyman who was on board, and the same scenes as described afterward by an old sailor, the captain of the maintop. Thackeray's gentle and generous nature was so aroused by it that the tears ran down his face. Certainly one of the finest things my father did was the telling of that story. George Curtis and I sang a duet, I remember, "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," and we were asked to repeat it three or four times. This all took place about the year 1855. On one occasion there was to be a dinner party of four. Thackeray said it

might probably be the last time he should meet us convivially during this visit, so we agreed to dine together with him in Robinson's rooms. The party was to consist of Mr. Robinson, Thackeray, my father, and myself. The hour arrived, and I came with a message from my father, who was laid up with the gout, one of his bad

attacks, and could not accept. After waiting a long time for Thackeray at last there came a ring at the bell, and the me wish you a pleasant evening with the Wallacks, and let me ask you to accept this little gift as a remembrance



John Gilbert.

(From a painting by J. Alden Weir.)

waiter brought up a large parcel and a note from him to say that a letter he had received compelled him to pack up as quickly as possible and start for England by the first steamer, and he added: "By the time you receive this, dear William, I shall be almost out of the harbor. Let of the many, many pleasant days and nights we have passed together." The gift was a beautiful silver vase. I never saw Thackeray again, but our short and intimate association is one of the most delightful reminiscences of my life.





"How many?" said the man with the lantern."

## THREE BAD MEN.

*By W. M. Taber.*

### I.



UPON a dark night some decades ago, a man carrying a lantern made short turns on a muddy road, close by the shore of a gloomy looking lake.

Two oarsmen sat in a barge not far away, and the trio waited an hour of unbroken silence. Then as the dampness showed a disposition to turn into rain, the upright waiter betrayed signs of impatience, and cursed the lateness of the hour, and as he spoke, the sound of approaching wheels was heard. Through the mud they came at good speed, until the horses were seen, panting and foaming, and then the vehicle itself, a sort of van, very long and narrow. The moment the horses were pulled up, a man in a black coat jumped off the box-seat, and pulling out a note-book, consulted it by the light of the van lamp.

"How many?" said the man with the lantern, producing a note-book, too.

"Four. First, Andrew Beckstein."

Two more men had by this time alighted from the van. One placed his hand on the other's shoulder and guided him as though he were blind; yet he could not have been blind, for he saw the man with the lantern well enough, and said to him: "You will have to pay for this, you devil."

Of this complimentary speech, the party addressed took no notice, but made a check in his note-book.

"Beckstein—right."

"Henry Stork."

"Stork, yes."

"Herbert Billington."

"Yes."

"And John Billington."

"All expected. What made you late?"

"Bad roads, and a bit of the harness broke. We were delayed an hour. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Good-night."

He who guided the first man to the boat had returned for the three others as their names were called, and now took his seat in the van, and was followed by the black-coated party, and they drove off into the darkness, while the man with the lantern stepped into the barge and the oarsmen bent to their work.

The boat was overloaded, yet in any well-regulated party no accident need have been feared, but Beckstein seemed uneasy and occasionally evinced an ardent desire to clutch the neck of the gentleman for whom he had already signified his antipathy.

As the distance from the shore increased, lights were neared; had day broken suddenly they would have been discovered shining from the windows of a large, rugged stone building, standing with its outhouses on a small island. But in the darkness, the lights alone were visible, these, and others swinging in the hands of men who awaited the barge on a stone jetty.

Suddenly Beckstein sprang to his feet and over the oarsmen in an effort to reach the man he regarded as his enemy. The rowers started up to detain him, and the violent motion proving disastrous to the overloaded boat, it capsized, and all were in the water together. Those on the jetty, notified by cries and shouts of some misadventure, pulled speedily to the rescue in another boat, and found the oarsmen supporting Beckstein and Stork, and the gentleman of the lantern supporting himself. Struggling for breath, he exclaimed:

"Where are the Billingtons?"

"Were they with you? I see nothing, no one."

"Some object is floating off there to the right."

The rowers pulled in the direction indicated, and the object proved to be a hat. On the inside were the initials H. B.

The boat was allowed to drift around for a time, all eyes intently fixed upon the black water, but in vain. No cry

was heard, no body was seen, no life was saved.

"Could they have got ashore?"

"Impossible," said the man of the lantern; "I looked for them the moment we went over. They must have got under the boat and gone down immediately. They are drowned as surely as I am soaked."

The next day that part of the lake was dragged, with no success; but a river was its inlet and a river its outlet, and there were strong currents; and it was decided that the bodies had been swept away.

## II.

THREE bad men lived on Cripple-gate Hill. One was tall and the others were short; one was dark and the others were fair; whatever one was, the others were not, except that all were wicked—of that there could be no doubt. This reputation was not so much due to what people knew about them as to what was unknown. Honesty needs no mystery, and these men were strange characters certainly, as may be judged from the following authentic account of their arrival and residence in the neighborhood.

Nearly opposite Mr. Trumper's public house there had been a large, square brick building of many windows, unoccupied for many years, which of course was said to be haunted, like all other gloomy houses without mortal tenants. One day a thick fog settled down on Cripple-gate Hill; it was a busy day for Trumper, for men came running in every few minutes, to drive the fog out of themselves on the displacement principle; and just after dark a man reeled into the public room with his teeth chattering as much from fear as cold.

"What's the matter, John?" said jolly Tom Trumper; "seen a ghost?"

"You can laugh," said the man sullenly; "but I've heard one."

"I thought ghosts were silent. Where did you hear him, Johnny?"

"At the house across the way. Tom Trumper, you know that nobody has been in that place for going back as far as you can remember. Well, coming by just now, if I didn't hear a window

slammed in that empty house, you'd better give me no more to drink."

"That's all right, John," said Mr. Trumper; "you can't tell the direction of sounds in a fog. Everybody knows that."

"I don't," said John, shaking his head.

Mr. Trumper was awakened from a sound slumber that night by a touch upon his shoulder. He started up, blinking sleepily, and found his wife standing shivering by the bedside.

"What's the matter? house afire?" he said, uttering his greatest dread first.

"Thomas," said Mrs. Trumper, "I'm afraid."

"What is it, then?" said her husband, waking up rapidly now.

"John Ridley was right; the ghosts are walking in that house to-night."

"Nonsense; go to bed; rats, more likely," said Mr. Trumper.

"Look, Thomas, look! do rats carry candles?" and sure enough, the fog having lifted and Mr. Trumper being able to overlook the street from his position in bed, he saw lights flitting from the windows of the brick house. He rubbed his eyes, but it was no delusion. Gradually he made out a man's tall figure, very thin, with clothes hanging loose about him, and a face that seemed almost covered with black hair. Then a window was opened, a shutter closed with a loud noise, and he saw no more. Mr. Trumper was startled, it must be owned, but he owed his reputation of a wise man, in the neighborhood, to a certain gift of common sense, and he was not to be frightened into a belief in any supernatural agency.

"There was a fog all day," he thought to himself, "and some people have moved in under its cover, and a precious queer lot they must be;" and having reassured his wife with this view of the case, he went to sleep again.

But if he expected to have his curiosity gratified next morning he was doomed to disappointment, for no signs of occupants were visible about the house across the way. Throughout the day the new tenants were the great topic of discussion, and even the cause of some excitement, but all surmises

were equally unsatisfactory. Nobody stirred from the house until the following morning, when a young man having the appearance of a valet sauntered out carelessly, made some market purchases, received them at the door when they arrived ; and this daily routine was carried on for about six months, without variation, and about the house nobody but this young man, who admitted that his name was Crow, was seen. Shutters were kept tight closed at night, and when any of the tradespeople ventured to question Crow, they met either a cold stare and silence or some evasive or jocular answer that but increased the mystery. All bills were promptly paid, however, so the tradesmen had no cause of financial complaint.

But after the first six months matters began to change. Occasionally upon very dark nights other figures than that of Crow were observed to issue forth from the portal of the brick house : sometimes the tall man alone, sometimes with two shorter, fairer men. The most inquisitive neighbors kept a sort of watch and remarked that these strange beings never went out before ten at night, and sometimes returned as late as two in the morning. Then it began to be breathed about that they were evil-doers of some kind ; the dark, tall man had been seen under a street-lamp by a workman returning home, who testified that his face was one of the most terrible he had ever seen.

Nine months passed ; it was summer now, and one night after the public house was closed Tom Trumper, being troubled with sleeplessness, rose quietly, slipped on his coat and trousers, and tried a pipe at the open window without disturbing his wife or lighting the gas. A far-off rattle coming nearer told of the approach of a carriage. To his great astonishment it turned finally into the street he looked upon almost as his personal property, and with a last clatter and dash drew up at the house opposite. All was seemingly dark ; but no, the door swung open without the necessity of a knock, and the tall man stood in the light shining out from the hall for a moment before he re-entered ; then Crow ran out and, with another man who descended from the carriage, seemed

to be lifting some burden and carrying it carefully into the house. Mr. Trumper strained his eyes until they seemed to be starting from his head ; he could not be sure, but the burden certainly resembled a woman's form. Sleepless before, his mind was tingling with wakefulness now, and for an hour he sat at the open window, determined not to stir until he had seen the end of this very strange proceeding. He would have greatly liked to dare go down and talk with the driver, who sat at his post apparently half asleep, but to this he was hardly equal. Though not a timid man, the incomprehensibility of his neighbors put him rather in awe of them. At last, when he began to feel the monotonous silence very depressing, the door of the brick house was thrown open with violence, and Trumper started to his feet, for a woman's scream rang out upon the quiet night, and a female, bare-headed, clothed in some material of light color, was seen to pass out and dart down the street with great rapidity. The figures of two men followed in quick pursuit, and as they with their longer strides neared her, she screamed again and again, until, quite coming up, they threw a cloak or some dark object over her. She was rapidly brought back to the carriage, placed in it, and driven off at a gallop. The tall man re-entered the house, and the door closed, leaving Mr. Trumper standing spell-bound, with perspiration on his forehead in beads.

The following evening as John Ridley the printer, Hart the stationer, old Mr. Eagle, who lived on his income, and several other steady customers were sitting in the public room over their ale, discussing exhausted topics, Mr. Trumper sat silent, with restrained but conscious importance. Hart, who in his business capacity of stationer and bookseller had picked up fragments of learning, was enlightening the company with anecdotes of some genius, not badly recounted and not always spoiled for want of an addition or so from the stores of his own imagination.

"Oh, the loneliness of great minds," remarked Mr. Trumper, when he thought Hart had monopolized public attention long enough.



"Ah?" said John Ridley; "what makes you think so?"

"Think so," said Mr. Trumper; "I know so. I've felt it many times." Hart ungraciously conceded his audience, and smoked in silence while Mr. Trumper spoke again.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have often discussed the mysterious goings on over there," jerking his thumb in the direction of the brick house; "but last night I saw something, I won't say what, which showed me plain enough there is much that is wrong. I do not say," said Trumper, mysteriously, "where it may all end, but I've reason not to be surprised if it went far—even so far as murder."

"It's none of our business if it does," said Hart, still smarting over Trumper's having taken the conversation away from him.

"Maybe not," retorted Mr. Trumper; "but would you see a man's pocket picked and not speak because it wasn't your business; or see a man set upon by five or six roughs without lending a helping hand?"

"If you're not satisfied, why don't you report the case to the police?" said Hart.

"I spoke to Bradley of the force, and he laughed at me and said the people were quiet enough. He didn't look on 'em as a suspicious lot, and I had no real complaint to make."

"I think he's right," said Hart; "you're inquisitive, Trumper, that's where it is."

"Well, if I was as young as some of you men," said Mr. Trumper, his face growing redder, "I'd find out what is going on behind those blinds."

"Oh, you would," cried Hart, laughing.

"I would," said Trumper, with dignity.

"I don't believe you could," said Hart; "you're not cut out for a detective, Trumper. You haven't got tact for it; you're too fat. I believe you haven't the courage to do it."

"Since you set me on, Hart," cried Trumper, growing imprudent in his anger, "I'll bet you twenty pounds that within a month I am on the inside of the brick house and find out what those people are up to."

"Done," said Hart, who was, if the truth be told, very inquisitive himself.

"A fair bet," Mr. Eagle announced; "I'll hold the stakes."

"The first thing," thought Mr. Trumper to himself the next day, "will be to discover where these people pass their time until midnight and later." So he kept a pretty constant watch during the evening, and about nine perceived the two fair complexioned men starting out together. He clapped on his hat and coat and followed them at a convenient distance. As they passed under a street-lamp he saw that something white had been dropped by one; he picked the object up and found it a white handkerchief with the initials H. B. in a corner; but by the time he had concluded his inspection of this trophy, his men had disappeared around a corner, and all his looking and running to and fro to find them proved ineffectual. "I see I'm but a green hand at this business," said Mr. Trumper, retracing his steps.

The evening wore on; all the visitors had gone, and Trumper was sitting alone in the public room, when, hearing footsteps outside, he started to the window and saw the fair-haired men just entering the house. Behind them, a hundred paces or so, he remarked another man, but as this seemed a stranger he took no further notice, and returning to his seat sought with closed eyes some clue to the solution of the mystery of his neighbors. When he opened them again after a few moments Mr. Trumper, to his astonishment, discovered that he was not alone. His companion was a man, small and dark, with a sly look of the eye, and not badly dressed.

"Well," said Trumper, angrily, "what do you want?"

"Not much," said the stranger, laying his hand on a bottle. "I'll help myself," and he did so with evident satisfaction. "I was just walking along the street," he said, "when I met two of the finest looking men I ever saw. They look like brothers, and went into the large house opposite."

"Do you know them?" exclaimed Trumper, eagerly.

"It seems to me I have seen them,"

said the stranger, with a sly look ; " but my memory for faces is so bad that I cannot be sure. If you will kindly let me know the name, it may assist."

" I don't know the name," said Trumper.

" No ? that's very strange ; I suppose they're new comers then ?"

" Not at all ; been here nearly a year."

" You surprise me, my dear sir ; you are an enigma. Pray explain yourself."

The stranger was such a seductive fellow that Trumper gave him information without intending to, yet perhaps expecting some in return. He told of the curiosity of the neighbors, the strange way these men acted, and indeed all except the adventure of the woman. The stranger seemed more than interested, but when he became satisfied that Trumper would tell nothing more, he bade him a pleasant good-night and ran to the nearest telegraph office and sent a message bearing strongly upon Mr. Trumper's communications.

Two days elapsed before Mr. Trumper saw his neighbors again ; it was once more in the evening about nine that the man who had dropped the handkerchief emerged from the house, and in a moment our friend was in pursuit. He followed to the busy parts of town and on into the aristocratic dwelling quarter. Here before a certain house the man paused and remained in contemplation for some moments, after which he went nearer and approached his face to the window of the ground-floor room, then hastened away, while Trumper as rapidly as possible took his place at the window. He looked in upon a pleasant room with two occupants : one a young man, the other elderly, both sitting at a table with some steaming beverage before them. Upon the table lay the fragments of a shattered glass, and the two gentlemen were staring at the window and at Mr. Trumper through it with such peculiar intensity that he came to the conclusion they had already discovered his predecessor. Mr. Trumper therefore hastened away, and he often said afterward that he had never seen a face so terrified as that of the young man who sat at the table with the broken glass in front of him.

To Trumper's annoyance he found

that during his visit to the window his man had again given him the slip ; there was nothing to be done but to return home disgusted with his neighbors, himself, and his slow progress. As he was turning into his own street, chancing to look ahead he perceived the fair-haired man just entering the brick house. The door closed behind him, and Mr. Trumper remained for a moment staring up at the impenetrable black windows.

He thought his adventures at an end for that night ; he had no idea that they were only just begun, and that it was destined he should not go to bed before dawn.

### III.

MR. JOHN CROSSE, M.P., of considerable reputation as a rising member of the House, had the misfortune to be left a widower at the time his daughter was ten years of age. Involved in a multitude of public affairs, he yet did not neglect to provide for his little girl's future welfare and happiness ; he furnished suitable companions, learned preceptors, and luxuries and amusements to a proper degree. As she grew to a marriageable age and more beautiful each year, he stole time from affairs of state to cast about his eyes critically for a husband in whom would be combined the advantages of manly virtues, wealth, and social position. And to whom should he incline favorably if not to young Craven, a relative of his, a sort of cousin to his daughter, a man of dashing appearance, insinuating manners, and clever abilities ? It is a striking instance of the way we sometimes overlook those near us and see only those who are further away, that the young man had never presented himself to the Rising Member's mind as a possible suitor until he one day saw his name in the newspaper, upon which he immediately said : " How could I have overlooked Francis Craven ? He must be invited to dinner." The paragraph in the newspaper related to an unfortunate accident by which two uncles of Craven had come to their death and he to their fortune.

It is true that ugly rumors had been heard of the young man's wild courses, but Mr. John Crosse thought it no dis-

grace not to be a milksop if only one would settle down after marriage. And so young Craven was invited to a dinner, then to another, then to suppers, to theatre parties (as soon as he had recovered from the shock of his uncles' death; indeed he had a very rapid recovery) and all sorts of parties, and really was made as much of as though he had been an ambassador from a Continental power. It is not to be imagined that a young man of his shrewdness could long be blind to the object of the Rising Member's diplomacy; whatever Craven was (and many people said he was much that he should not have been), nobody accused him of being asleep; but although he was quite alive to the matrimonial net, he yet quietly allowed it to be slipped over him; for was not Mr. Crosse a Rising Member? was his wealth not as great and was his daughter not as beautiful, as accomplished, as could be desired by the most ambitious of young men? Thus the two gentlemen talked the matter over in metaphors they both understood perfectly well, until John Crosse believed his darling scheme achieved and rubbed his hands over his success. And in this moment of victory an unlooked-for obstacle presented itself: Amelia Crosse, the hitherto meek and obedient, displayed a will of her own, which had lain dormant and unsuspected all her life, and declared that young Craven was not the man of her choice—as though that had anything to do with the question in this century. We do not mean to say that she openly rebelled or threatened to run away with the butler or drown her lovely self in the Serpentine, but she appealed to her father in her soft graceful way, with perhaps not a few tears, to save her from that dreadful man for whom she had always felt, if she had not expressed, the utmost detestation; whom she knew to be a hypocrite, and thought might be worse. Now John Crosse in his politically conservative fashion did care for his daughter; her tears worried him; her unhappiness bewildered him; how she could be unhappy or tearful over such a brilliant match he was at a loss to understand; but he declared to himself that he would not strangle his little girl's affections or marry her against her will.

With this statement he deluded himself and her. Probably he did not realize how seldom he abandoned a project he had once conceived; in this case abandonment of the siege merely meant that he would not take the citadel by storm, but would retreat a little, go into comfortable quarters, and wait for time to starve and freeze such occupants as natural affection and old-fashioned ideas of marriage out of his daughter's heart, upon which he might take possession peaceably.

But Mr. Crosse had an enemy whom he had not included in his calculations, and as this is not a love story, he will not appear in person in these pages. The poor child Amelia had seen him, we will not inquire where, and her tender heartstrings had twined so tightly around his image (he was poor, she knew, but working hard to win fame and fortune before he dared to ask her to share his lot) that all Craven's arts and the Rising Member's gentle but unflinching persuasions were powerless to loosen them again; and so the siege went on, quietly enough, with no force or storm or bluster, but the enemy's lines were always there, ever drawing closer, and as time passed Amelia's face grew pale.

And one day news was brought to our little friend from many sources that the man she loved was down, that the world was trampling him under foot, that he could never hold up his head again, beaten in the struggle—do you think she would have surrendered him for that? But the news was also that he was untrue to her, that she, being far away, was forgotten and replaced; to be sure these reports were soon contradicted and disproved, at least so far as faithlessness was concerned, but, alas! too late. For before Amelia knew the truth, in her sorrow and despair she had promised to be Frank Craven's wife. A few days later what would she not have given to recall that hasty word? But she loved her father; he had spread news of his joy; she felt she could not break his heart, and so determined to accept and bury her sorrow.

And thus tears and laces and remorse and satins were jumbled together as usual, and the day before the wedding came, and as Amelia was sitting in her

boudoir alone with her trouble, her maid said that a gentleman desired to speak but a word with her. She entered the little reception room listlessly, and found a little old gentleman with the hackneyed combination of a bald head, kind expression, and gold spectacles. He said but a few words, in a quiet voice; it was an exasperating mystery to Jane, who happened to be glancing through the keyhole at the moment, what could cause Miss Amelia to start up so suddenly and then to fall down so that her head would have struck the chimneypiece had not the little old gentleman caught her in his arms; and Jane wondered more still, when, as soon as the old gentleman had sprinkled water in her face, rubbed her hands, and restored her and taken his departure, Miss Amelia, in a state of repressed excitement, called out for the brougham to be brought around immediately. And Jane was still more tantalized when she learned from James that he had driven Miss into a queer, musty, legal part of town; "blessed if he'd ever driv a lady there before."

And it may be added that Jane, and James too, would have been still more mystified could they have followed their mistress up three gloomy flights of stairs and there, in a dingy room full of books, seen her, with the little gold-spectacled gentleman as witness, throw herself into the arms of a gentleman who was decidedly of too matured an age to be mistaken for Somebody, but who certainly resembled the fair-haired gentlemen, Mr. Trumper's neighbors.

This was an eventful day. It was in the evening of this day that John Crosse, M.P., and his son-in-law that was to be sat drinking their wine cosily after dinner. The gentlemen were in great good humor, and bandied wit and jokes in a most lively and diverting way. The Rising Member proposed the health of the bride. With a flushed and animated face Craven rose to the toast, and in a few words added a pretty tribute to her beauty and talents, and lifted the glass to his lips, but as he was about to drink his face turned white and the glass dropped from his fingers. John Crosse clapped a hand to his back. "What's the matter, Frank? Are you ill? What

do you see?" Catching the young man's fixed expression at the window of the room, he looked there, too, and saw—nothing.

Craven fell back breathless in his chair. As his color returned he tried to smile and said: "By Heaven, sir, my nerves are unstrung. I thought I saw a ghost;" but he never once took his eyes from the window.

In a moment appeared Mr. Trumper's face at the same window; they both saw this time, and Craven gave a kind of gasp. The head vanished, and John Crosse rushed across the room and threw open the sash. There was nobody in sight; but Frank Craven still sat upon his chair pale and trembling.

#### IV.

WE left Mr. Trumper staring up at the windows of the brick house, annoyed and discouraged. It was not the loss of the twenty pounds he cared for; he could well afford that; but he knew what an amount of ridicule he would be called upon to endure in consequence of a failure. Probably Hart was correct in his statement that Trumper was not "cut out" for a detective. It is true he had not displayed any deep ingenuity thus far in his adventures.

A gust of wind blew up the silent street, causing shutters and windows to rattle and Mr. Trumper to clap a guarding hand to his hat. Then as he was turning away he perceived that the door of the brick house could not have been tightly closed, for the wind had blown it slightly open again. Our worthy friend trembled, perhaps not with delight—he would have scorned to call it fear—but with nervous excitement. His chance had come at last, and he quietly went up the steps and applied his eye to the aperture. He perceived that there was a small vestibule and an inner door, but this was open also, and the hallway beyond was dimly lighted by a candle. At the far end of the hall a brightly lighted room was seen. Trumper's heart beat rapidly; two steps inside the door would afford him a better view of the room. Should he take them? He felt his courage rise with the

excitement; he stepped noiselessly inside; and hardly had he done so, when there came another gust of wind and a sudden draught, the candle in the hall was extinguished, and the outer door blown to with a loud noise, and jovial Tom Trumper, with the cold perspiration on his forehead, found himself caught in the enemy's country. The noise of the closing door alarmed those within; Trumper heard footsteps, and a strident voice crying out, "Who is there? Crow, did you shut that door?"

Then a few words spoken in a lower voice, and the candle was relighted. He crouched down in the darkest corner of the vestibule and scarcely breathed. Somehow he knew that that strong grating voice belonged to the man with the black beard, and it struck terror to his soul. Somebody said presently, in a milder tone: "I must have failed to close the door behind me, and it blew to when Crow opened the window. There is the mystery explained."

"I shall make sure it is closed now," and the tall man strode into the vestibule, turned a knob, and pushed a bolt, allowing poor Trumper to observe that the lock was of a complicated pattern impossible for him to open; then rattled the door and said grimly that it would blow to no more that night.

Had he turned to the left in leaving, Trumper must surely have been discovered, but he wheeled to the right and saw no one in the dark corner. He went away with the others to the room at the far end of the hall, this time taking the candle with him, and Mr. Trumper had an opportunity to recover his presence of mind, which had sadly deserted him.

What an awful situation for an honorable public-house keeper, much respected and revered in the community, to be discovered in—hiding and dodging around strange houses in the dark! The thought almost renewed his panic, but gradually Mr. Trumper's stolidity of temperament prevailed, and he reflected that his wager must be won; that he was now actually in the house, so that half its conditions were fulfilled; that his curiosity was more biting than it had ever been, and that no such opportunity of gratifying it would be likely to occur

again. He rose, for he was becoming cramped trying to reduce himself to half his natural size. He saw that the hallway was quite dark and the room beyond quite light; a few steps might solve the mystery; his object once attained and the people of the house asleep, he could escape by a window on the ground floor if not able to unlock the door. The temptation was strong, and Mr. Trumper was now bold. He ventured; took step after step toward the light along the dark hallway; one more would have given him a clear view of the room, when—the hall-door bell rang. Mr. Trumper's knees trembled again; the position now was even more embarrassing than before. It was too late to retreat to the vestibule. He heard people moving; they were coming; a door was open on his right; he dashed through it as Crow entered the hall with a lamp. The room into which he came was dark but for the light from this lamp. Trumper perceived a sofa and plunged behind it. Gracious Heavens! somebody was already there; no, it was only a cat, that, startled, poor creature, by Trumper's avoirdupois, dashed away. Meantime the hall door was opened and new voices were heard, a woman's among them, Trumper thought. He listened intently, frightened as he was. They were going up the stairs; his curiosity was again ardent; his position commanded a view of a small section of the stairs. He raised his eye above the sofa, and sure enough he beheld a female figure being led up the stairs by Crow and a stranger, while those mysterious people Trumper had always known as the three bad men followed solemnly behind. They disappeared, and our friend was left again in obscurity; he felt that he had witnessed the prelude to some horrible crime, and with his indignation his courage came again; indeed it had been continually coming and going during his visit to this house. "I may not be able to prevent this crime, whatever its nature," he said to himself; "but at least I will witness it and give evidence against the villains, regardless of the consequences to myself." Bold in this virtuous thought, he came out from behind the sofa and marched firmly to the stairs,





"Sure enough he beheld a female figure being led up the stairs by Crow and a stranger."



went half way up, fancied he heard a groan above, and came expeditiously down again.

"Is this my courage?" thought the worthy man; "I *will* go up."

And he did; but as he reached the head of the stairs, a scream rang through the house, a door was thrown open, a noise of rapidly falling feet, a burst of light on the scene, and Trumper, taken too suddenly by surprise for retreat, saw a woman, young and lovely, rushing to him, felt her soft arms about his neck, and heard her calling upon him to save her, to protect her. What a situation!—if Mrs. Trumper had been there.

Mr. Trumper was not long permitted to remain in peaceful possession of his fair burden; the people of the house were close in pursuit, but they stopped short upon perceiving our worthy friend, and it would not be easy to decide whether he was more excited or they more amazed.

"By Jove, it's the tavern-keeper from over the way!" exclaimed one of the fair men.

"Well, what are you doing here, sir?" cried the tall one.

Trumper stammered and stuttered, and in a confused way tried to give his questioners some idea of the events that have been recorded. He did not think they were very angry; the dark man grinned once or twice; but in the midst of his explanation the door bell rang again and attention was instantly diverted from him. Crow had already taken the woman from Trumper's arms and led her away, but now returned, and a consultation was held as to the expediency of answering the bell, which continued to be heard at intervals. Coming to a decision they all filed down the stairs except the last comers, and Trumper followed, hoping that when the door opened he would be permitted to escape. Crow drew the bolts and discovered four men standing just outside.

"I have a few words to say," said the spokesman, "with the head of this house."

The dark man stepped forward; the four men entered the hall, and Crow closed the door behind them. The spokesman Trumper did not know, although we saw him long ago waiting on

a road with a lantern in his hand; but Trumper recognized the second of the four as the man who had interrogated him two days before in his own tavern. The man knew Trumper too and seemed surprised to find him here.

"I have been informed," said the spokesman; "that two brothers, Herbert and John Billington, who have long been supposed to be dead, are at present alive and in this house. Indeed," he added, looking around Crow's lamp, "I perceive them now if my eyes do not deceive me."

"Admitting this, what then?" said the dark man.

"Why, I have an order to confine these gentlemen in the Bloom Island Asylum for the Insane, at which I fill the office of assistant physician."

After a moment's pause, the tall man turned abruptly to the back room, and all followed at a sign from him except the last two of the four, who remained in the hall, and Crow, who went only as far as the door, followed by Trumper, who had been quite overlooked in the excitement.

The party took seats around a table upon which were bottles, glasses, tobacco, and cards.

"The blow has come at last," exclaimed one of the fair men.

"And but one day too soon," said the other.

"It is true," said the dark man, "that your discovery is made at an inopportune moment."

"I have no doubt," said the other, with a smile, "that you would have found my discovery inopportune at any time."

"I do not play upon words, sir," rejoined the dark man, sternly; "I am in earnest when I request that you will delay the execution of your order for a day."

"May I ask upon what grounds?"

"I will tell you, although in doing so I must touch upon matters of a family and confidential nature."

He glanced at the Billington brothers and only continued at a sign of assent from them.

"I am a physician, like yourself, although I have no doctor's degree; but I have passed nearly all my life in Asi-



" Well, what are you doing here, sir? "

atic countries, where I learned many novel medical theories, most of them worthless and absurd, but a few of value. Among the natives, with a slight knowledge of European medical science, for I studied in Paris in my youth, I came to be regarded as a great physician and amassed considerable wealth.

"Several years ago I returned to Europe and found my relatives, Herbert and John Billington, suffering from a peculiar phase of hereditary insanity, which in Europe has always been considered incurable, but which I had treated novelly and successfully in the East. Francis Craven, their nephew, had had them cared for in many asylums, and at the same time he and a rascally lawyer obtained control of the Billington property and took many liberties with it. To my offer to treat his uncles in the Eastern fashion Craven acceded, but became alarmed when he found they were improving, and, claiming that my horrible system of treatment was driving his uncles to the grave, he obtained an order to place them in the Bloom Island Asylum, where, although it is an excellent institution, he knew they never could be cured. I protested to medical and legal authorities, but was laughed at as an Oriental humbug. If you were at the asylum the night of their arrival——"

"They were under my charge at the time of the accident," said the asylum doctor, who no longer smiled incredulously as at first.

"Then I need not recount that part of the story. My relatives, who are finer swimmers than you gave them credit for being, were enabled to effect their escape, and being sane enough to know me as their friend, they arrived at my quarters in London one morning and begged me to protect them. I rented this house in this out of the way place, and they are now cured and have long been so, but I have hesitated until all danger of a relapse was passed."

"Are you willing to submit them to the test of an examination?"

"Entirely so."

"That does away with all difficulties. Enable me to carry out my instructions by returning with me to Bloom Island to-night, where a certificate can be made

out by my superior and our order immediately annulled."

"We accede to your plan, but must persist in our request for delay."

"Delay! Why delay longer if your friends are cured?" said the other suspiciously.

"Because we have learned that Craven is to be married to-morrow to a young lady, his cousin several times removed," said Herbert Billington. "I sent for my niece to-day, and she met me in my lawyer's office, where I learned that she detested Craven and dreaded the marriage. Before your arrival we had discussed the matter and determined to save the poor girl by stopping the wedding. I have a strong hold over Craven, as proof can be produced that he squandered a quarter of my fortune before my supposed death."

"And so we request that you waive the rights of your order for twenty-four hours, after which we will submit to all the formalities you please," said the Eastern doctor.

The asylum physician seemed wavering, and the other, taking advantage of his indecision, suggested that the matter be discussed, and led the way to the room at the far end of the hall. As they passed along the visitor asked the dark physician whether he had ever taken any other patients.

"Two, both women; one is upstairs now, the other was a hopeless case."

Trumper, who had been so much interested in the disclosure that he had forgotten where he was, now touched Crow on the arm, slipped a guinea into his hand, and requested to be let out. Crow, not having been aware that anyone was behind him, started, but quickly reflecting that the day had come when all mystery was to be abandoned, he pocketed the guinea and threw open the door, and Trumper with a sigh of relief found himself once more a free man; he crossed the street, looked back at the black windows of the brick house, and wondered if it were not all a dream. His wife, too, who was lying awake in a pretty state of mind, was entirely unwilling to believe his improbable story. Very little sleep came to poor Trumper's eyes that night, and in the morning he was annoyed at finding that his wife still

remained incredulous and treated him more coldly than she had ever done before; as he sat looking furtively at her over the top of his morning paper, a sudden idea came to him. He glanced eagerly down the column of marriage notices, and finding the one he sought, said: "You don't take my word, Mrs. Trumper; look at this; here it is, Francis Craven to——"

"I saw that in the paper a week ago, sir," said his spouse, severely.

"Then put on your bonnet, my dear; we'll go to the church and see if the marriage is stopped. You didn't read that a week ago," and he was enjoying his own ingenuity when a sentence stating that the time of the wedding had at the last moment been advanced half an hour attracted his attention.

"This is bad," muttered Trumper; "if the people over the way intend to interrupt the wedding at the church and do not hear of this change, they will arrive too late."

He cut out the notice, placed it in a plain envelope addressed to Herbert Billington, and bade a waiter take it to the brick house. In a moment his messenger returned, stating that Crow had accepted the letter, but had told him that the people of the house were out and might not return until late in the day.

This news much disconcerted our worthy friend, who felt, aside from his sympathy for the young lady, that his own domestic felicity now depended, in a certain degree, upon an attempt being made to prevent the ceremony. Half an hour before the time announced found Mr. and Mrs. Trumper in a pew in the church gallery, to which they had obtained admission after some difficulty. Trumper sought in vain for evidences that any unusual event had occurred; he gazed in all directions and saw nothing of the Billingtons or their friends, and once more he wondered whether he had not been dreaming. He consulted his watch every few minutes, and as the hour approached, his anxiety and nervousness became so great that his hand trembled and his face flushed. Would

they be in time? He seemed to be looking at the bridal couple through a cloud, when they at last stood before the altar; but he heard the clergyman's words distinctly and knew the fatal moment was approaching; at last it came; an instant more would make the couple man and wife; he cast a last despairing look around, the words that could not be unsaid were already trembling on the clergyman's lips, and fairly beside himself, giving no thought to the consequences, Trumper started to his feet and cried out: "Stop! you must not go on."

Mrs. Trumper, by this time thinking her husband undoubtedly insane, pulled him back to his seat by his coat-tails; the clergyman paused and glanced in his direction; a low murmur floated up from below, and every eye in the church was fixed upon the place where Trumper sat. Having so rashly interrupted the ceremony, he was in a panic as to how to proceed. Those who were near observed that the bride was almost fainting, and her father sprang to her side. Trumper saw an usher making his way toward him, and knew that he would be called upon to give an explanation of his language or compelled to leave the church; but just as the usher touched him on the shoulder he could hardly restrain a shout of triumph, for he perceived Herbert Billington's familiar figure advancing hastily up the aisle; at the sight Craven turned as white as he had done the night when he fancied he had seen a ghost. A short conversation below ensued, and was followed by a declaration from the clergyman that the marriage could not be proceeded with.

Trumper's satisfaction was complete; he had not only vindicated his own reputation and won his wager, but had saved a young girl from an unhappy marriage, and withal was exceedingly well satisfied with himself. As to whether Amelia finally was wedded to her first love, it will perhaps suffice to intimate that when the beginning of a romantic attachment is very unlucky, it often happens that toward the end the course of true love sometimes does run smooth.





"Through a Glass Darkly."



## THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

BY

ELLEN M. H. GATES

How many times, within the glass,  
I see a figure pause and pass ;  
As like myself as it can be,  
And yet it scarcely looks at me.

But one day, one, before the glass  
I paused, and did not dare to pass ;  
For there, with some foreknowledge lit,  
A face looked out—I looked at it.

The sad eyes pierced me through and through,  
From the set lips a challenge flew ;  
As it had passed through searching flame,  
A voice, imperious, called my name.

Before some clear, inshining light,  
My earthly atoms fled from sight ;  
As that which evermore would be,  
My soul itself confronted me.

I looked at it, ashamed, dismayed ;  
It wore a crown—I was afraid ;  
As one who might, it made demands  
Of blood and brain, of heart and hands.

It questioned me, it whispered clear  
Great secrets that I ought to hear ;  
It bade me keep, in solemn trust,  
Its royal purple from the dust.

The tryst was ended—I could see  
A veil drop down 'twixt it and me ;  
I had no question more to ask  
Of Life or Death—I knew my task.





## WINTER EVENING.

*By A. Lampman.*

TO-NIGHT the very horses springing by  
Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream  
The streets that narrow to the westward gleam  
Like rows of golden palaces; and high  
From all the crowded chimneys tower and die  
A thousand aureoles. Down in the west  
The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest,  
One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly  
The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel  
A mightier master; soon from height to height,  
With silence and the sharp unpitying stars,  
Stern creeping frosts and winds that touch like steel,  
Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars,  
Glittering and still, shall come the awful night.

## THE ROSES OF THE SEÑOR.

*By John J. à Becket.*



MR. REGINALD VAN CORLEAR arrived at the Fonda das Cuatro Naciones, in Barcelona, shortly before the hour for dinner. Master Roger Van Corlear also arrived, as well as Miss Rutger, whose function it was to superintend Master Roger and assist in bringing him up in the way in which Van Corlears should go. Two others in the party deserve mention: Mr. Reginald Van Corlear, the husband of Mrs. Van Corlear, and a vivacious lady upon whom she conferred the distinction of her friendship, Mrs. Oliver. A briefer, more conventional announcement of the arrival of the Van Corlears might not have conveyed so well the subordination of the members of the party.

Mrs. Reginald Van Corlear, as she stepped from the carriage in Barcelona that afternoon, was a young American woman of twenty-five years. Her figure was statuesque, her face warm in its coloring, and her luxuriant hair

was of the deepest black. It broke into restive little ripples here and there, as if it would yield to a general waviness if Mrs. Van Corlear were so far to relax as to permit it. Her large round eyes were soft and black. But the most expressive feature of her face was the eyebrows. They nearly always had a subtle curve to them which seemed a half pathetic betrayal. Strangers arrested by her dark handsome face thought they read in this curve that she was not utterly and serenely happy.

It is the last thing which Mrs. Van Corlear would have admitted, even if she struggled in a very Slough of Despond. The confession of unhappiness is leaning on a friend's heart, and Mrs. Van Corlear did not choose to lean on anyone.

Of course, this curve of the eyebrows may have merely indicated a thoughtful tendency on her part to the resolution of interrogative phases of her mind. Very few could have produced any reasons for unhappiness in the lady. For the five years of her married life she had been surrounded with every comfort and many unnecessary luxuries, and friends of hers, of her own sex, almost envied her as a lucky woman. Mr. Van Corlear was quite a nice husband as well as a wealthy one. Consideration for his wife seemed a wholesomely pervasive feeling with him. He liked her diamonds to be of the purest water. He always tried to secure a sunny apartment on the first floor at the hotels. Travelling about with her was one of the most distinguished marks of Mr. Van Corlear's immolation to his wife, as he liked the comforts of home and only endured other places, taking them much as they came. Mrs. Van Corlear positively enjoyed other places.

But there was nothing she enjoyed so much as her little boy of four years with his golden locks and daintily delicate face in which lurked two deep dimples that were like joy-bells. Roger spoke French with the most caressing accent, and was as quick and supple in his movements as a lizard.

The Van Corlears were shown to their rooms at the Cuatro Naciones. Roger was washed and rubbed till he glowed like a peach, and Mrs. Van Corlear, having refreshed herself with a bath, put on a black lace dress for dinner. Cheered by this outward renovation they descended to the dining-room.

Mrs. Van Corlear seated herself and gave that little bow to the other guests





which is so homely a Continental usage. Then she opened a scarlet fan, and held it lightly pressed against her bosom as she took a leisurely survey of the persons at the table. She was quite Spanish in her coloring as she sat thus.

Her attention was arrested at once by a Spanish gentleman, almost directly across from her. He was a large man with an air of great dignity and distinction. His carefully trimmed beard came to a point, and this, like his full wavy mustaches, was of a jet black. The color of his skin was a clear translucent brown. But the most striking feature of his strikingly handsome face were his eyes. Large, full, and of the most liquid brilliancy, they were eyes that could never be hard, though they looked as if they could be surcharged with the glow of anger. But their usual expression was one of the most subjugating tenderness.

They were turned full upon Mrs. Van Corlear, and as she caught their eloquent gleam she seemed to have been grasped by something, and felt as if a new relation had germinated in her life. The expression of those superb eyes was bewildering, they were so ardent, so respectful, so brilliant, so melting.

That burning melancholy glance held her for a moment breathless. Despite herself, she felt her breath quicken a little. Her firm bosom rose and fell slightly with a sort of ground-swell of emotion. It was so electric, that look of the Señor's eyes! Whether her sensation was one of pleasure or pain, she could not for the life of her have told at the moment. Mrs. Van Corlear did not often let go of herself, and she rallied quickly from this slight overthrow, with the faintest dilation of her nostrils. She calmly directed her glance farther down the table.

Not, however, before the Spaniard had read the light touch of resenting hauteur which his glance had awakened, and had slowly let the lids with their long silky lashes sweep down over his brilliant eyes. When he raised them his look was elsewhere. But that slow movement of his eyes was like the courtly bow with which a gentleman might deprecate unwitting intrusion on the

pathway of a lady. It was full of chivalric homage.

"Interesting old room," said Mrs. Van Corlear, turning languidly to Mrs. Oliver, who was seated at her left hand.

"Interesting? It is simply ravishing!" said that lady. "It's so Spanish." Mrs. Oliver's expressions were always a little in advance of her appreciations.

It was interesting, and also Spanish, whether ravishing or no. The cool dining-room opened on one side upon an arcade through whose gray arches gleamed in riotous color the affluence of bright plants and green leaves in the inner court. The air came softly in through the windows, and the sunlight was of a golden brown.

A girl with a large shallow basket filled with bouquets and flowers passed along by the guests at the table, seeking to vend her wares. The Señor raised his finger to arrest her, and murmured something in her ear. The girl nodded and continued her round. When she reached the place where Mrs. Van Corlear and Mrs. Oliver were seated, she picked a large bunch of roses from her basket and laid them at Mrs. Oliver's plate.

Instinctively Mrs. Van Corlear flashed a glance across to where the Señor was. She caught the vanishing end of a smile of comical disgust on his full lips.

Mrs. Oliver turned to her friend.

"What would you do? That man must have sent me these roses. Aren't they beautiful?" and Eve-like, Mrs. Oliver dwelt on their rich color.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Van Corlear. "It's so Spanish!" she murmured.

She could hardly keep her lips in order. The coy reluctance of Mrs. Oliver to accept flowers which had only come to her by a mistake stirred Mrs. Van Corlear's sense of humor.

Mrs. Oliver raised the flowers absent-mindedly and inhaled their fragrance moderately. When she rose to leave the table she left the flowers but turned a decorously languid glance on the Señor. To her discomfiture he was quite absorbed in a pomegranate.

The next morning after breakfast Mrs. Van Corlear surveyed Roger a moment





"It was like taking a bath in perfume, as she held her cheeks pressed close to the cool petals."

before he went out to air his golden curls in the Park with Miss Rutger, and then went up to her room. As she opened the door a sensuous sweetness came drifting out of the room. On her dressing-table was a wicker basket filled

with great red roses, the dew glistening on the petals with wholesome freshness. She stood for a moment looking at them. The vision of a pair of eyes, limpid and deep, full of tender caressingness, rose before her. She slowly stooped and

buried her face in the mass of flowers. It was like taking a bath in perfume, as she held her cheeks pressed close to the cool petals. When she raised her head with a drop or two of dew on her face like a dashed-away tear, she saw a card among the roses. She pulled it out. There was a line on it in Spanish. Miss Rutger was the only one of the party who knew Spanish.

"What does this say, Rutger?" she asked, handing her the card when she came in. Miss Rutger took it and translated it into English. "With the profound respect of a friend."

"Oh," said Mrs. Van Corlear.

As soon as they entered the dining-room that evening, she noticed the Señor in his place of the night before. The servant was about to usher them to places higher up the table.

"I think we will keep our old seats," said Mrs. Van Corlear. "We will sit in this place while we are here. I cannot bear to be changing constantly," she said to Mrs. Oliver as they sank into their chairs. She made a slight bow to the guests and her glance swept the Señor's face. His gleaming eyes were bent on her with their soft intensity.

The next morning Mrs. Van Corlear inspected Roger before his walk, and kissed him good-by with even more clinging affection than usual. Then she walked up the stairs about a quarter of a minute more rapidly than yesterday, and when she opened her door her glance sought the table at once. There they were, fresh, dewy, and blushing. There was no card with them this time.

That evening as she was about leaving her room to go down to dinner Mrs. Van Corlear paused a moment, then went back to her dressing-table and selecting a large red rose pinned it in her dress. There was the least additional dignity in her carriage as she entered the room, and she did not look at the Señor at all, though she felt that he was there with a brighter glow in his soft eyes. Mrs. Van Corlear was beginning to feel that drinking from the living wells of the Señor's eyes was taking a stimulant, whose strength she did not fully know.

For five weeks they remained in Barcelona. "I like it. The air is good for

Roger. There is nowhere we are anxious to go. Why hurry away?" Mrs. Van Corlear said. Mr. Van Corlear hadn't the faintest wish to hurry away from anywhere unless it was to get back to New York and the comforts of home. So they stayed.

Every morning on opening her door, Mrs. Van Corlear saw the beautiful red roses on her table. As a rule, the flowers were solely the large red roses so common in Barcelona, sometimes loosely massed in a basket, sometimes bound into a large bouquet. She began to feel a certain restless desire after breakfast to get back to her room and see if they were there. They never failed.

Occasionally, in the beginning, but afterward every evening, Mrs. Van Corlear selected the richest rose of them all and wore it in her bosom to dinner. The Señor's eyes were waiting for it. It was strange how perfectly he could express such different sentiments with his eyes, while the rest of his face was as quiet as the shadow of a wall. They could look so serious, then brighten into a questioning glance, veiled but vivid, and then melt so marvellously into that look of retiring homage, a soft burning glance suffused with tenderness.

Sometimes there seemed to be a grave, scarcely perceptible inclination of the handsome head as Mrs. Van Corlear would seat herself and suffer her eyes to fall for a moment on the Señor. Probably it was only the slow veiling of his eyes, but it seemed like a silent salutation. To look at him and not look at his eyes was impossible. They constrained and held one. But between the Señor and Mrs. Van Corlear this was all. If there were any advance it was so graduated that it could only be felt, not described. At the end of the five weeks they were outwardly precisely where they were when Mrs. Van Corlear entered the dining-room of the Cuatro Naciones five weeks before.

"You are running the flower-business pretty well, aren't you?" said Mr. Van Corlear one forenoon when he saw a large vase of the red roses on his wife's table. He did not deprecate it. She could have had them by the tub-full if she chose. Mr. Van Corlear never refused her anything—that she asked for.



But there are some things for which women do not ask.

"Roses are like the air in Barcelona. They almost grow into one's hands," answered Mrs. Van Corlear.

It was nearly time for the Carnival of Flowers at Nice, and Mr. Van Corlear thought he would like to go. It was so long since he had seen any Americans. So he ordered their luggage to be taken to the packet for Marseilles the next day, and settled the bill with a cheerful indifference to its three large figures.

Not a word had passed between the Señor and Mrs. Van Corlear. His eyes had discoursed to her as subtly and as exhaustively as an old schoolman of Coimbra, and the roses at her breast, his roses, may have had speech for the Señor. But spoken word there had been not one. The Spanish gentleman frequently met Roger in the Park and treated him to bonbons and donkey-rides till that young gentleman thought his benevolence and worth supreme. He chattered away to his mamma about the dark gentleman with the ungrudging enthusiasm of his four years. Mrs. Van Corlear listened with her arms around his neck and her face pressed to his.

"Mamma," he said to her on one of these occasions, "the dark gentleman thought Miss Rutger was my mamma. He knew who my papa was, though."

"Isn't he a funny gentleman?" she said to him in the playful tone she used

with her boy. She was like a young girl with this small blonde son, and he adored her.

When they had got on the steamer, Mrs. Van Corlear came out, sat down



"Isn't he a funny gentleman?" she said to him in the playful tone she used with her boy."

on a deck-chair, and looked at the old town. The line of her eyebrows was more plaintive in its curve than ever. Was she thinking of the Señor's matutinal roses which she was forsaking?

She must certainly have recalled them a moment later when a closed carriage drove up to the quay and an imposing Spaniard got out with a dignity which made the action quite a ceremony. He walked up the gangway followed by his man, who carried a travelling-bag and something which showed red through white tissue paper. They disappeared in the cabin.

The trip was a rough one. The boat began to pitch half an hour after they started, and kept it up with a vigor which drove most of the passengers into an obscurity suited to the particular

phase of wretchedness to which they found themselves victims. Mrs. Van Corlear was never reduced to any humiliating discomfort by wind or wave, and though it was blowy sat contentedly on deck till it was time to go down to the saloon. She slipped into her state-room to lay aside her heavy shawl.

Her heart gave a little start, a joyous spring, as she opened the door. The well-known perfume of Barcelona roses was wafted to her in a little gust, doubly sweet now because unexpected. There was a stack of them on her wash-hand stand.

"How came these flowers here?" she asked the stewardess.

"A man left them, saying they were for Madame Van Corlear. Is it not right, madame?" returned the woman.

"Quite so," said Mrs. Van Corlear, softly.

She fastened one in her bosom and went to the table. The Señor was there, and his eyes flashed on her like beacons. How mellow, lambent, possessive, and sympathetic they were! But there was no sign of recognition beyond that mutual glance.

When they got to the port of Marseilles for some reason or other the passengers were taken to the pier in small boats. Only three or four persons could go comfortably in one, and when Mr. Van Corlear, Roger, and Rutger were installed the captain declared the passenger-list of that particular craft full.

"Madame will meet her husband on the quay. It is only a moment's separation," he said to Mrs. Van Corlear as the boat was rowed off.

Madame was not given to perturbation over trifles, and composedly waited for the next boat. The step from the ladder to the boat was a little long, and as she was preparing to make it she felt a strong arm pass under her elbow and she was lightly sustained. When she got to her seat in the stern she looked to see who her helper had been. She almost started as she met the familiar look from the Señor's dark eyes. They seemed to be straining her to him by the subduing force which streamed from them.

The pathetic curve in Mrs. Van Corlear's eyebrows was at once enhanced.

The Señor felt it and lowered his eyes. He had read her soul and retired into his own. These psychic advances and retrogressions were distinctly conveyed to Mrs. Van Corlear. There was a devotional homage in the one and a deprecatory obeisance in the other.

Mr. Van Corlear was waiting to assist his wife into the carriage. As they were driven off to the Grand Hotel he said to her: "That was the Spaniard we saw at the Cuatro Naciones, wasn't it?"

"I think it was," said Mrs. Van Corlear.

When she went to her room the next morning the red roses were there. They only delayed in Marseilles one day. At Nice they secured a cheerful apartment, with a balcony, at the *Hôtel des Anglais*. It commanded a fine view of the carriages that swept by in the Flower Festival of the Carnival. At dinner Mrs. Van Corlear met several Americans and some English people whom she knew, but no one else. Her mood that evening was a little thoughtful, a little restive.

The next morning after breakfast she walked up-stairs rather slowly. She knew it would be a pain to her, a silly pain of course, not to find red roses on her table when she got there. But they had breathed a sympathetic greeting to her every morning for five weeks and—well, they had to end sometime.

She entered her room with a disinclination to do so. There had been a queer feeling in her heart on the way up-stairs. It disappeared the moment she opened her door and looked in. There they were, the rosy comforters, waiting her coming. The curve in her eyebrows that made her pathetic was not there at all as she stood looking down at the roses. There was such steadfastness in this devotion of the unknown Señor, and the beautiful expression of it through his eyes and through his roses. There was something as soothing to her in it as the aromatic balm of a pine-grove steeped in the sunshine of a spring afternoon.

She preferred now not to know him, not to speak to him. This graceful interchange of sympathies without the medium of speech, without any avowed purpose, appealed to her with a satisfy-

ing sense which words might dispel. Is not the mere presence of a person loved comfort and support? Yes; the roses told enough, and the Señor was near enough so. "Quite," said Mrs. Van Corlear to herself, as, half-unconsciously, while inhaling the pure sweetness of one of the great roses she found her lips moving toward its petals.

She would not even ask what motive could lead the stately Señor to pay her a delicate attention which the most fervent gallant could not have surpassed in constancy. The serene gravity of the dark face, the luminous vitality of the large eyes, the half-condescending smile which a sense of humor sometimes sent to disturb the immobility of his lower face, all these were points for which Mrs. Van Corlear's own temperament had affinity.

With a sense of accepting the gifts which the gods send, she allowed her gaze to rest for a moment on the splendid eyes of the Señor, after she had seated herself at table that evening. They were truly doorways, which to look into was to enter. Mrs. Van Corlear crossed the threshold, and followed the avenues to quiet depths in the Spaniard's being. The glow of his eyes was not a flickering gleam, nor was it an *ignis fatuus*. It was like the luminous light that informs depths of deep translucent water.

When the sun had thoroughly warmed the world, and the mistral was not blowing, Mrs. Van Corlear would come out on the little balcony which led off from her room and bask in the sunshine. Sometime while she was there, the Señor was sure to pass along the walk below. It was like the parade of a sentinel detailed for private duty on his sovereign. Every morning the roses appeared on her table and in the evening one was always placed in Mrs. Van Corlear's bosom when she came to dinner.

The day they had arrived the clerk in the hotel, whom the Van Corlears knew, said to Mrs. Van Corlear: "Madame, a gentleman asked me for the number of your room to-day. I did not know if you would care to have it given to him, and thought I would speak to you first."

"Who is the gentleman?" she inquired.

"He is a distinguished Spanish gentleman, Count Pedro d'Avendaño, of Barcelona."

"Oh, you can give my number to Count d'Avendaño. We are very good friends," she said, smilingly.

The Señor renewed his acquaintance with Roger at Nice. Sometimes when the rosy boy came back from his morning play, he would bring a bunch of flowers with him.

"The dark gentleman gave me these. He said I might want to give them to my mamma. What is the matter with the gentleman, mamma?" said Roger, suddenly turning his pink and white face up to her and leaning his elbow in her lap.

"Matter, Roger! what do you mean? Is anything the matter with him?" Mrs. Van Corlear passed her hand over his flushed forehead and brushed back the frowzy curls.

"Oh, he's sad. He doesn't have a good time," said Roger, regretfully. "He is nice, and we have fun, but he doesn't laugh and seem funny."

"A person cannot always laugh and seem funny, you little trot," said his mother, pinching his cheek. Roger looked as if he meant to, as he went off with Rutger.

No morning failed to bring the roses to Mrs. Van Corlear's room. They sweetened the day for her. A month of days were so sweetened. But to-morrow was their last day in Nice. Mr. Van Corlear had received news of business complications that made him anxious to be in New York. He wished his wife and Roger to go back with him. This seemed affectionate. But Mrs. Van Corlear knew that he liked to have his handsome wife at his handsome table in his handsome dining-room, and wished to have his large, elegant house presided over properly. The housekeeper would have done just as well could she have reflected as much credit on Mr. Van Corlear.

However, he had been too considerate in travelling with her, when he hated travel, for her to say one word against his desire. So they were going to-morrow! She went out on the *Promenade des Anglais* her last afternoon at Nice and seated herself on a bench. Roger

was having great fun with Rutger some distance away, while his mamma sat there, drooping slightly in her deep thoughtfulness. She was musing on what life would be to her if it were a rose-fed dream of daily love. Why could not consideration, respect, and duty make up for the absence of that indispensable element?

Her left hand was thrust into a black velvet muff which rested on her lap. On top of it was pinned a large bunch of Parma violets. They were the speech with which the Señor had wished her "Good-day." She was looking at the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean, and thinking that after to-day she would not find roses on her table every morning, unless she ordered them from the florist's. She was perfectly certain that she did not want roses from a florist, and the Señor and his roses would not follow her to America.

The pathetic curve in her eyebrows was strongly pronounced, and the lines of her mouth were slightly relaxed. Suddenly she saw a tall majestic figure approaching her. She watched the Señor as he drew near. There was something noble and dignified about the man. Then she turned her gaze to the sea. When he was quite near her, only a few yards away, she raised her eyes and looked at him steadily. She was going to-morrow and would never see him again. And he had transfused two months of her life with such a delicate sweetness, so unrewardedly.

His dark tender eyes were bent upon her. She did not withdraw her own. In that unflinching steadiness there was no boldness, no coquetry. The expression of her eyes partook in part of that of her eyebrows, only there was something else here. As he was directly opposite her she slowly raised her muff and inhaled the perfume of the violets, letting her soul for once say what it would through her eyes.

The Señor's gaze followed the movement. Everything about her, the languid pose, the expression of her face, gave a meaning and a character to the act which it had not in itself. Into his large lustrous eyes there crept that look of tender reverential homage which she knew so well. She had never accepted

it before. There was a moment's lagging of the feet. He almost stopped, but did not quite. Instead, he raised his hat with a slow broad sweep and bent his head gravely letting his eyes fall. It was an eloquent movement. He passed slowly on, and Mrs. Van Corlear, when her gaze sought the scene before her, found that the Mediterranean twinkled like a diamond and Roger was a blurred spot of gold and white.

The Van Corlears left the next day, and within a week sailed from London for New York. They settled down in their stately house on Fifth Avenue and resumed their social duties. Mr. Van Corlear was very much pleased to be back, and Mrs. Van Corlear was more coldly elegant than she had ever been.

They had not been home more than three weeks, when one forenoon the servant brought Mrs. Van Corlear a basket of superb Jacqueminot roses. There was no card. Her heart gave one quick bound and the color crept into her cheeks. Who had left them; a boy from the florist's. Run after him and get him. She wished to speak with him.

The servant returned with the captured boy. Mrs. Van Corlear asked him who had ordered the flowers. He didn't know his name. Was he tall? Yes. Very dark and with large brilliant eyes? The boy had not noticed. Did he look like a Spaniard? He couldn't tell. Well, that would do.

She took them with her own hand to her sitting-room, where she spent the pleasantest hours of her day and to which only a very few were ever admitted. She was in a strange frame of mind. It was soothing, and had a sweetness in it which she liked to feel was mastering rather than welcomed.

Mr. Van Corlear came home at dinner-time. When his wife walked into the room, he glanced up quickly and said: "Why, where are the roses. I thought you would have them on the dinner-table, and put around the room."

"The roses that—What roses?" said Mrs. Van Corlear.

"Why, I ordered some Jacks this morning. Didn't they come?"

"Oh, yes. Did you want them on the dinner-table? I put them in my sitting-room."

"Nobody goes there hardly, my dear. Wouldn't you like them here?"

"Certainly, I should have attended to it," she answered, listlessly.

"John, go to my room and bring those roses down and arrange them on the table."

"Don't ever get red roses, please," said she to her husband, as John went on his errand.

"Why, I thought you liked them well enough. You kept getting them all the time in Europe. I thought you liked them."

"One tires of everything, even red roses. I got so many there that I want none here. But that is a caprice. If you like them there is not the faintest reason why you should not get them."

Mr. Van Corlear was some fifteen years his wife's senior. His fondness for indulgence at the table had brought on an inconvenient augment in *avoir-dupois*. Once or twice since they had returned from Europe he had felt an attack of vertigo, and once had nearly fallen after dinner. The doctor advised him to take horseback exercise in the Park, and he had done so regularly. He did not like the idea of getting too bulky.

One afternoon after he had taken a hearty luncheon, washed down with a bottle of Chambertin, he came down the brown-stone steps and got into the saddle. As the horse gave a quick start he reined him in suddenly, and before the groom could come to his assistance, reeled in his saddle and fell heavily off, striking the ground on his head.

He was at once taken into the house. Mrs. Van Corlear was driving in the Park, and someone hastened to find her. By the time she got home her husband was dead. There had been a severe concussion of the skull, and he lived only an hour, quite unconscious.

Mrs. Van Corlear did with her bereavement what so many Americans of her caste do with one, took it to Europe. She spent some time in London with Mrs. Oliver, who lived there in a serene expatriation. Mrs. Van Corlear did not care to tax the hospitality of her hostess too far, and she was not used to such a little box of a house. So she proposed to Mrs. Oliver that they should drift about on the Continent.

Mrs. Oliver was only too willing. To have her bills paid, and to be seen with a strikingly aristocratic friend by other friends were things that had weight with Mrs. Oliver. One morning they were breakfasting at Pau. Mrs. Van Corlear's dark gown made her look pale, perhaps. After looking at her a moment, Mrs. Oliver said with her robust vivacity:

"I wish we could go to Barcelona again. Your health was very good there. But I don't suppose you want to go so soon, my dear."

"My health is good everywhere. But I had as lief go to Barcelona as anywhere else," Mrs. Van Corlear answered, with the least touch of coldness.

A few days later found them at the *Fonda das Cuatro Naciones* again. When they went down to dinner, Mrs. Van Corlear was breathing a little quicker than usual. The jet black hair and sombre mourning brought out the clear tones of her rich face more delicately. The dining-room looked like an old friend, and the flowers beamed through the gray arcade, joyously fair. As Mrs. Van Corlear glanced down the table and saw no familiar face, a sudden sense of loneliness smote her, and she had to straighten herself to repress a sigh. When the flower girl passed through the room she turned from her and her blushing merchandise almost irritably.

Roger and Mrs. Oliver took a stroll in the Park the next day. When they returned and Mrs. Van Corlear had Roger to herself she asked him about his enjoyment. He was in high spirits. Had he seen anybody he knew? Yes: the donkey-man. Nobody else? No: only the donkey-man.

The next day Mrs. Oliver and Roger did the Park again. When Mrs. Van Corlear found herself alone, she sent for the landlord. Were these the same rooms they had when they were there before? The landlord thought they were. They were satisfactory, he hoped. Oh, yes. Could not a low rocking-chair be put in the room? Certainly. It should be done. That was all? That was all. Thanks.

The landlord had bowed obsequiously and nearly reached the door when Mrs. Van Corlear's voice arrested him.

"Oh, by the bye," she said, rising, and looking carelessly from the window, "is Señor d'Avendaño still in Barcelona?"

"Ah, Señora," the landlord answered in a tone that caused her to turn her eyes rather quickly on him and to take her expression well in hand, "I hope the Señor d'Avendaño is in heaven. It is not a fortnight since his death. He died of a fever. He was only sick a few days. It is a great loss to the city."

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Corlear. "I regret to hear of his death. The Señor was of some service to me when I was here before. He seemed quite a charming person, and I thought his health perfect."

"It was, Señora. He was one of the finest gentlemen in Europe. Such a beautiful soul!" the landlord continued, warmly. "But he never seemed himself after his wife's death."

"Ah, I did not know he was married," murmured Mrs. Van Corlear.

"Yes. The Countess was a lovely young woman, and the Count was madly in love with her. She lived only a week after the birth of her first child, and the little boy died soon after. It was very hard on the Count. This was not more than a year and a half ago. And, Señora, if you will pardon me,

your likeness to the Countess is something extraordinary. The upper part of your face and the shape of your head are almost exactly hers."

"Sometimes one finds these strange resemblances," said Mrs. Van Corlear. Then, after a moment's pause, she said, "I fear I have detained you too long. Thanks. If you will think of the chair."

The landlord bowed again, and this time withdrew. She remained motionless till the door closed. Then she moved toward the window, sank into a chair, and sat looking out, while the tears trickled slowly down and fell unchecked on her hands.

"Have you not had enough of Barcelona?" she asked of Mrs. Oliver when she came in with Roger. "It seems to me the heat is stifling here. I think, if you do not care, we will go to Geneva to-morrow morning."

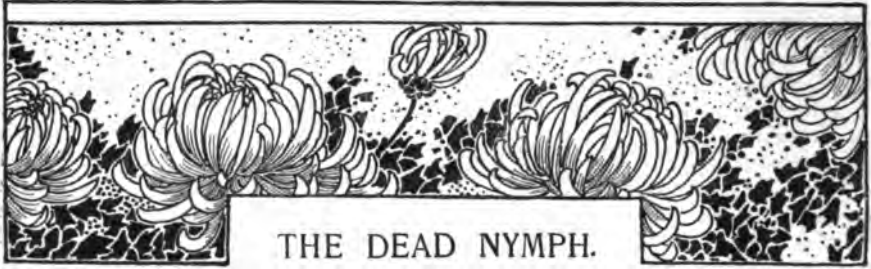
The next day they left Barcelona. In the afternoon, two young girls were straying through the graveyard. They strolled toward a plot where there were two graves, side by side. One of them was freshly made.

"Oh, look at Señor d'Avendaño's grave!" cried one.

It was covered with red Barcelona roses.







## THE DEAD NYMPH.

A FANTASY.

*By Charles Henry Lüders.*

FLORA, the nymph, is dead.  
She of the down-dropt head ;  
She of the eye half hid  
Under its fringed lid ;  
She of the lily throat  
That never again shall float  
Like a lily over her breast,  
Never shall seem to rest  
Like the lilies that fall and rise  
O'er calms reflecting the skies,  
As her bosom—free from leaven  
Of earth—reflected Heaven.

Never again shall he,  
The dreamer, the child of song,  
Gliding at eve along  
The still lake's margent, see  
As he dips his shallop's oars  
Close by the mirrored shores,  
Her shadowy form of grace  
Slip from its hiding place  
In the gloom of sheltering ferns  
Into an open space  
Where the moon's white radiance burns ;  
Nor, as a fawn that turns  
Its delicate head to sniff  
An instant longer the scent  
With the sweet wood-zephyrs blent,  
Ere it bounds away like a whiff  
Of wind-blown mist thro' the trees,  
Will she wait for him, while the breeze  
Plays with the glistening strands  
Of her hair, as she curves her hands  
Over her questioning eyes,  
Love-lit with a shy surprise.

Never again with lute  
And love-song sweetly sung,  
Will he lure her from among  
The forest cloisters mute ;  
Nor from the shadowy shore,  
With songs, will he row her o'er

The cool, moon-whitened calm  
 Unto the sheltered coves  
 O'erhung by blossoming groves  
 Of the shell-girt isles of balm :  
 Not evermore again  
 Will she visit the world of men ;  
 Nor is there any stave  
 Can call her back from the grave,  
 Nor ever a madrigal  
 Can pass her beneath the pall  
 Unto the pain and strife  
 Which living men call Life !

Yet, in his dreams and songs,  
 She is not dead to him :  
 Not all in vain he longs  
 For her presence in the dim  
 Green glooms of the ancient wood ;  
 For Heaven has found it good  
 To turn forever the sting  
 Of sorrow from hearts that sing.  
 And all day long he treads  
 The forest's whispering aisles ;  
 And the checkered sunlight sheds  
 Its glow o'er a face that smiles—  
 Smiles as he softly strays  
 Under the leafy haze—  
 Whispering, "*She is here.*  
*Death could not wound my dear.*  
 Listen ! you say a thrush  
 With wild song breaks the hush ;  
 I say it is she—my love—  
 Singing in yonder grove.  
 'Tis she ! I say ; for she said,  
 One night when her fair, bright head  
 Lay on my breast, 'My own,  
 If ever thou'rt left alone,  
 Think not that thy love is dead,  
 But look till thou find'st the red  
 Wild rose, and say " 'Tis her cheek."  
 Then kiss it close, and seek—  
 Where the clear dew never dries—  
 Blue violets for mine eyes ;  
 Then, would'st thou kiss my lips,  
 The bee will lead where he sips ;  
 Sapphires will clasp my throat  
 Where water-lilies float ;  
 My hands will be the air  
 Caressing thy forehead fair,  
 And oft, when the rain-drops beat  
 The leaves, thou wilt hear my feet  
 Leading the murmuring shower  
 Away from thy sylvan bower.'  
 Thus did she speak, and then  
 Faded from earthly ken  
 Out of the arms that clasped  
 Her form, and my hands but grasped

## SIR HUGO'S CHOICE.

This robe upon either side.  
 My arms were locked on the breast  
 That her golden hair had prest,  
 And thus did I lose my bride!"

Still through the haunted aisles  
 Of the wood, and at its edge  
 Where the ripples stir the sedge,  
 This dreamer walks, and smiles  
 On the violet and the rose,  
 And the lily's calm repose:  
 And you who have heard his song,  
 And the fantasies which throng  
 Its burden, may know with me  
 That the maiden was Purity,  
 And the lover a sullied soul  
 That saw, in the scented flowers,  
 Emblems of hallowed hours,—  
 Of the Innocence that stole  
 Unto its God when Sin—  
 The Dark Guest—entered in!



## SIR HUGO'S CHOICE.

*By James Jeffrey Roche.*

It is better to die, since death comes surely,  
 In the full noontide of an honored name,  
 Than to lie at the end of years obscurely,  
 A handful of dust in a shroud of shame.

Sir Hugo lived in the ages golden,  
 Warder of Aisne and Picardy:  
 He lived and died, and his deeds are told in  
 The Book immortal of Chivalrie:

How he won the love of a prince's daughter—  
 A poor knight he with a stainless sword—  
 Whereat Count Rolf, who had vainly sought her,  
 Swore death should sit at the bridal board.

"A braggart's threat, for a brave man's scorning!"  
And Hugo laughed at his rival's ire,  
But couriers twain, on the bridal morning,  
To his castle gate came with tidings dire.

The first a-faint and with armor riven :  
"In peril sore have I left thy bride,—  
False Rolf waylaid us. For love and Heaven!  
Sir Hugo, quick to the rescue ride!"

Stout Hugo muttered a word unholy ;  
He sprang to horse and he flashed his brand,  
But a hand was laid on his bridle slowly,  
And a herald spoke : "By the king's command

"This to Picardy's trusty warder :—  
France calls first for his loyal sword,  
The Flemish spears are across the border,  
And all is lost if they win the ford."

Sir Hugo paused, and his face was ashen,  
His white lips trembled in silent prayer—  
God's pity soften the spirit's passion  
When the crucifixion of Love is there!

What need to tell of the message spoken?  
Of the hand that shook as he poised his lance?  
And the look that told of his brave heart broken,  
As he bade them follow, "For God and France!"

On Cambray's field next morn they found him,  
Mid a mighty swath of foemen dead ;  
Her snow-white scarf he had bound around him  
With his loyal blood was baptized red.

It is all writ down in the book of Glory,  
On crimson pages of blood and strife,  
With scanty thought for the simple story  
Of duty dearer than love or life.

Only a note obscure, appended  
By warrior scribe or monk perchance,  
Saith : "The good knight's ladye was sore offended  
That he would not die for her but France."

Did the ladye live to lament her lover?  
Or did roystering Rolf prove a better mate?  
I have searched the records over and over,  
But nought discover to tell her fate.

And I read the moral.—A brave endeavor  
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,  
Is better than life with love forever—  
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.



## A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

**B**Y the time this paper appears, I shall have been talking for twelve months; and it is thought I should take my leave in a formal and seasonable manner. Valedictory eloquence is rare. Even death-bed sayings have not often hit the mark of the occasion; and perhaps there are but three that may be profitably cited. Charles Second, wit and sceptic, a man whose life had been one long lesson in human incredulity, an easy-going comrade, a manœuvring king—remembered and embodied all his wit and scepticism along with more than his usual good humor in the famous “I am afraid, gentlemen, I am an unconscionable time a-dying.” Marcus Aurelius in that last passage did not forget that he was Cæsar: “*Vale vobis dico, vos precedens.*” And there is yet another passing-word: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

### I

THE attitude and the words of Charles Second are what best become humanity. An unconscionable time a-dying—there is the picture (“I am afraid, gentlemen”) of your life and of mine. The sands run

out, and the hours are “numbered and imputed,” and the days go by; and when the last of these finds us, we have been a long time dying, and what else? The very length is something, if we reach that hour of separation undishonored; and to have lived at all is doubtless (in the soldierly expression) to have served. There is a tale in Tacitus of how the veterans mutinied in the German wilderness; of how they mobbed Germanicus, clamoring to go home; and of how, seizing their general’s hand, these old, war-worn exiles passed his finger along their toothless gums. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum*: this was the most eloquent of the songs of Simeon. And when a man has lived to a fair age, he bears his marks of service. He may have never been remarked upon the breach at the head of the army; at least he shall have lost his teeth on the camp bread.

The idealism of serious people in this age of ours is of a noble character. It never seems to them that they have served enough; they have a fine impatience of their virtues. It were perhaps more modest to be singly thankful that we are no worse. It is not only our enemies, those desperate characters—it is we ourselves who know not what we do;—thence springs the glimmering hope that perhaps we do better than we

think : that to scramble through this random business with hands reasonably clean, to have played the part of a man or woman with some reasonable fullness, to have often resisted the diabolic, and at the end to be still resisting it, is for the poor human soldier to have done right well. To ask to see some print of our endeavor is but a transcendental way of serving for reward ; and what we take to be contempt of self is only greed of hire.

And again if we require so much of ourselves, shall we not require much of others? If we do not genially judge our own deficiencies, is it not to be feared we shall be even stern to the trespasses of others? And he who (looking back upon his own life) can see no more than that he has been unconscionably long a-dying, will he not be tempted to think his neighbor unconscionably long of getting hanged? It is probable that nearly all who think of conduct at all think of it too much ; it is certain we all think too much of sin. We are not damned for doing wrong, but for not doing right ; Christ would never hear of negative morality ; *thou shalt* was ever his word, with which he superseded *thou shalt not*. To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret element of gusto. If a thing is wrong for us, we should not dwell upon the thought of it ; or we shall soon dwell upon it with inverted pleasure. If we cannot drive it from our minds—one thing of two : Either our creed is in the wrong and we must more indulgently remodel it ; or else, if our morality be in the right, we are criminal lunatics and should place our persons in restraint. A mark of such unwholesomely divided minds is the passion for interference with others : the Fox without the Tail was of this breed, but had (if his biographer is to be trusted) a certain antique civility now out of date. A man may have a flaw, a weakness, that unfits him for the duties of life, that spoils his temper, that threatens his integrity, or that betrays him into cruelty. It has to be conquered ; but it must never be suffered to engross his thoughts. The true duties lie all upon the farther side, and must

be attended to with a whole mind so soon as this preliminary clearing of the decks has been effected. In order that he may be kind and honest, it may be needful he should become a total abstainer ; let him become so then, and the next day let him forget the circumstance. Trying to be kind and honest will require all his thoughts ; a mortified appetite is never a wise companion ; in so far as he has had to mortify an appetite, he will still be the worse man ; and of such an one a great deal of cheerfulness will be required in judging life, and a great deal of humility in judging others.

It may be argued again that dissatisfaction with our life's endeavor springs in some degree from dullness. We require higher tasks, because we do not recognize the height of those we have. Trying to be kind and honest seems an affair too simple and too inconsequential for gentlemen of our heroic mould ; we had rather set ourselves to something bold, arduous, and conclusive ; we had rather found a schism or suppress a heresy, cut off a hand or mortify an appetite. But the task before us, which is to co-endure with our existence, is rather one of microscopic fineness, and the heroism required is that of patience. There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life ; each must be smilingly unravelled.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more ; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful. There is indeed one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert : whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed ; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art and study ; it is so above all in the continent art of living well. Here is a pleasant thought for the year's end or for the end of life : Only self-deception will be satisfied, and there need be no despair for the despairer.



## II.

BUT Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination: it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of the winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face. Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not even to be pardoned, if they bring bitterness. It is one thing to enter the kingdom of heaven maim; another to maim yourself and stay without. And the kingdom of heaven is of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love and who give pleasure. Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the judges, have lived long and done sternly and yet preserved this lovely character; and among our carpet interests and twopenny concerns, the shame were indelible if we should lose it. Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. It was the moral man, the pharisee, whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

A strange temptation attends upon man: to keep his eye on pleasures, even when he will not share in them; to aim all his morals against them. This very year a lady (singular iconoclast!) proclaimed a crusade against dolls; and the racy sermon against lust is quite a feature of the age. I venture to call such moralists insincere. At any excess or perversion of a natural appetite, their lyre sounds of itself with relishing denunciations; but for all displays of the truly diabolic—envy, malice, the mean lie, the mean silence, the calumnious truth, the backbiter, the petty tyrant, the peevish poisoner of family life—their

standard is quite different. These are wrong, they will admit, yet somehow not so wrong; there is no zeal in their assault on them, no secret element of gusto warms up the sermon; it is for things not wrong in themselves that they reserve the choicest of their indignation. A man may naturally disclaim all moral kinship with the Reverend Mr. Zola or the hobgoblin old lady of the dolls; for these are gross and naked instances. And yet in each of us some similar element resides. The sight of a pleasure in which we cannot or else will not share moves us to a particular impatience. It may be because we are envious, or because we are sad, or because we dislike noise and romping—being so refined, or because—being so philosophic—we have an over-weighing sense of this life's gravity: at least, as we go on in years, we are all tempted to frown upon our neighbor's pleasures. People are nowadays so fond of resisting temptations; here is one to be resisted. They are fond of self-denial; here is a propensity that cannot be too peremptorily denied. There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

## III.

HAPPINESS and goodness, according to canting moralists, stand in the relation of effect and cause. There was never anything less proved or less probable: our happiness is never in our own hands; we inherit our constitution; we stand buffet among friends and enemies; we may be so built as to feel a sneer or an aspersion with unusual keenness, and so circumstanced as to be unusually exposed to them; we may have nerves very sensitive to pain, and be afflicted with a disease very painful. Virtue will not help us, and it is not meant to help us. It is not even its own reward, except for the self-centred and—I had almost said—the unamiable. No man can pacify his conscience; if quiet be what he want, he shall do better to let that or-

gan perish from disuse. And to avoid the penalties of the law, and the minor *capitis diminutio* of social ostracism, is an affair of wisdom—of cunning, if you will—and not of virtue.

In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise. He is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others. And no doubt there comes in here a frequent clash of duties. How far is he to make his neighbor happy? How far must he respect that smiling face, so easy to cloud, so hard to brighten again? And how far, on the other side, is he bound to be his brother's keeper and the prophet of his own morality? How far must he resent evil?

The difficulty is that we have little guidance; Christ's sayings on the point being hard to reconcile with each other, and (the most of them) hard to accept. But the truth of his teaching would seem to be this: in our own person and fortune, we should be ready to accept and to pardon all; it is *our* cheek we are to turn, *our* coat that we are to give away to the man who has taken *our* cloak. But when another's face is buffeted, perhaps a little of the lion will become us best. That we are to suffer others to be injured, and stand by, is not conceivable and surely not desirable. Revenge, says Bacon, is a kind of wild justice; its judgments at least are delivered by an insane judge, and in our own quarrel we can see nothing truly and do nothing wisely. But in the quarrel of our neighbor, let us be more bold. One person's happiness is as sacred as another's; when we cannot defend both, let us defend one with a stout heart. It is only in so far as we are doing this, that we have any right to interfere: the defence of B is our only ground of action against A. A has as good a right to go to the devil, as we to go to glory; and neither knows what he does.

The truth is that all these interventions and denunciations and militant monger-

ings of moral half-truths, though they be sometimes needful, though they are often enjoyable, do yet belong to an inferior grade of duties. Ill temper and envy and revenge find here an arsenal of pious disguises; this is the playground of inverted lusts. With a little more patience and a little less temper, a gentler and wiser method might be found in almost every case; and the knot that we cut by some fine heady quarrel-scene in private life, or, in public affairs, by some denunciatory act against what we are pleased to call our neighbor's vices, might yet have been unwoven by the hand of sympathy.

#### IV.

To look back upon the past year, and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness;—it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries, a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner-call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year, he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. *Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much*:—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons, which calls a defeated soldier from the field: defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius!—but if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, undishonored. The faith which sustained him in his life-long blindness and life-long disappoint-

ment will scarce even be required in this last formality of laying down his arms. Give him a march with his old bones; there, out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure!

From a recent book of verse, where there is more than one such beautiful and manly poem, I take this memorial piece: it says better than I can, what I love to think; let it be our parting word.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old, gray city

An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends  
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,  
Closing his benediction,  
Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
Night, with her train of stars  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
My task accomplished and the long day done,  
My wages taken, and in my heart  
Some late lark singing,  
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,  
The sundown splendid and serene,  
Death.\*

\* From "A Book of Verses" by William Ernest Henley.  
London: Published by David Nutt, in the Strand, 1898.



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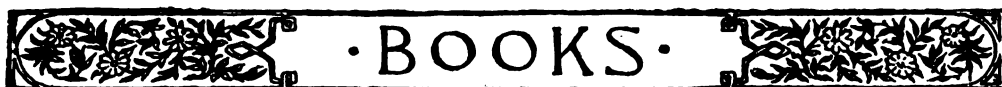
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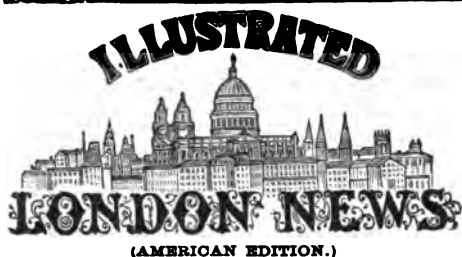
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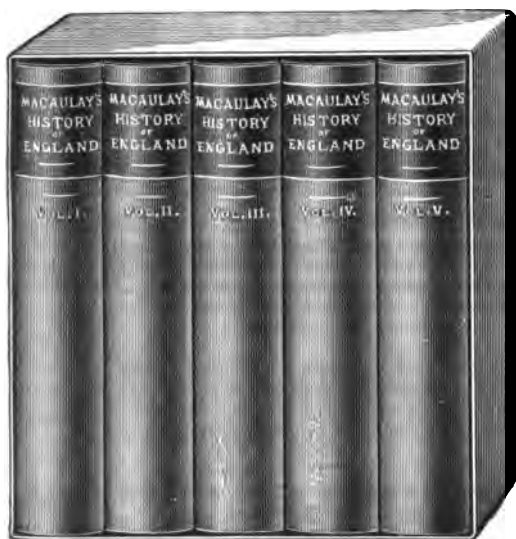
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The **BRIEF FINAL PAPERS** which during 1888 have been contributed by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, and have made so many readers turn with special enjoyment to the last pages of the Magazine, will be **REPLACED IN 1889** by a not less noteworthy series, contributed this time **BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS** from among the most powerful and brilliant writers in this country and England. Mr. **THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH** writes the first for the January number.

Literary and critical articles will include, as already announced, a paper on **SIR WALTER SCOTT'S** methods of work, apropos of the collection of his proof sheets belonging to the Hon. Andrew D. White (Mr. E. H. Woodruff, the Librarian of Cornell University, writing the article to which Mr. White contributes a preface); a paper on the Homes and Haunts of **CHARLES LAMB**; a Second "**SHELF OF OLD BOOKS**," by Mrs. James T. Fields; critical papers by Professor George P. Fisher, W. C. Brownell, and many others.

Among the **ARTICLES ON ARTISTIC SUBJECTS** several are especially notable. A paper by T. S. Perry, upon the recent extraordinary discovery of **GRÆCO-EGYPTIAN PAINTED PORTRAITS** at Fayoum, brings before us by its facsimile illustrations in an almost startling way contemporary pictures of types of races centuries before Christ, and makes generally accessible for the first time one of the most important "finds" for the history of art. Mr. Jacassy's paper on an old Sicilian city; Mr. Hitchcock's on Interiors and Bric-a-Brac in Holland; Mr. W. H. Bishop's article on Spain, with special reference to some developments of Spanish Art; Mr. Clarence Cook's paper on Natural Forms in Ornament; Mr. Nakagawa's on Dramatic Art in Japan, and Mr. William Eliot Griffis's on Japanese Art Symbols, also belong among the papers in this field which will have especially rich and beautiful illustration—the illustrative material for the two latter having been especially prepared in Japan for the use of the Magazine. The elaborately illustrated article by Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield on Castle Life in the Middle Ages, to appear in the January number, will belong also, by its very rich and artistic reproduction of mediæval interiors, costumes, etc., to the artistic papers of the year. Fully illustrated articles will also



be Morocco, by Mr. Wadham Peacock, with drawings by Caton Woodville; Mr. Riding's description of a great Shipyard on the Clyde, and many others.

A group of **ARTICLES ON FISHING**, describing the sport in the best fishing grounds in America, will be a feature of the summer numbers. Dr. Leroy M. Yale will write a paper on the Winninich (the land-locked salmon of Lake St. John, Canada), to be illustrated by the author and other artists; Mr. Robert Grant will tell about Tarpon-fishing in Florida; Bass-fishing will be the subject of a well-known angler's paper; and another article will describe fishing in the extreme Northwest—each paper having many and spirited illustrations.

Among the most interesting in the list of technical and scientific papers for the year will be a remarkable article by Professor John Trowbridge, Professor of Physics in Harvard University, upon the most recent and wonderful developments of **PHOTOGRAPHY**—which will be elaborately and curiously illustrated. To this class of articles, which has proved of special interest in the past two years of the Magazine, will be added also a group upon **ELECTRICITY** in its most recent applications, by eminent authorities; a remarkable article on **MINING**, with unique illustrations; and other interesting papers.

There will be **SHORT STORIES** by H. C. Bunner, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, T. R. Sullivan, Robert Grant, George H. Jessop, Margaret Crosby, J. E. Curran, Brander Matthews, and many new writers; and poems from many hands.

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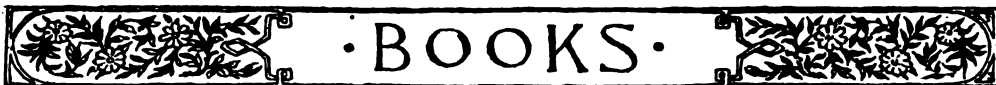
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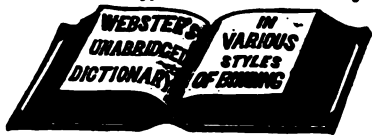
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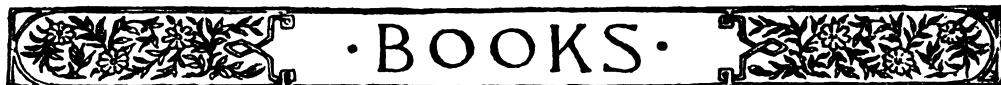
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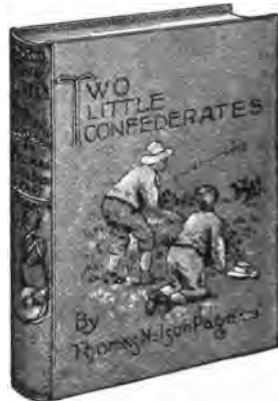
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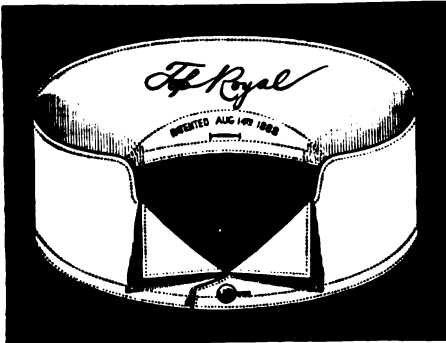
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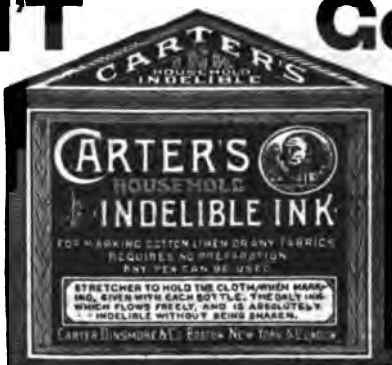
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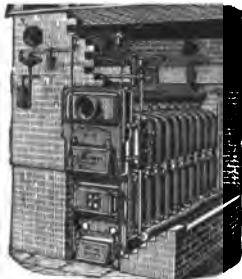
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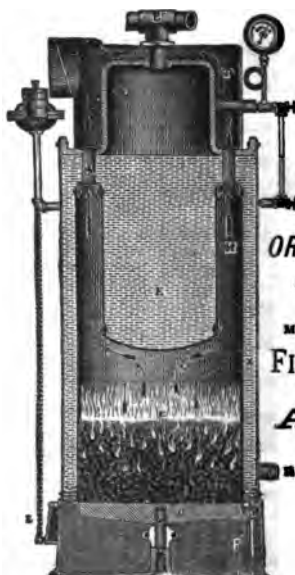
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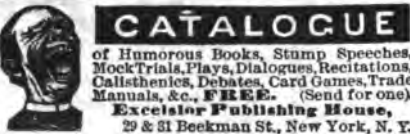
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